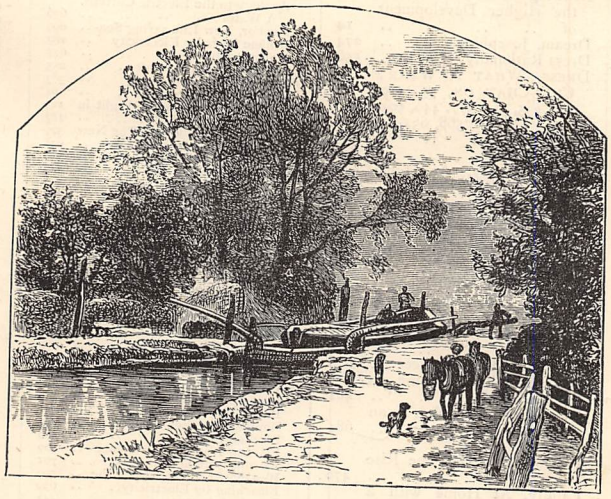
CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

CASSELL'S

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.

*
* * * * * *
*



CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"HE BRINGS BACK THE TRUANT, AND SEATS HIM ONCE MORE BY THE OLD INGLE-SIDE."

"FATHER CHRISTMAS" (page 42).

INDEX.

PAGE

About Bangor, In and .. 223
About Winchester, In and .. 20
Affection, Prize Poem on Domestic 128, 320, 436
All round the Wrekin .. 92
America, A Summer Camp-Meeting in 493
America as a Health Resort 410
America, Business Girls in .. 370
Amid the Gay and After .. 226
Animals, A Few Words on Kindness to 169
Animals? How many Senses have 736
Ant, The Ways of the .. 622
April, Gardening in 287
Art of Cooking Rice, The .. 159
Art of House-Cleaning, The 23
Art of Seeing Nature, The .. 28
Art of Water-Colour Landscape Painting, The 346, 428
Asia, The Tincal Trade of .. 434
Assurance, Sanitary 95
Astronomical Society, Our .. 339
Asylums as a Labour Field, Lunatic 215
At an Italian Spinning-Wheel 598
At Cross-Purposes 25
August, Gardening in .. 550

Balance-Sheet, England's .. 278
Bangor, In and about .. 223
Bathing, The Benefits of Turkish 209
Beads, How they Make .. 544
Belgium, How Women are Employed in 280
Benefits of Turkish Bathing 209
Beside the Sea 158
Bird of Few Friends, A .. 205
Blindness, A Few Words about Colour- 285
Blue, So: A Story of a Girton Girl 211
Brave Deed, A 404
Bread, Making, at Home .. 438
Bridge where the Rivers Meet, On the 757
Britman's Last Lesson, Miss 532
Business Girls in America .. 370
Butterflies and Moths, Collecting 463

Camp-Meeting in America, A Summer 493
Change-Ringing, The Mysteries of 670
CHANGE? WAS IT WISE TO, 417, 482, 547, 611, 674, 738
Checkmated 595
Chest, The Family Medicine, and what should go in it .. 310
Child, How to Train a, Mentally 174
Childhood, Farewell to ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") 141
Children, Some of our Neighbours' 698
Children, The Common Deformities of 718
China, The Imperial Revenue of 13
Chinese Novel, A 79
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS, WHAT TO WEAR, 55, 119, 183, 235, 312, 377, 440, 504, 568, 632, 695, 748
Choice, The Sisters' 204
Choosing the House ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 150
Christmas, Father 42
Classical Quantocks, The .. 732
Cleveland Pigs, Something about 746
Close of the Holiday, The .. 490
Cloud, The Mosquito .. 560
Clubs, College 729

PAGE

Collecting Butterflies and Moths 463
College Clubs 729
Collier, The Tyneside ("*Under the Crust*") 245, 269
Colour-Blindness, A Few Words about 285
Competitions, New Prize .. 448
Competition, Song (1882), *Award* 128
Cooking Rice, The Art of .. 159
Coolin Hills, More about the 480
Coolin Hills, The 412
Corner of Old England, A Quaint 604
Crawley Down and its Neighbourhood 524
Cross-Purposes, At 25
Culture, Fruit, in North Notts 408
Curative Agent, Milk as a 540
Curious Forms of Forgetfulness 18

December, Gardening in .. 52
Decoration, Wild-Flowers for Home 607
Deed, A Brave 404
Deformities of Children, The Common 718
Dew, Drops of 397
Dishes, Some rather Odd .. 630
Domestic Affection, Prize Poem on .. 128, 320, 436
Domestic Life of a Natal Farm 43
Drawing, A Few Remarks on Pen-and-Ink 495
Drawing-Room Music, On the Higher Development of 14
Dream, Josephine's 274
Dress Rationally, How to .. 558
DRESS, WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON, 55, 119, 183, 235, 312, 377, 440, 504, 568, 632, 695, 748
Drifting 369
Drops of Dew 397
Dutch Family, At Home with a 591

East London, University Extension in 117
Edinburgh University, Student Life at 671
Egyptian Watering-Place .. 499
Elastic Mill, A Glance through an 683
England, A Quaint Corner of Old 604
England's Balance-Sheet .. 278
Englishman at Home in Paris, The 461
Every-day Food, Fish as an Article of 681

Fall of the Tides, The Rise and 476
Family, At Home with a Dutch 591
Family Medicine-Chest, and what should go in it, The 310
FAMILY PARLIAMENT, THE:—
Home Life *versus* Public Life for Girls 50, 179, 248
Are Public Examinations Beneficial to Young People? 115, 249, 307, 368
Are Early Marriages Unthrifty? 178, 307, 368
Votes of Readers .. 250, 308, 368
Social Parliaments 306
Should we Send our Girls to Boarding-Schools? .. 308, 433, 502
Ought Trial by Jury to be Abolished? 366, 502, 564, 629, 694
Can Fiction be Made a Power for Good? 754
Farewell to Childhood ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") 141

PAGE

Father Christmas 42
Father of Teetotalism, The 243
February, Gardening in .. 171
Few Friends, A Bird of .. 205
Fish as an Article of Every-day Food 681
Fish, How to Cook 342
Flowers for Home Decoration, Wild 607
Food, Fish as an Article of Every-day 681
Forgetfulness, Curious Forms of 18
Free Library, Saturday Night in a 83
Friends, A Bird of Few .. 205
Friends, Girl- ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") 335
From a Distant Land .. 31
Fruit Culture in North Notts 408
Furrows, Life 187

Garden Court, The Heiress of 146
Gardening in December .. 52
" " January .. 107
" " February .. 171
" " March .. 241
" " April 287
" " May 344
" " June 430
" " July 491
" " August .. 556
" " September .. 593
" " October .. 664
" " November .. 727

THE GATHERER:—
Aërial Car, An 190
Air-Motors on Railways 127
Alarm, New Burglar 573
Analogy to the Electric Current, A Water 636
Anchor, New Life-saving Sea- .. 699
Aniline Dyes by Electricity .. 187
Animated Images 638
Another New Life-Raft 255
Ant, The Honey-bearing .. 383
Anthracite, A Grate for 61
Aquaria, The Electric Light in 123
Art Decoration, A New 187
Art of Lustra-Painting, The New 320
Artificial Parchment 638
Artificial Porcelain 320
Asbestos Board 443
Asbestos Filters 446
Asbestos Paint 251
Assistants, A Seat for Shop- .. 445
Asthma, A Remedy for 380
Attitudes, A Rapid-view Instrument for Momentary 793
Automatic Lamp-lighter and Extinguisher, An 60
Automatic Telephone Exchange 572

Balance, A Wheatstraw 316
Balance Photometer, A 126
Band, The Rain- 251
Barney's Telephone 639
Bath, A Portable 318
Bats, Guano from 509
Bed, A Table- 443
Bent Spokes for Wheels 188
Berths, Movable 447
Binding a Broken Shaft 62
Blacking, Floral 190
Blasting Iron with Dynamite .. 760
Blasting with Quickline 761
Bleachfield, Electricity in the .. 509
Bleaching by Electricity 639
Board, Asbestos 443
Boiler, A Steam-Engine without 63
Boiler, An Electrical 447
Book-Rest, A Handy 189
Boring the Channel Tunnel .. 761
Bottle-Cleaner, An Ingenious .. 575
Box, A Paper 575
Breeding Fish at Home 635
Bricks, Magnetic 574
Broken Shaft, Binding a 62
Brush, A Magneto-electric .. 62
Buildings, Fires in Public .. 381
Burglar Alarm, New 573
Burner, A Self-lighting Gas- .. 379
Burning Lake, A 635
Bursting, Preventing Water-Pipes from 574
Butterfly Clock, The 320

Cable, A Shell-covered 512
Cake Griddle, A 125
Calculator, A Universal 64
Camera, A Pigmy 316
Camera Shutter, An Electrical . 575

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*
Camera, The Gun 508
Canary, A Talking 640
Candy, Sweet-Flag 318
Car, A Rocking 444
Car, An Aërial 190
Carpet Stretcher, New 379
Carriages, Fireproof Railway .. 571
Caterpillar, A Mimicking .. 760
Cave, A Golden 637
Cell, A Sixpenny Voltaic 511
Cellars, Illuminating Tile for .. 187
Celluloid Clichés 64
Centrifugul Gold Separator .. 571
Chain-Link, A Handy 443
Chair, The Window-Cleaner's .. 125
Chamber Sundial, A 638
Chandeliers, Floral 444
Channel Tunnel, Boring the .. 761
Cheap Gas, A 59
Check-Till, A 254
Chemical Stove, A 125
China Ink, Insoluble 64
Chronograph, A Pen-and-Ink .. 763
Cleaner, An Ingenious Bottle- .. 575
Clichés, Celluloid 64
Clock, A Self-winding 637
Clock, The Butterfly 320
Cloth, Tracing on 703
Cloth Measurer, A 60
Coffee-Stains, Removing .. 575
Colour, Copying Drawings in .. 571
Colour-Music 380
Colour of Water, The 511
Colouring Metals 191
Combustion, Flameless 701
Compass, A Floating 638
Compass, A Weather 573
Copying Drawings in Colour .. 571
Coral, A Phosphorescent .. 445
Cotton Plant, A New 700
Cotton-Waste, Printer's Ink from 320
Course Indicator, The Electric Light 256
Covering, Electricity and Wire- 383
Covers, Detachable Umbrella and Parasol 700
Crayons for Glass Painting .. 760
Crocodile Power 576
Cup-and-Ball Microphone .. 322
Cursometer, The 640
Cutter, A Lawn-Edge 763

Damp-proof Mortar 572
Darkness, Photographing in .. 576
De Mersanne's Electric Lamp .. 252
Decoration, A New Art 187
Detachable Umbrella and Parasol Covers 700
Detector, An Electric Submarine 702
Diffusing the Electric Light .. 761
Divining-Rod, The Microphone as a 571
Door, A Fireproof 573
Door-Fastener, A New 381
Drawings in Colour, Copying .. 571
Driving Piles by Electricity .. 445
Dyes, Aniline, by Electricity .. 187
Dynamite, Blasting Iron with .. 760
Dynamogen 574

Earth-Tremors, How to Detect 764
Elastic Lacquer, An 124
Electric Current, A Water Analogy to the 636
Electric Hammer, An 701
Electric Lamp, De Mersanne's .. 252
Electric Lamp, The Jaspar .. 61
Electric Lamp, The Pilsen .. 123
Electric Light, A New 763
Electric Light and the Eyesight 384
Electric Light Course Indicator 256
Electric Light, Diffusing the .. 761
Electric Light in Aquaria, The 123
Electric Light in Trains 189
Electric Light Tower, An .. 637
Electric Light, Water-Power for 125
Electric Magazine, A New .. 380
Electric Motor, Griscom's .. 192
Electric Omnibus, An 126
Electric Power Meter, An .. 251
Electric Submarine Detector, An 702
Electrical Boiler, An 447
Electrical Camera Shutter, An .. 575
Electrical Shears 444
Electrical Tram-Car 384
Electricity and Porcelain Making 253
Electricity and Wire-Covering 383
Electricity, Aniline Dyes by .. 187
Electricity, Bleaching by 639
Electricity, Driving Piles by .. 445
Electricity, Fishing by 636
Electricity in the Bleachfield .. 509
Elevators, Floating Grain .. 128
Elliptical Piping 124
Endless Stone-Saw, An 640
Engine, A Locomotive Gas .. 699
Engine, A New Steam 703
Escape, A New Fire- 597
Escape, A Simple Fire- 640
Exchange, An Automatic Telephone 572

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Extinguisher, An Automatic Lamp-Lighter and 60
Extinguisher, A Self-acting Fire 443
Eyesight, The Electric Light and the 384

Fastener, New Door 381
Faucet, New Hot and Cold Water 702
Felt, Paper- 446
Felt, Silk- 764
Fever, A Preventative for Hay 256
Fibre, A New 127
Film Flowers 191
Filters, Asbestos 446
Firedamp, The Stars and .. 316
Fire-Escape, A New 507
Fire-Escape, A Simple 640
Fire-Extinguisher, A Self-acting 443
Fish, Breeding, at Home .. 635
Fish Guano 638
Fishing by Electricity 636
Fireproof Door, A.. 573
Fireproof Ink and Paper .. 446
Fireproof Railway Carriages .. 571
Fires in Public Buildings .. 381
Fish, A Muzzled 761
Fish, Transporting Frozen .. 255
Flameless Combustion 701
Floating Compass, A 638
Floating Grain Elevators.. .. 128
Flood Recorder 189
Floral Blacking 190
Floral Chandeliers.. 444
Flower Shears, New 507
Flowers, Film 191
Foam, Gelatine 126
Fog-Horn, A Mechanical .. 443
Food-Preserver, A New 447
Foot-gear for Frost 63
Frozen Fish, Transporting .. 255

Garden, A Portable Window- .. 59
Garden Plant, A New 317
Garden-Seat and Table, A New 444
Gas, A Cheap 59
Gas-Burner, Self-lighting .. 379
Gas-Engine, A Locomotive .. 699
Gas-Light, An Incandescent .. 636
Gas-Light Regulator, A .. 383
Gastroscope, The 62
Gelatine Foam 126
Giant Photograph, A 383
Glass, A New 256
Glass, A Substitute for, in Photography 319
Glass Painting, Crayons for .. 760
Glazing without Putty 574
Gold Separator, The Centrifugal 571
Golden Cave, A 637
Grain Elevators, Floating .. 128
Grate for Anthracite, A 61
Grates, New 318
Griddle, A Cake 125
Griscom's Electric Motor .. 192
Guano, Fish 638
Guano from Bats 509
Gun, A New Life-Line 446
Gun Camera, The 508

Hammer, An Electric 701
Handy Book-Rest, A 189
Handy Chain-Link, A 443
Hay Fever, A Preventative for.. 256
Home, Breeding Fish at.. .. 635
Honey-bearing Ant, The .. 383
Horn, A Mechanical Fog- .. 443
Horn, The Telephonic 380
Horse-shoe, An India-rubber .. 640
Hospital Trains 382
Hot and Cold Water Faucet .. 702
How to Detect Earth-Tremors.. 764
Hurdles, Tar-dipped 191
Hyacinths, Tinting 639

Ice, Phosphorescent 64
Illuminating Tile for Cellars .. 187
Images, Animated.. 638
Improved Umbrella, An 127
Incandescent Gas-Light, An .. 636
Incandescent Lamp, A New .. 511
India-rubber Horse-shoe, An .. 640
Indicating Rain-Gauge, An .. 760
Indicator, A Railway Station .. 510
Indicator, A Water-Level .. 762
Indicator, The Electric Light Course 256
Inductophone, The 575
Ingenious Bottle-Cleaner, An .. 575
Ink and Paper, Fireproof .. 446
Ink, Insoluble China 64
Ink-Stains, Removing 123
Insoluble China Ink 64
Instrument, A New Musical .. 251
Insulating Materials, New .. 127
Insulite 510
Iridescent, Making Metals .. 254
Iron, Blasting with Dynamite .. 760
Iron-Tree, An 640

Jaspar Electric Lamp, The .. 61

Knife, A New 637
Kola Nut, The 574
Kyrograph, The 188

Lacquer, An Elastic 124
Lake, A Burning 635
Lamp, A New Incandescent .. 511
Lamp, A New Reading 507
Lamp, A Storm 447
Lamp-Lighter and Extinguisher 60
Lantern, A New Lighthouse .. 382
Lawn-Edge Cutter, A 763
Lawn "Sprinkler," A 510
Leather, Sea-weed 509
Leather, Transparent 319
Life-Line Gun, A New 446
Life-Raft, A.. 509

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Life-Raft, Another New.. .. 255
Life-saving Sea-Anchor, New .. 699
Light and Liquids.. 318
Light-Meter, A New 762
Lighthouse Lantern, A New .. 382
Lightning-Rod, A Testable .. 59
Lightships, Telegraphs to .. 571
Lily, A Prolific 639
Lime-Light, A New 316
Link, A Handy Chain- 443
Liquids, Light and 318
Locomotive Gas-Engine, A .. 699
Long-distance Telephoning .. 635
Lubricator, Plumbago as a .. 763
Lustra-Painting, The New Art of 320

Magazine, A New Electric .. 300
Magic Rings 636
Magnetic Bricks 574
Magnetism and Vibrations .. 572
Magneto-electric Brush, A .. 62
Making Metals Iridescent .. 254
Marsh-Fever, Trains and .. 638
Masks, Mica 192
Material for Paper, A New .. 507
Materials, New Insulating .. 127
Measurer, A Cloth- 60
Meat-Safe, A Suspended .. 635
Mechanical Fog-Horn, The .. 443
Melograph, The 253
Metals, Colouring 191
Metals Iridescent, Making .. 254
Metals, Pressed 576
Meter, A New Light- 762
Meter, An Electric Power .. 251
Mica Masks 192
Microphone, A Simple 571
Microphone as a Divining-Rod 571
Microphone as a Sonometer, The 62
Microphone, The Cup-and-Ball 382
Microscope, A Screen for the .. 574
Mimicking Caterpillar, A .. 760
Molecular Telephone, A .. 63
Momentary Attitudes, A Rapid-view Instrument for 703
Mortar, Damp-proof 572
Motor, Griscom's Electric .. 192
Motors, Air, on Railways .. 127
Movable Berths 447
Music, Colour- 380
Musical Instrument, A New .. 251
Musk from the Musk-Rat .. 127
Muzzled Fish, A 761

Nut, The Kola 574

Oil on the Waves 382
Omnibus, An Electric 126
Opener, An Oyster 126
Ornament, A Sponge 319
Oyster Opener, An 126
Ozone and Sleep 637

Paint, Asbestos 251
Paint Remover, A New 254
Painted Tapestry 255
Painting, Crayons for Glass .. 760
Painting on Silk 764
Painting, The New Art of Lustra- 320
Panorama Photograph 512
Paper, A New Material for .. 507
Paper Box, A 575
Paper-Felt 446
Paper, Fireproof Ink and .. 446
Parasol Covers, Detachable Umbrella and 700
Parchment, Artificial 638
Pen-and-Ink Chronograph, A .. 763
Petroleum, Solid 319
Phosphorescent Coral, A .. 445
Phosphorescent Ice 64
Photograph, A Giant 383
Photograph, A Panorama .. 512
Photographing in Darkness .. 576
Photography, A Substitute for Glass in 319
Photometer, A Balance 126
Piano, A Resonance Chamber .. 637
Pigmy Camera, A 319
Piles, Driving, by Electricity .. 445
Pillow, A Pocket 381
Pilsen Electric Lamp, The .. 123
Piping, Elliptical 124
Plant, A New Garden 317
Plant, A Travelling 704
Plant, New Cotton 700
Plough, A Telegraph 575
Plumbago as a Lubricator .. 763
Pocket Pillow, A 381
Pocket Toilet Companion, A .. 317
Porcelain, Artificial 320
Porcelain-Making, Electricity and 253
Portable Bath, A 318
Portable Window Garden, A .. 59
Poteline 510
Power, Crocodile 576
Power Meter, An Electric .. 251
Preserver, A New Food 447
Pressed Metals 576
Pressure, Tempering by.. .. 572
Preventative for Hay Fever, A.. 256
Preventing Scurvy 700
Preventing Ships from Sinking.. 59
Preventing Water-Pipes from Bursting 574
Printer, The Sun as a 764
Printers' Ink from Cotton Waste 320
Prolific Lily, A 639
Public Buildings, Fires in .. 381
Putty, Glazing without 574

Quicklime, Blasting with .. 761

Raft, A Life- 509
Raft, Another New Life- .. 255
Railway Carriages, Fireproof .. 571
Railway Station Indicator, A .. 510
Railways Air-Motors on 127

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Rain-Band, The 251
Rain-Gauge, An Indicating .. 760
Rapid-view Instrument, A .. 703
Reading-Lamp, A New 507
Recorder, A Flood- 189
Recording Sound 639
Regenerative Street-Lamp, A .. 255
Regulator, A Gas-Light 383
Remedy for Asthma, A 380
Remover, A New Paint- 254
Removing Coffee-Stains 575
Removing Ink-Stains 123
Resonance Chamber Piano, A .. 637
Rings, Magic 636
Rocket Torpedo, The 61
Rocking-Car, A 444

Safe, A Suspended Meat- .. 635
Sanitary Stove, A 190
Saw, An Endless Stone- 640
School-Desk and Seat, A New .. 317
Screen for the Microscope .. 574
Scurvy, Preventing 700
Sea-Anchor, A New Life-saving 699
Sea-weed Leather.. 509
Seat for Shop Assistants, A .. 445
Seat, Garden, and Table, A New 444
Seat, New School-Desk and .. 317
Self-acting Fire-Extinguisher, A 443
Self-lighting Gas-Burner, A .. 379
Self-winding Clock, A 637
Separator, The Centrifugal Gold 571
Shaft, Binding a Broken.. .. 62
Shears, Electrical 444
Shears, New Flower 507
Sheets, Soap 703
Shell-covered Cable, A 512
Ship, A Submarine 573
Ships, Preventing, from Sinking 59
Shop Assistants, A Seat for .. 445
Shorthand Reporting Superseded 384
Shot-Case and Weighing-Machine, A 123
Shutter, An Electrical Camera- 575
Silk-Felt 764
Silk, Painting on 764
Sinking, Preventing Ships from 59
Sixpenny Voltaic Cell, A .. 511
Skate, a Tricycle 764
Sleep, Ozone and 637
Soap Sheets 703
Solid Petroleum 319
Sonometer, The Microphone as 62
Sorcery of the Telegraph, The 63
Sound, Recording.. 639
Sponge Ornament, A 319
Spokes for Wheels, Bent .. 188
"Sprinkler," A Lawn 510
Stains, Removing Coffee- .. 575
Stains, Removing Ink- 123
Stars and Firedamp, The .. 316
Station Indicator, A Railway .. 510
Steam-Engine, A New 703
Steam-Engine without a Boiler, A 63
Steam-Tricycle, A 701
Stone-Saw, An Endless 640
Storm Lamp, A 447
Stove, A Chemical.. 125
Stove, A Sanitary 190
Street Lamp, A Regenerative.. 255
Stretcher, New Carpet- 379
Submarine Detector, An Electric 702
Submarine Ship, A 573
Substitute for Glass in Photography, A.. 319
Sun as a Printer, The 764
Sundial, A Chamber 638
Suspended Meat-Safe 635
Sweet-Flag Candy.. .. .. 318.

Table, A New Garden Seat and 444
Table-Bed, A 443
Talking Canary, A 640
Tapestry, Painted 255
Tar-dipped Hurdles 191
Telegraph, A Train 704
Telegraph Plough, A 575
Telegraph, The Sorcery of the.. 63
Telegraphs, New 379
Telegraphs to Light-Ships .. 571
Telemeteorograph, The 128
Telephone, A Molecular .. 63
Telephone, Barney's 639
Telephone Exchange, An Automatic 572
Telephone Transmitter, A New 760
Telephonic Horn, The 380
Telephoning, Long-distance .. 635
Teleradiophone, The 251
Tell-Tale for Watchmen, A .. 191
Tempering by Pressure 572
Testable Lightning-Rod, A .. 59
Tests for Water 61
Tile for Cellars, Illuminating .. 187
Till, A Check- 254
Tinting Hyacinths.. 639
Toilet Companion, A Pocket .. 317
Torpedo, The Rocket 61
Tortoise, A Water-bearing .. 447
Tower, An Electric Light .. 637
Tracing on Cloth 703
Train Telegraph, A 704
Trains and Marsh-Fever .. 638
Trains, Hospital 382
Trains, The Electric Light in .. 189
Tram-Car, An Electrical .. 384
Transparent Leather 319
Transporting Frozen Fish .. 255
Travelling Plant, A 704
Tree, An Iron- 640
Tremors, How to Detect Earth- 764
Tricycle, A Steam- 701
Tricycle Skate, A 764
Tunnel, Boring the Channel .. 761

Umbrella, An Improved 127

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Umbrella and Parasol Covers, Detachable 700
Universal Calculator, A 64

Velocipede, A Water 63
Velvet, Wool 189
Ventilator, A Weatherproof .. 511
Ventilator, New 762
Vibrations, Magnetism and .. 572
Vocalion, The 507
Voltaic Cell, A Sixpenny.. .. 511

Waste, Printers' Ink from Cotton 320
Watchmen, A Tell-Tale for .. 191
Water Analogy to the Electric Current, A 636
Water from Wood 761
Water-bearing Tortoise, A .. 447
Water Faucet, New Hot and Cold 702
Water-Level Indicator, A .. 762
Water-Pipes, Preventing, from Bursting 574
Water-Power for the Electric Light 125
Water, Tests for 61
Water, The Colour of 511
Water Velocipede, A 63
Waves, Oil on the 382
Weather Compass, A 573
Weatherproof Ventilator, A .. 511
Weighing-Machine, A Shot-Case and 123
Wheatstraw Balance, A 316
Wheels, Bent Spokes for .. 188
Window-Cleaner's Chair, The .. 125
Window-Garden, A Portable .. 59
Wire-Covering, Electricity and 383
Wood, Water from 761
Wool Velvet 639

Gay, Amid the, and After .. 226

GIRL-LIFE, PASSAGES IN :—

Farewell to Childhood 141
The School-Girl 217
Girl-Friends 335
Girl-Troubles 497
Girl-Life at Home 602
From Girlhood to Womanhood 758

Girls, Rowing for 468
Girls, The Violin for 542
Glance through an Elastic Mill, A 683
Glass, How to Paint on 599, 655
Government, Household ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 653
Guests, Hostess and ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 734
Gwen, Venture 628

HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED, A :—

Choosing the House 150
The Model Mistress of a Home 289
How to Make Men Fond of Home 402
Household Government .. 653
Hostess and Guests 734

Harefield, A Pilgrimage to 154
Head, A Study of a.. .. 731
Health Preservatives, Vegetables as 478
Health-Resort, America as a 410
Heiress of Garden Court .. 146
Hills, More about the Coolin 480
Hills, The Coolin 412
His own Shadow .. 658, 723.
Holiday, The Close of the.. 490
Home Decoration, Wild-Flowers for.. 607
Home, Girl-Life at ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") .. 602
Home, How to Make Men Fond of ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") ..
Home, Making Bread at .. 438
Home, The Model Mistress of a ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 289
Hostess and Guests ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 734
Hot Weather, Soups for .. 589
House, Choosing the ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 150
House-Cleaning, The Art of 23
Household Government ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 653
Household Management, True Economies in (*Prize Essay*) 45, 105
How many Senses have Animals? 736
How shall I Invest my Savings? 372, 414
How they Make Beads .. 544

PAGE

How to Choose a Pair of Spectacles 537
How to Cook Fish 342
How to Cook Potatoes .. 86
How to Dress Rationally .. 558
How to Make Men Fond of Home ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 402
How to Paint on Glass 599, 655
How to Pronounce Welsh Names 470
How to Train a Child Mentally 174
How Women are Employed in Belgium 280

Imperial Revenue of China 13
In an Old Oak Workshop .. 528
In and about Bangor .. 223
In and about Winchester .. 20
Irritability, Nervous, its Causes and Cure 110
Ivy, Like the 666

January, Gardening in .. 107
Jet, Real Whitby 143
Josephine's Dream 274
Joy of Life, The 109
July, Gardening in 491
June, Gardening in 430
Jury, On an Old Bailey .. 400

Key, A Lost 112
Kindness to Animals, A Few Words on 169

Labour.. 44
Labour Field, Lunatic Asylums as a 215
Lancashire Operative, The ("*Under the Crust*") .. 152
Land, From a Distant .. 31
Landscape Painting, The Art of Water-Colour 346, 428
Last Lesson, Miss Britman's 532
Library, Saturday Night in a Free 83
Life at Edinburgh University, Student 671
Life-Furrows 187
Life of a Private Soldier in Times of Peace, The 238, 271
Life of the Non-Commissioned Officer, The 349, 398
Life-Picture, in Five Panels, A (*Prize Poem*) 436
Life, The Joy of 109
Like the Ivy 666
Lobby, A Stroll through the Parliamentary 530
London, University Extension in East.. 117
Lost Key, A 112
Lost Youth 354
Lunatic Asylums as a Labour Field.. 215
Lustra-Painting, Some Hints on 181, 207

Making Bread at Home .. 438
Management, True Economies in (*Prize Essay*) 45, 105
March, Gardening in .. 241
May, Gardening in 344
May-day, The Village .. 346
Meat Pies and How to Make them.. 534
Medicine-Chest, The Family 310
Melodist, A Negro 336
Mentally, How to Train a Child 174
Meres, On the Shropshire .. 332
Milk as a Curative Agent.. 540
Mill, A Glance through an Elastic 683
Miner, Only a 751
Miss Britman's Last Lesson 532
Missing Witness, The .. 624
Mistress of a Home, The Model ("*A Happy Home Well Ordered*") 289
More about the Coolin Hills 480
Mosquito-Cloud, The .. 560
Moths, Collecting Butterflies and 463

MUSIC:—
The Little Ones 48
Coming Home 89

MUSIC—*Continued.*
Sailing Home through the Storm 176
The Arrow and the Song (*Prize Song*) 220
Devotion (*Song without Words*) 303
A Lullaby 364
Piping down the Valleys Wild 424
When the Shadows Flee Away 466
A Summer Day's Dream .. 566
The Lay of the Brooklet (*A Song without Words*) .. 620
My Son at Sea 689
A Wind came down from the Stars 720
Music, On the Higher Development of Drawing-Room 14
Mysteries of Change-Ringing, The 670

Names, How to Pronounce Welsh 470
Natal Farm, Domestic Life on a 43
Nature, Sweet 250
Nature, The Art of Seeing 28
Nature, The Worm's Place in 686
Negro Melodist, A 336
Neighbourhood, Crawley Down and its 524
Neighbours' Children, Some of our 698
Neighbours, Some of our .. 610
Nervous Irritability, its Causes and Cure 110
Nervous Unrest, On Sleep and 374
New England Seaside Resort, A 282
Newspaper Sub-Editor's Office and Work, A .. 352
No PROOF, 1, 65, 129, 193, 257, 321, 385, 449, 513, 577, 641, 705
Non-Commissioned Officer, The Life of the .. 349, 398
Notts, Fruit-Culture in North 408
Novel, A Chinese 79
November, Gardening in .. 727
November, To 717
Novices, Tiger-Shooting by 536

October, Gardening in .. 664
Odd Dishes, Some Rather.. 630
Office and Work, A Newspaper Sub-Editor's .. 352
Officer, The Life of the Non-Commissioned .. 349, 398
Old Bailey Jury, On an .. 400
Old England, A Quaint Corner of 604
Old Oak Workshop, In an.. 528
On an Old Bailey Jury .. 400
On Sleep and Nervous Unrest 374
On the Bridge where the Rivers Meet 757
On the Higher Development of Drawing-Room Music 14
On the Shropshire Meres .. 332
Only a Miner 751
"Only One Penny" .. 692
Operative, The Lancashire ("*Under the Crust*") .. 152
Our Astronomical Society .. 339
Our Neighbours' Children, Some of 698
Our Neighbours, Some of .. 610
Our Surnames 157
Out of the Silence 300

Paint on Glass, How to 599, 655
Painting, Some Hints on Lustra- 181, 207
Painting, The Art of Water-Colour Landscape 346, 428
Pair of Spectacles, How to Choose a 537
Paris, The Englishman at Home in 461

PARLIAMENT, THE FAMILY:—
Home Life *versus* Public Life for Girls 50, 179, 248
Are Public Examinations Beneficial to Young People? 115, 249, 307, 362

PARLIAMENT—*Continued.*
Are Early Marriages Unthrifty?
Votes of Readers . 178, 307, 368
.. 250, 308, 368
Social Parliaments 306
Should we Send our Girls to Boarding-Schools? 308, 433, 502
Ought Trial by Jury to be Abolished? 366, 502, 564, 629, 694
Can Fiction be Made a Power for Good? 754

Parliamentary Lobby, A Stroll through the.. .. 530

PASSAGES IN GIRL-LIFE:—
Farewell to Childhood 141
The School-Girl 217
Girl-Friends 335
Girl-Troubles 497
Girl-Life at Home 602
From Girlhood to Womanhood 758

Peace, The Life of a Private Soldier in Times of 238, 271
Pen-and-Ink Drawing, A Few Remarks on 495
Penny," "Only One.. .. 692
Picture, A Life. In Five Panels. (*Prize Poem*) .. 436
Pies and How to Make them, Meat 534
Pilgrimage to Harefield, A.. 154
Place in Nature, The Worm's 686
Plait and Plaiters 76
Potatoes, How to Cook .. 86
Preservatives, Vegetables as Health 478
Private Soldier, The Life of a, in Times of Peace .. 238, 271
Prize Competitions, New .. 448
Prize Poem on Domestic Affection .. 128, 320, 436
PROOF, No, 1, 65, 129, 193, 257, 321, 385, 449, 513, 577, 641, 705

Quaint Corner of Old England, A 604
Quantocks, The Classical .. 732

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP, 33, 97, 161, 226, 291, 354
Rather Odd Dishes, Some.. 630
Rationally, How to Dress .. 558
"Real Whitby Jet" .. 143
Reporters and their Work .. 563
Resort, A New England Seaside 282
Revenue of China, The Imperial 13
Rice, The Art of Cooking .. 159
Rise and Fall of the Tides, The 476
Round about Rye 667
Round the Wrekin, All .. 92
Rowing for Girls 468
Rustic Stile, The 282
Rye, Round about 667

Sanitary Assurance 95
Saturday Night in a Free Library 83
Savings? How shall I Invest my 372, 414
School-Girl, The ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") 217
Sea, Beside the 158
Seaside Resort, A New England 282
Seeing Nature, The Art of 28
Senses, How many have Animals? 736
September, Gardening in .. 593
Shadow, His own .. 658, 723
Sheet, England's Balance-.. 278
Shropshire Meres, On the .. 332
Silence, Out of the 300
Sisters' Choice, The .. 204
Sleep and Nervous Unrest, On 374
So Blue! a Story of a Girton Girl 211
Society, Our Astronomical.. 339
Soldier, The Life of the Private, in Times of Peace 238, 271
Some Hints on Lustra-Painting 181, 207
Some of our Neighbours .. 610
Some of our Neighbours' Children 698

Some Rather Odd Dishes .. 630
Something about Cleveland Pigs 746
Song Competition (1881) *Award* 128
Soups for Hot Weather .. 589
Spectacles, How to Choose a Pair of 537
Spinning-Wheel, At an Italian 598
Stile, The Rustic 282
Stroll through the Parliamentary Lobby, A .. 530
Student Life at Edinburgh University 671
Study of a Head, A 731
Sub-Editor's Office and Work, A Newspaper .. 352
Summer Camp Meeting in America, A.. 493
Supplanted 472
Surnames, Our 157
Sweet Nature 250

Teetotalism, The Father of 243
Tides, The Rise and Fall of the 476
Tiger-Shooting by Novices 536
Times of Peace, The Life of a Private Soldier in, 238, 271
Tincal Trade of Asia, The.. 434
To November 717
Trade of Asia, The Tincal.. 434
Train a Child Mentally, How to 174
Tricycle: a Means of Obtaining Health and Enjoyment, The 605
Troubles, Girl- 497
True Economies in Household Management (*Prize Essay*) 45, 105
TRUSTEESHIP, RALPH RAEBURN'S, 33, 97, 161, 226, 291, 354
Turkish Bathing, The Benefits of 209
Tyneside Collier, The ("*Under the Crust*") 245, 269

UNDER THE CRUST:—
The Lancashire Operative .. 152
The Tyneside Collier .. 245, 269

University Extension in East London 117
University, Student Life at Edinburgh 671
Unrest, On Sleep and Nervous 374

Vegetables as Health Preservatives 478
Venture, Gwen 628
Village May-day, The .. 346
Violin for Girls, The .. 542

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE? 417, 482, 547, 611, 674, 730
Water-Colour Landscape Painting, The Art of 346, 428
Watering-Place, An Egyptian 499
Ways of the Ant, The .. 622
Weather, Soups for Hot .. 589
Welsh Names, How to Pronounce 470
WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS, 55, 119, 183, 235, 312, 377, 440, 504, 568, 632, 695, 748
Whitby Jet," "Real .. 143
Wild-Flowers for Home Decoration 607
Winchester, In and about .. 20
Witness, The Missing .. 624
Womanhood, from Girlhood to ("*Passages in Girl-Life*") 758
Women are Employed in Belgium, How 280
Work, A Newspaper Sub-Editor's Office and .. 352
Work, Reporters and their.. 563
Workshop, In an Old Oak.. 528
Worm's Place in Nature, The 686
Wrekin, All round the .. 92

Youth, Lost 354

Cassell's Family Magazine.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A SINGULAR INTRODUCTION.

ALONG a narrow and shady lane near a South of England watering-place, a young man was slowly walking his horse. Peering as he rode into the tall hedges, he had just stooped to gather a cluster of honeysuckle to add to the bouquet of wild roses and feathery ferns in his hand, when his horse suddenly reared. Unprepared for the movement, he was well-nigh thrown. "Wo! Ho!" he cried, clutching at the saddle and casting his eye earthwards for some explanation of the phenomenon. "Why, Phemus, old boy, whatever is the matter?"

The next instant, uttering an ejaculation of dismay, he was bending over a prostrate form which lay upon the ground. It was that of a young girl, evidently from her dress a lady. Her eyes were closed and her face was deadly pale.

"Good gracious!" he muttered to himself, his heart throbbing violently. "She cannot surely be dead?"

"Thank God!" The exclamation was one of intense relief. As he attempted to lift her in his arms, the girl had opened her eyes; and now, struggling, with his assistance, to her feet, she cast a bewildered glance up and down the lane, ending with a silent survey of himself and the horse.

Then the tears sprang into her eyes and her lips quivered ominously. Concluding that she was about to cry (as he had been told was the custom with ladies after a fainting-fit), the young equestrian felt very uncomfortable; but his fears upon this score were soon set at rest.

Conquering the weakness which was so natural a result of the physical shock she had sustained, the girl drew herself erect, with a curiously dignified little gesture.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered. "Have I been fainting?"

"I am afraid so," he answered. "But you feel better now, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." Her sensitive mouth still twitched, however, with the effort after self-control. "But I cannot think how it happened. I had only just sat down to rest for a few moments by the hedge, when all at once I felt myself losing consciousness."

"Dear me! I am so sorry. You startled me terribly. But you really do feel all right now, I trust?" he repeated anxiously. "I wish I could do something for you, or get you anything. Perhaps I might find a cottage somewhere near."

"No, no, thanks," she interposed hastily; "I don't require anything, indeed. I shall be perfectly better directly; and I am not accustomed to faint," she added. "I have never fainted before in my life, excepting once, and that was many years ago, when I was quite young."

"Oh, indeed!" murmured the young man, looking down, and flicking his riding-whip to hide the amused smile that crossed his face; for this girl who talked quite gravely about being young many years ago looked, as he judged, to be between fifteen and sixteen. She had a small, slight, and very dainty figure. Her face was small too—a round and rather perky little face, this effect being produced by the fact that the nose was slightly *retroussé*. Large, innocent-looking grey eyes, however, and a broad intellectual forehead contradicted the suggestion of sauciness, whilst a delicate protruding chin indicated character and ability.

On the whole, if not perhaps a remarkably pretty face, it was certainly a very interesting one—so, at least, thought her companion, as he again raised his eyes to study it.

"I wonder what can have made me faint?" she mused, apparently somewhat ashamed of the circumstance.

"Oh, it is a hot day, and these lanes are rather close. And perhaps you have walked too far?"

"Yes, that must be it," she replied, catching at the suggestion. "Can you tell me, please, which is the way back to Headport? I am afraid I have lost myself in these confusing lanes."

"Indeed, that is a very easy thing to do," he observed. "*I* have lost myself in them more than once. We must keep straight down here for awhile, and then bear towards the left. But you are a considerable distance from the town."

"Am I really? Oh, I am very sorry—I am so tired!" she exclaimed in a pathetic tone. "But thank you very much," she went on, biting her lips to force

back the tears which had again risen. "Don't let me keep you any longer. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"Why, you don't suppose that I am going to leave you?" he burst forth. "I *hope* you won't ask me to do that. You look so pale still, so—what shall I call it?—shaky. If you could sit my horse? If you wouldn't mind the saddle?" He hesitated. "He would walk quite slowly, I assure you, and I would guide him carefully."

A flush of colour came into the girl's face. "Ah, that *would* be a relief!" she returned. "But oh, no, thank you; I couldn't take your horse."

"But oh, yes, please, indeed you must!" he urged eagerly. "Now, Polyphemus, look here," he pursued, addressing his horse by the classic name he bore, "you are going to carry this young lady, do you see? So mind you conduct yourself like a gentleman—or rather, like a gentle horse.

"You ride, I can see, by the way in which you sprang to the saddle," remarked the young fellow when she had mounted, handing her the reins, but still keeping his own hold upon them.

"Oh, no, I don't. At least—" she amended with a vivid blush (this young woman was troubled with a scrupulously truthful nature)—"at least, I have never ridden properly. But my father keeps a horse—he is a physician—and often, when I was a child, I used to mount in the stable-yard, and sometimes ride up and down a quiet lane in front of our house. You must not think me a hoyden, though; I have not done it for a very long time—never since I grew up."

"Ah, I see! Yes, I should think it must be a *very* long time since you grew up," said the young man, regarding her with a merry twinkle in his eye.

The girl looked down upon him in dignified surprise at the rallying tone. "I believe you are laughing at me?" she said inquiringly.

Then, all at once, as she met his amused glance, the consciousness seemed to strike home to her mind that her cavalier was a young man. Until this moment, incredible though the statement may appear, she had actually never thought whether he were young or old.

Nevertheless, it was with a curious little thrill of undefined feeling that she now awakened to the sense that her companion was not only a young man, but a very handsome young man, and with a face even more pleasant than it was handsome.

Of the fair Saxon type, he had a clear healthy skin, light brown hair, and a silky brown moustache. His features were regular and refined, the nose in particular being very perfect in shape. It was his eyes, however, which to his present observer appeared his most attractive point. In colour these were of a deep blue; in expression they were frank, kindly, and honest.

"What a beautiful face he has, and what a good face, too!" thought the girl to herself. And thereupon she began, quite inconsequently, to wonder whether her hat had been disarranged by her fall. Having satisfied herself upon this point, her anxiety drifted towards the opposite extremity.

"Oh, dear, how shockingly dirty, my boots are!" was the result of a glance in that direction. "Do take care, please, not to let them touch your coat."

"Never mind," he laughed; "my own are quite as bad. What do you suppose these lanes must be like in winter when they are so damp this beautiful weather? How are you feeling now? Really better?"

"Yes, thank you, only still a little tired. It is very good of you to let me ride. What a beautiful horse he is!"

"Yes, I think he *is* a beautiful horse," rejoined his owner, stroking Polyphemus's nose. "I am tremendously fond of him. He was born, do you know, on my seventh birthday, and he has always belonged to me. I could never care for another horse like Phemus. But, alas! he is getting old—at any rate, quite a middle-aged horse."

"But you are not a middle-aged man," she protested, smiling.

"Don't I look so? Ah! but I am getting on that way. I shall be twenty-three next February. That must seem very old to you—does it not?"

"Old? Twenty-three! No, indeed. Why, I am nearly eighteen myself; and I feel ever so much older than that. I always prefer, too, to associate with older people—especially ladies. Girls—I mean young girls—seem to have so little in them as a rule; don't you think so?"

"Well, I am afraid," he confessed, laughing and blushing a little, "that I have rather a weakness for young girls myself. But it amuses me to hear you talk of feeling old. To me, you know, you look almost a child."

"Oh! but I am not at all a child," she returned, with a slight touch of offence. "I have a good deal of care and responsibility on my shoulders, and that ages a person. In a doctor's house there is always so much to do and think of; and my mother is an invalid, so that it falls principally upon me. But I hope you will not be tired with walking?" she added, changing the subject. "You are carrying something on your back."

"My knapsack. Oh, that is not heavy; there are only some sketching materials in it. I have been sketching Vraim Abbey. Do you know it?"

"Yes; Aunt Ettrick drove us one day to see it. Are you an artist?" she questioned, her grey eyes kindling with interest.

"Only an amateur, and a very poor one, I fear," he replied. "But I came down to Headport with a friend of mine who *can* paint. He is very young yet, but a regular genius."

"You don't live at Headport, then?"

"No; nor, I imagine, do you?"

"No; we are only here on a visit. My home is in Merely."

"Ha! That is in Somersetshire, is it not? Not far from Tilbuster?"

"About six miles. Tilbuster is the nearest town."

"Really? This is curious. I am going there in about a week for a short stay. You don't happen to know a place called Clumbar Court?"

"Oh, yes, I do," was the prompt rejoinder. "A delightful old place! That is only three miles from our house. A baronet, Sir John Rutherford, has bought it lately, and gone to live there with his family. Perhaps they may become papa's patients; but I suppose they have scarcely had time to be ill yet."

"I am tempted to wish they had. We might possibly have met there then, and been introduced in correct fashion. In the meantime, however, will you allow me to give you my card? And drawing forth his pocket-book, the young fellow presented the article in question.

His companion took it, read aloud, "Mr. Frank Rossiter," and then uttered a wondering "Oh!"

Mr. Frank Rossiter regarded her interrogatively.

"Why," she said, answering the unspoken query, "my own name is Rossiter—Beatrice Rossiter."

"You don't say so?" he exclaimed. "How very strange! I wish we might turn out to be relations; but, of course, that's impossible. Stay, though. Didn't you say——"

"Please to tell me where you live," she interposed quickly.

"At Dunscarley Park, Wharneside."

"Then we *are* related!"

"Dear me! Is that really true? I am so glad!" he cried eagerly. "Yes, now I understand all about it: your father is my father's cousin. Really, I am so pleased! Do let us shake hands."

"Oh! I don't know," stammered Miss Beatrice Rossiter, blushing hotly, and regarding the outstretched hand with an undecided and distressed countenance. "I should *like* to shake hands—but, you know—— Indeed, this is very awkward. Please stop the horse. I must get down."

"Get down? Why? Won't you wait until we come out into the Shore Road? We shall be there directly."

"No, no; please let me down at once," she repeated firmly.

"Certainly, if you wish it. Whey, Phemus! Now, Miss Rossiter, will you tell me what is the matter, and why you refuse to shake hands? I feel rather hurt, I must confess."

"Oh, no, don't be hurt," she begged simply. "There! I *will* shake hands. I only hesitated because, you know, circumstances are so uncomfortable."

"How?—Yes, I know," he went on, answering his own question, "that there was a quarrel long ago between our respective parents. In fact, it is only very lately that I learned that my father had any relatives at all of the same name. Was it a very serious affair? I have not been told the exact cause of the breach."

"Yes, I think it was very serious," she replied, reddening again. "You—you are extremely rich, are you not?"

"I believe so—yes. My father is generally spoken of as a millionnaire, and I suppose there can be no doubt that he is one. He inherited his fortune from an uncle. Ah! I dare say Dr. Rossiter thought that he ought to have had a share of the property, didn't he? And upon my word, I think he ought! He was just as near a relation as my father to our worthy great-uncle, only, you see——"

"No, that was not it," broke in Miss Beatrice. "Papa thinks that all the property was left to *him*."

"*Was* left to him? *All* the property? I don't understand."

"By a deed of gift," she explained. "Papa believes that his uncle executed a deed of gift just before he died—before he was killed by that accident—making everything over to him."

Mr. Frank Rossiter drew in his breath, and then whistled it out again in a long-drawn "Whew!" of intense surprise.

"Oh, come," he said, "this is beyond a joke. If such a deed were ever made, where is it?"

"Papa thinks that it was destroyed."

"Destroyed? By whom?" demanded the young man, flushing now in his turn. "He cannot possibly suppose——*Surely* he does not fancy that my *father* destroyed it? Oh, how absurd!" he continued, breaking suddenly into laughter. "Why, Miss Rossiter, my father is one of the most honourable men in creation. He would not wrong any one of a farthing. If your father—if Dr. Rossiter really entertains a suspicion that he has acted towards him in any dishonest or underhand way, you may be sure it is all founded upon some ridiculous misapprehension."

"Oh! I hope so," exclaimed Beatrice fervently. "For my own part, I don't care an atom about the property, but it is so miserable to think of people doing wrong. And indeed," she admitted, "mamma has always thought the whole thing might be a mistake. Papa, however, is so positive in his conviction, that I never could get my mind quite set at rest as to the truth. But we are very careful to avoid the subject at home, because any reference to it disturbs papa so much."

"Dear me! is that possible? Do you know that it is twenty-three years since old Uncle Philip died? Before I was born! Can one man actually have been nursing mistrust of another all this while—a relation, too—without trying to set things right? Why on earth didn't they meet long ago, and get to the bottom of the matter, whatever it is? And I wonder," he subjoined reflectively, "why my father didn't mention this to me?"

"Oh! do not let us talk about it any longer," entreated Beatrice; "the subject is such a disagreeable one. But you see now why I felt that it was awkward, our getting to know one another."

"But *I* don't consider it awkward at all," declared Frank—"quite the contrary. There's a providence in it. Look here: you and I will make a compact, shall we? Let us try to restore unity between our families. Dr. Rossiter is my father's only blood relation, and it seems a pity that they should not be friends, does it not, now?"

Beatrice nodded. "Indeed, I wish they could be!" she said. "I am sure that if papa could get rid of his impression, he would feel the happier for it."

"To be sure he would! And we'll manage somehow to bring about a reconciliation, you'll see," he protested cheerily. "Besides, I am actuated by selfish motives in wishing it. Having found a new cousin, I have no intention of allowing myself to be deprived of her."

"But we are not exactly cousins," laughed Beatrice; "only second or third cousins. Which is it?"

"Oh, never mind; we won't descend to unnecessary minutiæ. We are cousins: that is enough; and I consider a cousin a very delightful relationship; don't you?"

"I have never tried it, so that I am not in a position to give an opinion," she returned; thinking, however, that *he* would make a very pleasant cousin, and smiling in a way that lighted up her grave little face, and brought a pretty babyish-looking dimple into either cheek. "We have no cousins on our mother's side, Cissy and I."

"Cissy," he repeated. "Who, may I ask, is Cissy?"

"My sister Cecilia. You have found two cousins, you see, not one—if we are cousins."

"*If* we are! How can you use that objectionable little particle? There is no 'if' about the matter; for my part, I *feel* the kinship. It's a curious fact, but it really is a fact, that I feel as though I had known you half my life, instead of an hour. But do you know, Cousin Beatrice——May I call you so?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," she assented unaffectedly.

"Well, do you know, I fancied you were an only child. My father did not know whether Dr. Rossiter had any family; and a little while ago you spoke of most of the household cares falling to your share. Your sister, I suppose, then, is younger than yourself?"

"No, she is a year and three months older. But she has not been living at home for a long time—for three whole years. She is in Germany, studying music at the Leipsig Conservatoire. She plays the violin magnificently. But in less than a fortnight she is coming home to stay for good." And the little woman's large grey eyes grew bright with joy.

"That *will* be nice for you," exclaimed young Rossiter, in the hearty cordial tone which seemed so natural to him. "And I shall see you both when I go to Clumbar Court. We shall be independent now of an introduction from Sir John Rutherford, shall we not?"

"Yes, if only papa——" Beatrice hesitated, and again an anxious expression crossed her face.

"Oh, that will be all right; it must. Don't you think, Cousin Beatrice, that this encounter of ours has been brought about for some good end? Did you ever know anything more singular?—just like an incident in a novel. It is remarkable enough that we should happen to be at Headport at the same time, but still more so that out of the thousands of people there you and I should meet alone in these lanes. How horrified I was, though, when I found you lying on the ground! Poor little girl! you must never faint again."

"You may be sure I shall not, if I can help it," she rejoined, blushing at the indignity of that "little girl," yet sensible of no very keen resentment. "I might not find a cousin at hand another time to pick me up and set me on his horse, like the good Samaritan."

"From which, however, you dismounted before you ought. But here we are at the Shore Road."

"Ah! I am glad of that. And now I must walk quickly. I am afraid mamma may be getting anxious about me."

"But you will let me walk home with you, will you not? I should like to be introduced to Mrs. Rossiter if I may."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A VISIT AND AN INVITATION.

THERE are not in England many more beautiful towns than Headport. Built upon a couple of low hills, it faces a lovely bay towards the broadest part of the English Channel, and presents, as it rises terrace above terrace, a very imposing effect. Most of the houses are white, of stone, and many of them are large; for Headport is not a common summer bathing-place, crowded with cheap lodgings. It subsists chiefly as a winter resort, and is frequented during that season by invalids of the better classes, who can afford to purchase the advantages of its mild climate at the cost of heavy bills from proprietors of stately hotels or well-appointed boarding-houses. It boasts likewise numerous "desirable" private residences.

At the present moment the town is looking its best. A mellow light fills the rarefied air with a forecast of the golden glory of sunset. Everything appears nearer and more distinct than in the earlier part of the day. The tide, full in, is rippling musically against a low wall that guards the highway along which Mr. Frank and Miss Beatrice Rossiter are approaching the town, chatting together, the young man with an abandonment of gaiety, the girl with childlike freedom, yet with a certain quiet dignity which never forsakes her bearing.

On reaching the town, they turn upwards, and after mounting for some short distance a rather steep incline, enter a street to the right. It is a very quiet street, filled with large well-to-do-looking houses, most of them detached. Those on the right hand, however, notwithstanding an array of fine porches, really present only their backs this way, all their principal rooms fronting the opposite direction, and overlooking terraced gardens and the sea. Pausing before one of these houses about midway down the street, Beatrice allows her escort to ring. As she has already explained to him, this is the residence of Mrs. Ettrick—her mother's only sister, and a childless widow—with whom Mrs. Rossiter and she have for some weeks been visiting.

The summons is answered by a footman in green livery; and leading the way across a square hall, hung with multitudinous pictures, chiefly valuable for their frames, Beatrice opens a door. The door belongs to a large drawing-room, furnished in what its owner

believes, and would fain have other people believe, to be the highest perfection of taste.

Neither the harlequin chairs nor the spindle-shanked tables seem designed for use. Sham pre-Raphaelite pictures adorn the walls; mirrors abound in every corner; vases of flowers, statuettes, and bric-à-brac ornaments are scattered about in ungraceful profusion.

At the moment of Mr. Frank Rossiter's introduction to it, two ladies were in occupation of this elegant apartment. But of these he at first perceived only one—a delicate, sweet-looking woman, who was reclining upon a couch, and who had turned her head eagerly at the opening of the door.

"Ah! it is you, Beatrice," she exclaimed in accents of relief. "I was beginning to feel rather anxious about you. We have been back from our drive more than an hour, and your aunt has just been saying that it was scarcely safe for you to wander about alone in those——"

Breaking short with an inarticulate interjection, Mrs. Rossiter rose to her feet, and glanced in surprised inquiry at the young man who stood before her, hat in hand.

"HANDING HER THE REINS, BUT STILL KEEPING HIS OWN HOLD UPON THEM" (*p.* 2).

"Mamma," said Beatrice, performing the ceremony of introduction with an old-fashioned air, yet evident embarrassment—"Mamma, this is Mr. Frank Rossiter, the son of papa's cousin. Aunt, may I introduce Mr. Rossiter to you?—Mrs. Ettrick."

Frank, who, after bowing to Mrs. Rossiter, had been on the point of extending his hand, turned in the

direction whence a rustling of silk greeted his ear, and beheld a second lady, who had just emerged from a window recess.

In appearance Mrs. Rossiter and Mrs. Ettrick were much alike; the similarity, however, was of such a nature as only more strikingly to mark the difference. In every respect the latter formed a vulgarised copy of the former, whose junior she was by two years. Like her daughter, Mrs. Rossiter was slight of figure and somewhat below the medium height.

Mrs. Ettrick's stature would have accorded to an inch, but she was stouter and broader. The elder sister's features were small and clear-cut, her complexion fair, with only a faint tinge of colour. The younger possessed the same features enlarged, the same complexion coarsened.

But whilst lines of care or ill-health had engraved themselves plentifully about Mrs. Rossiter's eyes and mouth, Mrs. Ettrick's round, good-humoured-looking, if not over-refined face was guiltless of even the suspicion of a wrinkle.

As has already been stated, Mrs. Ettrick was a widow. Her husband, whom she had lost now about six years ago, had been a stockbroker in Yorkshire—a jovial, kindly-natured man, but of plebeian extraction and somewhat pronounced manners. Successful in business, Mr. Ettrick had left behind him a considerable fortune, of which, during her lifetime, his widow enjoyed a large share of the interest. By his will, however, everything at her death was to pass to his own family. Greatly to her distress, accordingly, it would be out of Mrs. Ettrick's power to bequeath anything to her sister or her sister's children.

It was at her expense, however, that her elder niece Cecilia's education had been conducted for the last six years, and that she was now pursuing her musical studies in Germany; and most willingly would the generous-hearted little woman have conferred further benefits on her poorer relatives, but for Dr. Rossiter's strenuous opposition to their being accepted.

Having acknowledged his introduction to Mrs. Ettrick, Mr. Frank Rossiter turned again to the elder lady, who, regarding him with amazement in her gentle face, was repeating half-incredulously—

"Mr. Philip Rossiter's son?"

"Yes, madam," responded the young man, pushing back the hair from his ingenuous brow with rather a nervous action. "I have, you see, the honour to claim relationship with you, so I hope you will not refuse me the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

Mrs. Rossiter's colour rose. "Thank you. But how," she stammered—"Excuse me—I am quite bewildered. How—where did you meet with my daughter?"

"Ah, mamma! 'thereby hangs a tale!'" exclaimed Beatrice. And forthwith the two young people proceeded to relate between them the strange circumstances which had led to their becoming known to each other, and to the mutual discovery of relationship. On learning about the swoon (of which, however, Beatrice made as light as possible), the two ladies naturally testified great concern. Kindly Mrs. Ettrick could with difficulty be restrained from rushing off at once for sal volatile to administer to her niece. Mrs. Rossiter, encircling her daughter with her arm as she sat by her on the couch, scrutinised her appearance in anxious silence, and continued to do so long after Beatrice supposed that she had allayed her uneasiness by reiterated assurances that she now felt as well as usual.

By the time the narrative—interrupted in this and other ways—had been brought to a conclusion, their visitor had entirely won the hearts of both the elder women. A handsome face—let wiseacre moralists say what they like—always did, and always will, go an immense way towards recommending its possessor to favour; especially when, as was the case with Frank Rossiter, the handsome face is united with pleasing manners, and an utter absence of self-conceit.

Not wishing on this first occasion to prolong his visit beyond correct limits, young Rossiter presently rose to take his leave. As he did so, however, he begged permission to be allowed to call again, looking, whilst making the request, more particularly towards Mrs. Rossiter.

And notwithstanding an uncomfortable misgiving that by so doing she would very probably incur her husband's displeasure, that lady politely gave the required assent. In truth, as Beatrice had acknowledged to Frank in the lane, Mrs. Rossiter had never supported her husband's views (whereof more hereafter) in reference to the quarrel which had taken place twenty-three years ago between himself and his cousin; and it now struck her that through the instrumentality of the son, Dr. Rossiter might possibly be disabused of the painful suspicions which he entertained against the father, and over which, even after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, he would still occasionally brood to his own discomfort.

"My sister, I am sure, will be very pleased to see you again," she repeated, inspired with this idea.

"Of course I shall—delighted!" affirmed Mrs. Ettrick cordially. "But you must not go yet. I have just rung for tea—here it comes. Mrs. Rossiter and I have had ours already, but you will take a cup with Beatrice, will you not?"

"Thank you, I will, with the greatest pleasure," rejoined the young man, nothing loth to lay down his hat again.

"And you have not admired my view," continued Mrs. Ettrick, fussing about in her rustling silk. "Do come here and look. There isn't a finer view in Headport than we have from this window, but you don't get the effect from that side of the room."

The window in question was a large bow, and on following his hostess thither, Frank could not forbear an exclamation no less of surprise than pleasure. The view was indeed superb. From this elevation the whole extent of the beautiful bay could be plainly seen, with a portion of the town, and on either hand a semi-circular reach of wooded coast. But the astonishment in the young fellow's tone—for which Mrs. Ettrick had been fully prepared—arose from the fact that, standing within this projecting window, the house appeared absolutely to overhang the sea. Yet, in

addition to the sloping cliffs, two roads (as a moment's reflection reminded young Rossiter) lay between—a broader one below; a narrower, called the "Rock Walk," upon higher ground.

"Quite an optical delusion, is it not?" observed Mrs. Ettrick. "The effect, I am told, is produced by the way in which the garden is arranged in these steep terraces, and by that wall at the bottom shutting the cliffs from sight.

"How still the water has been all day!" said Mrs. Rossiter, approaching with her languid invalid step. "And how exquisitely blue it looks! Do you know, Kate, I have been quite longing for a sail. I believe it would do me good."

"Perhaps it might——" began her sister.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Rossiter, I am sure it would!" broke in Frank eagerly. "Will you let me have the pleasure of taking you out to-morrow? I have a yacht here; I came down in it from the North. May I have the happiness of giving you all a sail? Do support the notion, Cousin Beatrice," he whispered, springing to take from her hand the cup of tea she had poured out for him.

Mrs. Ettrick, however, was the first to respond. "Thank you," she said; "you are very good. That would be charming! But do you mean," she went on, betrayed by curiosity into the rather rude question, "do you mean that the yacht belongs to *you*—that it is really your own property?"

"To me!" he repeated. "Oh, yes, madam. My father made me a present of it in the spring." Then all at once, recollecting what Beatrice had told him about that hypothetical deed of gift, the young man averted his eyes and coloured with confusion. Did the ladies, he wondered, give any credence to this absurdest and most unfounded of suppositions? If so, would it not appear to them that he had no right to the possession of a fine steam-yacht, or indeed to any other possession whatsoever? But no; impossible that they should believe in such preposterous nonsense! They must consider, as he did, that Dr. Rossiter was under some strange delusion. But what a pity, he concluded, recovering himself, that the father of such a sweet little girl should be afflicted with so uncomfortable a monomania!

Meanwhile, the "sweet little girl" had approached her mother, who still stood in the window recess. "Oh, yes, mamma dear, do let us go!" she pleaded in a low voice, passing her hand under Mrs. Rossiter's arm, whilst the bright colour which always rose in moments of excitement dyed her cheeks.

Thereupon Mr. Frank took courage to renew his urgency, and after some slight hesitation and considerable discussion, it was presently settled that the three ladies should embark next morning at eleven o'clock by a small jetty directly below Mrs. Ettrick's house, that they should take luncheon on board, and return from a cruise along the coast before the evening had grown too cold for the invalid.

That matter arranged, Mrs. Ettrick, who had for some time been exercised in her mind between a desire to ask the visitor to dinner and a conflicting impression that it would not be etiquette to do so, now allowed her hospitable impulses to get the better of her, and invited the young man to stay and dine with his newly-found connections. This, however, with many courteous expressions of regret, Frank declined, explaining that he had a friend staying with him at the Imperial Hotel as his guest, and likewise that he was expecting another friend this evening, who had written to say that he was coming down from London for a couple of days.

"And, by the way, I shall be obliged to ask permission for them both to be of our party to-morrow," he went on; "at least, unless you would object, I should like to take them. One I have already spoken to Miss Beatrice about—he is an artist, a very nice young fellow, and amazingly clever too. The other is the Honourable Clarence Romanes, a man who is engaged to my elder sister, Effie. His father, the Earl of Finchinbray, has an estate not very far from ours. But please tell me without hesitation, Mrs. Rossiter, if their company would be disagreeable to you?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Rossiter; "by all means let your friends accompany us."

"Indeed, yes! The more the merrier, you know," remarked Mrs. Ettrick, smoothing down her dress, and trying to conceal beneath affected ease of manner the tittilations of delighted vanity which stirred her frame at the thought of being in the society of an earl's son.

A little desultory conversation ensued; then, once more young Rossiter took his hat to go. Beatrice in cousinly fashion accompanied him to the door, and on coming back—her little hand tingling with the warmth of his hearty clasp—she found Mrs. Ettrick already turning over the pages of a Peerage in excited search for the name Finchinbray.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

FRIENDLY CONFESSIONS.

Refreshed by a good feed of oats, whereof he had partaken in Mrs. Ettrick's stable, Polyphemus conveyed his master at a spirited trot back to his hotel. Arrived there, young Rossiter sprang hastily up the staircase, and passed into a private sitting-room on the first floor.

"Hello, old boy, there you are!" he exclaimed upon entering. "I expected you would have come in by this time."

The personage thus addressed was a youth of nineteen, who, as the door unclosed, had raised his head eagerly from the contemplation of a small canvas propped in front of him on the table. Applied to most lads of his age, the slang term "old boy" would have been more noticeable for its elegant familiarity than for its appropriateness. But in the present instance the epithet was not inapposite. Notwithstanding the beardless condition of his chin, Martin Callender certainly did look rather an "old" boy. In expression, at all events, his countenance was not juvenile. It was too full of thought and of the power

of mind for that. Moreover, it bore the impress of physical suffering, which had done the work of years. Deformed by a curvature of the spine, the poor fellow had high shoulders and a hump-back, and the lack of youthfulness in the figure aided the effect of age in the face. Nevertheless, what a striking face it was! Pale and thin, with sunken cheeks and mobile, sensitive lips, it was illumined by a pair of glorious dark eyes—eyes which, as they now rested on young Rossiter's face, beamed with the soft lustre of an almost womanly tenderness. For, in truth, though rarely adverted to in words, there existed between these two an attachment as deep, romantic, and strong as that of Damon and Pythias.

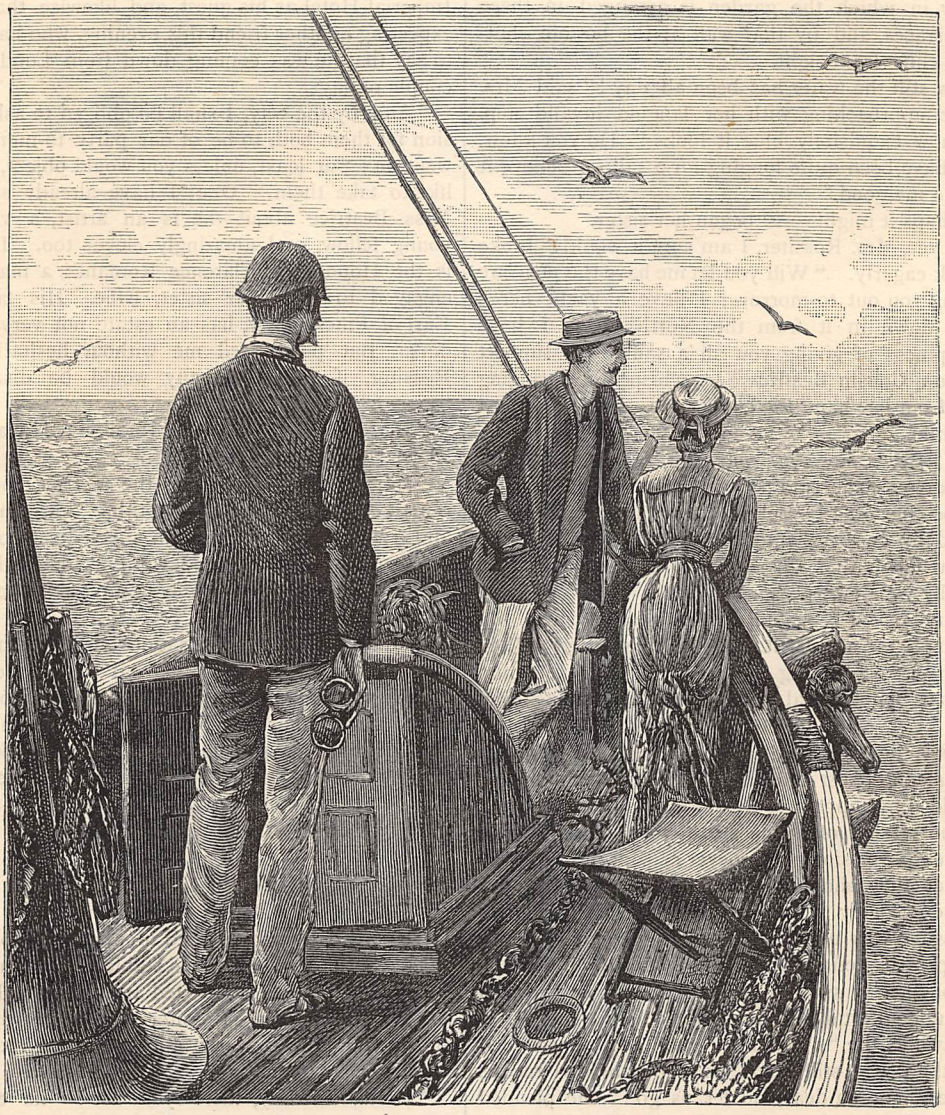
"Well, how have you got on to-day?" pursued Frank, advancing to look over his friend's shoulder. "Oh, Martin, how beautiful! That's stunning!"

"No, no; don't say so!" remonstrated the boy.

"Why not? It really is first-rate. Upon my word, it reminds me of Claude Vernet. You'd make a capital marine painter."

"Nonsense! It is full of faults. Excepting the figures of those children on the beach, there is not a thing in the whole picture that gives me satisfaction. This is not my forte, Frank."

"No? Well, perhaps you *are* best at *genre* and historical subjects," admitted Frank; "but whatever you touch, it seems to me, bears the stamp of genius. There may be imperfections in this, but they are the



"NEITHER BEATRICE NOR FRANK OBSERVED HIS APPROACH" (*p.* 11).

kind of imperfections which only go with talent, the kind of which a great painter—an *embryo* great painter, if you like—would be guilty."

"Frank, Frank, you're a fine critic! But it's well I've learned to swallow your flattery with a grain of salt."

"All right. Just wait till you're an R.A., rampant with conceit, instead of being so absurdly self-distrustful, and then I'll make it a point to take you down a peg on every possible occasion."

"I wonder if I ever shall be an R.A.?" sighed Martin, regarding dreamily his unfinished picture.

"To be sure you will, lad, if you live," affirmed his companion.

"Yes, in time, I hope——I *believe* I *shall* do something worth doing!" exclaimed the youth, his face kindling with sudden enthusiasm; for though gifted with the modesty of true genius, he was also sensible of its afflatus. "And if I do, I shall owe it all to you, of course. But I *like* to owe it to you, Frank. My sense of obligation to you is no burden, dear old fellow!"

"By George, I should think not!" rejoined Frank, clasping the thin, lithe fingers which had touched his own. "How could there be a question of obligation between us? And if there were, we are even; your friendship has done as much for me as mine for you."

"Oh, come, Frank, respect veracity!"

"I will. And now I'll tell you a veracious history. Don't you perceive how excited I am? I've had an adventure this afternoon, Martin, and I've fallen in love."

Martin laughed. "Fallen in love, have you? Oh, yes, I quite believe that! You are the sort of fellow to go about falling in love with every girl you meet, aren't you?"

"Well, I haven't done much in that way yet, I own; still, I'm not by any means of an insusceptible nature, Master Martin; and this girl—— However, I'll just begin at the beginning, and put you in possession of the whole affair——. There, now!" he subjoined, upon finishing a lively account of his knight-errantry in the lane, and of his subsequent call at Mrs. Ettrick's house, by a report of the yachting engagement into which he had entered for the morrow. "There, now! don't you consider it a curious incident altogether? And rather a startling fashion of getting introduced to one's cousin!"

"A cousin pretty far removed," commented Martin, smiling, yet regarding his friend with a grave, somewhat sad, look in his large eyes. "But seriously, Frank, what is the young lady like? Is she pretty?"

"No—yes—at least——Upon my word, I don't know whether you could call her pretty or not. But she's better than pretty: there is the most piquant, old-fashioned air about everything she says and does. She looks so child-like, and at the same time so sensible, and she has such a sweet voice, and such a fresh, charming smile—yes, when she smiles she *is* pretty! Then her figure is so dainty and fairy-like—but it's no use attempting any further description. You'll see her yourself to-morrow, old boy, and be able to form your own judgment; besides, she's just the kind of person that *can't* be described. You feel the attraction about her, but you can't exactly say where it lies."

"Do you really wish me to go with you to-morrow?"

"Rather! I'm not going without you, that's all. Why, Martin, you promised me that you would take a regular holiday whilst you were here. Of course you must go."

"Oh! it isn't the work," hesitated Martin; "but you know, Frank, that Mr. Romanes considers your association with me very *infra dig*. He won't care to have my company thrust upon him for a whole day."

"Pshaw! Let him go to the deuce, then! Martin, if you talk like that, I'll cut you. If there's any thrusting of company in the matter, it is *he* who is thrusting his company upon us. And any man who doesn't care to associate with you, my word, he'd be too big a fool for me! So if Romanes——Humph! here he is."

"The gentleman you were expecting, sir," announced a waiter, throwing open the door after the ceremony of a tap. "I'll see to your portmanteau being taken to your room, sir, at once. No. 27, just opposite."

"Walk in, Clarence. Glad to see you, my boy!" exclaimed young Rossiter, stepping forward with the *empressement* which became a host. "How do you do? I hope you are better."

"Thanks, yes, I'm better, but not at all up to the mark yet," rejoined the new-comer, shaking hands with Frank. Then perceiving Martin Callender, he bowed, with a slight supercilious elevation of the eyebrows, and uttering the conventional "How d'ye do?" sank into a chair without waiting for a reply. A man of about twenty-six, tall and well-proportioned, the Honourable Clarence Romanes possessed a somewhat distinguished figure. His features, too, were generally considered handsome. They were small, straight, almost feminine; the mouth, however, being concealed by a drooping yellow moustache. For the rest, he had light hair, cold blue eyes, and a skin that ought to have been fair, but which at the present moment presented anything but a clear and healthy aspect.

"I'm sorry you are not well," remarked Frank, now observing him more closely. "You *do* look rather seedy."

"Oh, it's nothing much; I shall be all right in a day or so. But London, in the season, is such a dreadful place for knocking a fellow up."

"Ah! I thought that was it. You've been indulging in too much dissipation. How are Effie and Christine?"

"As lively as crickets; nothing seems to tire them. They are at balls and assemblies every night," answered Romanes, in rather a querulous tone. "I'm quite worn out with dancing attendance on them. But I suppose girls are always like that in their first season: ready for anything, and without a notion of what *ennui* can mean."

"They are enjoying themselves, then?"

"Seems like it; and, in fact, they are making quite a sensation. Effie is, at any rate, and my mother appears very proud of her office as chaperone. By-the-

by, they both sent all kinds of affectionate messages to you.."

"Thanks. Do you know if they have heard lately from my father and mother?"

"Oh, yes; I was forgetting that. Effie told me to tell you that they were now in Montreal, and that they would write to you by the next mail. Have you got your yacht down here, Frank?"

"Yes."

"I should like a blow on the salt water, if you could give me one. It would set me up sooner than anything; and I must be back in London the day after to-morrow. There's a grand rout at Lady St. Julien's on Wednesday that I've promised to show up at."

"Bah! Drawn back so soon to the flesh-pots of Egypt?" laughed Frank. "I'm glad *I* am not a slave to London gaieties."

"No; I suppose you can afford to dispense with them?"

"Don't sneer, man; you mean, I suppose, that not being a scion of the aristocracy, the *beau monde* can afford to dispense with me."

"Bother aristocracy! Who cares for blood in these days? Money is everything. If you would only go into society, you'd soon find out your value as the son of a millionnaire, Frank. However, follow your own sweet will in the matter. So you've got that shoemaker fellow down here with you?"

Frank's face flushed angrily. "Do you mean my friend Mr. Callender, the artist?" he demanded, glancing at the door which communicated with Martin's bed-room, through which some time ago the deformed youth had disappeared with his painting. "I'll trouble you to remember, Romanes, that Callender is my best friend, and that any disrespect offered to him I take as an insult to myself."

"Tush, man! how fiery you are! You and Christine are just alike in that respect. But I didn't mean to offend you," he went on, with a forced laugh—"that wouldn't suit my books. I say, my boy, I didn't come down here altogether to recruit. I—I—if it wouldn't be inconvenient to you, I wish you'd lend me a couple of hundred pounds."

"A couple of hundred pounds!" repeated Frank in astonishment.

"I can let you have them back in a month or so. But pray don't trouble about it if you would rather not; I dare say I can get them elsewhere."

"Oh, I am quite willing to lend the money; but, Clarence——"

"Yes, I know, of course, that I owe you a good deal already."

"It isn't that. But excuse me, Clarence, I really can't think how you contrive to get through your income as you do. You have £3,000 a year, and my allowance is only £2,000, yet for the life of me I can't spend it."

"Can't you?" said Romanes, with a perceptible shrug of the shoulders. "No, fortunately for yourself, your tastes are—are not costly. But a fellow in my position is obliged to spend money."

"Humph! I don't see that any one is obliged to frequent Tattersall's, or to be an *habitué* of fashionable clubs, and so forth, unless he chooses," retorted Frank. "But each one to his taste, and I have no right to comment upon your habits, excepting that for my sister's sake they must, of course, interest me. If you can't live on your income now, Clarence, how will it be when you are married?"

"Oh, I shall settle down then to steady matrimonial ways," rejoined Romanes, still with an ill-concealed sneer in his voice. "Besides, there will be so much more for the *ménage*; your father is behaving like a trump about settlements. Your side of the house, you see, finds the money, and ours the birth. Don't be insulted, old fellow!"

"Not in the least; but I hope somebody finds the *love*," observed young Rossiter, "or it'll turn out a poor bargain, I'm afraid, on either side."

"We both do that, of course," said Clarence, reddening violently. "What a prig you are, Frank! Somehow, you and I never can contrive to hit it;" and springing from his seat, the honourable gentleman, who was not remarkable for sweetness of temper, walked to the window, and stood there gazing out and pulling viciously at his long moustache.

Frank sat still, making no rejoinder, and puckering his open brows into an anxious frown. It was quite true that he and young Romanes never did, as the latter elegantly expressed it, contrive to "hit" matters. Their natures were utterly antagonistic. Frank, though he endeavoured to do both, neither approved nor liked him. Assured, however, that his sister was devotedly attached to her future husband, and knowing that the match had received his parents' sanction, he had felt that he could not well oppose it.

For a considerable time the silence remained unbroken, then, reflecting that the laws of hospitality forbade him to quarrel with a guest, even a self-invited one, Frank Rossiter joined his companion at the window, and reverting to the subject of the proposed loan, he cordially agreed to make it. The Hon. Clarence thereupon made an effort to recover his good-humour; and as a further diversion from the little unpleasantness that had arisen, Frank proceeded to repeat once more his experiences of the afternoon, dwelling, however, much less upon detail than he had done with Martin.

"A queer affair, very!" was that gentleman's mode of summing up his sentiments *apropos* of the narrative; "and just the kind of thing to tickle your romantic sensibilities. All the same, Frank, I consider it a pity that you chanced to light upon the distressed damsel, or to find out anything about the connection. The father, I suppose, is a mere country practitioner; and it's always a mistake to burden oneself with the acquaintance of poor relations."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A YACHTING PARTY.

THE following day was a lovely one. Never did Nature smile more benignantly on pleasure-seekers by land or water than she did upon Frank Rossiter's

yachting party. The *Philippina* (for so, in honour of his father, the young fellow had christened his trim little vessel) floated in a world of brightness and beauty. Silvery cirrus clouds streaming here and there like wind-blown hair across the azure sky relieved the monotony of an almost Italian blueness. Soft white foam flecked the equally blue depths below, where the tiny billows broke in musical cadence, frothing joyously in the sunshine. Headport was still visible, its white buildings, with interspersing greenery of trees and garden plots, glittering stately in the distance. But in a few moments it would have vanished from sight, for the yacht was about to steam round the headland of the bay, hugging the umbrageous coast, with its wavy curvatures and dark grey frets of crag. Already, by accident or design, the little party on board had broken up into couples. Mrs. Rossiter, seated beneath an awning abaft, was talking with Martin Callender, who had drawn a camp-stool close to her side. Shy and silent, as a rule, in the company of strangers, the deformed youth found himself strangely attracted by this gentle, delicate-looking lady, whose kind eyes seemed so sure an index to a kind heart, and felt agreeably at ease in her society. Mrs. Ettrick, meanwhile, attired in a very extravagant and rather too youthful style, was brimming over with proud satisfaction. For the present, she had got the earl's son all to herself. Leaning gracefully against the bulwarks near to where she sat, the Hon. Clarence Romanes was condescending now and then to exchange a remark with her. Sooth to say, the young aristocrat was not exerting himself at all unduly in the exercise of his conversational powers. A sound of silvery girlish laughter, almost drowned beneath a hearty masculine accompaniment, reached his ears from the fore part of the vessel, whither Frank and Beatrice Rossiter had repaired together, with the object of feeding a flock of sea-gulls which circled around the yacht; and though at first the merry sound had only moved him to a lazy curiosity, he now began to feel attracted by it.

"They seem very lively over there, don't they?" he asked, bending forward to look at the pair; "I think I must go and see what the fun is about," and half raising his hat, he sauntered slowly forward.

Neither Beatrice nor Frank observed his approach. Both were leaning over the prow of the boat, where the girl had just dropped a crust of bread.

"There! *You've* won again! That's the one you bet on," the young man was exclaiming as Romanes came up behind. "Accept my congratulations, Cousin Beatrice. The Emperor of China and all his dominions are yours."

"Then his Celestial Majesty must prepare to abdicate," she returned, with a low ringing laugh. "I shall take possession of the crown at once, and abolish pig-tails and club-feet."

"And may I humbly petition the Empress for the post of prime minister?" put in Romanes.

"You there, Clarence?" said Frank, looking round, evidently ill-pleased at the interruption, whilst a hot blush spread over Beatrice's face. "I didn't know any one was listening to our little joke."

"It was a very absurd joke," said Beatrice, resuming her wonted gravity. "Grown-up people shouldn't behave like children. I don't know when I was so foolish before."

"I like young ladies to be foolish," drawled Romanes in a patronising tone, and with a familiar glance at Beatrice, who was looking unusually pretty just now, with the bright colour in her cheeks, and her soft brown hair displaced by the breeze. "I hate your stiff and prudish girls. Too much wisdom, in my opinion, doesn't become the sweeter sex."

"And in *my* opinion, folly is detestable in either sex!" retorted Beatrice, glowing with indignation—she could scarcely have explained why—at the style of this address. "Mr. Rossiter, shall we go back to mamma?" And without waiting for a reply, she walked away.

"Bless me! What a little Turk!" muttered Romanes, as the two young men followed.

"Not the least bit of a Turk! You were very rude, Clarence, and deserved setting down. I'm glad she did it. That is your manner, I suppose, with actresses and people of that description? But Miss Rossiter, you'll be kind enough to remember, is a lady."

"Humph! a very young one, and mighty easily offended," protested the Honourable Clarence, who now felt piqued into interest in the girl by the manner in which she had treated him. "But I'll soon make it all right with her."

And with a view to effecting this purpose, he seated himself near her, and putting on a deferential and apologetic air, tried to draw her into conversation. His endeavours in this direction were rewarded at first by monosyllables, but presently—being, in truth, no Turk, but a very placable little mortal—Beatrice grew more friendly in her replies.

"It sounds rather curious to me, Miss Rossiter, to hear Frank calling you 'Cousin Beatrice,'" he remarked after awhile. "I suppose until yesterday you had never seen each other?"

"No; that was the first time we had met."

"And of course you do not know his sisters?"

"Not at all; but I should like to see them," she rejoined, with less stiffness than she had yet shown. "Are they nice girls? What are they like?"

"Like? Well, let me see," returned Mr. Romanes, pulling at his long moustache—"Effie (Euphemia her name is) is like Juno—a large, stately beauty, cold and quiet in her general manner, and without much to say for herself, but," he added, with a conceited smile, "capable of warmth upon occasions."

"I understood you were engaged to her?" said Beatrice, too simple and unconventional to be shy of referring to the matter.

"So I am," he laughed, "and very proud of the fact. My mother is introducing them to society just now as her visitors, and Effie is very much admired for her beauty, perhaps also for the golden halo that surrounds her. There are a lot of fellows, I know, rather envious of my good luck."

Again smiling complacently, Mr. Romanes caressed his moustache, whilst Beatrice, regarding him in silence, felt that the dislike and contempt wherewith he had already inspired her was increased by each observation he made.

"Christine," he went on, with a sudden change of expression, "is a vast deal cleverer than her sister. She has twice as much spirit, or *chic*, as the French say; but she's not good-looking, and her temper is nasty."

"Indeed?" said Beatrice frigidly. "I should think, then, from your description, that neither of them is like their brother?"

"Not particularly. No; in some respects they are both much superior to him—better taste, more *savoir faire*, you know. Frank is such a terrible fellow for the proletary—so absurdly radical in his notions."

"Proletary? what is that?" asked Beatrice, moving a step away, as though desiring to put an end to the interview, yet waiting for a reply.

"Oh! the commonalty—low-class people. I believe that's what the word means; at any rate, it is what *I* mean. This hunchback, for instance, that we have here with us—I give you my word for it that he is the son of a cobbler!"

At the vulgar superciliousness of this remark Beatrice's lips unconsciously curled with scorn. "Mr. Frank Rossiter introduced Mr. Callender to us as an *artist*," she said, "and as his particular friend."

"Ah, well! I suppose the fellow does get his living by painting, but that doesn't alter the fact that he is a shoemaker's son. As to the 'particular friend,' that is just what I was saying: Frank has a partiality for low-bred associates. At all events, this fellow has been his special chum since he was quite a boy."

"Did they go to the same school?" inquired Beatrice innocently.

"The same school? Dear me, no! Frank was at Eton at the time that *I* was, only that I was in the first form when he was in the fifth. It's quite true, I assure you, about the shoe business. It was in the paternal shop that Rossiter first picked him up. The youngster was sitting cross-legged on the counter, trying to immortalise the features of his father, a flabby, red-headed man. Well, Master Frank, I suppose, begged for a look at the daub, and finding that it bore some likeness to the original, and that the lad had never been taught to draw, he fancied that he had unearthed a genius. So he went home in a state of wild enthusiasm, and besought his father to send the young hunchback to a school of design. The shoe-shop, by-the-by, was in Wharneside, Frank's native town, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Beatrice, glancing over her shoulder, to make sure that the object of their conversation was out of earshot. "Was it Mr. Rossiter, then, who educated him for an artist?"

"No; Mr. Rossiter (who is very fond of telling this story over his wine) hailed this as a happy opportunity for teaching young Hopeful self-sacrifice and generosity. Accordingly he refused to do it himself, but told Frank that he might, if he liked, pay for the lad's instruction out of his own pocket-money."

"And did he?" questioned Beatrice.

"To be sure. He's Quixotic enough for anything; but he had to pay through the nose for his romantic benevolence, as people generally do. He was just going up then for his first term at Eton, and he handed over before he went the whole of his allowance to the cobbler for his offspring's benefit. As a matter of course, the other fellows of his form soon found out that Rossiter hadn't a penny to spend on amusements, and so forth. So they set it out that his father, who was, of course, known to be immensely rich, was a terrible miser. Master Frank, however, wouldn't have that," continued Romanes, in the cynical tone he had adopted throughout the narration. "He protested that his governor gave him a very liberal allowance, and offered to fight any one in the school who dared to repeat the calumny. But as no one ever saw the colour of his money, and as he obstinately declined to say what became of it, the only result was that the boys transferred the accusation of miserliness from his father to himself. For some years he went by the nickname of the 'avaricious Trojan' (the latter term he owed, I think, to his fighting propensities), and though Mr. Rossiter doubled his allowance after a time, I don't suppose he ever quite managed to get rid of the stigma."

"But why would he not explain what he had done with his money, do you think?"

"Oh, I never profess to be able to fathom the heights and depths of Frank's motives," returned the Hon. Clarence; "but I suppose modesty lay at the bottom of that. He wouldn't boast, you see, of his wonderful self-denial; or, perhaps," he added, "he knew that the other fellows would consider him a fool for his pains."

"A fool!" echoed Beatrice. "I don't believe there is a boy in England who would not have admired him for doing so noble an action. But it was splendid of him never to tell of it!"

Mr. Romanes shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well! charity is all right enough properly exercised," he allowed; "but it doesn't do, as a rule, to lift a fellow like that out of his proper sphere in life. And Rossiter evidently expects all his friends to treat his *protégé* as an equal. He has taken a studio now in Wharneside, where the two of them spend half their time together painting. Of course, if the fellow were really to turn out a genius, Frank would get some credit out of the affair, but I don't suppose that's in the least likely. Anyway, as he is to be my brother-in-law, I wish he was not such a rampant democrat and leveller."

"I knew from his face that he must be good and nice," said Beatrice, making the girlish comment more to herself than to her companion.

"Humph! he ought to be flattered by so warm an advocacy," drawled the hon. gentleman in a half-sneering tone. "And I believe the kind of amiable idiosyncrasies in which he is apt to indulge *are* rather calculated to touch the imaginations of ladies. Shall I tell you some more anecdotes about him?"

"Thank you, no," replied Beatrice, turning away

with a feeling of renewed offence, and a dislike of her companion for which she could not well account to herself. "I will sit down now."

"A priggish little monkey!" muttered the Honourable Clarence, making no attempt to follow as she advanced towards the rest of the party, and somewhat regretting that he had taken so much trouble to render himself agreeable to the country doctor's daughter. "And decidedly up-ish for her position!"

Scarcely had the two thus mutually ill-pleased separated, before a bell rang for luncheon. Thereupon ensued a general adjournment below, where, by young Rossiter's direction, a very elegant and *recherché* repast had been prepared, whereof every one partook with appetite.

After that, how flawlessly delightful to Beatrice was the remainder of the little voyage! Upon returning to the deck, the conversation grew more general and unrestrained. Under the influence of the warm sunshine and invigorating sea-breeze, Mrs. Rossiter's pale cheeks acquired a healthful tinge of colour. Mrs. Ettrick's spirits became more and more exuberant, and Beatrice, seated between her mother and their young host, gave herself up to a deep quiet enjoyment of her surroundings. Her eyes sparkling with pleasure, she watched the changing panorama on the coast, near which the yacht continued to glide, and where woods and hills and dreamy hollows, villages and scattered farmsteads, seemed to sleep in the mellow light that flooded them.

So, listening to young Rossiter's lively flow of talk, to the accompaniment of a pleasant plashing sound against the sides of the boat as it rushed joyously through the blue waters, the long and happy afternoon wore away, and, like all other pleasant things that ever were or ever will be, this came to an end. A little later than the hour agreed upon, the ladies were landed at the jetty beneath Mrs. Ettrick's house, and were escorted up the hill by Frank and Martin Callender; Mr. Romanes, who had not troubled himself to utter a word for the last couple of hours, having elected to return straight to his hotel.

"Well, Martin, what do you think of her?" inquired Frank, when he and his friend were descending again to the lower road.

"I agree with what you said yesterday," replied Martin, not deeming it necessary to ask which "her" was meant. "Miss Beatrice Rossiter is 'better than pretty.'"

Young Rossiter's colour rose. "So glad you think so, old fellow!" he returned. "I told you last evening that I was in love with her, but I'm ten times more in love with her now than I was then!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE IMPERIAL REVENUE OF CHINA.

BY SIR WALTER MEDHURST.

CONJECTURES have frequently been hazarded, and even statistics compiled, as to the annual revenue appertaining to the Chinese Exchequer; but the information so furnished has been at best only approximate, it being impossible, with the appliances as yet at command, to state authoritatively all the several sources from which the legitimate revenue is derivable, what amount each or any is estimated to produce, and what portion of the sums received actually finds its way into the national coffers. As with most other departments of the State in China, the fiscal system, and all legislative enactments connected therewith, are in themselves creditable, if not excellent; but it is in the carrying of them out into practice by the Executive that lamentable lack of vigour and rectitude leads to failure more or less disastrous, so that in the end results follow which, instead of being effective or beneficial, remain mere proofs of mis-spent contrivance and labour.

It is refreshing, in the midst of so much that is baffling through mismanagement or venality, to come across something that shows signs of definitiveness and efficiency, in the shape of the statistical series of foreign trade and customs' revenue returns, which for several years past have been regularly published on behalf of the Chinese Government, under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Hart, the able Inspector-General of Maritime Customs, and director of a system of collection permanently set on foot under the terms of Lord Elgin's Treaty. Those appertaining to the past year, and including an abstract of the customs' revenue for the twelve years ending with 1880, possess many points of interest not merely to the purely commercial man, but to the general reading public, to whom our trade with China is vaguely represented by the idea that we get tea and silk from John Chinaman, and in return deluge him, much against his better judgment, with Indian opium.

The following facts, which we will state as briefly and in as readable a form as possible consistent with the use of figures, may serve to improve, if not to correct, the prevalent notions on the subject. There are at present open to foreign (not alone British) trade in China nineteen border-ports and places, containing an aggregate native population of 5,220,000 souls, and so located as to act as convenient points of access to the entire empire within and beyond. The foreign residents at these ports, the majority of whom are traders, comprise in round numbers but 4,000 persons; and of these one-half are British, one-tenth American, another tenth German, and the remainder members of various other more or less prominent nationalities. The staple articles of trade

exchanged at these ports are (as imports) opium, cotton and woollen goods, metals, coal, raw cotton, seaweed, ginseng, and a vast number of sundries; (as exports) silk, and silk piece-goods, tea, cassia, sugar, and also a long list of miscellaneous produce. The aggregate value of the goods so imported and exported during 1880 was estimated (in round numbers) at over forty-five and a half millions sterling; and the revenue received by the Chinese Government during the same period as import, export, and coast trade duties, and tonnage and transit dues in connection with this trade alone, amounted to a little over four millions sterling. The share taken by Great Britain in the direct portion of this trade is estimated at no less than 73 per cent. of the whole, France following with a modest 11 per cent., Russia with 3 per cent., Germany also with 3, and the United States with 2; whilst Japan, now so progressive, claims as much as 4 per cent., as against her Western and more advanced compeers. Surely there is much to gratify British pride in this favourable result of our struggle for commercial supremacy in one portion of the world, at any rate. Another interesting feature of this trade, and, as a consequence, of the revenue derived from it by the Chinese, is that it is steadily increasing year by year. The returns supply figures which show this progress to have been most regular for the past twelve years; but it will suffice for the purpose of this sketch to state that in 1868 the aggregate value of the trade was estimated at £36,368,627 sterling, which yielded a revenue of £2,746,649; whereas, as before remarked, the value in 1880 was estimated at £45,691,000, giving a revenue of £4,144,936.

As regards opium, the denouncers of our connection with that questionable commodity may take some comfort to themselves from the fact that the yearly increase in its import, although of sensible amount, has not altogether kept pace with the progress shown to have characterised the general foreign trade; although, of course, there is still enough mischief done by its wholesale importation to keep philanthropists on the *qui vive*, and to render the duty imperative on the part of the British Government to order an exhaustive review of our whole position in respect to the growth and introduction of the drug. The returns from which we are quoting do not appear to state the exact amount of revenue which the Chinese Government derives from the importation of opium; but, reckoning the tariff rate of duty on entry, which is £7 6s. 2½d. per cwt., and the various charges on transit inland together, the financial advantages accruing from its introduction into the country must be considerable enough to form an important element in the calculations of the Chinese Chancellor of the Exchequer, however ready the Chinese officials may be to profess their desire to view the question from a purely moral stand-point, and to prohibit the import altogether. All the opium carried into China is primarily shipped to Hong Kong, whence, with trifling deductions for local consumption, and for re-export to America for the use of Chinese immigrants there, it finds its way by foreign vessels into the treaty ports, and by Chinese craft into the opened and unopened coast ports. Consequently, the following table of imports into Hong Kong will show within a fraction the actual quantity and value of opium which has been introduced into China during the past eight years:—

1873	...	...	11,784,266 lbs.	valued at	£10,146,155
1874	...	...	12,144,266 ,,	,,	10,367,362
1875	...	...	11,282,566 ,,	,,	9,095,913
1876	...	...	12,931,333 ,,	,,	11,403,527
1877	...	...	12,560,000 ,,	,,	10,094,988
1878	...	...	12,653,200 ,,	,,	11,709,520
1879	...	...	14,396,000 ,,	,,	12,902,466
1880	...	...	12,911,866 ,,	,,	13,382,412

An intelligent letter has just been published, purporting to be a reply from the Chinese Grand Secretary, Li Hung Chang, to the Secretary of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic; and looking to the figures above given as an evidence of the material interest possessed by the Indian Government in the maintenance of the traffic, it is not to be wondered at, as the Grand Secretary shrewdly observes, that "opium is a subject in the discussion of which England and China can never meet on common ground, China viewing the whole question from a moral stand-point, England from a fiscal;" or that, "with motives and principles so radically opposite, the discussion commenced at Chefoo in 1876 has up to the present time been fruitless of good results."

ON THE HIGHER DEVELOPMENT OF DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.

IS it not time that music should share more equally in that development of art in the home which is so happily visible in pictorial and decorative art? The columns of this Magazine contain full recognition of the growth of taste in drawing, needle-work, and china-painting; but music, during the last few years—so far as the home is concerned—has stood still. In the concert-room there is progress enough, and that is something; but the progress is not reflected as yet at home, except, it may be, in the improvement of pianoforte-playing and ballad-singing. Now, both these last-named things are good in their way. Ballads, if free from affectation, are a true and admirable form of art, as much so as the easier developments of decoration which find now such ready cultivation at home; to piano music, even the strictest classicist will admit—

or rather, will know—must be assigned the very highest artistic possibilities.

The object of this short paper is to suggest, and in some degree to point out, the way to a broadening out of music as a domestic art. This increase of breadth might possibly take two directions, instrumental and vocal. In the latter direction a return to domestic part-singing, which was a notable English accomplishment in those olden days to which several of the arts have lately gone back for a fresh start, is much to be desired. It has, perhaps, already begun. I have not observed adequate signs of a decided revival of part-singing at home, but it is a less unknown practice in the higher circles than it was twenty years ago. It should be nourished; and I may at some future time attempt to give some suggestions in regard thereto. At present I would ask to be allowed to plead for, and propose steps towards, the development in the drawing-room of instrumental music.

The season which has just passed in London has not been altogether void of a step in that direction. One of its features, though not an obtrusive one, has been the establishment of an orchestral drawing-room band. This, however, was a purely professional undertaking: it did not include the incorporation of amateurs, or the instruction of private families in the playing of orchestral instruments. What it did aim at was the more frequent use at private parties in good society of an approximately complete band, independent of the pianoforte, and something better than the ordinary "quadrille band" of a generation now grown up. It met with some success, and may expect more next season; its indirect effect will be, it is to be hoped, to vivify a seed which lies in many a young English youth and maid, dormant at present, but ready to germinate and to spring up into blossom—the capacity, namely, for enjoying and taking part in orchestral music.

But the increased employment on hire at evening parties of a higher style of band is not all, or indeed any part, of what I would on this occasion be understood to advocate. What we ought to aim at is a lateral development of amateur instrumentalism, so as to introduce, or re-introduce, a variety of instruments, other than the pianoforte, into common use in the drawing-room.

As matters stand now with domestic music, it is as if in pictorial art amateurs were to restrict themselves to "black and white:" to pencil drawings and pen-and-ink sketches, excluding water-colours, oil-painting, and keramic decoration in anything but monochrome. Very good results are obtained within "black and white," or rather monochromatic, limits in pictorial art; but amateurs have not hesitated to leap the bounds, and walk into the more attractive field of colour; nor is there any insuperable reason why they should deny themselves the right to do something in instrumental music outside the boundaries of pianoforte-playing.

I have at the outset acknowledged the beauty and the legitimate claims of the pianoforte; it may be added that this instrument must undoubtedly be, to say the least, the bridge over which we must pass in "art at home" into a higher development of domestic instrumental music; for the first stage of such a development will naturally be the cultivation of some orchestral solo instrument to which the piano will afford the accompaniment.

The first and best of such instruments is, without doubt, the violin. To play this is now by no means so rare in society as it was, nor is it any longer considered eccentric for a lady to play it. How we could have been blind for so long to the gracefulness of the appearance of a lady playing the violin is inexplicable; it is a sight which has some of the best elements of beauty: elegance, purpose, animation, earnestness, are all there when the player's nature is musical. This limitation, "when the player is musical," leads me to a warning. Do not let a girl or a boy with merely indifferent aptitude for music touch a stringed instrument. Drawing-room music has been infinitely damaged, and rendered not unfrequently ridiculous, by the want of discrimination which has prevailed in assigning to amateurs their appropriate line of accomplishment. Nothing could well be more foolish than the universal and indiscriminate teaching of music. It is the blindest want of economy of talent. Some children have an eye for form and colour who have no ear for music; these should not be put even to the pianoforte, but directed to pictorial art or decorative needlework. Besides this, however, of children who have musical aptitude, only those possessing it in more than an average degree should take to the violin. It should at least be ascertained, before attempting this or any of the stringed family of instruments, that the child has an accurate ear for gradations of pitch. This can be done by any one who admittedly possesses himself this gift trying the candidate at the piano, in imitating with the voice notes struck at hazard on black and white keys in fairly quick succession. If these can be struck with accuracy and quickness, the main qualification for learning to play the fiddle is there. Of the two, accuracy is more essential than quickness. If it be found that there is sufficient aptitude, do not let an exaggerated idea of the difficulty of learning this instrument deter the aspirant. It is not difficult where there is aptitude; where there is not aptitude it is impossible. The musical outfit need not be expensive. A violin, quite good enough for a learner, with bow and case, can be bought for about a guinea; a violin primer costs one or two shillings. Except in cases of rare aptitude, lessons are necessary, even to make a tolerable player. Private lessons are greatly to be preferred to class lessons wherever the expense is not an obstacle. A few of these will set the amateur on his way, if supplemented by regular practice; and he may be left to walk alone much earlier, of course, than a person intended for a professional player. Before resorting at all to violin lessons, or lessons on any other instrument, the learner should get up from a book the elementary facts of musical notation: this will be much assisted by an older relative illustrating these elementary facts at the

pianoforte. To pay at the rate required by a violin professor for his instruction in the alphabet of musical notation is manifestly unnecessary. As soon as the learner can play even a little, there will be no difficulty

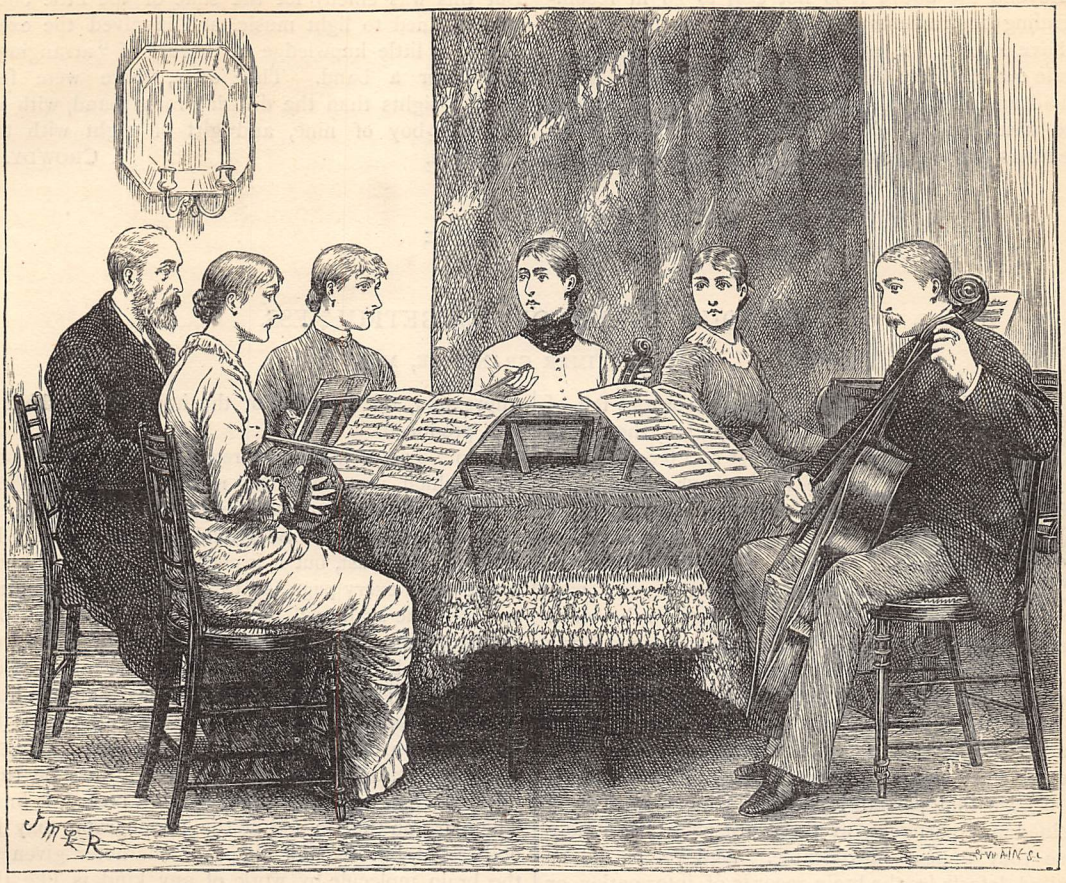
in getting music for his violin with pianoforte accompaniment. Copious publications of all degrees of difficulty exist, and are sold at cheap rates. If two members of the family learn the violin, each may help the other, and add to the interest by duets, either with or without pianoforte accompaniment. A first fiddle, be it noted, is the same instrument as a second fiddle: the difference is in the part played.

Very much to be recommended next is the violoncello. There must be, in this case, the same average aptitude for music as is requisite for the fiddle; the violoncello requires perhaps a stronger hand, and is otherwise more suitable for a boy than for a girl. A lady violoncellist is not unknown to musical annals: a young Belgian, Mdlle. Servais, since dead, played solos on this instrument some years ago at the Crystal Palace Concerts; but it cannot be said to be well suited to female manipulation. For a man it is a noble and engrossing instrument, and its players sometimes pet it as much as fiddlers pet a fiddle. It is as good a solo instrument as the violin itself with the pianoforte to accompany, and perhaps even better than the violin as an addition to pianoforte and solo voice. A violoncello good enough for ordinary use can be bought for from £4 to £6. The same advice as to beginning to learn this instrument is applicable to it as to the violin.

Hardly less eligible than the fiddle and the bass (as the violoncello is briefly called) is the tenor violin, or viola. This is the instrument for the amateur of an unobtrusive temperament, who loves music truly, and not because it gives him opportunities of display. It is not entirely out of the category of solo instruments, but its most appropriate place is in combination with other strings. It is the instrument, perhaps, for a father to take up when a daughter has taken to the violin and a son to the 'cello, or for the least demonstrative in temperament of the sons or the daughters. The viola is but a large edition of the violin; and what has been already said about learning the violin applies to it also. A "tenor" costs a few shillings more than its smaller relative; thirty shillings will procure one good enough to begin with. Solos for the viola are not plentiful, nor is it usual to arrange music for it with fiddles without a violoncello; but the music procurable for violin, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte is practically inexhaustible. As soon as moderate proficiency is attained by the respective players, compositions for violin, viola, and bass will be eligible, and the players will begin to taste the sweets of chamber music. Much of this is by no means of excessive difficulty, especially the tuneful works of Haydn. A quartett for first violin, second violin, tenor, and bass constitutes the full fruition of chamber music; and many are of opinion that the addition of any instrument to these, whether pianoforte or other, is by no means a gain.

So much for the stringed instruments eligible for a drawing-room; to these must be added one of the wind orchestral instruments, the flute. For some reason or other—perhaps because it was so easy to play it badly—the flute has lost the popularity it had a score or thirty years ago as a drawing-room instrument for amateurs. It might well be the subject of a revived attention. Not even the violin goes better with the pianoforte; if the "mixing" is less, the contrast of tone-colour is greater. The flute is cold and somewhat unsympathetic, but it can be brilliant and rich. Its notes mix admirably with a contralto voice, and a good player, with a feeling for accompanying, can even stimulate and second the artistic emotion of an impassioned soprano. A flute-player should have a sensitive ear, and the faculty of listening to his own instrument and its accompaniment, or to the singer he is accompanying, or both, at the same

time, and "feeling" his way to perfect attunement; for nothing is more easy than to blow a flute infinitesimally out of tune through not listening to the other performers, and nothing has so miserable and dolorous an effect. On the other hand, a flute-player who has the faculty of instinctively accommodating his pitch to



A MUSICAL EVENING AT HOME.

those who are playing or singing with him can give admirable support to a female voice, or supply the gold-mounting—so to speak—of a quartett or quintett in which the other instruments are strings. The flute has its difficulties to the learner, but is, on the whole, easier than the stringed instruments. On the other hand, the flute of these days is a somewhat expensive instrument. Only a good modern pattern should be used, and these are not made under £5 at the lowest. The flute has the advantage, like the violin or violoncello, of being well adapted for solo with pianoforte accompaniment, for use with piano and voice, or for addition to the trio or quartett of strings. There is a fair amount of music published for it, though less than there might be of recent date. Few are aware, I think, of the capacities of the flute as an additional embellishment to a good ballad, when the piano affords the main accompaniment.

The four above named are the only orchestral instruments which can well be used in the drawing-room: all the brass instruments are too loud; the reed instruments—namely clarinet, oboe, and bassoon—are, besides, of too pronounced a flavour, at any rate in the hands of any but the best performers. It remains, however, to mention one or two instruments not strictly orchestral which may be admitted to the domestic orchestra. One of these is the concertina, which is easily learnt, and when skilfully played goes well with the pianoforte. But a difficulty often arises in the way of this combination, from a slight difference of pitch between the two instruments, neither of which has any ready means of tuning to the other. Professional concertina-players have to take with them two or more entire sets of reeds: in other words, two or three complete insides; and it may so happen that neither of these is quite in tune with the piano, and the result is lugubrious. In cases where the concertina is learnt by a member of the family with a view to playing with the piano, the latter will have to be tuned to the concertina. This secured, the reedy and sustained concertina tone may make an effective contrast with the percussed and vibrating pianoforte, or it may, by a little special arrangement, be added to a quartett of strings, playing a part written for clarinet or oboe, with an occasional modification; thus employed, it is a by no means ineffective reflection of the "wood wind" element in the orchestra. The concertina is specially easy to learn, but is a somewhat vulgar instrument when not played well and with taste.

Beyond the above it is not easy to go in recommending instruments for household music, though I have known not entirely unsuccessful experiments made outside these limits, by adding, namely, a small side-drum, of a quality just above a toy, for a boy, and castanets for a girl, in a family where older members played piano, violin, flute, and violoncello. But this was chiefly for the sake of the little ones, was confined to light music, and involved the exercise of a little knowledge of the art of "arranging" music for a band. This done, there were few prettier sights than the drawing-room band, with its drummer-boy of nine, and girl of eight with the castanets.

J. CROWDY.

CURIOUS FORMS OF FORGETFULNESS.

BY J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

STORIES are told, and true stories too, of persons who have forgotten their own names, and the names and faces of their most intimate friends, who could not recollect places with which they had long previously been familiar, or words commencing with a particular letter, or numbers including a certain figure; who had no remembrance of languages they once read and spoke habitually. When these curious forms of forgetfulness can be attributed to a serious injury, such as a fall, or blow on the head, or a wound received in battle, the exceptional nature of the cause seems to render the alleged consequence barely, but just, credible; but when no such cause is discoverable it is difficult to believe that partial losses of memory so sharply defined and particular as these are possible; in any case they appear inexplicable. And yet partial or limited defects in the brain-records of information or experience are more intelligible than those general deprivations of the faculty of recollection, which are of more common occurrence, and ought therefore to be easily comprehensible.

The facts are these: the brain, which is the organ of the mind, is composed of nerve cells and fibres, the latter serving to communicate, and the former being endowed with the power of receiving and recording, the impressions produced by external objects through the senses, together with such conceptions of impression as are evolved in the course of the operations of thought. No intellectual function is performed, or sensation experienced or imagined—in short, nothing takes place in the mind or within the range of the perceptive faculties—without a *physical* change in the minute structure or organism of the brain; and the physical changes so produced are the records which form the bases of memory. We may compare these records to the markings left on the tin foil by the needle of the phonograph, or to the characteristic forms in which the constituent particles of different substances arrange themselves in the act of crystallisation. Use whatsoever illustration we may, the fact to recognise is that some change takes place, and that a certain immeasurably minute portion—a molecule or a series of molecules—of the brain is cast in a special form by every act of brain function; and, being so left, remains the register or record of the impression, the thought, or the impulse by which it was produced.

Two obvious inferences result from this explanation, which we may just note in passing. First, there must be a limit to the brain-work possible in a lifetime. The mass of available molecules may be inconceivably vast, but it is certain that a period will arrive when every page, so to say, will be occupied, and then the brain will neither take in nor give out anything new. Secondly, no thought, or word, or feeling can be unimportant or without its influence on the mind and character, because it leaves an indelible record behind. There is this peculiarity about the conformation of living organic tissues—the shape, or arrangement, or the change whatever it may be, that takes place in action and remains as a record, is final. The mark on the tin foil of the phonograph may be obliterated, but the new shape or character given to the brain molecule by work of any kind is like the form and vitality given to a seed. It is henceforth a living germ of a new species called into existence by the mental act. When, in the course of that change which takes place in every region of the body in the processes of decay and nutrition, the elements of the organic cell or molecule are changed, the new material will be cast in the same shape as the old, and be endowed with the same qualities. More than this, as family likeness is perpetuated from parent to child, the brain with its characteristic properties will be reproduced, at least so far as to give an inherited bias to the mind of posterity. It is in this way mental constitutions are transmitted, and tendencies to the commission of crime or the practice of virtues, special powers of work or particular incompetencies and neuroses, are transmitted. It is easy to see that the process of mental recording or brain fashioning and educating must be of the highest moment to the individual and to the species, and that great responsibility must attend its control. The way these considerations bear on the subject of memory will be apparent. A record exists, although the power of recollection depends on the ability to find it when wanted. It is not difficult to understand that certain tracts or series of the records of memory may be destroyed by disease, or for the time blighted, as the growth and structure of a plant may be blighted by a frost and recover after an interval; or we can fancy that in some way portions

of the brain may by some physical circumstance, perhaps connected with the blood supply or the free course of nervous currents, be thrown out of the circuit of energy for awhile, and suddenly rekindled into activity. It is more easy to understand that any of these accidents or defects should produce partial losses of memory, than that the power of recollection should as a whole dwindle away and leave the records of memory intact but inaccessible. This is why I said at the outset that particular and, so to say, local forgetfulness is more easily comprehensible than a general deprivation of the power to remember.

Nevertheless, it cannot well be that the hypothesis of limited injury to brain tissue, and the destruction or blighting, or even the temporary isolation, of certain tracts or series of records, explains the curious forms of forgetfulness in which we are now interested. It is so unlikely as to be an unreasonable conjecture, that some eclectic force should traverse the whole register and blot out or injure the records of names only, or of faces, places, or particular figures! This is inconceivable, and we are justified in concluding that the defect must exist in the faculty that finds and reproduces the records rather than in the records themselves. In truth this finding-faculty is the principal offender in the great majority of cases of bad or failing memory. Much of our forgetfulness is due to the neglect of proper care in recording the facts we desire to remember. They are like mislaid articles in the external world. We did not notice where we placed them, and if we find them it will be by accident. When, therefore, forgetfulness occurs as a new fault in the character, it is generally the finder which is at fault. Record-finding, or re-collecting, is a process which requires for its efficient performance a thorough acquaintance with the contents of the register as a whole and its general arrangement; if there be no orderly arrangement, the whole burden of the work will be thrown on the finding-faculty, which will need to be a Remembrancer indeed! A skilful use of the power, and a sound method, of associating ideas, together constitute the basis of an orderly arrangement of the treasures of memory; and the power ought to be cultivated, and the method carefully and patiently developed. To insure this, the record-finding faculty should have a sufficiently clear knowledge of what it is looking for. It is necessary to form a habit of "taking stock," and closely inspecting the records of memory.

People seldom bestow a thought on their treasures of memory, and then wonder that they do not know where to lay their hand on them when wanted. The orderly and order-loving mind will not fail to employ its leisure moments in recalling and re-examining its knowledge. There is no mental process more improving and educationary in its effects. It seems clever and industrious to be perpetually loading the mind with information; but those who devote adequate time and skill to the review and re-arrangement of the items of their knowledge are most likely to be thoroughly well-informed. The good librarian spends much of his time in classifying and weeding his bookshelves. He groups the volumes so that he can find what he requires instantly, and he throws out old editions and replaces them by new. He does not expend all his energy in making further acquisitions. The wise keeper of mental records will pursue a like policy, and instead of wasting thought and time in converting his brain into a lumber-room, he will obtain such a knowledge of what he knows that he will be able to add precisely the information needed to supply its defects and give it completeness. And as a collateral reward for his pains, he will become so well acquainted with his brain-register that he can be at no loss to find any particular record which he may require.

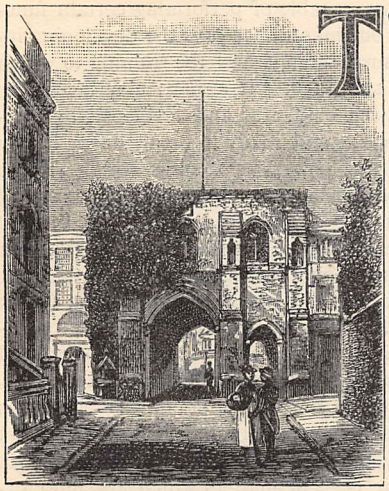
The defect of power which renders the record-finding faculty unable to recall certain specialties of thought, as names, faces, and figures, in any individual case, may be the result of some shortcoming in the process of early mind-training. I believe this is the real cause of the peculiarity we are considering, and that to it may be traced most of the curious forms of forgetfulness which at first sight seem marvellous to the extent of being inexplicable. All that we *have* and *are*, as organisms capable of performing certain functions, is due to our inheritance *plus* the developing influence of our surroundings and the training to which we have been subjected. If a particular faculty or power has not been cultivated and developed by exercise, it will be weak and ready to break down in any emergency. Those powers or faculties which are the weakest fail the first as life advances. If disease of a paralytic character *slowly* invades the brain, there is a progressive demoralisation of the character, the least ingrained qualities being the first to disappear. What happens when a man not apparently otherwise out of health begins to forget names, faces, places, or particular figures, is a progressive reversion to his old habits. As a child, or in the educationary and developmental stage of the life of his organism—either his own life or that of one or more of his progenitors—he or they were the subjects of neglect in respect to the particular class of matters which are now forgotten. Either there was defective observation or else some insurmountable "difficulty" in the way of appropriating ideas of the sort which cannot be remembered.

It is interesting, in a scientific sense, to trace the history of persons who labour under these curious defects of memory occurring in the premonitory or early stages of disease or decay. They will almost without exception be found, on close scrutiny of their lives and experiences, to have exhibited at some previous period a want of capacity to learn, corresponding to their present lack of power to remember, and which is, in fact, the real cause of the trouble. Much harm is done and needless anxiety created by failure to recognise this fact. These strange affections of memory, like special errors of speech, are hastily set down as symptoms of the diseases with which they are often found associated. They are no more symptoms than great bodily weakness is a symptom of consumption. They occur in the course of disease, but they

may also occur in health, and it is an unscientific and mischievous fallacy to class them as indications of states they only accompany, or of which perhaps they are the incidental effects or consequences. If there is no discoverable evidence of a defect in the educational development of the mind which in mature life or advanced years exhibits a curious form of forgetfulness, the inquiry should be pushed farther back, and either in the previous or next but one preceding generation a similar case will probably be found. Generally speaking, the maternal ancestry is most important in the case of a male, and the paternal in that of a female sufferer from this defect. We have already seen how the physical, and therefore the mental, characteristics of the organism are transmitted, as the qualities of a plant are transmitted in its seed.

This is, I believe, the true explanation of those forms of partial forgetfulness which are so strange in themselves and give rise to so many anxieties. They may be significant, but their significance, so far as their *cause* is concerned, points backwards; what present or future import they have relates rather to the general state which has disclosed a pre-existing defect than to the defect itself. The way to obviate these evils is to bestow more care on mind-training, and to take care that the special incapacities entailed in a family, or exhibited by an individual, are not allowed to pass unnoticed and unremedied. Special training—that is, special exercise of the part or faculty it is desired to strengthen, or of some part or faculty other than and opposed to the one it may be wished to repress—will cure most of the faults of body and mind under which humanity labours, and special treatment on the same principle will eradicate many of the germs of constitutional defect or disease.

IN AND ABOUT WINCHESTER.



THE WEST GATE.

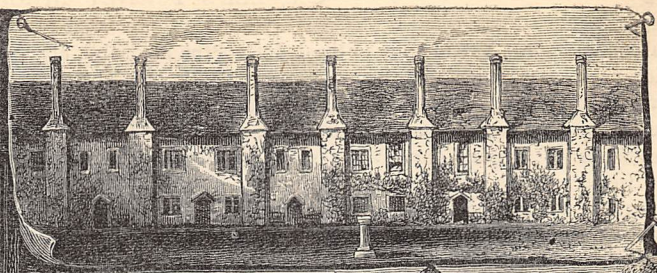
TO the question, "Have you seen Winchester?" the most frequent reply is, "Yes, in the train—on my way to Southampton (or to Portsmouth, &c.). I didn't notice anything about it, except of course the Cathedral."

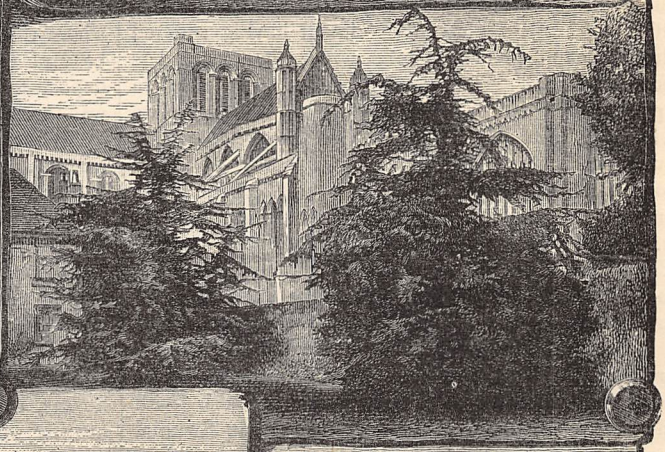
This sort of response is always particularly exasperating to a person who *has* seen Winchester, for he will probably tell you that it is better worth visiting than any other town in the county, and that you little know what you have lost by not getting out of the train on your way to the Isle of Wight or St. Malo, as the case may be, and spending twenty-four hours in one of England's most ancient cities.

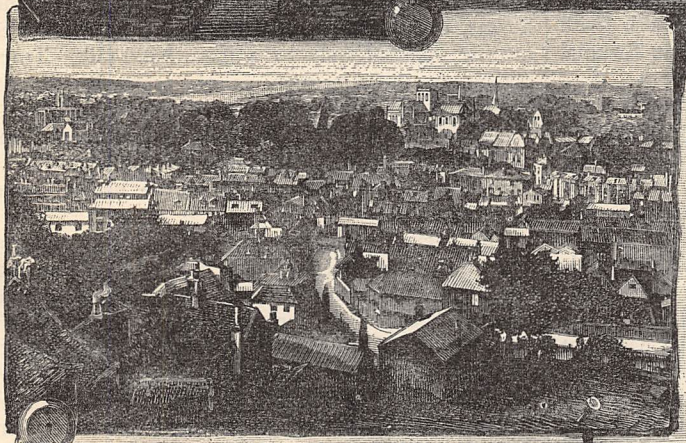
You cannot go any distance in Winchester without discovering that you are in no ordinary town or village. The antiquity of the place forces itself upon your notice, however obtuse you may be, at every turn. Entering the city at one point, we see written up in the ordinary way "North Walls," and we remark that the road-wall along which we are walking is up to a certain height built of unmistakably ancient materials, and is quite different from the brick portion above it. Here and there is a piece carved in some quaint design, while bits of broken pillars, capitals, &c., seem to tell the tale that Winchester was once surrounded by city walls, of which these fragments alone remain. And this is really the fact. At other points of the city there still stand two very ancient-looking pieces of masonry, West Gate and King's Gate, while the names of South Gate, East Gate, and North Gate Streets show that these were at some distant period the entrances and gates of the city.

In Winchester we are indeed, whether we will or no, carried back to the past, and when we learn from the Cathedral authorities that its earliest date is 180, and we find therefore that it has existed in some form or other almost as long as the Christian religion, that it is indissolubly connected with the names of Hardicanute, King Arthur, and Alfred the Great, we begin at once to feel that the town which surrounds this "hoary fane" must of necessity have its tales to tell of bygone generations.

To the Cathedral itself we might well devote the whole of this paper, but as our object is rather to speak of Winchester itself, we can only bestow upon it a few passing remarks. Even before the date already mentioned, A.D. 180, the site is said to have been occupied by a heathen temple, portions of which no doubt existed during the early years of its use as a Christian church, though the whole fabric was eventually destroyed, being rebuilt and re-consecrated in 293; converted once more into a heathen temple by Cerdic in 516, and again pulled down, rebuilt, and re-consecrated during the next century. From this date the history of the Cathedral is still a chequered one; at one time enriched and beautified, at another despoiled and defaced, according to the spirit of the age. The outside has certainly no great beauty to recommend it, and the intermingling of various styles, the result of additions and restorations at various periods, would probably rather annoy the eye







IN AND ABOUT WINCHESTER.

1. THE NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST WINDOW.* 2. ST. CROSS HOSPITAL, THE BRETHREN'S HOUSES.† 3. THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.† 4. WINCHESTER, FROM ST. GILES' HILL.* 5. THE SCHOOLROOM, WINCHESTER COLLEGE.† 6. BEAUFORT TOWER, ST. CROSS HOSPITAL.†

* *From photographs by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.* † *From photographs by Mr. R. Sedgfield, Norbiton.*

of a connoisseur. Yet in spite of these defects the interior possesses undeniable beauties, and plenty of points of interest in the way of chantries and tombs, rare old carving, traces of ancient frescoes, and other mementoes of bygone days. The great window at the western entrance presents rather a puzzling appearance to any one who is not aware that it is composed entirely of scraps of glass collected from the remnants of the other windows, which are now filled with plain glass, the original having suffered destruction at some remote period. The east end is beautified with stone carving delicate as lace in appearance, and almost impossible to associate with the material of which the thirteen-feet-thick outer walls are constructed. Originally a silver, some say gold, figure of the Saviour filled the cross, and gorgeous figures of saints the niches surrounding it. These were, however, removed at the Reformation. The choir contains some rare and beautiful oak carving. The screen which separates the choir from the nave is almost unique and a perfect marvel of beauty.

Among the most interesting tablets and monuments are those to Kings Hardicanute and Rufus, whose body was brought here from the New Forest and buried with the arrow-head still embedded in it;* St. Swithin, sometime Bishop of Winchester, to whom legend assigns an influence over the weather; Bishops Walkelyn, appointed by the Conqueror; De Lucy, Edyngton, William of Wykeham, the distinguised founder of Winchester College; Wayneflete, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; Fox, Gardiner, and Wilberforce; Cardinal Beaufort, meek Izaak Walton, and Jane Austen, the well-known author of "Pride and Prejudice," and many other books which were immensely popular with a bygone generation.

The bones of King Arthur are said to be here, but this is not authenticated, and those of King Alfred are known to have been removed to the neighbouring Abbey of Hyde, now known as Hyde Church. In the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral is still to be seen the chair in which Queen Mary sat on the occasion of her marriage to Philip. The font of black marble, probably the most ancient existing, is supposed to represent a well, and is ornamented with grotesque legendary figures.

The records of the city's former importance are to be found in various documents carefully preserved by the municipal authorities. The zenith of its prosperity must, we imagine, have been reached when the Parliament of England was held here, and royalty itself honoured the ancient town with its presence. These palmy days have gone by, but Winchester still retains many of the privileges connected with its former high estate.

The points that first thrust themselves upon our notice in taking a walk through Winchester, are the number of public buildings, of hotels, inns, and public-houses, which latter literally swarm in the back streets, and are no doubt a great curse to the town itself. The High Street, with its quaint irregular houses, piazza, city cross, narrow off-streets, great clock, figure of Queen Anne, and ancient gate-way, reminds us strongly of some old Norman town, happily without its intolerable odours. Beyond the West Gate is an obelisk, which marks the visitation of the city by the Great Plague. The people, being afraid to enter the infected city, held their market outside its walls, where this monument now stands. The stone at the base of the obelisk is the one actually used as a deposit for goods, while the money to pay for them was thrown into water.

Another noticeable feature of the place is the continual appearance of small streams. At the eastern extremity of the town we can proceed no distance without encountering a stream. They are to be found running past the houses, close against them, sometimes under them; in one place dashing over a mill-wheel, in another running along as clear and pellucid as glass; now broad and shallow, and again narrow, deep, and muddy; occasionally spanned by innumerable bridges leading into the houses, each having its separate bridge, not unfrequently guarded only by a mere hand-rail. Trout abound in these streams, as old Izaak Walton no doubt well knew. Some of these are probably artificially formed, for the purpose of draining the town, which being built in a deep valley and on what was at one time swampy ground, must have needed some such provision.

The ancient foundation of William of Wykeham, Winchester College, is too well known to demand description. It is interesting to find cut out on the stone walls of the cloisters, and again in the schoolroom, the name of Bishop "Kenn," with the date 1635. The old school table, dating back from the foundation of the college, is literally covered with names of former scholars, among which we are able to discern several which have long since become famous. At the top of the staircase leading to the dining-hall is a large oil painting representing an extraordinary figure, typical of "the trusty servant."

To obtain a really good view of Winchester, it is necessary to mount the picturesque hill rising immediately above the eastern extremity of the city, known as St. Giles' Hill. From this point the old-world town, lying compactly down in the valley below, with its vista of red brick and tiles, the great stretch of the Cathedral, the spires and turrets of old and new churches, the old West Gate, the ruined ivy-grown walls of the old Episcopal Palace, the distant church and village of St. Cross, the gleaming waters of the bright and sparkling little river Itchen, and the sweep of hills on every side, form an altogether charming picture, and as rare as it is charming.

To many of these hills some history attaches, how true it is impossible to say. Some large mounds on one, some little distance beyond the town, are said to be the pits into which the dead-carts emptied their ghastly loads at dead of night, during the sad period of the Great Plague. The fact of these mounds

* The tower in which the interment took place fell shortly afterwards, on account, as the superstitious townsfolk declared, of the wickedness of the man buried in it. He was removed to another part of the building, where his tomb still remains.

being deeply sunk in the centre would seem to lend colour to the story, as it is easy to understand that such depressions would be a natural circumstance.

St. Catherine's Hill, rising just beyond St. Cross, and easily distinguishable by its solitary clump of trees, also goes by the name of the Dulce Domum Hill. The story is that a runaway lad from the college passed the night here, and employed the long hours in carving out a plan of the city—on which the grass never afterwards grew—chanting, as he worked, the old Wykehamist song, "Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum." It is much more probable that the hill was a favourite resort of the college-boys, and gained its name from this fact simply, the song "Dulce Domum" being a sort of watch-word among the Wykeham scholars. From this point also a view of Winchester which will well repay one for the toil of climbing may be had. Beyond, stretches away far and wide a charming and unbroken expanse of country, and in the course of a twenty minutes' walk from the town itself we find ourselves among corn-fields and green lanes, with no sign or sound of a town or village anywhere discernible.

We cannot close this brief and necessarily incomplete sketch without devoting a few words to one or two of the immediately surrounding villages.

Hursley, four miles from Winchester by the road, is rendered noteworthy by its connection with the gifted author of "The Christian Year," as well as for having been the refuge and beloved home of Richard Cromwell, whose name occurs in a tablet erected in the village church, containing a long list of Oliver Cromwell's descendants.

Otterbourne, near Hursley, is distinguished as the home of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the well-known authoress. The village of St. Cross, barely twenty minutes' walk from Winchester, is small and insignificant in itself, but rendered famous by the ancient institution, founded by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen. The old walls no longer resound to the echo of monkish chants, nor the stone-floors to the tread of sandalled feet; though, standing in the perfectly kept courtyard, removed from sound or sign of the outer world, with the beautiful old church on one side of us, and the small, ancient-looking houses of the brethren, the refectory, and Beaufort Tower, and the Hundred Men's Hall closing us in, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine ourselves back in mediæval times. In the Hundred Men's Hall, in olden days, a hundred poor men from the surrounding villages and towns were daily fed. The institution, which is described as a "Home of Noble Poverty," provides accommodation for thirteen aged men who are supposed to have seen better days. The charity also provided that any traveller or wayfarer applying at the lodge should be regaled with bread and beer. Visitors are still given the dole, and the "wayfarers" thus relieved include the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many others.

THE ART OF HOUSE-CLEANING.

THAT dust and dirt are the worst pests of mankind, and do more to destroy health and happiness than anything else, would seem to be an obvious truism. It is not a little to be wondered at, that more attention has not been given to their consideration, and that greater value has not been set upon the laborious and continual toil they cause. At present we try to ignore their existence, and cleansing operations are put down amongst the most menial duties. Housewives who leave these matters entirely to domestics, and exercise but a scanty supervision over them, incur a very grave responsibility, and have yet to learn that there is nothing degrading in keeping a house clean. It is the wise and virtuous woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." To the honour of the women of England, however, it may be said that most of them earn more thanks than they receive for their ceaseless services to their families and their country. If it were not for the crusade which is daily carried on by them in nearly every household, we should not maintain wholesome conditions of life for a single day.

Those of us who have no share in, or care for, cleansing operations, do not realise the magnitude and importance of the daily tasks so uncomplainingly and unobtrusively done in our own homes, until our attention is directed to the fact. Again, many careful housewives pursue a certain rule of cleanliness, without understanding the reason, and with a feeling of monotony and weariness, arising from the fact that they do not know the real importance of such apparently insignificant and unrecognised toil. In common fairness all the workers in this busy world should have their reward, and have the true worth of their work fully understood. Nothing is more depressing than unrequited labour, and it is surely but a scanty guerdon to give our wives and mothers a few words of hearty thanks for their work of love. It would at the same time, perhaps, make those labours sweeter, and less toilsome, if we recognised and acknowledged their immense value.

It is a fact, well known to scientific men, that damp, which collects invariably, and almost imperceptibly, on the varnished walls and surfaces in every house, has a peculiar affinity for sewer-gas, and the other noisome

vapours which are always about us. It is unnecessary to dwell here in dry detail on the technicalities and deductions of science. It is enough to say that the "fungoid growth," which may thus be produced, is in the highest degree injurious to health, and that it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of its continual removal. Many men may possibly remember witnessing, with ill-disguised contempt, the apparently superfluous waste of energy bestowed upon the varnished walls of halls and corridors, and it may be new to these to hear that it is scientific good sense which prompts these operations. Many housewives may, at the same time, read with a new feeling of pleasure that work of this kind, which their instinct of cleanliness alone induces them to superintend, is based upon a scientific fact, and is an absolute necessity to the preservation of the health of their households.

It is not until a beam of sunlight shows us the floating particles with which the air we breathe is laden, that we realise the fact of their existence; and we are, perhaps, too apt to underrate the importance of our chairs and tables being properly dusted, and of our rooms being kept as clean as possible. Few of us, too, ever think of furnishing our houses with a view to their being cleaned easily. There is a growing taste for crowding a quantity of things into the rooms in which we live, without regard to their usefulness, and under a mistaken idea of ornamentation. It is possible to combine utility and beauty in our daily surroundings; and, if this were more generally done, a great step would be gained, both in comfort and in cleanliness. Useless and incongruous articles of *vertu* make the task of cleaning most rooms tedious and lengthy.

Again, in furniture, modern taste is developing in a manner which must prove injurious to health. "Fluffy" things are now the fashion, and so long as they are pretty in colour, and new in shape, few people think of their effect as dust-collectors. It is a startling assertion to make, and many tasteful housewives will dispute the justice of the conclusion, but it is undoubtedly true, that all woollen, plush, and velvet things are better out of our rooms than in them. On woollen antimacassars, plush chairs, and velvet cushions, all day long a heavy cloud of dust is settling; from their texture and character it follows, almost as a matter of course, that it is all but impossible to clean them; and, although they may receive the greatest care and attention, they are in fact resting-places for ingrained dust, and perhaps for the worst and more dangerous growths of an unwholesome and vitiated atmosphere. Many upholsterers, too, construct articles of furniture apparently upon the principle of forming them into the most convenient receptacles for dust. Wardrobes, for instance, are made with deep ornamental cornices, which serve no other purpose than this. Of course it is easy to guard against this evil by covering the top with a thin board, or cardboard, but in how many houses is this never done, and dust allowed to accumulate there for years! Again, ponderous pieces of furniture are made with the apparent object of making them as solid and immovable as possible, the fact that dirt must accumulate in the inaccessible nooks and corners, behind and underneath them, being altogether lost sight of. This would be easily remedied if they were put upon castors so as to admit of their being moved without difficulty.

Curtains, too, are of doubtful utility, except perhaps in winter; but they are so much the pride of every housewife, that to advocate their abolition would raise a storm of indignation. It would, however, be as well if they were more frequently taken down than, judging from appearances, is the case in most houses. We are, of course, now referring to the heavier curtains, rather than to those made of muslin, Swiss lace, or guipure d'art, which are, for the sake of appearances, generally changed as soon as they become soiled.

We shall probably never know the real effect of dust upon health. It is by no means improbable that many ailments, which are now ascribed to other and more remote causes, are really due to it. Professional and business men would perhaps be more hale and hearty if they worked under more cleanly conditions; but any housewife, even the most careless, would be horrified if she saw the state of dirt in which by far the greater number of offices are left from one year's end to another. In many of the busiest parts of London, and other cities, it is an almost universal custom to have the windows cleaned only once a year, and their grimy and sooty appearance during the other eleven months must be familiar to every one. In many offices the dusting operations are wholly limited to the desks in use, and to the removal of the surface dirt and scattered scraps of paper from the carpet. Books and papers, which notoriously accumulate more dust than anything else, are very rarely dusted at all. It is true that now-a-days professional and business duties are performed upon a "high pressure" system, but it is to be regretted that more care is not taken to minimise the dangers to health to which an enforced sedentary and in-door life exposes the great majority of men; and a great change for the better may reasonably be expected if the charwoman or care-taker is required to do something more than the present quantity of work, and periodical and thorough cleaning of offices is insisted upon.

Numerous suggestions for an improvement in domestic arrangements have been made which are worth mentioning here. It is the fashion to put muslin half-blinds on the lower sash of the bed-room windows. If these were fastened on the window-frame they would still serve their ostensible purpose, and, at the same time, act as a dust-blind when the window was opened to air the room. Incredible as it may seem to be, this plan is objected to by some on the ground that it would require them to be changed more frequently than is now the case. A far better contrivance, for bed-rooms as well as dining-rooms, exists in sheets of stained or tinted glass; these would act as perfect screens, and would still allow of the room being aired, creating a strong up-draught when the window was opened. They cannot be objected to on the ground of cost, since that is entirely at the buyer's option.

It is a good sign of the times that carpets in bed-

rooms should be gradually falling into desuetude. They are at best unsatisfactory in a sleeping-room, collecting dust and "flue," and, unless the room is properly ventilated, acquiring a fetid and "stuffy" smell which is most unpleasant as well as being most unwholesome. Parqueterie is no doubt the best substitute, but its cost, and its being necessarily permanent, are in most cases fatal objections to its adoption. Some kinds of linoleum, however, form an excellent and inexpensive floor-covering. It is not too cold, prevents any draught from the floor, and, if rugs are placed where they are most required, it would be difficult to find anything more satisfactory. In nurseries it is especially essential to preserve the atmosphere as free from dust as possible, and it is most important to do away with the now old-fashioned nursery carpet.

There is room for greater cleanliness in our daily surroundings. The duster, and the brush, might with advantage be taken more frequently into hidden crannies and dark corners; for, although there is an old woman's saw that we must eat a peck of dust before we die, it is not desirable that we should eat much more than that if we can help it.

W. M. C.

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SWIM FOR LIFE."

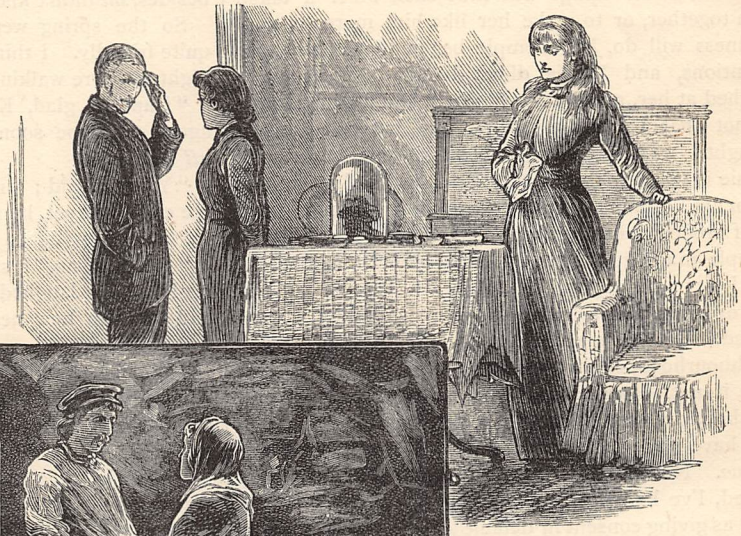
CHAPTER THE FIRST.

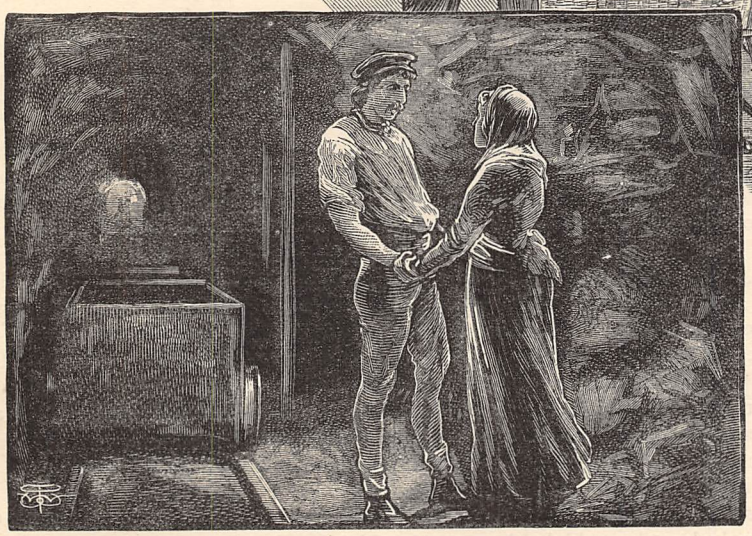
TOM RATHBONE.

"I AM sure that we shall be very happy, Kate!"

"Yes," I replied frankly, as I looked up into his handsome brown face, "I think we shall, Tom."

Tom Rathbone was a fine young fellow, and I was the happiest girl in our parish. Not that ours was a very large parish either for that matter, but somehow or other we had got into the habit of saying so, and the saying stuck to us. We had been engaged, Tom and I, for a month nearly, and oh! the sweet times we had after work, wandering through the fields far away out of our smoky town, where cotton mills and furnaces sent up a black cloud that sometimes hid the sun itself. Tom was a factory hand, and a steady one. I was then employed in a milliner's business, and was learning to support myself.





You wonder if I was pretty. Well, Tom said so, and he wasn't the first, but don't you think I ever cared for any one but Tom. Not a bit! But I do wish that some people had kept their opinions to themselves; for they made a deal of mischief, as you shall hear.

So Tom and I were engaged, and were very happy. Nobody minded us, and we used to enjoy our rambles by the river and the sweet partings at our house. We always had a

"parting," me and Tom, for full fifteen minutes by the clock. Tom, bless him! used to declare that Bessie always put the hands on ten minutes, but she said she never did. And I don't believe she did. And this lasted till Tom went away down South.

Bessie was a pretty girl, much prettier than I was; at least I heard so. She was a good affectionate girl, but a little vain, and apt to encourage attention, in all innocence, but with a slice of vanity too. She was romantic, so 'twas said, and would rather have a lover to talk poetry to her than to show her his books, and his mill-hands going in to work after dinner.

She had a lover, but none of us knew it at first.

I must say I rather did admire Mr. Dawson Temple who was down in the sheds at the railway, learning to make engines. He used to lodge in the town, but Mr. Akenside, the engineer, thought the fresher air up by the hill-side better for him, and, knowing father, he asked him to take a lodger. Father was willing; mother liked Mr. Temple from the first because of his respectful manner to her, and his tidy ways; and so he became one of our house family, and we did all like him—Bessie especially.

Somehow, whether to hide his real taste for Bessie, as some sweet things will hide each other if taken nigh together, or to make her like him more, as contrariness will do, Mr. Temple began to pay me little attentions, and Bessie didn't like it. Of course I laughed at her, and we very nearly had a quarrel over it, not that I cared a pin for him, but because she thought I was unmaidenly, as all know I never was. Bessie is younger than I am, and I had had attentions—nor am I ashamed of them, as no honest woman need be, if properly addressed. She had had none till Mr. Temple made up to her, and she tackled me about it, and I was a bit angry. So when Mr. Temple came in that evening, and asked me to walk with him, I consented. But you may be sure that Tom was not in the neighbourhood, else I would have gone with him, and even if not, I was never ashamed to walk with any well-behaved man in daylight, nor do I hope shall I ever have need to be, feeling sure of myself and my tongue. Not that my tongue ever got me into trouble; indeed, I've known silence to serve many girls an ill-turn, as giving consent in default of spirit to speak out, which no woman should, at proper season, be afraid to do.

Thus it came to pass that Mr. Temple and I went out that evening, leaving poor Bessie in a flush of tears, up-stairs, for her faithless lover.

He was not faithless, though, for I could see he worshipped her, and I drew his whole heart out and kept it for Bessie; with such news I was sure we should be friends. We had a pleasant walk, and were rather later than usual. I had confided to the young man my impression as to my sister's feelings—with all reserve—and he was beside himself with joy. When we returned, Bessie had gone to bed, and wouldn't speak to me when I came up. So I went to sleep, and tried to comfort myself that I could tell her in the morning. But we can't tell what a night will bring forth, any more than a day, and one's as true as the other.

Next morning Bessie didn't get up as usual, and when mother came into our room she found her hot and flushed, and fetched father. The upshot was that Doctor Carpenter came up from town, and warned us that it was very likely fever, and we must keep away. Of course we couldn't leave home, so mother took Bessie off over to the old nursery out from the house, and we made it the hospital, and chalked, *No Admittance*, on the door.

When Doctor Carpenter said it was small-pox, I thought I should have died. And we never told Bessie—not then, I mean. Thanks to our precautions, it somehow passed us, and I was glad Tom was away—he had got a better situation in Birmingham now—and he couldn't catch it. Poor fellow!

Meanwhile, naturally, Mr. Temple and I were a great deal together. We had such long talks about Bessie, that no wonder her ears burned, in fever particularly. We would often have long walks, and agreed to be brother and sister, as was right under the circumstances. Not a five minutes he spoke but his love for Bessie somehow always passed his lips. I wrote to Tom regular, but told him nothing about Mr. Temple and Bessie; for it was not my secret, and besides, *she* didn't know how Mr. Temple loved her yet.

So the spring went, and Mr. Temple and I got quite friendly. I think he liked me very much. One night we were walking in the gloaming, coming home.

"I am so glad, Katie, that Bessie is nearly well again. I hope soon to see her, and then we shall *all* be happy."

"Yes," I said; "if Tom would only come home. He can't just yet, he says, but he will soon."

"Are you going to be married then, Katie?"

"Oh dear, no," I said. "Not for quite a long time yet!" and I laughed. But I should not have laughed had I known how near the grim, dreadful truth I was that night.

"When *we* are married," said Mr. Temple, "it will be splendid. We will go abroad then, and you will be my own sister, Katie. For I do love you very dearly indeed."

He put his face down to mine as he spoke and kissed my forehead. I did not prevent him, and just made no sign, but at that instant a dark figure came behind us, and caught Mr. Temple by the collar, and with one immense heave sent him right off his feet into the river, a distance of six feet or more below us. Then, turning towards me, Tom—for, oh! it was Tom, and I knew in that one second how his poor heart was breaking—came and stood over me, and hissed out—

"You faithless jade! It *is* true, then, and you all the time writing to me. Yah! I hate ye. Go and find your new lover. You'll never see *me* again."

I put up my hands, I begged him to listen, I entreated for pity's sake.

"I heard you!" he exclaimed, "I heard you! Go, leave me! Oh! has it come to this? May God reward you as you deserve. My heart is broken!"

He turned away—I clung to him; but dashing me backward, he escaped, and with a loud scream I fell back lifeless on the path by the river.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

IT was nearly autumn time when I awoke to see the light again, at least to remember it. I was in our bedroom and Bessie was sitting beside me. I looked up and she saw I knew her, and she stooped and kissed me. I felt tears upon my cheeks, but I did not try to wipe them off. All seemed unreal and strange; even the twittering of the swallows in the eaves sounded far away and as heard in a doze beside the stream in summer.

"What has happened, Bessie?" I whispered. "Tell me, tell me all!" Bessie began to cry.

I looked at her calmly, with no sense of sorrow or sympathy. I was stony at heart.

"Can't you tell me how long I have been ill, and why I am up here?" I said.

"You have had brain fever," she whispered; "and oh! Katie, my darling, it is all my fault."

I stared at her; I didn't in the least understand. I attempted to rise, but of course fell back at once, weak as a child.

Bessie stooped as I made a movement with my lips: "Call mother."

She went down-stairs, and mother came in cheerfully and kissed me gladly. I was better. I asked no questions—they have told me so since—and took no interest in anything. And this lasted for a fortnight. Then I came down-stairs, and then I caught sight of Mr. Temple, and hated him. His appearance distressed me. He came up to me, and I remember quite well I recoiled from him, and he looked pained and went away. I saw him look at Bessie, and put his finger to his forehead. He thought I was mad. Perhaps I was then.

I got stronger and better, and recovered my looks, but never felt quite the same. I was not unhappy. I enjoyed the singing of the birds and the murmur of the stream, and the sunshine and harvest-time, and went to church. But I never did any work, and nobody asked me to. Nobody said anything to hurt my feelings, and I never spoke to Mr. Temple.

He was a great deal with Bessie now, and I supposed they were engaged to each other. Bessie would often leave him to come to me. She was so kind and gentle and forbearing. There was a deprecating way with her which I could not then understand, a wish also to tell something, and at last it came.

"Katie," she said one evening, one of the last evenings when we should sit out of doors that year, "do you remember that night when you were found?"

"No," I replied, calmly enough. "I remember that 'joe' of yours being chucked into the river; I suppose Tom did that."

"Kate, dear, don't be spiteful," said Bessie, who was much relieved to hear me speak of Tom again. "But you must hear what I have to tell you."

"Go on," I said. "Nothing very unpleasant, is it?"

"Will you forgive me?" she begged earnestly.

"What for?" I said carelessly.

"For my conduct. *I* wrote to Tom. Oh, Kate! don't look like that. I wrote to him and told him about you and Mr. Temple—and——"

I never heard her finish. I got up without a word and walked up-stairs. For three months I never came down on my feet.

Then I was better, and, without a look at Bessie or her intended, I was carried away into Lancashire for change of air. Here I really did receive new life. I remained with my father's friends for many weeks. Winter passed away and I still stayed on; I went home in the spring, but the summer again found me at W——.

Mr. Lington was something for a firm of coal-owners, and had two pleasant daughters. Their mother had known my mother in her girlhood, and the old friendship had been heartily kept up, though at a distance, for many years. I was then quite restored to health, and had in a measure recovered my usual spirits.

"Annie," I said one morning at breakfast to Miss Lington, "were you ever down one of those mines? I should dearly like to go."

"Should you really? Well, then, nothing is easier. I have been down frequently. Papa can get the manager to make things as comfortable as possible. When shall we go?"

"To-morrow," I said. "Will that do?"

"Famously," replied Annie. "Walter shall accompany us, and May will come, unless she is afraid to leave her children. She generally makes her will on these occasions; but if her husband goes she always goes with him."

"There is no danger, I suppose?" I asked.

"Not the least. Ours is a most good-tempered mine, and never blows anybody up."

So it was arranged that next day we should descend; and at the time appointed we were encased in nondescript garments, and had a piece of candle given us and a lamp. Then we got into a bucket or box, and in two seconds, and one turn of an enormous wheel, we were in the first gallery. Looking up, the daylight was like a pin-hole. I began to get frightened.

"Come along, if you please, ladies," said the manager; "this way."

We followed along the coal-seams, passing into air-filled compartments which were closed behind us, and sometimes crawling beneath little tunnels of coal on our hands and knees. We got farther and farther away from the entrance, and at length we came to a place where a great block of coal was hanging over, just ready to drop. I hurried past in real terror. We saw men digging as they lay extended on their backs. The heat was awful. Every now and then a laden truck would come along, running by itself on trams, and we had to get out of the way.

"I'll go back," I whispered to the manager. "Let me go; the others can proceed. I am terribly frightened!" I was really crying with terror by this time.

"All right, mum," he replied. (I do not reproduce his accent.) Here he called to a young miner, and

requested him to lead me to the cage and accompany me to bank.

I never felt so thankful as when we had passed the impending mass of coal. Even as we gazed a bit fell off. I took his arm, and we hurried on to the shaft. The young man said little. We reached the bottom of the shaft in safety. I turned to thank him. The lamp-light fell full upon his face. *It was Tom!*

I neither cried nor screamed. *I couldn't speak!* I put out my hand. He took it in his own—in both his own—and, dirty as he was, he stooped and kissed me once, twice, thrice! Was I not dirty too? And I rejoiced in his embrace.

At last I found my voice, and told him all; and he stood and listened as the great black tears rolled down his cheeks, there at the bottom of the upper seam.

"To think that I misdoubted you and caused you all that misery! But I fancied more than I heard that evening, and then—oh, Kate! I have behaved like a brute! But if you'll forgive me——"

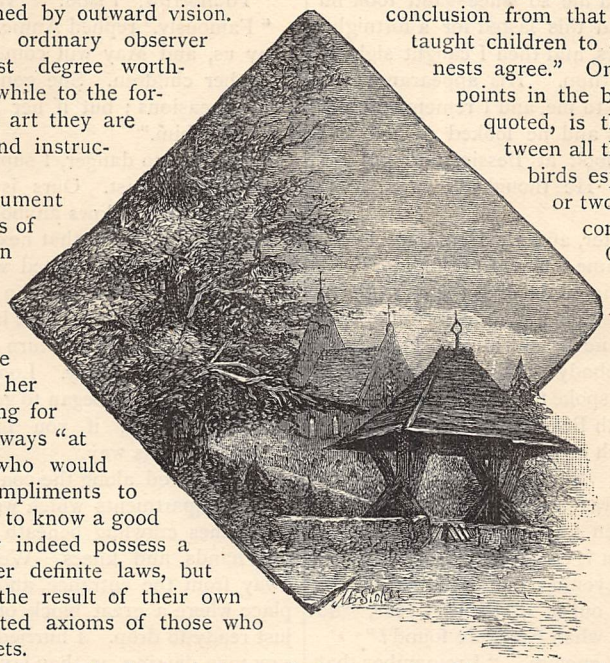
Forgive him—dearest Tom! Of course I forgave him on the spot, and kissed him of my own free will for the very first time in my life, I believe, and at last we were quite, quite happy.

The astonishment of my friends, and of Bessie when she heard of it, need not be described. All clouds had at length been cleared away. Tom and I are married now. Bessie and Mr. Temple were married upon the same day. I have never been down a mine since then, nor will I let Tom go. I am quite satisfied to have received my dear husband once 'out of the depths."

H. F.

THE ART OF SEEING NATURE.

IF it is a good thing to cultivate every sort of art, it is not a little lamentable that so few people develop the art of seeing: truly an art, when the intellectual faculties of the mind are brought into play in connection with the objects discerned by outward vision. These objects to an ordinary observer may appear to the last degree worthless and uninteresting, while to the fortunate possessor of the art they are teeming with curious and instructive details.



No more cogent argument of the veritable blindness of the majority of human beings is needed than an observation of the way people regard nature. There are those who spend their lives in her midst and discern nothing for themselves, yet she is always "at home" to every one who would pay their respectful compliments to her. Some who profess to know a good deal about nature, may indeed possess a certain knowledge of her definite laws, but such knowledge is not the result of their own inquiries, but the accepted axioms of those who have penetrated her secrets.

It is not wonderful that those who have the love of nature deeply engrafted in their souls, should find ample food for meditation in the every-day sights and sounds that surround them, especially if their dwelling-place should happen to be some rustic homestead, removed from the glare and rush of towns, where nature, undisturbed and unmaimed, can carry on her ceaseless work.

Some idea of the many secrets she is ready to betray to those who study her closely is afforded us in a recently-published book,* purporting, indeed, to be merely a fable, but really containing under its lighter garb the numberless observations of a keen-sighted and intelligent lover of nature.

Good old Doctor Watts came to a very different conclusion from that of our writer, when he taught children to say, "Birds in their little nests agree." One of the most noticeable points in the book from which we have quoted, is the continual warfare between all the field creatures, and the birds especially, except when one or two band together against a common foe.

One day while little Bevis was swinging, a cock chaffinch came and perched in the ash-tree close by, and began a long song about his being lord of the tree, and what a fine tree it was.

Presently another chaffinch came to the elm in the hedge, quite close to the ash, and he too began to sing a very loud song, in which he boasted that his tree was higher and better than the ash, and that he was the handsomest of chaffinches.

As soon as he had done another chaffinch lighted in another tree, and sang out that he had a better tree than either of the other two, and that he was so strong that neither of them dare come near him.

Then they all three fought a tremendous battle, and

* *Wood Magic.* By Richard Jeffries. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

pecked and buffeted one another with their wings. When they parted the third chaffinch left one little feather on the ground, which the first chaffinch wove into his nest. Then the other chaffinch came back and they fought again over the feather, and then each combatant went back to his tree and sang of his valour.

Immediately afterwards ten sparrows came from the house-top into the bushes, chattering and struggling all together, scratching, pecking, buffeting, and all talking at once. After they had had a good fight they went back to the house-top and told each other what a fine battle they'd had. Then there was a great cawing in some trees a little way off, and Bevis heard the chaffinch say that one of the rooks had been caught stealing his neighbour's sticks.

Then two goldfinches began to fight, and then a blackbird came up from the brook and perched on a rail and began boasting in a dreadfully vain manner, and another blackbird came on the rail, and they went on at each other terribly.

Presently the starlings on the chimney-stack began to quarrel, and had a sharp set-to. Then a wood-pigeon in an oak-tree began telling Bevis that he was captain of the wood-pigeons, and none could fly so fast as he. "I have three hundred and twenty-two pigeons under me in the winter," he said, "and they all do exactly as I tell them. They fly when I fly, and settle down when I settle down. If I go to the west, they go to the west; and if I go to the east, then they go to the

east. I have the biggest acorns and the best of the peas, for they leave them for me, and not one of all my pigeons dares to eat the wheat in August till I say it is ripe and they may; and not one of them dares take a wife till I say yes. Oo—whoo!"

But he had no sooner finished than another began in the fir-copse—that he was captain of one thousand pigeons, and was ever so much stronger, and could fly ever so much faster. So away went the first pigeon to the copse, and there was a great clattering of wings and "oo—whooing," and how it was all settled Bevis could not tell.

Bevis thought they were very wicked birds to fight so much, and was greatly surprised, as he well might be if he had been taught Dr. Watts' hymn.

In another part the fable tells of a magpie who wished to mate with a jay, which so roused the indignation of all the other birds that they conspired together and succeeded in bringing about the ruin and death of the unnatural bird.

This same old magpie is represented as a very clever impostor. Years ago, a magpie lived in the tree, and the farmer—then a young man—made a great pet of him. He became old and lost an eye, getting a draggled tail and a bald patch on his head, by which he was easily distinguished from other birds. Thinking he would like to preserve to his family the privileges he had so long enjoyed, he pecked out the eye of his eldest son, bedraggled his tail, and rubbed his head bare, so that when he died the farmer might not know, but take his son for himself. All this he explains to his irate offspring, who is thus reconciled to the disfigurement; but when his worthy progenitor is asleep, it occurs to him that his father has not been so clever after all, for if any one passes and sees the two old magpies they will be greatly puzzled, and probably one will be shot. So to prevent this difficulty the younger magpie gives his father an undutiful peck and kills him, and the other magpies bury him out of the way.

The younger magpie at last arrives at the time when he feels that he must soon die, and he in turn serves his eldest son exactly as his father had served him, and with precisely the same result. The bird which figures in the fable is really the sixth of his race, although no one has ever discovered the secret, and he is regarded as a sort of supernatural creature who will never die, and whose every action is fraught with omen.

How much of this curious anecdote is probable and how much mere fable, it is impossible to say. Mr. Jeffries is one of those people who seem intuitively to light upon the explanation of many small incidents, which an ordinary individual would either never notice at all, or pass over as without meaning; as, for instance, when a hare which Bevis calls to him goes a long way round by a gateway instead of through a gap in the hedge. Bevis tells him he could easily creep through, he is sure, to which the hare replies, "Ah, but I must not come that way, that road belongs to another hare, and I must not trespass."

"But," asks the little fellow, "you can run where you like, can you not?"

"No, I can't, dear; I shall have to go a quarter of a mile round to come to you, because there are three paths between you and me, and I shall have to turn and twist about not to come on them."

It is a noticeable and pathetic feature of the fable how each creature lives in terror of its neighbours and carries its life as it were in its hands. They are almost as relentlessly cruel to each other as the squirrel describes the elm and the earth, and the sea and the fire to be. From beginning to end the book is full of plot and counterplot, terrible disasters and hair-breadth escapes, which supply a deep and continued interest. The cunning and ingenuity of these creatures is altogether marvellous, especially the weasel, who even outshines the fox. The weasel's adventures are so charmingly narrated that we cannot refrain from giving a brief *resumé* of them here.

Little Bevis came out one day and found the weasel in a gin. The creature at once began to implore to be released, telling Bevis that he had been busily catching the rats that stole the barley-meal put for the pigs, and that he was a very good, useful weasel.

Bevis was about to release him when he heard a little squeak, and turning round saw a mouse, who told him that the weasel was a dreadfully wicked fellow; that he was a coward, and only killed a rat when he happened to find one asleep, but that he had murdered his little wife and sucked her blood, and that her body all dry and withered lay up in the beam. Also he had killed all his little "mouses" and had eaten the partridge's eggs.

Whereupon the weasel turns round and defends his conduct so cleverly, that even the mouse himself is quite dumbfoundered, and is not sure whether he himself is not a worse delinquent than the weasel; and Bevis, quite deceived, lets the weasel out of the trap. Some time further on, when Bevis was out in the meadows he saw Ulu the hare weeping piteously. The little fellow asks her, "What is the matter?"

Then she said, "Bevis, Bevis, do you know what you have done? You have let the weasel loose, and now he has killed my son the leveret and sucked his blood, and I am so miserable I do not care to run any more."

"Perhaps he only did it for your good," Bevis said presently, at which Ulu stamped her feet indignantly and said, "Let me tell you, Bevis, that the weasel is the wickedest and most dreadful creature that lives, and above all things he is so cunning he can make people believe anything he chooses, and he has succeeded in making fools of us all—every one."

Then Ulu explained to Bevis how all the animals had conspired together to get the weasel into the trap.

The opportunity presented itself when the bailiff set a trap for the rat. The fox chased a rabbit into the neighbourhood of the weasel, and the weasel came out after the rabbit. They did not succeed in getting him into the trap, but managed to lure him into a drain, when the earth squeezed out a stone before and a stone behind him, and there he was fast caught and likely to starve to death.

The weasel began to call upon all the animals and insects to help him, promising to be the nicest, kindest weasel that ever lived, but it was no use for they were all in the secret. While he was dying the rat came by to taunt him, when the weasel told him that the trap was set for him, and that some of those who have trapped him are ready to do the same by the rat, so the rat in a rage says he will help the weasel to spite the others.

And he does it in a truly clever way. He brings a tiny piece of fungus, and scratching a hole near the stone, drops it in. While it is growing the rat cannot refrain from coming to taunt the unhappy weasel, who is compelled to gnaw his own tail in order to prevent himself from starving. Presently, however, the fungus grows up so quickly that the weasel can see it move, and as it grows it heaves up the stone so that there is an aperture through which the weasel can crawl.

As the weasel was making his way to the corn-bin a labourer came along. In his fright he ran back to hide in the rat's hole, but found it closed against him. So it happened that the weasel was driven back to the drain at the mouth of which the gin had been set for the rat, who however knew all about it, for the bailiff always set up the trap in places where there was plenty of long grass to hide it, which the rat, very well knowing, always took particular care to narrowly inspect.

And so the weasel rushed blindly on right into the trap, from which as we know Bevis rescued him. Unfortunately many of the animals were ignorant of his escape. The wind blew as many ways as he could to reach the hare with the bad news, but he had to blow east that day and could not manage to reach him, and so the poor leverets were killed while they were all sleeping comfortably, quite unsuspicious of evil.

A second time they managed to beguile the weasel into a trap, which he himself had cleverly instigated Bevis to set for the rat. When Bevis saw this he took up a stone, declaring that now he would smash him.

"Oh, Bevis!" said the weasel, "it is not generous of you to treat me so when I am dying. I shall be dead in a minute. I have been very wicked—oh!—but I shall never, never do it any more—oh!—" and Bevis saw his head fall back.

"Are you dead?" asked Bevis. "Are you quite dead?" at the same time putting down the brick, for he could not bear to see anything in such distress.

"I am," said the weasel; "at least I shall be in half a minute. There is one thing I want to say, but if you smash me, I can't."

So Bevis promised he would not smash him, but would only have him nailed up to the stable door after he was dead.

"Thank you," said the weasel, very gratefully. "Will you tell them all how sorry I am for my wickedness—oh!—I have not time to say all I would—oh!——"

"Yes, poor thing," said Bevis, quite moved at the sight of so much distress.

"And when I am dead don't nail me up to the door; think how terrible that would be—bury me, dear."

Bevis promised he would, and the weasel said—

"When I am dead take me out of this trap in which I am justly caught, and pull my limbs out flat, and lay me straight on the grass, so that I may not stiffen in a heap all crooked; and then get a spade and dig a hole and bury me, and put a stone on the top of me so that I may not be scratched up—oh, oh!—will you?—oh!" Then the weasel gave three gasps and died.

Bevis took him out of the trap and pulled his limbs out straight and smoothed his fur, and then ran to fetch his spade.

When he came back the *weasel was gone*. And to the end of the book he is not caught. We catch the last glimpse of the weasel with infinite regret, feeling sure that whenever he turns up there will be good sport.

But beneath the surface of the pleasantly-told, light-seeming fable, we are obtuse indeed if we do not detect a deeper significance. The battle between the wood-pigeons and crows reminds us strongly all through of public incidents fresh in our memory; nor do we need to search very far for a parallel suggested by the election of the fox, for whom it is found that all the creatures have voted unanimously, because they wished to keep the others out; and there is indeed quite a familiar sort of ring about the speech of the fox on the occasion of his election. But on this aspect of the fable our space forbids us to enter. In the very brief and altogether inadequate sketch already given, enough has been said to substantiate our argument that the intelligent study of nature in her lower forms presents to us a field not only of deepest interest, but in many instances of actual benefit to our fellow-creatures.

FROM A DISTANT LAND.

SHE sat within the little room,
And heard the storm beat on the pane;
Within was loneliness and gloom,
Without was cold, and wind, and rain.

The fire had sunk within the grate,
The bird was songless in his cage,
And she, forlorn and desolate,
A weary woman bowed with age.

She sadly mused on all her woes—
The wind howled louder than before;
She heard a knock, and slowly rose,
And took a letter at the door.

O happy letter, bringing joy,
That trembled in her wrinkled hand!
For her belovèd sailor boy
Had written from a distant land.

Sweet fancies filled her heart in crowds,
The bird began to warble sweet;
The sun came out through jagged clouds,
And made a shining in the street.

The dying fire blazed up anew;
She set the feeble lamp alight,
And laid her scanty meal for two:
"Who knows but he may come to-night?"

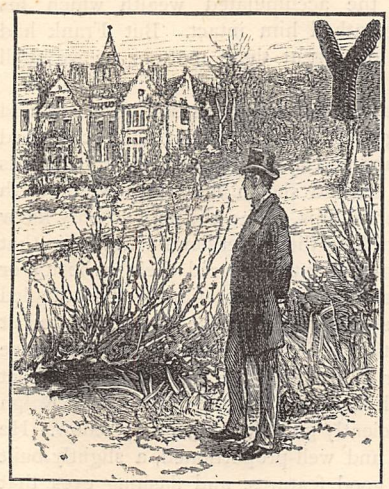
M. C. G.

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHAT RALPH RAEBURN SAID TO HIMSELF.



YES, there it stands, red, and big, and boastful—for bricks and mortar *can* boast—that hated house of Highview! How well I know and detest every gable and window of it; and yet how my eyes rest on it, as I pass, and how I wish that it were mine—mine! Ah! if my name had but been Preston instead of Raeburn, if it had been my luck to be called Frank instead of Ralph—did ever luck go with that precious appellation of mine?—well, then I suppose I should not have been a needy lawyer, and should have been a rich mill-owner's heir. At any rate," added the speaker, with a bitter laugh, "I'd get more for my money than the lily-hearted fool Frank Preston, yonder, does for his good gold, well schemed for, I warrant, by his shrewd old father. Who cares whether yonder paper-capped savages at Woolton drink themselves to death a few years sooner than they are sure to do; or if their wives and brats die faster or slower of the ague and typhoid that lurk and hang, wolf-like, around the unhealthy tenements of the poor?—not I, for one. Frank is of another mind. Frank wants to—a plague on Frank! the sight of his big, bullying house on the hill, the house that old Tom Preston built when he grew so rich, is gall and wormwood to me. After all, we Raeburns were somebody on Dartside before a Preston, or a Wilmot either for that matter, had been heard of in these parts. Hey? What's that? Only a bird!" he added sharply, as he was interrupted by the shrill chirping of a robin that sat on a whin-bush near him. It was cold, bright, winter weather, and robin, in his bold, plaintive way, was exhibiting his red breast and bright eyes, and piping out his confident appeal for aid to his human friends. But poor red-breasted robin met with but a churlish reception at the hands of young Lawyer Raeburn, so called; for instead of welcome crumbs or a kindly chirrup, he was answered by a well-aimed and viciously-meant pebble or two, and had to retreat, fluttering and twittering, into the broom covert.

Mr. Raeburn laughed, in his short, sneering way, at the discomfiture of the bold, trustful bird. Then he directed another envious glance towards the spot where, high on the soaring upland, far beyond where the river Dart, newly sprung from its fount among the lofty moorlands of West Yorkshire, ran down, shallow and swift, among the poplar-trees and willows of the plain, there rose up the stately red-brick mansion of Highview. The great house stood in a gap, the untilled, untamed ridges of barren limestone rock, thinly coated with green turf and brown heather, overtopping it to left and right, while it seemed to command, as some feudal castle might have done, the whole of the fertile valley that lay below. To the left, through the smoke-haze, might be seen the tall chimneys, the begrimed roofs of Woolton—one of those manufacturing settlements so plentiful in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and concerning which it is hard for an exile to pronounce whether they are overgrown villages or stunted towns. Woolton was ancient, small, ugly, and busy; but busy in a surly, gloomy way, as far as the human bees of its money-making hive were concerned, that contrasted ill with the brisk rattle and boom of loom and wheel. "We be the mother o' Leeds!" "'Twas we who teached them Leeds folk their trade!" were assertions commonly made in Woolton among the elder mill-hands, when they conversed—rare event!—with a stranger who cared to ask questions as to the unattractive old place. And indeed, due allowance being made for the partiality of local patriotism, it is very likely that quaint Woolton, where what the Americans call water-power is so readily furnished by swift Dart, was an early seat of the Anglo-Flemish woollen industry, and a centre of wealth and stir to the thinly peopled Yorkshire of the Middle Ages—those centuries during which sea-coal was a daring novelty, sparingly used, under Parliamentary censure, by Londoners only, and when England looked to Kent and Sussex, with their iron, and the wood of the Weald wherewith to smelt that iron, as her source of supply.

Lawyer Raeburn's own neat abode was close to the upper end of Woolton High Street, and his name was on the burnished brass plate that decorated the green door, overgrown with the small-leaved ivy that clung to the old walls, and the sprays of which drooped unreproved over the lintel.

So it had been in his father's time, and so in that of his grandsire. Honest-famed men were they both. Abel and Thomas Raeburn had left behind them, if little else, at least that prestige of good repute and an upright walk among the thorny and stony

by-ways of the world which should help a young man, their successor, on.

Ralph Raeburn had a good legal business—in a small way, a good legal business—in that country-side. The moorland farmers trusted, albeit not of a trustful race, in "honest Lawyer Abel's son," and got him to draw their wills, and asked him to see to their leases, and consulted him as to the investment of their savings, or as to their claims for compensation when ground game made havoc of their oats and turnips. He had clients, too, among the wealthier class that lived by that cloth-making trade which is the backbone of West Yorkshire, and was the legal adviser of more than one country gentleman: of one in particular—that Squire Mowbray, whose oaks could just be distinguished at the edge of that pretty park of his, Langdale, the glen that runs back so far among the heather-crested hills. It had been a great question, more than once, with Mr. Mowbray of Langdale as to whether those oaks should be left standing or not. To cut them down, and consign them to the timber-yard of some enterprising wood-merchant, was a prompt and easy way of staving off the demands of dunning creditors and clamorous mortgagees which commended itself to the somewhat dull intelligence of the lord of the manor. But then the oaks were historical oaks; Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers had bivouacked, and quaffed tankards and wine-cups—to the confusion of Oliver and Fairfax, we may be sure—under their boughs. Aged trees are rare in the Northern shires, as they are in Scotland, and those of Langdale were the boast of Western Yorkshire; so that to fell them seemed sacrilege. Wherefore the squire kept his trees towering yet aloft, castles of verdure in the pleasant summer time, and had to procure the needful cash by other means, respecting which Ralph Raeburn knew a good deal.

There were but three large houses in that thinly-peopled—for, so far as gentlemen's country houses went, it *was* thinly peopled—neighbourhood: red Highview, boldly planted on its hill; white Woodleigh, peeping through trees; and Langdale Park, within the high deer-paled enclosure of which the Mowbrays had been living as estated gentry of worship and coat-armour, knights of the shire and sheriffs of the county, when their turn came, before the Wars of the Roses turned England into a battle-field. Woolton had but nine cloth-mills—the Tuneful Nine, as a young satirical rhymester of local repute and classical education called them, in some bantering verses that occupied the Poets' Corner of the *Woolton Argus*. Of these nine, no less than three, and they by far the biggest and busiest, had been founded by Thomas Preston, and now belonged to his son, Frank, concerning whom opinions in that part of the world were very much divided. The other factories were those of minor mill-owners, poor and struggling men, for the most part, who had perhaps been over-lookers once, and had embarked in business on their own account without the necessary capital, or traders who had put their savings into this venture when cloth ruled high in the market, and had trouble enough to keep their semi-insolvent heads above water now that cloth was dull, and wool dear, and competition brisk, at home and abroad. There were those who sneered or marvelled at Frank Preston, because he had not, at the first decided signs of a depression in the cloth manufacture that threatened to be permanent, given up the fruitless struggle with fortune, sold his mills and plant to more sanguine speculators, and withdrawn from trade with all the accumulated wealth which his father had bequeathed him intact. But Frank had his own way of looking at these matters, as we shall presently see.

So long as Ralph Raeburn's eyes had been attracted by the imposing pile of Highview, an ugly scowl had come over his face, and an evil light had glittered in his dark eyes, and he had shown his sharp white teeth between his parted lips. The clients who only knew Lawyer Raeburn from their interviews with him in that office wherein he patiently endured their verbosity, or their dull repetitions, unostentatiously disentangled their muddled skeins of thought, and deftly hinted at a remedy for their grievances, would scarcely have recognised their solicitor with his mask off. And yet it was pity of him, too. Nature had made Ralph Raeburn a sufficiently good-looking young fellow. He was dark, lithe, and well-proportioned, a slightly-built man, but with good features, and flashing eyes that were really beautiful, as are the eyes of a fox, only that Ralph's eyes were not shifty, as those of a fox perforce are. When he had been a little boy, so old nurses and garrulous women at Woolton told, young Master Raeburn had had that unlucky disability to look people fairly in the face, and had been jeered at, in the blunt North country style, for this imperfection. But Ralph Raeburn, as he emerged from nursery tutelage, had seriously cultivated the accomplishment, lacking at first, of a frank and open manner; and now his gaze was quite steady and unabashed, and seemed so candid, too, that few cared to listen to the prattle of the Woolton crones concerning his nonage. When once he had passed Highview, and was able to dismiss that evidence of uncongenial prosperity from his mind, his brow relaxed, and his features resumed their customary calmness. "Picturesque inutilities—rubbish for the lumber-room!" he muttered, as he caught sight of the corner of Langdale Park, his client's abode, with its venerable trees and high deer-palings, but there was no bitterness in his tone.

Nearer and nearer he drew towards where Woodleigh, white and peaceful, nestled among its evergreens and tall poplars and hedgerow timber. The river made a graceful bend just where the house stood, sweeping boldly round in so large a curve, that the tiny demesne occupied a sort of peninsula. There was a fair bridge of white stone spanning the stream. There were meadows that in summer would have been golden with buttercups, and starred by daisies, and and that even then seemed to yield some grass for the kine that grouped themselves in picturesque fashion, as cows generally do, near the bank. There was nothing in the least grand about Woodleigh, but it was snug, homelike, pretty, one of a hundred thousand

similar places of which England can boast. Greedily, and yet almost with an air of proprietorship, the young lawyer let his eye range over every detail of the prospect—fields, shrubberies, stabling, the thatched out-buildings of the farm, the walled garden, the trim lawn, the house itself, on the plate-glass of whose lower windows the sun flashed with wintry lustre.

"I'll have it yet!" he cried, "every acre, every tree, every strawberry-bed and standard rose, every stick and stone, in short, of that freehold messuage, tenement, and so forth—how often have I written the jargon!—called Woodleigh, appertaining to Joseph Wilmot, Esq.; yes, and the comfortable three per cents., the stocks, shares, and securities that make the best of the girl's inheritance, and will be hers, along with this dainty nutshell of a place, ere long, sooner perhaps than my worthy client suspects. These rich men, who have begun from small beginnings, love their gains too much to be good judges of their own ultimate chance of recovery. The last time I called, I thought I saw the warning clear enough."

Having said which, this exemplary visitor crossed the bridge of fair white stone, passed the lodge-gate, traversed the gravelled avenue, and rang the door-bell of Woodleigh.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AT WOODLEIGH.

"I MEAN to persevere. It will all come right in time, perhaps, if honest effort and a man's heart put into his work can prevail. But, Miss Wilmot, you can scarcely tell how puzzling is the problem, and how hard the task, sometimes. I only want to help these poor neighbours of mine, I who happen to be rich. I have seen enough of our West Riding mill-hands, and their wives and bairns, to know where the shoe pinches, and I have tried to make it easier and less galling for them, in all loyal faith, Heaven knows! But they steel their hearts against me, somehow. They will have none of me; even what I give—the memory of it—is roughly flung in my face when I venture on a word of advice. And yet I am discreet, timid almost, as to the counsel that I offer, and as to my method of offering it, knowing the proud race in whose midst I live."

"They *are* proud," was the quick sympathetic answer, in a low, sweet, girlish voice; "but they are grateful too, Mr. Preston, when they quite understand."

"I have never laboured, with gratitude or popularity for the goal in view. But still, to be understood, to set my objects and wishes clearly before the people, and get fair treatment and a fair trial, that is a boon for which I have hitherto striven in vain," returned the deep, manly voice of the other speaker, with somewhat of a weary sigh after the words were spoken.

They were a typical pair to look upon, these two, who were then alone together in the drawing-room of Woodleigh, a large and handsome room enough, with its pictures and mirrors, and gorgeous masses of hot-house flowers, and the range of plate-glass windows overlooking the broad lawn with its shrubs and flower-beds, and catching glimpses of the river that glinted silvery through the trees. Tall, comely, and of a goodly presence was Frank Preston, with his upright form and manly bearing, one of those young men who are emphatically English, and who show an Englishman's best qualities in chivalrous truth and modesty and courage, but he looked older than he was—twenty-four—so thoughtful was the expression that clung to his broad brow and honest eyes. A beautiful slender girl, scarcely nineteen years of age, was Constance Wilmot, golden-haired, and with one of those rare complexions of lilies and roses, which seem peculiar to some districts of England and of Scandinavia. She had been listening to Frank Preston, and was looking shyly up at him as she listened, while the young man himself felt as if he had been drawn on to speak more unreservedly than was usual with him, because of Miss Wilmot's evident interest in what he had to say. She knew him—Frank—well, of course, for was he not the son and heir of her own father's old partner, and a not infrequent visitor at Woodleigh?—though Mr. Wilmot's broken health had kept him from crossing the once hospitable threshold of Highview for years past. But Frank had been much away from Yorkshire, now occupied with his studies, now travelling, and it was not until his energetic father's life had neared its close that the young heir to all this accumulated wealth had come back to Woolton, where, in spite of discouragement, he chose to remain.

There was a pause, a long spell of silence, and then the door was opened and the butler announced "Mr. Raeburn."

A philosopher who should possess the gift of fern-seed, and walk invisible, might learn something by hearing the tone in which servants, especially the servitors of the rich, herald the arrival of a guest. Ralph Raeburn's name on this occasion was uttered in an accent of respectful cordiality. The shrewd young lawyer, who knew that the good word even of underlings is of value, and who was on his promotion, had not forgotten to ask Jenks the butler, not merely as to his ailing master's health, but what that functionary knew by the title of his own "rheumatics." We have seen Mr. Ralph stone away the robin that chirped to him for a crumb or a kind look, but robins and such dumb things tell no tales, whereas servants have tongues that it is worth while to conciliate.

"How do you do, Constance?" said the young lawyer, as he came in, brisk and smiling; "they tell me—ah! Mr. Preston, good morning!"

And the expression of Ralph Raeburn's face changed a good deal. It was obvious that he had not counted on finding Frank at Woodleigh, and that the presence of the latter was to him unwelcome.

It was obvious, too, that between the two men there was no friendly feeling. Ralph Raeburn did not hold out his hand, nor did Frank offer his, each contenting himself by bowing somewhat stiffly, although each must have known the other well enough had there been no

cause for estrangement. Constance rose and gave her hand to the young lawyer. It may have been noticed that he addressed her by her baptismal name, and without any ceremonious prefix. It was his privilege, for Ralph was a cousin—some Raeburn had married some Wilmot—whereas Frank was no cousin, but only an old friend.

Ralph spoke very blandly at first. He was so sorry to hear from Jenks the butler that Mr. Wilmot was not so well to-day—was up-stairs in his room—had walked over in the hope of seeing him, and so forth. It was quite true, Constance said. Her papa was ill; he seemed weaker to-day than usual. On Tuesday Dr. Smith had thought him better, but to-day he had been unable to come down. Mr. Preston, too, had kindly come over from Highview to inquire after——

"Ah! Mr. Preston," interrupted Ralph, roughly, and with a sneer. "That is a compliment, indeed! It must be so hard for him to tear himself away from his luxurious home, his library, his benevolent projects for the improvement of his fellow-creatures, who decline to be improved, he! he! so far, I know. Don't you think, Cousin Constance, that what I have said is a fair statement of the case, eh?"

It may or may not have been fair. That it was offensive, and offensively meant, was beyond dispute. Frank Preston's sun-bronzed cheeks—he had been in hotter climates than ours, in the course of his travels—grew pale and flushed alternately as he listened to Mr. Raeburn's deliberate insolence, but he kept his temper very well. He was a manly man, as quick by nature to resent an insult as any of us are, and his strong right hand mechanically crisped itself, and his broad fair brow darkened, but he had schooled himself to be very patient, and then, Constance was there. With admirable good temper he replied—

"I seem a fool to you, I dare say, Mr. Raeburn, for the care I take—or try to take, for, as you truly remark, they will not let me be their friend—of those around me whose share in this world's goods is less than mine. Well, perhaps you are right. Yet this is a free country. Everybody is welcome to his whims. Art in one case, Miss Wilmot, sport in another, science in a third. I am not ashamed to confess that my caprice has been to do a little good among my poorer neighbours."

"Ashamed! No, but proud, surely!" exclaimed Constance, with a sudden flash in her blue eyes, a sudden heightening of her rising colour, a tremulous accent in her sweet voice, that it was gall and wormwood to the young lawyer to see and hear.

"Quite sublime, and that sort of thing, of course," he answered, with a look and smile of incredulous contempt. "Only it so happens, I see through Mr. Preston's mock heroics, and guess his motive, and spy out his little game pretty clearly. He spends his money——"

"Do you mean to say——" broke in Frank, flushing crimson to his very brow. But, just then, Jenks the butler slipped in on noiseless feet to say that "master" felt equal to receiving Mr. Raeburn, if that gentleman would kindly step up-stairs.

Ralph was quite ready to obey the summons, but, somehow, he loitered, perhaps in the hope that Frank would go. A consummate man of the world in Mr. Preston's place would have stayed where he was, but there was an awkwardness in the situation, so Frank took up his hat, said good-bye to Constance, bowed coldly to the lawyer, and went. A word or two not worth recording, but emphasised by his tone and smile, Ralph did address to his fair cousin, something about his interest in her welfare, his care for her, something that made Constance wince and redden, and then wish she had neither blushed nor looked annoyed, and then Mr. Raeburn followed Jenks up-stairs.

It was a large, bright, airy room, overlooking the river, into which he was ushered; there, in a great armchair beside a reading-table littered with books and newspapers unread, sat the listless master of Woodleigh, a shrunken little old man with ashen-grey face, and feeble restless hands that could not be quiet, but fidgeted among the papers and the books.

"So glad to see you, dear sir—but you look far from strong," sighed and smirked out the youthful solicitor from Woolton, as he took the hot, thin hand of his moneyed client and kinsman in his own cool one. As he entered the room, Ralph's manner had undergone a total change. He was now no longer the cynic or the bully, but a fawning, servile sycophant, who did his best to seem honest in his cringing.

"I'm bad—I shall be worse soon!" returned, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, Mr. Wilmot. "Smith, the doctor, is too honest to hide the truth from me, and it would be labour lost if he did. But I sent for you, Ralph, lad, on business. A man must see his house in order, you know, before he dies. There's plenty for my girl Constance, only when I'm gone, and she, poor lass, left motherless, as well as fatherless, she'll need the help and advice of those more worldly-wise than a girl of nineteen can be. I was thinking, when you came in, of whom to appoint as executors of my will—which you, Cousin Ralph, shall have the drawing of—and co-trustees of my child's property. Honest men, of course, are scarce, but there are some of them yet."

"Dear, dear sir," exclaimed the young lawyer, apparently much affected, "your generous solicitude for the welfare of my cousin, Miss Constance, is touching and noble, as well as natural. I hope and think that you take too despondent a view of your own bodily condition. There are so many to love you, and to look up to you, and who would mourn—no, no, let us hope for the best, Mr. Wilmot. Dr. Smith is skilful——"

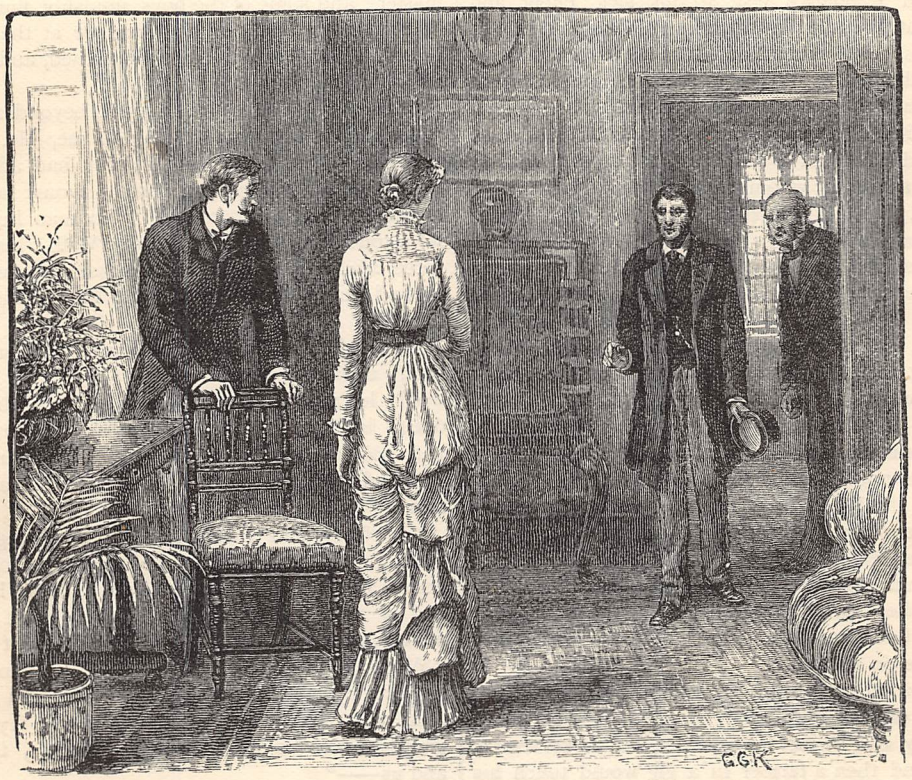
"He had need to be, if he would patch me up again," broke in the invalid, half-petulantly. "No, Ralph, my lad, my cake's baked, as we dalesmen used to say, before ever I saw the inside of a woollen mill. Whom shall I have for my two men?—Constance's protectors, you'll remember—her guardians, and those of an income that represents all my savings, not merely this trumpery Woodleigh, with its forty-five

acres of ground—how proud I was to buy it! but that is neither here nor there—but sixty thousand pounds in good Government securities, British and foreign, solid money."

Ralph Raeburn looked down at the carpet. He did not wish the sick man to see the glitter that came into his greedy eyes as he heard the sum total quoted. When he looked up again, his eyes were quite clear, honest, and thoughtful. "Squire Mowbray—Mr. Mowbray of Langdale," he said, in a meditative manner, "seems to me just to be the right man in the right place."

"If I'd take what?" asked Mr. Raeburn, whose heart leaped madly up, but who constrained his manner to be close and quiet.

"If you would be the second trustee of my girl's money? If you would lend the light of your legal lore and worldly knowledge to steer the squire through the practical part of it," explained the ex-manufacturer, "I should be greatly indebted to you, boy, indeed I should. Once I thought of Frank, but Frank's on his high horse; Frank's a Don Quixote, as you are aware, wanting to turn our mill-hands and factory-girls into kid-gloved dandies and young ladies, I believe; and when he came over to-day, I hadn't patience to see the lad—besides, I was weak, and saved myself for you. Draw my will, lad. All to Constance, held in trust, of course, till she's twenty-one, by you and Squire Mowbray; and if I could have it to sign by Monday, for my time is getting short——"



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND THE BUTLER ANNOUNCED 'MR. RAEBURN'" (*p.* 35).

"Just so," replied Mr. Wilmot, evidently pleased, and probably forgetful of how often in former conversations he had mentioned the squire's name, "and now for the other. Too much temptation for one man, to leave him with the great sum due to one helpless girl at his discretion, eh? I've known cases. Well, the squire, who, between ourselves, will never set the Thames on fire, is a gentleman and a good man, but —he might be taken in."

"Yes, he might be taken in," Mr. Raeburn reluctantly admitted.

"And so I want another—a business man," persisted old Mr. Wilmot. "I've racked my brains to find one suitable. Brown, but he's so rough a diamond. Wetherby, of the mill at Drayton, but he's at daggers drawn with the squire, and is, indeed, a firebrand in the county. If you'd take it, Ralph——"

Ralph Raeburn played his part very well. He was modest about accepting the trust—there was just the proper coyness coupled with a hearty willingness to serve Miss Wilmot his young cousin's interests to the best of his power. By Monday the will should be ready. And he found kind and encouraging words to say as to Mr. Wilmot's health. Then he took his leave. He peeped into the drawing-room as he went down. It was empty, and he had no chance of a further interview with Constance.

"Never mind, my lady," he murmured, "you'll understand me better one day." So he crossed the hall, softly opened and reclosed the door, and departed demurely, but with a suppressed gleam of triumph in his eyes.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

FRANK PRESTON'S RIDE.

"STEADY, old horse—so! Ah, Matchless, *you* may caper—here comes master," muttered the groom, as he stood at the horse's head, before the porch of Highview, two days after the one which had witnessed Mr. Ralph Raeburn's visit to his sick client and kinsman at Woodleigh. Frank Preston, his riding-whip in his hand, came slowly down the broad stone steps of the stately house wherein he dwelt alone, drawing on his gloves as he advanced. The horse, a fine bay with black points, turned its intelligent head round, and whinnied a welcome, as horses never do except to an owner whom they know and trust; and Matchless, the tall greyhound—one of the rough-coated, fleet-limbed dogs adapted to the Yorkshire Wolds—bounded joyously around. Even the groom grinned quite loyally as he held the stirrup. It was plain that Frank was popular with those of his own household, human and brute, if not with out-dwellers. The young man mounted, said a word or two, shook the reins, whistled to the dog, and went off at a brisk trot along the frosty road, under the lowering sky. The groom stood still for a minute, watching him.

"Sits his nag like a man! There's them with the Craven or the West York Hounds, don't think small beer o' theirselves, but I'll be bound young master could give 'em the go-by. And he's the best of chaps. And he's money for the spending. And—it's a pity!" whereupon the philosopher of the stable-yard shook his head sorrowfully, and went his way, while Frank rode on alone.

He was soon out of the grounds, soon clear of the lane, and on the high road beyond. It was not a market-day, and he met few vehicles, and no horsemen, but now and then a farmer in a gig would touch his felt hat with a "Good-morrow to thee, Master Preston." He met men, too, and women and children, trudging towards Woolton, not a few of whose faces he knew—workers, these, in some of his own three mills, which were the backbone of trade at Woolton.

It was a dull time for industry just then in the clothing district of West Yorkshire. Six of the mills at Woolton, those that belonged to small owners, were working but for half-time only. Half-time workers, as a rule, begin early, and knock off at dinner-time. Such was still the case with Frank Preston's half-dozen compeers or competitors. But Frank's own three mills were kept open and stirring all day long, at a heavy loss, as the overlookers and clerks averred, and the result was that the "hands," with queer perversity, came when it suited them, got through the job of piecework, or a bit of it, and then tramped off, thanklessly. Why they should work "whole gate," while others made it "half-work and half-play," these Northern men and lasses did not see. It was in vain to point out to them that half-work meant half-wage. The shrewd Yorkshireman, like the shrewd Lancastrian, can turn a blind eye to what it does not suit him to see.

As Frank rode along, and met groups or individuals whom he knew, and who took his pay, he tried always to exchange a word with them, but not with a very satisfactory result. The men hunched their shoulders and stooped their heads, turning away a little as they half-sullenly put a finger to their caps. The women brightened up mechanically; that was because he was a good-looking young man, not because he was a master; and some of the boys, impishly, flung a stone or two at the heels of his horse, or at the big greyhound, as soon as his back was turned, and then ran whooping on, as if in triumph.

Scarcely any one chose to speak, beyond a growl of "Good day, measter!" "Day to 'ee, Mr. Frank!" One hale old crone, to whom Frank had addressed a kind question as to her absent spouse and sons, turned on him belligerently. "My man he be down wi' a touch o't—the fever. So be Will. Jem's out on spree, drinking his wage. So I'm going to earn enough to find tea and bacon for the lot. What say ye, master?"

"I say, Dame Thorpe, that you are a brave, good soul," answered Frank gently; "and if only you would let me get Mr. Andrews to take the cottage drains in hand, and see to the beck that runs down and poisons the well from which you drink, your husband and boys would be healthy and strong and——"

"Look to your own grand house, young sir, and don't ye come a meddlin', nor yet a poking, among honest folks that owes ye never a brass halfpenny, and if they earns your siller, pays for't wi' their work," retorted Dame Thorpe, with great asperity. "When I'm behind wi' my rent, sell me up, as is your right; but, till then, let me be. The well that was good enough for my man's feyther and grandsire too is good enough, I guess, for bairns and us——"

After this, Frank attempted no more admonitory speeches, but rode on sad and thoughtful, with downcast eyes, and hardly noticing the bounds and upward glances of that four-footed courtier, the tall greyhound, as it sported on the turf that bordered the road. Presently he was in Langdale Park, riding along beneath the leafless oaks of the grand avenue; and soon the house was in sight, one of those ancient houses that are almost peculiar to Yorkshire, the oldest or central portion being of stone, coarse masonry, but solid enough, with its indurated mortar and broad courses, to resist even cannon for a time; and two roomy wings of mellow red brick, built when Anne was Queen. As Frank rode up to the porch, some three or four dogs ran barking out, but, recognising Matchless, began to frisk and fraternise, while a stable-helper hurried round to take the visitor's horse. Frank, whose father had done more than one kind turn on a rainy day to the embarrassed lord of Langdale, was a frequent and always a welcome

guest there, and the squire and his family received him on this occasion kindly enough, yet with a something of suppressed pity in their manner, as though Frank Preston had been a sort of reclaimable prodigal not yet won back to the fold.

"I was at Woodleigh two days ago. Mr. Wilmot was not well enough to see me. He is very ill, I fear," said Frank, when the first greetings had been exchanged.

"I'm afraid he is very bad indeed. Mr. Raeburn—you know Ralph Raeburn—most estimable young man—his lawyer and mine—was over here yesterday to speak confidentially, as to his testamentary—— ahem!" returned Mr. Mowbray of Langdale.

The squire was not very wise. He did not know that circumstance, nor gauge himself accordingly, as some dull men do, but at Quarter Sessions, in farming, everywhere, the squire's measure had been taken, not with flattering results, years ago. He was a little, red-faced, plump, grey-haired gentleman, honourable, pig-headed, and at times almost generous, but then he could not afford to be very free with the coin that was only his in part, mortgaged as Langdale was. Mrs. Mowbray was tall, thin, and angular—in matrimony people are supposed to prefer their opposites—and her two daughters, Maud and Mabel, were just the sort of honest-eyed, round-faced girls—one with nut-brown hair, and one with tresses of an auburn hue—of whom we find so many, with a sisterly similitude between them, in English houses. Maud was the eldest, and presumed to be the beauty, and it was an article of faith at Langdale that Maud was to marry "rank," and Mabel to wed "money." Rank was rare in those parts, the brace of baronets who lived within calling distance being married men, and the one lord an absentee; but money was more accessible, and prudent Mrs. Mowbray was quite willing to hail Frank Preston as the husband of her daughter Mabel, and her own son-in-law. There was a son, it may be mentioned, Major Mowbray, who was with his regiment in India, and who was himself married, so that the young ladies were no heiresses, nor had Frank ever shown the slightest preference for either, but the squiress was quite sure that things might be comfortably arranged, if——

The family at Langdale Park had one grievance against the rich young mill-owner, their neighbour and early friend—one crow, so to speak, to pluck with poor Frank whenever they met with him; at least, it was so with the elders of the house, for the damsels had not much to say beyond a harmless comment on muddy roads or frosty ones, the garden, lawn-tennis, and other mild generalities of country converse.

"Now, Preston, you've been at it again!" burst out the squire, after awhile. "I heard of your fine doings over at Woolton—at the meeting at the Guildhall, I mean—and how they drowned your voice by stamping with their wooden clogs, and hooting. When will you learn—— What was that, Clorinda, you saw in the Frenchman's book the other day about our friend here?"

"I should be surprised indeed to find," remarked Frank, opening his eyes, "that any Frenchman has taken the trouble to print something about me."

The girls tittered. "It was only something in La Fontaine's Fables," said Maud good-naturedly, "that mamma, as she was teaching Ethel her lessons, thought applicable to Mr. Preston and his people; something about King Log and——" She hesitated.

"And King Stork," put in Frank, with a laugh, but a look of pain. "Well, I am not the one, and certainly not the other. I wish to devour nobody."

"No, no; of course not," replied the squire hastily. "My wife only meant——"

"What I meant, Mr. Preston," explained Mrs. Mowbray graciously, "was only that I should like to see you, our old friend that we have known and liked as if you were one of our own children almost, free from the constant anxiety these stiff-necked Yorkshire folks give you. They would prefer it, though nothing could be farther from your nature than to play King Stork's part, if you were an exacting master—like Mr. Stalleybrass, for instance, over at Rumford, who is strict and hard, but never interferes after working hours. That was all I meant, I assure you, by my apolo——" The squiress was not quite certain whether it was an apologue or an apology, so she coughed discreetly behind her lean hand, glistening with rings, and smiled benignly.

"Why can't you let 'em alone, Frank?" called out the squire, as though he had been a rural disciple of the late statesmanly Lord Melbourne.

"Only because I am sensitive enough, or foolish enough, if you choose," answered Frank, with his pleasant smile, "to feel that wealth has its duties, and onerous ones too, as well as its rights. Only, too, because ague and typhoid, drink and squalor, and dirt and poverty won't let them alone—my poor friends, I mean, who resent my care for their welfare—that is all. Come, come, Mrs. Mowbray, I throw myself on your indulgence. Please don't scold me any more. I received black looks and dry words enough as I came along to take the spirit out of a man, and I come to you for a scrap of comfort, old friends as we are."

"Can't you see," grumbled the squire, "that these people are as proud as Lucifer, and would sooner go wrong their own way than——"

But here Mr. Mowbray observed his wife, whose wits he respected as being superior to his own, frown slightly at him, so he cleared his throat and allowed the delinquencies of his young friend to go unreproved for the nonce. Nothing else very notable occurred during Frank's stay at Langdale. He was taken to see the last marvel, some stunted Cape heath, or dwarfed water-plant from Japan, in the chilly conservatory, which was not half as well kept up as that at Woodleigh; and photographs and illustrated journals were shown to him, and he was hospitably detained to luncheon; and all the time Mrs. Mowbray, with a matchmaker's instinct, did her very best to bring him and Mabel Mowbray together, but without even the faintest gleam of success. Frank's heart was given elsewhere, and, had it not been so, he was the sort of man who likes to choose for himself.

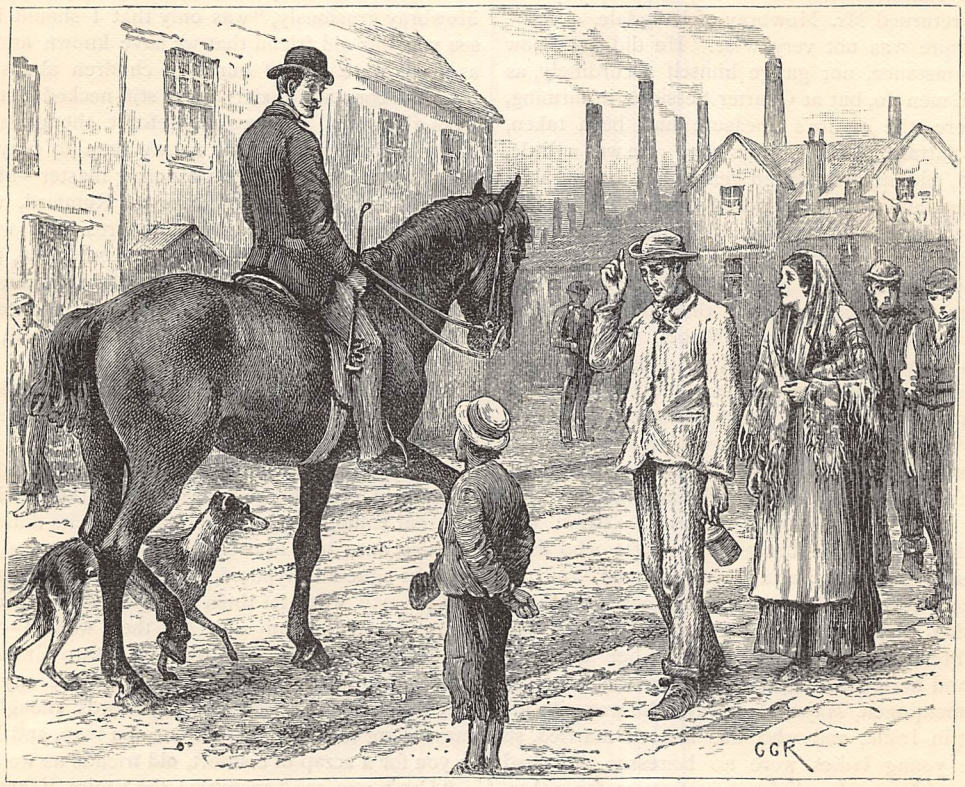
"I wonder," he said to himself moodily, as he rode home, "whether I really am the meddling, vexatious busybody that they would all make me out among them. I wonder——" He did not complete the sentence, but drooped his head and rode on.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

TOO LATE.

THE day fixed for the signing of Mr. Wilmot's will had arrived. There was no time to be lost, for the owner of Woodleigh had become rapidly worse, and was now very weak indeed. No long chronic illness runs quite smoothly through its course. Sometimes the dying lamp leaps up into vigorous, short-lived flame; sometimes it burns very low. In Mr. Wilmot's case there were no real grounds for hope; he was going, and going fast. He had never had a sound constitution from the first; and now the end was near. The due execution of a will requires three *dramatis personæ:* the testator himself and his two witnesses, who must attest in his presence, and in the presence of each other, as careful solicitors so often remind us, the important document. One of these witnesses Frank Preston had readily promised to be. Squire Mowbray had notified to him the wish of his father's old partner that he should figure in that capacity. The other witness, it was understood, would be Burrell, the farm bailiff. Jenks, the butler, had been thought of; but then witnesses must not, as we all know, be legatees, and Jenks, like the other house-servants, was to have some substantial token of goodwill—say a twelvemonth's wages, and the price of a mourning suit—from his old master.

Frank rode over to Woodleigh—Matchless, the favourite hound, being this time left chained up at home—and at the lodge-gate he met the squire, who had trotted across from Langdale on his broad-backed cob; his groom, on a weedy four-year-old thoroughbred, following at his heels. The squire had never been heartily a hunting man; but he did try to turn an honest penny by young horses, and this one was nearly ready for York Fair.



"THE MEN HUNCHED THEIR SHOULDERS AND STOOPED THEIR HEADS" (*p.* 38).

"Glad to see you, Preston," said the squire; and then he remembered the sadness of the occasion, and no word was spoken in the transit from lodge to portico.

Jenks, the butler, who was a fair average of the old servant that can cheat an old master, and yet like him very much, came with a long face and anxious eyes in answer to the bell.

"Master's took cruel ill," said Jenks, who was himself a Lancaster man; "powerful weak he be, to be sure, gentlemen! We had to send a chap on

horseback over to Dr. Smith, and the doctor's been here these two hours. It's so sad for Miss Constance, poor miss—and——"

Here Jenks, who had rarely made such an oration before in the course of his laborious and decorous life, broke down. Frank, who had dismounted, patted him kindly on the shoulder. The squire looked gloomy and perplexed.

"If he shouldn't be able to sign the will after all!" he muttered, in tones of dismay.

The lord of Langdale had never known much of law, apart from leases, mortgage deeds, and petty sessions business, and even then he had done what he was told it was right to do. An estated gentleman, one of the Justices of our Lady the Queen, may know as much, or as little, of legal matters as if he were one of those old ladies who are nervous about laying a finger-tip on the mystical red wafer when a deed is presented for that signature, and who listen to the sing-song recital of "real and personal property, estates, hereditaments, and effects," as to some hideous spell of mediæval times.

"I really am afraid my patient will not be fit for business. His mind is clear, but his bodily weakness is painful. His daughter, poor thing! is with him."

Such were Dr. Smith's words when he came down to speak, in a low, hurried tone, to the new-comers.

"Is it so very, very bad as that?" asked Frank, whose presence of mind was greater than that of Mr. Mowbray. "Yesterday they told my messenger that there was some improvement in the condition."

"Ah, yes; but that I greatly fear was a delusive hope," returned the doctor. "Mr. Wilmot's state is desperate now, and his feebleness extreme. Mr. Raeburn, the lawyer, arrived half an hour ago, and is waiting up-stairs."

"We had better go up," said the squire fussily; and up-stairs they went.

The household of Woodleigh, like the crew of a sinking ship, was disorganised now; and unaccustomed female forms in cap and apron haunted the stairs and passages, some whispering together, others enjoying the luxury of "a good cry;" while in a corner, like a soldier on parade, stood burly Burrell, the farm bailiff, in his brown coat and gaiters and hob-nailed boots, ready to do his duty as a witness when wanted.

The doctor softly turned the door-handle, and he and his two companions entered the sick man's room. There lay Mr. Wilmot, his wan, meagre face looking inexpressibly shrunken, old, and haggard, as it rested on the soft white pillow that Constance, tears streaming down her face, was carefully and tenderly adjusting. There were two other persons in the sick chamber: one of them the housekeeper, Mrs. Bridges—a fleshy, well-intentioned woman, who had been Constance's nurse, and had been promoted at Mrs. Wilmot's death to keep the keys of office at Woodleigh; and Ralph Raeburn, gentleman, attorney-at-law. This latter sat beside a little table, on which were pen and ink, and an unfolded spread of parchment, in its first freshness, gorgeous with newly-engrossed characters in inks red and black.

"Are they never coming? never?" asked the invalid, in a thin, reedy voice, that suddenly broke the silence. "It's hard—yes, hard and unfair, to be neglected so when one is so ill as—— Where's the squire?"

"I'm here; don't mind me. But I'm sorry to see you so bad," said good-natured Mr. Mowbray, as he bustled to the bedside.

The dying man made an effort to stretch out his thin, transparent hand in greeting to his friend.

"Kind of you; knew you would," he murmured, in a hollow tone, as his head fell back. "Been here long? Ah! and Raeburn too. I've been asleep. Don't cry, Constance! I must attend to business. It's Frank—that young Preston—we're waiting for, I suppose."

"I came with the squire, dear Mr. Wilmot; and I, too, am sorry you are so ill," rejoined Frank, drawing near.

"You're a good lad—a good lad," murmured the old man, almost inaudibly. So now," he added, as he stirred among his pillows, "let us be quick, for time and tide—time and tide, as they used—on the Cloth Exchange of Leeds—when I was young—wait for no man."

He grew paler, and became suddenly silent; and Constance, his daughter, dropped upon her knees and clasped her hands beside the bed, and the squire recoiled a pace or two, for they thought that he was dead.

"No, no; merely syncope," whispered the doctor, while he applied restoratives, and felt the scarcely-perceptible pulse. "He will be better directly; but whether in his weak state——"

"If you mean, doctor," said Ralph, coming forward, and speaking with an agitation of manner that was charitably ascribed to sympathy with his cousin and patron, now on the very threshold of death, "that our friend had better not sign, I can but urge that my client is most anxious, for the sake of what he holds dearest in the world, that Miss Wilmot's future welfare should be secured by the proper execution of this most important will. That the testator has this very much at heart, I, in my professional capacity as his solicitor, well know; and it is my duty to see that his wishes are carried into effect."

Ralph had said this in a quick, low, but yet impressive tone, and he seemed thoroughly in earnest.

"I'm all right—quite right—where's the pen?—to business!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmot, quite suddenly, as he tried to raise himself.

"Papa, dear papa!" pleaded Constance.

"You had better, my dear young lady, let the signing be got through as quickly as may be," whispered the doctor.

He and Mrs. Bridges, the housekeeper, assisted the dying man to raise himself into a sitting posture, while Ralph, coming officiously forward, spread out the broad parchment on the bed, and placed the pen in the frail, shaking hand.

"I'm all right. Eyes are a little dazed at first, but—ah! now I see—this is the place. Where's Burrell? Both witnesses must see me sign. Why, Raeburn—Ralph!" added the sick man reproachfully.

"True, true, sir! Excuse me," returned Ralph, humbly, but biting his lip till the blood came. He was himself strangely agitated. Burrell, the bailiff, came clumping in on strong-shod feet that defied his efforts to walk without noise. The testator looked around him with haggard eyes. Twice he tried to write, and twice his forces failed him, and only a long irregular scratch was made on the smooth parchment. Then again he all but fainted, and his eyes closed.

"I am afraid I must forbid——" Dr. Smith began.

"It is necessary. I should never forgive myself did I not carry out what I know to be my duty," retorted the young lawyer, almost savagely.

"Yes, yes; you're right, my boy. Duty—duty—I'll do mine," abruptly exclaimed Mr. Wilmot, rallying the remains of his strength. "I'm sound in mind, you'll all bear witness, though in body—— Where's the pen?"

"Here, dear sir, here," answered Ralph, as he eagerly thrust the pen between the tremulous fingers. Quite legibly, but in awkward, shaky letters, Mr. Wilmot signed.

"There—it's done!" he said, with a gasp. Frank, as witness, signed. So did Burrell, the bailiff, and then, in compliance with a nod and a whispered "That is all, thank you, Mr. Burrell," from Ralph, ducked his bullet-head in what was meant for a bow, and withdrew as unobtrusively as his heavy feet and rustic habits permitted. Some impulse, as if a demon had prompted the rash words, caused the young lawyer to hiss out between his set teeth, "Mine, all mine, now!" It was a mere whisper, not loud enough to reach the ears of Frank Preston where he stood; but old Mr. Wilmot, with that strange, capricious quickening of the senses which is not rare with the dying, did overhear the heartless boast, and, suddenly opening his haggard eyes, detected the gleam of stealthy triumph in those of the exultant hypocrite at his side. The result was a startling one. By a supreme effort, the feeble old man contrived to raise himself all unaided in his bed, while in broken accents he exclaimed—

"Oh! my child—my Constance—left—I see it—I retract—give back—I retract—give me——" and then fell back gasping, as he despairingly murmured, "Too late—yes—too late!"

None heard these words except Frank, to whom they were unintelligible, and the young lawyer, who understood their purport well enough, as he shrank back from the old man's accusing eye, still grasping the will tightly, and recoiling from the bed as though he feared that the invalid's withered hand should be thrust forth to tear from his the document so lately signed. The poor, reedy voice sank into a gurgling moan, the heavy head fell back, and, in spite of painful and frequent efforts to articulate, no word could pass the parted lips, though to the last the old man's dim eyes were fixed, with strange reproach and horror in them, on those of Ralph, who cowered before that look, and whose own face was blanched and bloodless. Then came the last awful change. The experienced physician was the first to note it.

"It is over; you had better get Miss Wilmot away," he whispered in the housekeeper's ear, and with some difficulty Mrs. Bridges succeeded in leading the weeping girl—an orphan now—from the room.

"How fortunate," said the obtuse but kindly squire, as he said "good-bye" to Frank, "that our poor friend was able to execute the will he was so anxious about!"

But Frank, as he rode home, was haunted by the old man's last words—"Too late!" What could they imply? He had not then found the key of the enigma, "Too late."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

HE comes in his snow-robes so soft and so white,
With a smile on his lip, with a form round and jolly,
The genius of all that is generous and bright,
The foeman of sadness and grim melancholy.

He comes with "A hearty good-will to all men,"
And pledges us deep in an innocent chalice,
Till the hardest of hearts melts with kindness again,
And love reigns supreme from the cot to the palace.

He brings back the truant, and seats him once more
By the old ingle-side 'midst his friends and his neighbours,
Whose bosoms are touched to their tenderest core
At the story they hear of his wanderings and labours.

The pale city student he hurries away
To the old house at home and to all that it treasures,
That mother so wrinkled, that father so grey,
Who in their lad's progress find truest of pleasures.

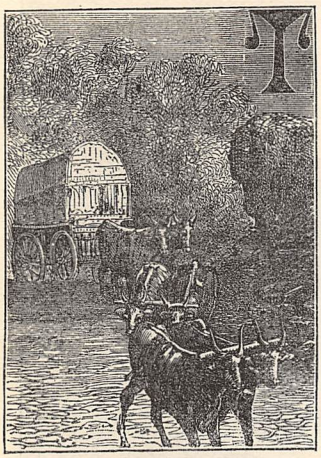
He gives to the statesman and teacher awhile
Repose from all labour, fair freedom from duty,
On the grimmest of faces bids blossom a smile,
And eyes grown a-dull re-illumines with beauty.

Wherever he moves mirth and gladness abound,
For to give all hearts joy is his highest endeavour;
And wherever he pauses, there plenty is found,
Love and charity follow his footsteps for ever.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

DOMESTIC LIFE ON A NATAL FARM.

BY A LATE RESIDENT.



THOUGH Natal has been so much heard of lately, on account of the Zulu and Transvaal wars having taken place on its borders, very little seems to be known about the every-day life of the colonists, and it would greatly surprise many English ladies if they had to experience some of the hardships and inconveniences of their countrywomen on the up-country farms out there. The difficulty and expense of travelling and getting goods through the country cannot readily be imagined, the only means of transport beyond Maritzburg being the bullock-waggon, which jolts along the fearfully rough roads at the average rate of a dozen miles a day. The post-cart, drawn by four or more horses, goes to the principal towns once or twice a week, and can accommodate a few passengers with a very limited amount of luggage: this is a quicker means of travelling than by waggon, but the shaking and jolting is even more terrible, the driver having continually to warn the passengers to hold on, to prevent their being thrown out.

Houses in Natal, especially those on the farms up-country, have not been built with any idea either of comfort or beauty, the early Dutch settlers evidently considering they answered every reasonable requirement if they afforded any degree of shelter. The English colonists who have since occupied them have made many improvements, but as building is expensive—much of the material having to be imported—and there being great difficulty in getting skilled white labour, the houses remain in an uncomfortable state.

Of course the colony has advantages to counteract these discomforts: a bright climate, quantities of flowers and fruit, and to those who are fond of riding every facility for doing so, although riding in the colony is more difficult and dangerous than in England, on account of the bad roads and the numerous ant-bear holes concealed by the long coarse grass on the Veldt.

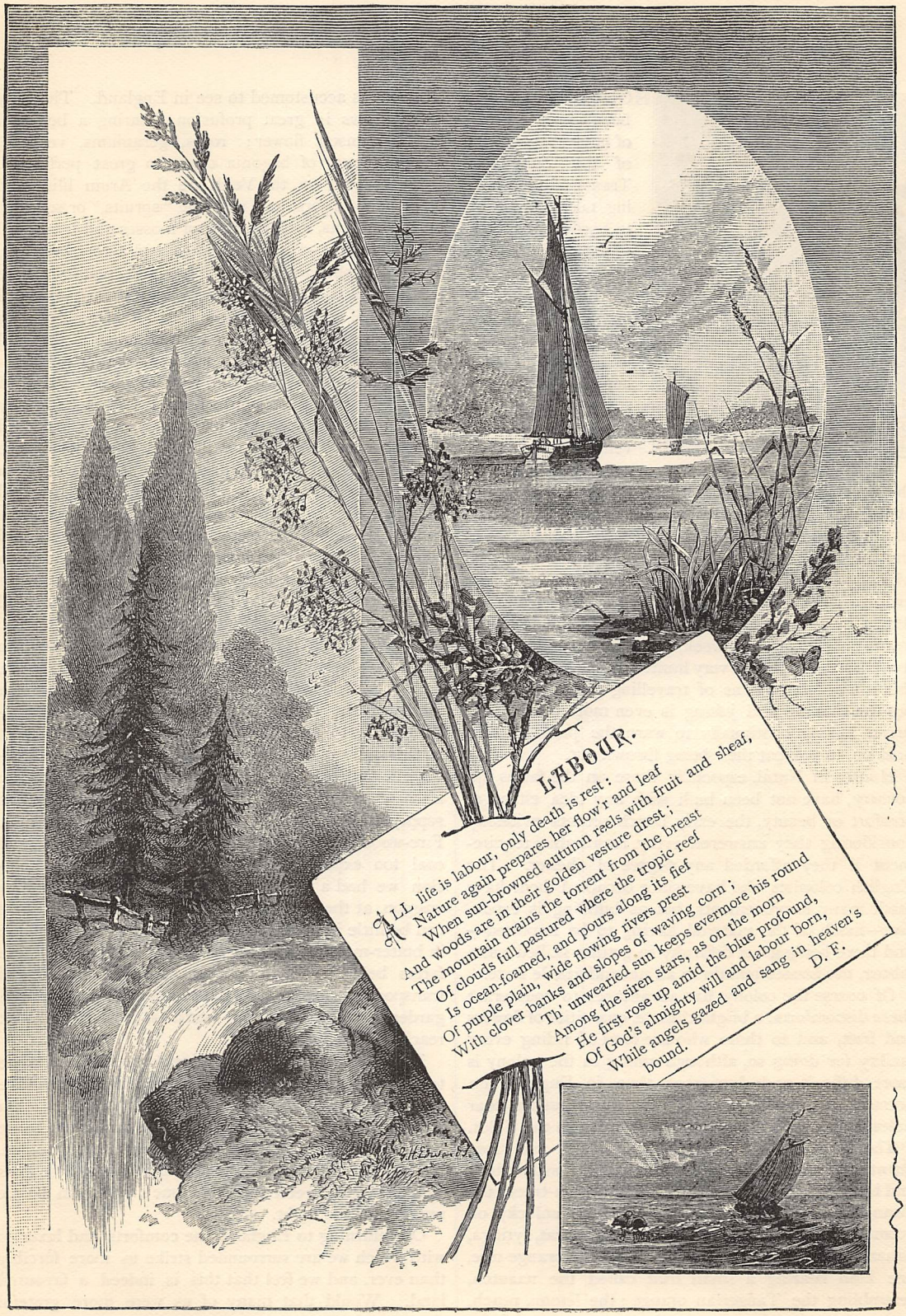
The trees and flowers are of great beauty and rapid growth: the Australian willow, the weeping willow, blue and black acacia, or wattle, blue and red gum-trees; the oleander, considered by the Dutch to be unlucky on account of its poisonous properties; the loquat, syringa, banana; the omber, or shadow-tree; the orange-tree, one kind bearing a small fruit called the naautch, resembling the Tangerian orange; the lemon, peach, and apricot, besides the usual ornamental and fruit-trees one is accustomed to see in England. The holy thorn grows in great profusion, bearing a beautiful bright crimson flower; roses, geraniums, verbena, and a variety of begonia come to great perfection. Growing wild on the Veldt are the Arum lilies and other bulb flowers, and near the "spruits," or streams, huge tree-ferns, and a variety of mosses and ferns.

The mistress of a farm has to lead a very busy life, and unless she can cook, iron, manage poultry, make butter, and is a good needlewoman withal, she will find herself rather a useless member of society; for though the Kaffirs, if kindly treated, make willing and cheerful servants, they are not remarkable for intelligence, and can only do the very roughest household work. The lady at whose farm I visited had only lived in the colony two years, and when I considered how far from practical her life had been before she left England, it was surprising to find her such a clever manager. It was amusing to watch her fold the linen after it had been washed by the Kaffir in the nearest stream, pile one garment above another, fold all in a cloth, and then instruct the Kaffir boy to jump upon the bundle for a few minutes—an occupation he seemed greatly to enjoy; this process was a capital substitute for mangling.

Bread-making is often a trial to new-comers; in the first place, the yeast must be made at home, and the sudden changes of temperature affect the rising of the dough so much that it is no uncommon thing to have to cover it with blankets, or even feather pillows, and even then the baking is not always a success. After the conveniences of English kitchen ranges, the stoves, with often a limited supply of fuel, make cooking a very difficult task. Fire-wood is scarce in many parts of the country, and coal too expensive for general use; on one occasion we had a small supply of coal brought us by waggon, at the cost of four shillings per cwt. There can be little interest or pleasure for the farmer's wife in butter-making or in the dairy department here, the farms being so far from a market, and the means of transport so slow, that in the summer-time dairy and garden produce is often worthless by the time it reaches the sale-room.

The insects are a never-ending source of annoyance to housekeepers, and require an amount of patience and industry unknown in England to keep them down; fleas and white ants abound; and if the house be situated near water, mosquitoes are numerous. Snakes are occasionally found in-doors, and it is as well to take a careful survey of one's bed-room before retiring for the night.

On returning to England, the comforts and luxuries with which we are surrounded strike us more forcibly than ever, and we feel that this is indeed a favoured land. Would that many of us were more grateful than we are,



LABOUR.

ALL life is labour, only death is rest:
Nature again prepares her flow'r and leaf
When sun-browned autumn reels with fruit and sheaf,
And woods are in their golden vesture drest;
The mountain drains the torrent from the breast
Of clouds full pastured where the tropic reef
Is ocean-foamed, and pours along its fief
Of purple plain, wide flowing rivers prest
With clover banks and slopes of waving corn;
Th' unwearied sun keeps evermore his round
Among the siren stars, as on the morn
He first rose up amid the blue profound,
Of God's almighty will and labour born,
While angels gazed and sang in heaven's bound.

D. F.

TRUE ECONOMIES IN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

BEING THE ESSAY FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE."

NOTE.—The Editor, in printing the successful Essay, does not necessarily endorse all the views of the writer, or hold himself in any way responsible for them.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

FEW words in our language are more frequently misapplied, and misconstrued, than the word "economy," may I venture at the outset of this paper to point out its true meaning? "Economy is the management, regulation, and government of a family or household; a frugal and judicious use of money, that management which spends money to advantage and incurs no waste, frugality in the necessary expenditure of money; a judicious application of time, labour, and the instruments of labour." We see then that to be truly economical is not to be parsimonious, for that implies saving at any cost or inconvenience; yet these two words are generally used as though their meaning were synonymous. "With economy few need be poor, and without it few can be rich;" and it is my intention to deal briefly with the subject in its relation to all domestic matters, regarding nothing as too trivial for notice. While I write, food, fuel, dress, and a host of followers in their train, seem to rise before my mental vision, and cry out for attention, needing reformation in a thousand ways; and by treating each matter separately, we may at least arrive at a true idea of real economy.

Such suggestions as I shall offer will be of practically little value to the very rich or the very poor; the former class are out of my pale; they are to be blamed if anything averse to order and regularity rules their homes, yet where lavish expenditure and superabundant supply are the rule, I fear there will always be more or less of waste. The much-needed reformation in the habits of the latter class will never be thoroughly effected until women cease to become bread-winners after marriage. I know in some cases, owing maybe to the illness or death of the husband, it becomes necessary for the wife to put her shoulder to the wheel; I am referring to the system generally, and none can wonder if, after a hard day's work in a factory, she reaches home tired out in body and brain, and cooks her scraps of food without regard to nutrition or economy. When the rising generation shall in their turn become parents, I trust they will more fully realise that when weighed in the balance against neglect of home duties, wasting of her own strength, and the ruin of her offspring, body and soul, there can be no economy in the fact that the wife may if she chooses add a few shillings to the weekly store. Education is the only power that can bring a better state of things about in the lives of our poorer brethren.

I feel, therefore, that I am addressing myself chiefly to those whose lot it is to keep up what is called a position on an income of one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year; though there are many others to whom some of my remarks will apply. These constitute a class who often find it hard to "make both ends meet," for such families must live in a respectable locality, be given to hospitality, dress fairly, keep a servant; and, in short, were the means at their disposal doubled, Mrs. Grundy would expect no more of them.

Residents in the country of course gain advantages in the shape of reduced rents, enlarged garden ground, and the like; but I am now referring to dwellers in towns. And here let me say a word to those who may be contemplating setting up a home of their own: don't, for the sake of appearances, take a larger house than you require, at a rent you can't afford; many people take one double the size needed, forgetting that it means extra labour, as well as a high rent; and as "three removes are as bad as a fire," don't be always knocking your goods about from place to place, unless the reason for removal is a good one.

With reference to the all-important food question, abler pens than mine are writing daily on the use and abuse of God's great gifts to man, yet the old lamentable waste goes on, owing not so much, I honestly believe, to sheer inclination to throw away, as to the lack of a practical knowledge of the uses that may be made of the remnants and scraps so often condemned as worthless, by converting them into tasty dishes at a minimum of cost and trouble.

"Want of variety leads to satiety," and the food that is relished and eaten of heartily in January will be turned from with distaste and loathing during the sultry days of July; so if the bill of fare be varied as well as the manner of cooking, you will avoid waste and all will be satisfied; and remember, we must eat to live, and as bone, nerve, and flesh all need constant replenishing, our diet must be a mixed one, flesh-formers, heat-producers, bone and nerve-formers, all finding their respective places on our tables.

Bread, "the staff of life," is a serious item in the weekly expenditure, and all frugal housekeepers will make it at home; for besides being a step on the road to economy, there is a tempting sweetness about genuine home-made bread that all other kinds seem to me to lack. I prefer loaves "baked on the hearth" to either "tin" or "cottage;" tin bread having a tendency to get dry very quickly, and cottage cutting up to disadvantage on account of there being so much crust. To those who have hitherto eaten white bread only, I recommend a trial of "whole meal." You can't

afford to dispense with its sustaining properties; it is simply invaluable to growing children, and only prejudice precludes its consumption in many a household.

With regard to meat, valuable though it undoubtedly is, it would be well for many people if they ate far less; and those who partake of it lavishly two or three times daily are not only wasteful, but may thank themselves if they suffer from coarseness of flesh, chronic dyspepsia, and many other ailments so often the result of over-indulgence in animal food. Let your motto be, of meat, little and good. There is no saving effected by obtaining for a penny less per pound the hard, stringy, flavourless stuff, that requires the patience of a Job to carve, and the stomach of an ostrich to digest; and as experienced buyers of cattle can tell with "half an eye" the quality of the beast, if you go to a good butcher you will get the best meat. Well-hung meat being so much more tender and superior in flavour to that freshly killed, I advise you to have hanging in your cellar one joint at least of size proportionate to your family; it is so rare to get just the weight and kind required when meat is sent for in a hurry; and a leg or loin of mutton, ribs or sirloin of beef, if at hand, will supply you with reliable chops and steaks at a moment's notice, costing far less than if fetched in single pounds from your butcher. By boning your meat previously to cooking it, you will carve it more easily, and the bones if chopped small will form the basis of good nourishing soup; and by saving all your pot-liquor and remnants of vegetables, and bringing a little skill and ingenuity to bear on the manipulation of the ingredients, you may vary your soups *ad libitum*. Remember, "It's the seasoning wot does it."

Lentil soup is simply invaluable, being so cheap, nutritious, and palatable; it is especially suitable for cold weather, and will keep good for a week. The Egyptian lentils are the best; they cost 2½d. per lb. I recommend the following recipe as an excellent one:—

Four quarts of stock made from bones to one pound of lentils, after having thoroughly washed and soaked them for twelve hours; add half an ounce of salt, a tea-spoonful of dried mixed herbs, a pinch of celery seed, and a few cloves and peppercorns; simmer for three hours, strain through a coarse sieve, add mixed vegetables to taste (these must be boiled separately, and cut small), and two table-spoonfuls of Yorkshire Relish.

Previous to roasting meat—if lean, it is especially necessary—cover it well in every part with melted dripping, as enveloped in fat it will cook at a greater heat, retain more of its juices, and is proof against dryness.

I came across the following lines a short time ago:—

"Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled;
Turkey roast is turkey lost;
But for turkey braised the cooks be praised."

Without endorsing the opinion of the writer as conveyed in the first two lines, I will say, I believe in braising as the acme of economy; and anything lean cooked in this way is sure to be liked. Your meat will be tender, and your gravy may be made excellent; and when once the liquid has reached boiling-point, less heat will cook the joint than would be required to roast one the same size.

Fat meat is distasteful to many people; and it often happens that a joint to be large enough for a family will have a greater proportion of fat than can be eaten. Don't waste it by having it left on the plates day after day; but before cooking trim off all superfluous fat, cut it up, add a quarter-pint of water to each pound, simmer it for half an hour, or until all the fat is dry and shrivelled, let it cool for a minute or two, and then strain it off. The fat thus clarified will be beautifully white, and answer admirably for frying purposes, plain cakes, pastry, &c. In clarifying cooked fat left from cold joints, &c., use less water, and simmer as long again; then pour off into a basin of water, for the fat to cake on the top, and the impurities to settle at the bottom. In straining dripping from roast joints, in the same manner, avoid losing the real essence of the meat by letting that too run into the basin.

With reference to the respective meals of the day, I pray you equip with the best of all weapons, a good, substantial breakfast, those of your family who have to turn out and battle with the elements. There is good reason for this meal being a hearty one: the digestive powers are stronger after their rest, and many things will agree with the stomach at this hour that would cause positive pain later on in the day. As a rule, one dish at least should be a hot one; and whatever your drink may be, that which suits you should be the best of its kind. Much of the "prepared" cocoa is dear at any price; so is inferior tea, for no matter how much you use, it will always taste "too strong of the water." The best "Mocha" berries should be used for your coffee; and if you want the benefit of the full aroma, grind them freshly every morning. Don't forget to scald your pot and the milk, and please don't believe in the injurious properties of chicory; on the contrary, a little added to coffee is wholesome, and an aid to digestion, besides being economical.

The little folks need a different diet. Oatmeal or hominy porridge, lentilla, bread-and-milk, Indian corn-meal, and many cereal productions may be given to growing children with advantage, and will furnish them with a sustaining meal. The great bugbear to good breakfasts is the too prevalent habit of late rising. One hour in the morning is worth two in the evening; and all the bustle and hurry in the world won't overtake that lost hour. Early rising is a habit that needs to be but once acquired to insure constant practice, for few ever willingly fall into the old bad ways again.

Your income will, to an extent, influence you in the preparation of dinner; but in passing let me say, it is anything but economical to make cold dinners (except in very hot weather, when cold meat should be served with a nicely-dressed salad) a regular or frequent thing, hot meat being so much more satisfying; and if the mid-day meal be an insufficient one, you

must make up later on for its shortcomings, so nothing is saved by the practice after all.

I must add a few words in favour of tinned meats; and before turning up your noses and shrugging your shoulders, listen for a moment to my arguments: that these valuable commodities are as different from those of only a few years back as chalk is from cheese, and that, as their consumption increases yearly, the exporters find it to their advantage to improve the quality of the meat, and the manner of cooking. Some of the plain "roasts" and "boiled" are still stringy, but the "corned" and "compressed" are excellent, so are the ox-tongues, and decidedly cheap. There is a great difference in the quality of the various brands. I have tried and found good "Paysandu," "Progressio," and "Napier" tongues, and all tins of meat bearing the name of "Black and Co.," "Cunningham," "McCall and Co," "The Western," or "Melbourne Meat Preserving Company," may be relied on, though no doubt many others are as good. Never be without tinned goods in the house; they are nice for a change, useful in a hurry for unexpected visitors, &c., and even from the plain roast and boiled tasty dishes in many forms may be made, while they are very useful either as a "make-up" or addition to a meal at any time.

The tinned fruits recommend themselves. What a luxury are the tomatoes when those delicacies are not in season, and how useful, either in quarters or rings, are the apples when fresh fruit is scarce and dear! The pines, apricots, peaches, pears, and plums are all delicious and cheap in the highest degree. Tinned milk, coffee-and-milk, and cocoa-and-milk are all useful in cases of emergency; and most will agree that the lobster and salmon are delicacies for which we ought to be thankful.

> "Be not the first to cast the old aside,
> Be not the last to leave the new untried,"

is advice well worth following. 'Tis a pity so many people will persist in condemning things and practices of which they know nothing.

The nicely-dressed dishes of vegetables, served as a separate course, so common in Continental hotels, are certainly to be met with in England on the tables of vegetarians; but how rarely in middle-class families generally do vegetables in anything like an attractive form present themselves! And if by chance a few of the plainly-boiled are left at dinner, how often are they thrown away as if good for nothing! Surely this must be want of thought, when one considers the tempting curries, tasty ragoûts, and dainty salads that may be made from cold vegetables of any kind; all are delicious fried; haricot beans especially, "boiled soft and fried brown, with a little sage or parsley, are 'a dish fit for a king.'" I have made no especial mention of the potato, for the most casual observer, and the least ingenious cook, must be aware of some of the many ways of re-dressing cold potatoes, either as "sweets" or "savouries;" and I am sure a little more attention given to your vegetable dishes would be not only highly appreciated, but effect a considerable saving in your butcher's bills.

Fish is so rich in phosphorus, it ought to be classed among the necessaries of life, and cold fish "scalloped," "flaked," "pulled," "curried," or made into "croquettes," forms acceptable breakfast dishes.

Let me point out the necessity of a system of what I may call "personal marketing." It often happens that there is a glut of fish, fruit, or vegetables in the market, and you are thus enabled to buy many things for which you would not have thought to ask had you not seen them. It is so rarely safe to give discretionary power to ordinary servants of the present day, that it needs some one with a personal interest and a practised eye to see and know what will answer the purpose.

"Best of its kind, cheapest in the end," is true of groceries generally, and especially so of raisins and currants. Don't begrudge the highest price if you want "fruity" fruit; it is sheer waste of money to buy stale, gritty fruit for any purpose whatever. The value of canisters for your condiments cannot be overrated, so many being comparatively worthless after exposure to the air. Soap and candles should be bought in large quantities; the former should be cut up and hung in twine-bags, and the candles suspended from the ceiling. This will save you much in the consumption of each, and the candles will give a better light. Cold-water soap should be in every house; I have tried it and can verify all that has been said in its favour. Tea may be bought at a considerable reduction if a quarter-chest be taken at a time, and as the profit on tea is "the pig that pays the rent" of most retail traders, this hint is worthy your attention.

A gas-cooking stove is an incalculable boon if you get one of "the latest improved," which will cook to perfection, and economise the consumption of gas to a greater extent than those of a few years ago; properly managed they are very economical, and there is the clean, cool kitchen during the summer, *versus* the heat, smoke, and dust inseparable from the ordinary range or open grate. Speaking of the merits of gas over coal for culinary purposes, reminds me of the desirability of laying in a stock of coal at the end of the summer for winter use. During an ordinary frost it is always raised in price; and in the event of a winter like the past one, your sixpenny cobbles may cost you tenpence. Coal-dust wetted to a paste, and allowed to "cake" on the back of the fire, will throw out a glowing heat, but the poker must be conspicuous by its absence after this is added. A fire-brick for each open grate is another economiser. You may now get all shapes and sizes; and I don't hesitate to say that an outlay of a few shillings in this way will reduce your coal-bills by at least a fourth.

(To be concluded.)

Words by CHARLES JOHNS. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK, MUS.B.

8.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Moderato.

p

1. Who does not love the lit - tle ones—The light- en - ers of toil and care; The bois - ter - ous and play - ful sons, The prattling daugh- ters, fond and fair? The prattling daugh - ters, fond and fair? Who in the world so
2. Who is so hon - est, frank, and free? Yet who so bash-ful and de - mure; And who so ge - ne - rous can be, So gen -tle, kind, and pass - ing pure? So gen -tle, kind, and pass - ing pure? They bright - en life the

rit.

rit.

a tempo.

a tempo.

true as they, What - e - ver may be - fall? And who so in - no -
whole year long, They cheer the work - worn thrall; To them I de - di -

rall. a tempo.

- cent - ly gay As they are, one and all? The live - ly, mer - ry,
- cate my song, And bless them, one and all! The glee - ful daughters,

rall. a tempo.

lit - tle ones, The pride of cot and hall;..... The mod - est daugh - ters,
joy - ous sons, The ba - bies plump and small;..... Who does not love the

rall. molto

rall. molto

al fine.

1st time. 2nd time.

ro - guish sons, Who does not love them all?
lit - tle ones, And bless them, one and all?

1st time. 2nd time.

al fine.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate will be as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed will be selected by the Editor; the argument of each to occupy about a page of the* MAGAZINE. *Readers of the* MAGAZINE *will then be invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker," consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION I.—HOME LIFE *VERSUS* PUBLIC LIFE FOR GIRLS.

OPENER'S SPEECH.

IN FAVOUR OF HOME LIFE.

MR. SPEAKER,

I suppose, Sir, it has frequently happened to each one of us to waste words over an argument, and to discover after an hour's talk that, except as regards mere side-issues, we and our opponent are agreed after all. In order that such a climax may be avoided on this occasion, let me introduce my arguments in favour of the superiority of Home Life over Public Life for the girls of our land by defining clearly what is intended by the two contrasted terms, and by drawing a broad line of demarcation between them.

First, I want it to be understood that, for the present purpose, the term "girls" is limited in meaning, and is intended to include only those members of the female sex who, having practically finished their education, are dependent to some extent on their own exertions for a livelihood. It will at once be seen that this definition is broad enough to include young women of all classes in life, and of all degrees of education.

Secondly, when I speak of "Home Life," I do not wish you to have in your mind that pleasant time of ease, pleasure, or even voluntary work under the parental roof which is the fortunate lot of so many girls of the upper and middle classes in an old and wealthy country. Probably it will be conceded by all that in the majority of cases, where there exists no necessity in any other direction, *that* life is the most to be desired for our girls which exposes them least to the dangers of the world, and keeps them the most closely within their mothers' care; provided always, however, that their days are not days of selfish ease and indolence, of continual pleasure and wasteful luxury. But *all* girls are not thus privileged; indeed, for the larger proportion of them the time comes when childhood must be left behind, and, taking upon themselves wider responsibilities, they are compelled to earn their own living, either in whole or in part. They may do this in one or other of two ways, according to their education and position—either in the home (not necessarily *at* home, mark!) or in public. Those who elect for home life may become actual home-helpers (assistants to their parents in multitudinous ways), domestic servants, sempstresses, dressmakers, milliners, nurses (home and hospital), lady-helps, companions, governesses, makers of fancy work, authors, art-workers of all kinds. And so, too, those who choose a public life number in their ranks factory-girls, waitresses, assistants in shops, saleswomen (wholesale and retail), clerks (Government and general), and numerous other workers in the busy world.

Thus, Sir, do I wish to define my subject; now for the arguments, positive and negative, in favour of Home Life.

Home life brings fewer temptations to evil and is more conducive to moral health. To leave altogether out of the question those who work in their own home and under their mother's watchful eye, compare, for example's sake, such fairly representative cases as those of domestic servants and factory-girls. The moral and spiritual welfare of the former is, presumably, looked after by their mistresses. I say presumably; whether it is so generally, raises another question not now to be discussed. On the other hand, if factory-girls accomplish their allotted work, it is altogether the exception for employers or overseers to trouble one whit about their moral good or the occupations of their leisure hours. This I assert, notwithstanding honourable instances to the contrary within my own experience. The evenings of such girls are free, to be dealt with as they themselves think fit; and these leisure hours are too often spent in the city streets, in the public-house, or in objectionable places of entertainment. Inordinate vanity, a love of drink, ingrained vulgarity, these are the immediate resulting evils—in too many cases, alas! to be followed by worse vices. A comparison of clerks and governesses would lead to a like conclusion—modified, of course, according to the different circumstances of the persons concerned.

Not to take undue advantage of the position, no argument is adduced from such forms of occupation in public life as the stage, the public-house bar, &c. The evils and temptations lying in the path of those who make a living in such directions are too plainly evident to us all.

Home life is more conducive to bodily health. This proposition scarcely needs but to be stated. Of course special evidence in the opposite direction might easily be brought, but in the majority of cases the

assertion here made holds good. Compare once more domestic servants with factory-girls, female clerks with governesses—in each case being careful to select fair instances for comparison, and not striving to obtain examples of overwork. And if extreme cases be taken on either side, look at the death-in-life of factory-girls employed in avocations admittedly injurious to health, and of milliners' girls with their labour of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen hours a day.

Home life especially fits girls for that which is the natural lot of woman—matrimony. In the home alone is it that a girl (whatever her position in that home may be) can learn those lessons which may fit her to become some day a good wife and mother. Cookery, household management, nursing, the care of children—these are but a few of the things thus to be learnt. And, Sir, seeing that it is to the mothers of our land that we owe so much of our greatness in the past, and must continue to be so largely indebted in the future, surely the superiority of home life in the particular direction now instanced is no slight argument in favour of my proposition.

Home life is rich in softening and refining influences. It makes girls essentially modest and womanly, while a public life hardens them, and takes away many of those attributes which we especially reverence in woman.

Occupation within the home is at least fully as lucrative as occupation outside the home. Comparison must, of course, be made of girls possessing equal advantages of birth and education, and it will then be seen that this statement holds good. Servants earn less wages per month than factory-girls, but they receive board and lodging: lady-doctors endowed with great natural abilities, and who have passed through an expensive course of study, may possibly earn as much as their professional brethren; but with like abilities and advantages other women may earn as much or more in the literary and artistic worlds.

On these five points, Sir, I am content to rest my argument: that home life brings fewer temptations to evil, and is more conducive to moral health; that it is more conducive to bodily health; that it especially fits girls for matrimony; that it is rich in softening and refining influences; and that it is at least fully as money-producing as public life.

END OF OPENER'S ARGUMENT.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

IN FAVOUR OF PUBLIC LIFE.

In opening his case, Sir, my opponent has been permitted to frame his own definitions and to make his own limitations. I do not propose, therefore, to cavil at them in any way, but I should like to say that, as it seems to me, "Home Occupation *versus* Public Employment" would have more accurately defined the question at issue. One word more, and I will proceed to meet the arguments which have been adduced. I am not at all sure that the classified list of home-workers will bear strict investigation. I doubt, for instance, whether nurses might not just as accurately be described as workers in public life. This, however, is a minor matter, and, confident in the accuracy of my own view of the whole question, I am willing to allow to the opener of the debate all the advantages which his position has given him.

And now, Sir, to deal with the various arguments *seriatim.*

In the first place, Home Life may perchance bring fewer temptations to evil, but it is, I imagine, undeniable that a Public Life fits girls better to withstand temptation when it comes—as come it must, to all alike, wherever their days may be spent. The boy who has been to a large boarding-school is better armed to cope with the world and its dangers than the gentle lad who has rarely left his own home. The girl who has been well taught in her youth in the knowledge of right and wrong may enter into public life without fear, and the result will be a strengthening of her moral nature which will stand her in good stead in the hour of trial. In the case of too many girls the evil lies, not in the "Public Life," but in their neglected moral and religious education in childhood.

In the second place, I assert emphatically that the question as to whether Home or Public Life be the more conducive to bodily health must depend altogether upon individual circumstances. Many a female clerk who walks to her business every morning enjoys robust health, while many a governess—shut up in the nursery or the school-room all day—grows wan and weary, a martyr to headache and sleeplessness. And "if extreme cases be taken on either side," what about the sempstresses and tailors' drudges who work *at home* for a miserable pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together? Think of Thomas Hood's picture of one of them:—

> "Work—work—work!
> My labour never flags;
> And what are its wages? a bed of straw,
> A crust of bread—and rags.
> That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
> A table—a broken chair—
> And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
> For sometimes falling there!"

Now, Sir, as to my opponent's third and fourth arguments. Home life may, possibly, teach lessons in household management, may even stimulate sweetness, patience, gentleness, and docility of disposition—all of which are so much to be desired in a wife and mother. Let so much be granted for argument's sake, but does not public life do work fully as important—aye, and more so? Work in the world gives a knowledge of men and things which will fit a girl to conquer any of the problems which may perplex a housewife; work in the world clears away those visions of rose-leaf romance which have obscured the happiness of so many a home; work in the world teaches lessons of self-reliance, endurance, fortitude, and unselfishness, which are of incalculable value in the future. Of what value are fashionable accomplishments, or excessive sensibility, if the wolf be at the door, clamouring hungrily for admittance? Are they not drags on the wheel, impeding it sadly, as it strives once more

to mount the hill to the uplands of freedom and success? In such a case it is a Public Life which fits a woman to be most truly man's help-meet.

Finally, with respect to uneducated labour, at home and in public, there may be but little difference of opinion as to the comparative equality of wages. But when we proceed to consider educated labour, surely the difference is most decidedly against home life. A female clerk in the postal or telegraph service—gifted with the most ordinary abilities—may earn from £40 to £80 per annum; a governess of the same calibre would be fortunate could she obtain from £15 to £20 a year, often without board and lodging. An efficient saleswoman will earn far more than a highly-educated governess, board and lodging being provided in both cases. And so on through almost the whole round of labour. For, to quote my opponent once more, "if extreme cases be taken on either side," how can the sempstress or tailoress who works at home from early morn to midnight for a miserable pittance of 4d. or 6d. a day, be compared to the factory-girl, who at book-binding, or weaving, or any other of our manufacturing industries, will earn from 6s. to 15s. a week, and this, too, with a daily average of only about nine hours' work?

And now, Sir, to come to my crowning argument—expediency and necessity. The real fact is, there is no room for an army of home-workers. Granted all the avenues instanced by the defender of Home Life, they would not provide with work one-tenth of the girls seeking employment. What would be called respectable home employments are at a discount: the market is overstocked with governesses, fancy-work producers, art-workers. And even in the case of domestic servants there is not the dearth that existed some four or five years ago, in the days of exceptional commercial prosperity. Girls themselves like the comparative freedom of public life, and unless it can be shown most unmistakably that such life is harmful, the laws of supply and demand should not be lightly interfered with by introducing as an obstacle the peculiar sacredness of home life. Fortunate is it for the girls of our land that every day new opportunities are afforded for woman's work in public. The female population of our country yearly exceeds the male in ratio, and continually more and more of them must remain unmarried. If it were not for the occupations open to them in the world, what would become of them? Can the opener of the debate supply any satisfactory answer to this question? I am convinced he cannot!

END OF OPPONENT'S ARGUMENT.

TO OUR READERS.—*The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the February Part, when the opener will exercise his right of reply upon the whole. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of 'Cassell's Family Magazine,' La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than December* 10.

An honorarium of £1 1*s. will be accorded* (*subject to the discretion of the Editor*) *to the* best letter on either side of the Question; *no letter to exceed* 50 *lines* (500 *words*).

Next month a discussion will be opened on Question II., ARE PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE BENEFICIAL?

GARDENING IN DECEMBER.

EACH month, say many of our half-hearted gardeners, since the bedding-out plants were taken up the garden has looked more and more deplorable and desolate. We must be very ready to admit that for out-door occupation or amusement there is many a more festive month than December to be found, but it is possible to make the best of things, and certainly more than possible to find plenty to do in the garden during this much-abused yet much-anticipated month of December. Why should not the garden look as neat and as orderly in the winter as in the summer? At any rate, then, we can make a good beginning here, and as December is the month in which, especially after gales and rough weather, neglect and idleness make untidiness all the more apparent, we should occupy ourselves with the broom and the rake, and get off all the scattered leaves and broken limbs of trees and shrubs that disfigure the garden so much if allowed to remain eddying round and round in their moaning melancholy circus caused by a diminutive whirlwind. Now these leaves need not be burnt; collect them from every part of the garden into one place, where they will rot down into a rich mould or ferment in some hot-bed or pit.

Our old friend the ilex, the "holly" tree—its name sometimes conjectured to be a corruption of "holy"—

is doubly popular just now, not merely because of the brilliancy of its berries, but for the often variegated colour of its foliage. Now the holly may, of course, be propagated by cuttings and layers. Perhaps the more valuable species are thus reared, or else by the process of budding or grafting. But the more ordinary kind are mostly multiplied by seeds. When this process is resorted to, however, they are certainly a long time vegetating, for they want two years for their work. The method, then, of raising the holly from seed is simply this:—Gather a number of the berries when they are thoroughly ripe; dig a deep hole, perhaps a yard deep, or sufficiently deep at least to thoroughly keep out frost and excessive wet after the burial of your berries. With the berries, however, you must mix up some sand or light sandy soil, as this will prevent fermentation.

Next to the common holly — the *Ilex aquifolium*—we might name a few others, merely noticing the character of the foliage or colour of the berry to serve as some sort of guide for the purpose of decoration.

There is the *Aureo-pictum*, or gold-spotted-leaved, in contradistinction to the *Albo-pictum*, or white-spotted; the *Laurifolium*, or laurel-leaved, which is rather small, and possesses the additional attraction of being without prickles. Then again, if colour in the berry be wanted in variety, there is in addition to the ordinary red-berried holly the *Fructu-albo*, the *Fructu-luteo*, and the *Fructu-nigro*, or the white, yellow, and black-berried. The saw-edged variety, too, is a charming holly—the *Serratifolium*—and much sought after at this season. But, of course, it is simply impossible to do more than name a selection of the holly. Then again, there are a few tender greenhouse varieties which perhaps it is hardly to our purpose to specify, though a word this month upon another and a more "tender" subject—the mistletoe—might possibly be said with advantage. There are some who go so far as to maintain it is a myth to say that the mistletoe ever grew upon the oak at all. The writer of these pages, however, was shown only the other day a thorn-tree in the immediate neighbourhood of London from which those implacable foes of anything one wishes to preserve—the boys—had ruthlessly torn some flourishing mistletoe. Mistletoe can be reared either by seed or by grafting. It is raised readily from the apple-tree, from seed, in the early spring months—February and March being perhaps the best for the process. With a sharp knife make a tongue-shaped cut immediately *under* a good-sized branch of an apple-tree, the overhanging bough or branch (upon the under side of which your incision, recollect, is to be made) thus affording shelter alike from the rain and the sun. Avoid breaking off, however, your tongue of bark, and underneath it put two or three good mistletoe-seeds, which, under favourable circumstances, and if managed with careful discretion, ought to succeed in due course in producing the "mistletoe bough."

To return, however, for one moment to our holly-hedge, some have recommended a mixture with the holly of the hawthorn. It certainly has an admirable effect, more especially in the early spring of the year, and an excellent fence is the result. But we must not allow our evergreens, interesting though the subject is this month, entirely to engross our space. Too little attention, we think, is very often paid to the drainage of a garden, and in the wet seasons which are wont to prevail at this time of the year, all defects in this respect will be proportionately conspicuous. You will frequently see, it may be, a portion of the lawn, or a few yards of the gravel walk, or one end of the kitchen garden allowed to remain under water after every heavy storm, whether in winter or summer; and when in process of time the water *does* subside, a green slippery slime is left behind, and yet no remedy is attempted. In the dead month of the year, then, attack these ugly patches at once, and ascertain the cause of your flooding. In the case of the lawn take up the turf, but very carefully, as it will doubtless be in a rotten state, and you may find it almost necessary to returf the flooded part. A foundation underneath of old brickbats and broken earthenware is often a good thing, but a proper system of drainage ought to be carried out round your entire garden, or you will be constantly liable to failures. At the same time let us repeat the caution against heavy alteration or walking, wheeling, and working on your borders in bad weather, which transforms your land for the time being into a quagmire or brick-field. A good month of the year is this also for felling trees, or the removal of dead or straggling boughs; and have your wood, thus removed, properly cut up and sawn into lengths, sorted afterwards into their different heaps for fences or posts, pea and bean sticks, and lastly for firewood. In the flower garden, let us hope that all bulbs were put in quite by the end of last month; but if they were not, no time should be lost in finishing them off at once; the tulips indeed should have been got in by the first three weeks in November. But in this instance that we are now supposing of being behind time, your bulbs should not be put in quite so deep as they otherwise ought to be. After every frost examine your pink and pansy beds, as it will sometimes be found that the soil around them has been much disturbed and made sponge-like; the roots will probably, too, be found to have become exposed, in which case press them carefully into their places and smooth over the surface.

In our greenhouse this month there are three evils to be on our guard against, damp, frost, and—strange as it may sound—heat. And perhaps in this early winter time our greatest danger is damp. Timidity in giving fresh air is one great cause of damp; lighting a roaring fire when there is little necessity for it, and having the windows closed all the time, raises your temperature much too high, and produces the danger of heat; while letting your fire afterwards go out—not properly banking it up—admits the frost. When there is no frost, light no fire; when there is much rain and wet fog, have a fire lit early in the morning, and open all the lights to carry out the moisture.

In the fruit and kitchen gardens, and orchard, you will generally—we are speaking to those only who are not afraid of heavy work—find plenty to be done this month. The trees in the orchard will probably want thinning and lopping—perhaps topping would have been a word more to the point—in all directions. How can you expect your fruit to thrive and come to perfection, if you allow your orchard to transform itself into a forest? And then there is the heavy trenching to be done, and in the event of severe frost adopt some means for the protection of many things hitherto thought winter-proof—such, for example, as the strawberry beds, and the brocoli, &c., from the loss of which so many suffered last year. And now 1881 will soon add another page to the history of the past. Some of us have been grumbling at "seven bad seasons;" but with them all there is plenty to be thankful for, and let us hope now that seven years of plenty are in store for us.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

OF course you will be wishing to know what winter mantles to buy; you cannot do wrong with a long Newmarket coat, made of thick cloth, waterproofed. Dark greens (myrtle and olive) and dark browns with livery drab are the favourite colours. Some people adopt cardinal, but this is worn for jackets, which are double-breasted with revers, and as much like a man's coat as they can be. Such coats and jackets should be all "tailor-made."

But the cloaks or mantles are of quite a different character. They are as long as the dresses, and voluminous, something between a dolman and a paletot; many have a sort of cape, like an old-fashioned caped scarf, with a skirt beneath; others have full sleeves cut in one with the mantle, which is closely gathered and plaited at the waist. No word-painting can bring the exact form before you. They are cut slightly to the figure and are all much trimmed. In Paris there is a great deal of imitation woven fur used. The favourite furs are skunk, black fox, and sable—anything, in fact, that is dark and rich-looking. Often the trimming round the mantles is three-fourths of a yard deep, which makes them cumbersome to walk in; and they are all lined with a colour, or rather with plush of a stripe of two vivid colours, or with Havannah brown, a favourite shade. The trimmings used are of the richest, with fur and sometimes without it; the mantles are overloaded with galons and fringes, a mass of chenille drops and beads, and when lace is used it is always Spanish.

Brocaded silk, satin, and velvet, together with cloth and fancy tweeds, are all employed; and in these tweeds, brown shades are most fashionable, and then otter and furs of the same colours are used for trimming.

A favourite shape, which commends itself for its simplicity, is a long jacket of brocaded velvet bordered with fur; it reaches to the edge of the dress and indicates the figure without fitting closely, but the sleeves are so cut that they stand up high and full like those of the Medici time, and are stuffed with wadding very slightly, which gives me an opportunity of telling you that wadding is much in favour just now, and fashionable women are beginning to have that part of their skirts stuffed that falls on the hips, just as they used in the Medici period.

Velvet usurps the place, this winter, of almost every other expensive material. The brocaded velvets are worth framing as specimens of beautiful weaving, especially the black ones. Large full blooms are chosen which cover the groundwork well; not that the foundations are neglected; on the contrary, special care has been given to them, and many are black, shot with violet, or cardinal, or old-gold, the colour showing only in certain lights. From the Jacquard loom come some really wonderful reproductions of the old furniture velvet of that Augustan age of French history when magnificence asserted itself in everything—viz., cream grounds and a velvet brocade in all colours blended, the design floral or Gothic. With this I have seen the most delightful results when used as panels on the skirts of cream satin dresses and as coats.

Watered velvets are new. I do not think I quite like them, for I feel certain they will be soon copied in cotton and other cheap velvets; but they display, as the word implies, a large watering pressed out on the velvet. They are used with plain velvets, with satin, and with cashmere, but never by themselves.

Striped velvets, plain and shaded, are an almost universal trimming, and the satin ground is occasionally shot. Flouncings in Bayadere stripes interwoven in silk and satin on velvet have quite revived, but they are not fulled on all round the skirt as they used to be, but only to the waist at the back, with drapery in front. History repeats itself, but fashion only repeats itself with some variety, which in a great measure alters its identity. The very prettiest thing I have seen, however, in flouncing, is the embossed black velvet, quite narrow, the pattern being lace-like in character.

Perpendicular stripes are as fashionable in material as horizontal stripes for flounces, and we have satin with plush stripes vividly contrasting in colours, such as old-gold and brown, light blue and dark blue, terra-cotta and green, also watered silk and velvet stripes.

I do not think that any very remarkable change has appeared in colours, except that a dark green of the myrtle order, called "dragon," is decidedly to the fore, also the rich Alexandra purple. For the rest dark browns, reds, dahlia, and prunes, with a variety of terra-cotta, are used in the day time, but none of them so much as black. In the evening white and cream and black are in the majority, and then very delicate mixtures of peach, pink, blue, terra-cotta, and the new "calicanthus," an improvement on the last shade.

Old ladies always have a liking for moire, and now they may indulge in it to their heart's content. It is certainly come in again at present, as "moire française," the watering not quite so large as in our moire antique, but in a month or two moire itself will be ready for

the court trains, and other occasions when full dress is *de rigueur*.

Those about to have a well-draped, good dress made up, should select Rhadamese, a twilled satin, not so rich as the best Duchesse, and more adapted to fall gracefully into folds. Merveilleux did this, but did not wear well, creasing sadly and fraying. Plushes of all kinds flood the market—ridged, shot, watered, and several other kinds. They are used principally for trimmings, and with other materials intermixed. The "cable" plush, with upstanding stripes, is a great favourite on mantles and in millinery. I do not know what the lovers of birds will say, but this winter millinery is much given up to feathers. Bonnets and hats are both made entirely of feathers, chiefly pheasant, both English and Indian. Not content with that, the plush and velvet bonnets have coronets covered with feather-lace, viz., black French lace with the pattern in tiny feathers; the green metallic kind look remarkably well. Olive-greens and reds of the grenat tone are the prevailing ones in millinery, which affects vivid contrasts. Imagine a bright green parrot on a ruby bonnet! Close shapes are almost entirely worn in England, but there are a few larger ones drawn on cane or wire, with no stiff foundation, and these have the Calèche front, which stands up well above the face.

The hats are also close; some all round, some helmet, and of the jockey form, but larger ones are just as fashionable, and these are loaded with trimmings, and have huge ostrich feathers inside and out, possibly a small bird, and always feathers. Generally there is a good deal of Spanish lace introduced. Felt and beaver hats are both fashionable, and felt with beaver

borders, or plaited felt borders. Birds of Paradise, and snails made of gimp, are equally employed on bonnets and hats.

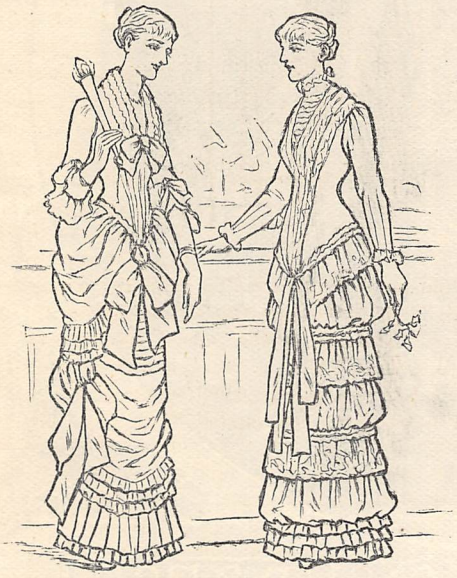
Occasionally only the crown is of feathers, and the front of velvet. Sable hats, and hats trimmed with sable-tails, are in fashion. For caps, which now are only worn by elderly women, "mousseline de Paris," a veritable muslin, not silk, but silky-looking, is used with loops of ribbon and lace. Young ladies adopt circles of feathers resting on the top of the head. Barberries form a very favourite headdress, and any soft falling chenille flower. Lace lappets tied round the head, so that there is a flat bow of lace on the top, are worn by young ladies; but if they have plenty of hair well curled in front, very little adornment is necessary. Moire ribbon is the favourite kind, and it is *de rigueur* to have bonnet-strings, but there are many fancy ribbons, moire, velvet, and plush stripes being all mingled together, and all generally have a purl edge. Shaded ribbons are going out, but vivid mixtures of colour find favour. Shot ribbons, ribbons with brocaded diamonds on moire, and double-faced ribbons are *en règle*. Plaid mixtures and tartans are much made, and satin ribbons with plush on the other side; French velvet shot with silk is new and pretty. All bonnets have strings, so much ribbon is necessary in millinery. Toques hold their old place in public favour, but are more gathered and puckered.

The richest materials in dresses are made up with puffed fronts, and trimmed with bead galons and drops. Velvet dresses are puffed on a foundation; coats are very long, and often of a different material bordered with fur made over rich brocaded silk of the same tone, box-plaited from the waist. Skirts get each

month wider and more important-looking, but they require more care than ever in the adjustment. Gathered flounces are preferred to plaits, but if plaits are used, they are treble box-plaits. Most of the rich materials are made up on an invisible foundation of alpaca or lustre cloth, the most durable of all stuffs.

The mantles illustrated in the engraving devoted to out-door apparel testify to the large size and extreme richness of French "confections" this winter. Dressmakers are again growling as they did when ulsters were first introduced, because they proved such overalls that many only wore a slightly trimmed skirt and a jersey beneath. It is the same now; such a very small amount of the dress is visible beneath the ample winter cloaks, that the dressmaker is much less in request than when small mantles are in vogue.

Let us study the group. The material of the first



cloak is black silk matelassé, and the trimming black marabout, which has the effect of a feathery fur. The jelly-bag sleeve is a feature in some of the newest mantles; the ribbon for the bows is watered silk, and the aiguillettes with which the ends terminate are jetted passementerie. The second figure wears a mantle of broché velvet and Granada lace. The remaining ornaments are rich chenille cords—I had almost written ropes, for they are so thick—these are at the sides, and there is a chenille and jet plaque at the back in the centre. The lady who is speaking to this second figure has selected for her cloak the new appliqué fabric in which the cloth design, which is in relief, is outlined with "soutache" or fine silk braid. This is a German manufacture, and it has a rich effect; the bordering is skunk. The last figure wears a visite of broché satin and watered silk combined; the fringe is rat's-tail chenille. All these mantles are lined with gaily-striped plush.

The other group gives a variety of in-door costumes both for morning and evening wear. The seated figure (No. 1) wears a gown suitable to a smart young matron; it is black broché satin and Bayadere satin, striped with bright-coloured lines. The skirt is bordered with a kilting of the Bayadere; the plastron and the very wide sash both match the kilting. The fichu is creamy silk gauze and Mauresque lace—the latest novelty in French dentelles.

No. 2 wears white nun's-veiling studded with satin spots; the trimmings are d'Aurillac lace and lichen-green satin. The standing figure reading a letter is in a stately gown of satin, brocaded velvet, and Spanish lace. The listener, who is seated, wears a dark myrtle-green cloth costume, embellished round the neck and cuffs with gold embroidery. The *flot* bows at the back are of green moire ribbon; two widths are used, that below the waist being exceedingly broad. The last in the group is attired in a plush and satin dress—pale silver-grey in colour and trimmed with a leather-like galon; indeed the newest ornaments to a plush dress are borders and arabesques of leather work. The puffed sleeves are of satin.

In the outlined figures, panier effects with pointed bodices are shown, features much affected in evening dress. Broché and plain satin, lace and moire ribbon are employed for these toilettes. A third outlined figure shows a pretty style of making up Umritzur cashmere combined with satin; the puff at the top of the sleeve as well as that defining the pointed waist are both satin. The little maiden in her cloth costume trimmed with seal-fur is our last as well as our least personage. The choice of materials is excellent this winter; the cold of last year may have been taken as a warning, but plush, velvet, satin, moire, cloth, cheviot, and even cashmere and camel's-hair, are certainly all heavier than they were. Three and even four fabrics are combined in the most fashionable dresses, and Spanish lace is dyed every colour for trimming purposes.

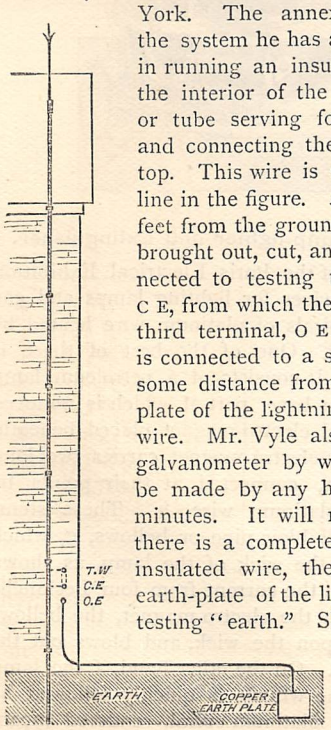
THE GATHERER.

A Cheap Gas.

A cheap gas specially designed for heating purposes has been introduced by Mr. Dowson, and is likely to be largely used in households, or for driving gas-engines in electric lighting. It is made by passing a mixture of steam and air into red-hot anthracite coal, thereby causing combination of the carbonic oxide and hydrogen. The combined gas, after being purified from sulphuretted hydrogen and dust, is ready for use. It is free from tar and ammonia, and is therefore cleanly in preparation ; it does not burn with a smoky flame, and therefore produces no soot, even when the object to be heated is held over it ; and, moreover, it does not require so great a draught to burn it as ordinary coal-gas. These points are advantageous in soldering operations, lacquering, coffee-making, enamelling, ironing, and so on. The cost of the gas is only 3d. per 1,000 cubic feet, or under 1s. for the equivalent power of 1,000 cubic feet of ordinary coal-gas, as about four times the volume of anthracite gas is necessary to give equal power with coal-gas. For motive-power and gas-stoves there is thus an economy of some 60 per cent. in using Dowson's gas.

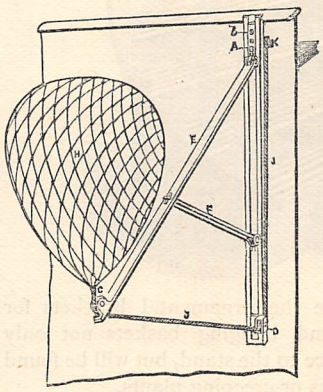
A Testable Lightning-Rod.

It is always advisable to have the means of testing a lightning conductor, to see if it is in good working order, and provision is specially made for this in the conductor introduced by Mr. Samuel Vyle, and exhibited by him at the British Association meeting in York. The annexed woodcut shows the system he has adopted. It consists in running an insulated testing-wire up the interior of the copper or iron rope or tube serving for the lightning-rod, and connecting the two together at the top. This wire is shown by the dotted line in the figure. At a point about four feet from the ground, the testing-wire is brought out, cut, and the two ends connected to testing terminals, T W, and C E, from which the tests are made. A third terminal, O E (ordinary "earth"), is connected to a special earth-plate at some distance from the common earth-plate of the lightning-rod and insulated wire. Mr. Vyle also provides a simple galvanometer by which these tests can be made by any householder in a few minutes. It will readily be seen that there is a complete circuit through the insulated wire, the lightning-rod, the earth-plate of the lightning-rod, and the testing "earth." Should anything have interrupted this circuit, the testing-galvanometer will at once show it.



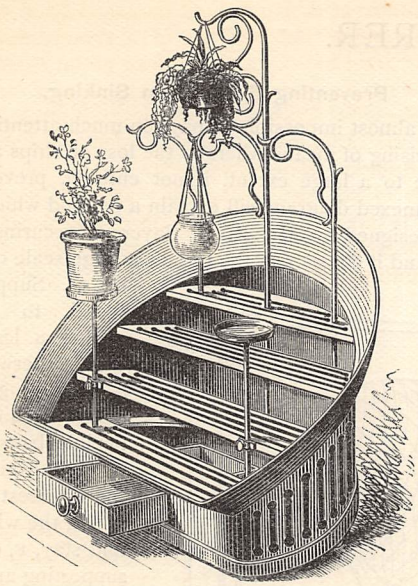
Preventing Ships from Sinking.

It is almost impossible to pay too much attention to the devising of means whereby the loss of ships at sea may be to a large extent, if not entirely, prevented. The annexed diagram will explain a method which has been designed by Mr. R. G. Sayers of securing this end ; and it consists in the use on a large scale of air-bags. Suppose a vessel to have sprung a leak, or to be otherwise in a foundering condition, each of the flexible bags, H, is filled with air with the greatest despatch, the wing, E, and stay, F, of the supporting apparatus being meanwhile fixed in the position shown in the cut ; the bar, B, is then lowered into the grooves provided for it in the fixed bar, A, and is fastened to the ship's side by two or more bolts, *b*. The end of the rope, J, having next been passed through a hole in the vessel's side and over the pulleys, K, D, and C, to a winch or windlass, the bag is thrown overboard and hauled down into the water, as represented in the woodcut. These processes should be completed in eighteen minutes from the time of the accident ; and as each bag is separate from the others, several can be filled and adjusted in position, according to the number of hands at command. The wing, E, and stay, F, act as fenders, helping to keep the bag from swaying against the ship during a heavy sea or gale of wind.



A Portable Window Garden.

A display of flowers is always a handsome ornament to a sitting-room, but the keeping of them often occasions a good deal of trouble and inconvenience, especially when they are contained in a number of separate pots. The flower-stand represented in the accompanying woodcut will obviate all difficulties, for it will suit most window recesses, and may be regarded as a stationary article of furniture. Its construction will be evident from the engraving, and it is intended both for the support of flower-pots and vases, and for hanging baskets, fish-globes, &c. The capacity of the stand is increased by two or more vertical rods with cup sat the upper end for holding flower-pots. The rim around the stand, besides supporting the foliage, prevents the water from getting on to the floor during the sprinkling process. As it is capable of accommodating a considerable number of plants, it makes, when properly filled, a very choice



window garden, while the ornamental brackets for holding fish-globes and hanging baskets not only lend additional elegance to the stand, but will be found useful for training vines or creeping plants.

A Cloth Measurer.

The mode of measuring cloths in vogue at most drapers' shops strikes one as being exceedingly primitive. It certainly involves trouble and, in the case of re-measurement, loss of time, and may perhaps be liable to a certain amount of abuse either against salesman or purchaser. The woodcut represents a really most ingenious appliance for obviating these difficulties, by mechanically registering each yard of material as it is measured off, in view of all parties to the transaction. Fig. 1 shows the manner of fastening the device to the counter; in Fig. 2 the working parts are exhibited. The plate, A, is let into the counter, a projecting knob being laid down three feet distant. To this plate, a case, B, is attached, containing a wheel, C, whose circumference is numbered from 0 to 40 (or more or less if required).

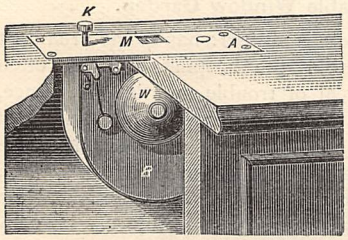


FIG. 1.

These numbers show through an opening, M, in the plate, A, and are visible to both shopman and customer. A lever, E, pivoted in the case, B, carries a pawl, F, which engages the ratchet, D, on the side of the wheel, C, the pawl being furnished with an arrangement for preventing the ratchet from moving more than one tooth at a time. The ratchet wheel, D, is engaged by a retaining pawl, G, against which the teeth of the former are pressed by a spiral spring, S, in the centre of the wheel, C. The pawl, G, is provided with an arm extending backward and engaged by a button, H, which reaches through the top plate, A. The wheel, C, is advanced one number at a time by pressing the knob, K, at the end of every yard measured, when a bell, W, at the side of the case, B, rings, indicating audibly that one yard has been measured. This operation gradually winds the spring in the centre of the wheel, C, and when the measuring has been completed, all that is needed to bring back the numbers to 0 is to release the wheel by pressing the button, H. Whether or not this invention will ever come into extensive use we cannot tell, but there can be no doubt that it is a highly ingenious piece of mechanism, apparently well adapted to secure the end in view.

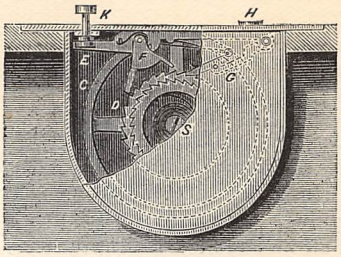
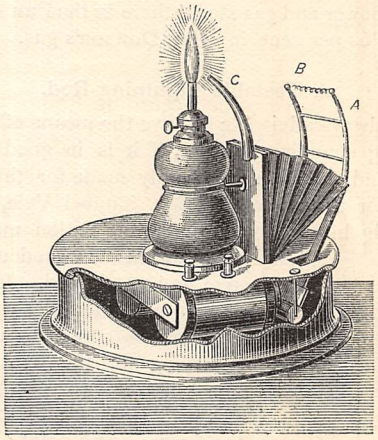


FIG. 2.



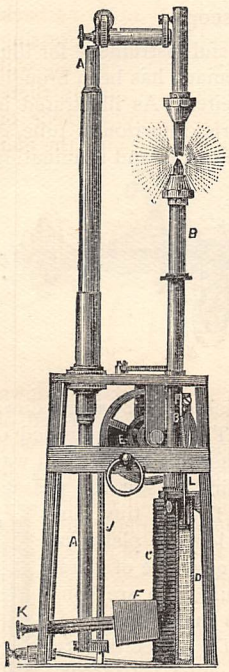
An Automatic Lamp-lighter and Extinguisher.

The minor stalls of the Paris Electrical Exhibition were very rich in devices for lighting lamps and gas by means of fine spirals of platinum wire heated by the electric current. One of the best of these is sketched herewith. It consists of a petroleum lamp placed on a wooden base, part of which is removed to show a horizontal electro-magnet placed beneath. The armature of this electro-magnet carries two long stems of copper, A, connected at their points by a fine spiral of platinum wire, B. These stems actuate also a small blow-pipe or bellows, C, which is directed towards the wick of the lamp, as shown in the figure. When the current from four Leclanché cells is sent through the electro-magnet, the bellows shoots a jet of air upon the wick, and blows out the lamp if it is burning. On the other hand, if the lamp is out the blast of the whistle is quickly followed by the approach of the platinum spiral, rendered incan-

descent by the current, and the heat of the latter lights the flame. Thus the lamp can be either extinguished or lit by letting on the current, which is performed by simply pressing a button on the baseboard.

The Jaspar Electric Lamp.

One of the best electric lamps exhibited at the Paris Electrical Exhibition was that of M. J. J. Jaspar, Liége. It is operated by the current from a Gramme dynamo-electric machine, and consists of two carbon holders, A and B, carrying vertical carbons, between the points of which the arc is formed by dissipation of the carbon in the electric stream. The width of the arc is regulated by a pulley, E, over which passes a cord, J, which is counterpoised by the weight, F. The current from the Gramme generator enters the lamp by the terminal screws, K, and passes through the electro-magnet coil or bobbin of insulated wire, C, then through the two carbons, thus establishing the luminous arc. The electro-magnet coil is hollow and in its interior is suspended a core of soft iron, which is connected to one end of the cord passing over the pulley, E. The other end of this cord is fastened to the bottom of the upper carbon holder, A. Now when the arc becomes too wide, the attraction of the current in the bobbin on the soft iron core is weakened, because the current itself is enfeebled, and the result is that the core rises in the interior of the bobbin. But this allows the cord passing round the pulley to slacken, and consequently the upper carbon holder sinks down, thereby lowering the upper carbon nearer to the lower and shortening the arc. On the other hand, should the arc become too short, the current in the bobbin is increased, and the attraction of it on the core increases likewise. The core is therefore pulled down, and consequently the upper carbon holder is raised, thus separating the upper carbon from the lower. In this way the normal width of arc is preserved and a steady light obtained.



The Rocket Torpedo.

A torpedo intended to move along the surface of the water at a very rapid rate has recently been tested at the Torpedo Station, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S. It consists of a floating framework of wood, 11 feet long, covered with tin-plate. In the head are lodged fifty pounds of dynamite, and the tail is fitted with a pair of rudders like the flys of a sky-rocket. The vessel is propelled along the surface of the water at a speed of 150 feet per second, by means of a burning rocket three feet long. It is simply aimed straight at a ship or any other object, and is guided in its passage by the rudders. The experiments in question proved that the rocket was not sensibly affected by a high wind. It travelled 1,375 feet in about nine seconds, at the same time giving off a dense smoke and emitting a roaring sound.

Tests for Water.

A simple method of ascertaining if water is free from organic pollution, is to cork up a small bottle nearly full of it, after putting in a piece of lump sugar. If on letting it stand in the light for two or three days no milky cloud becomes visible, and the water retains its clearness, it may be considered free from sewage phosphates. To test for iron, take a glass of the water and add a few drops of infusion of nutgalls, or suspend a nutgall in it by a thread for twenty-four hours. If iron is present the water will have become dark brown or black. Prussiate of potash is a still more delicate test for detecting iron. If iron is present a crystal of prussiate dropped into the water will immediately turn it blue. Magnesia is detected by boiling down the water to a twentieth of its bulk, and dropping a few grains of carbonate of ammonia into a glassful of it. No magnesia will yet be precipitated; but on adding a small quantity of phosphate of soda, the magnesia if present will settle on the bottom of the glass. For this test, however, the carbonate of ammonia should be in a neutral condition.

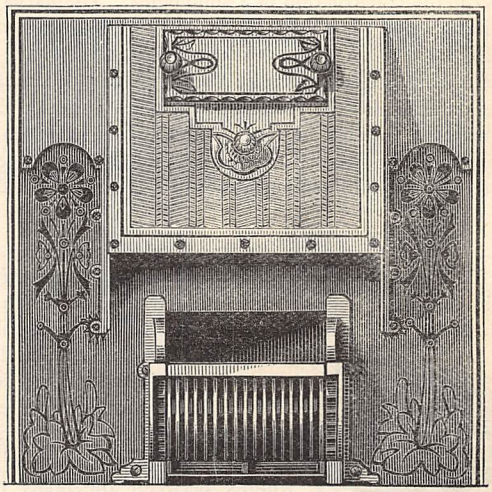


FIG. 1.

A Grate for Anthracite.

The "Wonderful" grate—as it is called by its inventor—is adapted to burn anthracite coal, and is therefore suitable for hospitals, sick-rooms, and public halls, where smoke ought especially to be avoided. Fig. 1 shows the grate in front view, and

Fig. 2, a section through it from face to back. As will be seen from Fig. 2, the grate swings on an axis, on which it is counterpoised by weights, F, in such a manner that its capacity can be increased or diminished at pleasure. The fuel is supplied by a kind of hopper, D, in the morning, and enough can be put into the hopper to last twenty-four hours. From the grate rise two flues, E C, and in the front flue, C, is a damper, worked by a handle, B. On closing this damper the products of combustion are compelled to flow down through the anthracite in the grate and up through the rear flue, E. The combustion is, therefore, very complete, and the heat given out intense. When slower combustion is required, the damper, B, is opened and the action is then similar to that of an ordinary grate.

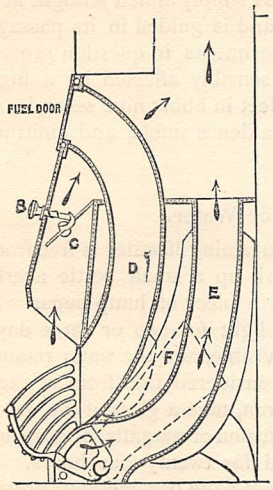


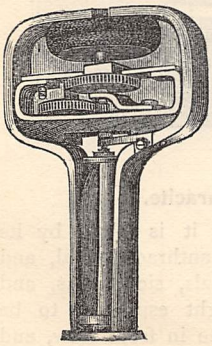
FIG. 2.

The Microphone as a Sonometer.

It has been found by experiment that the resistance of the contact of the two pieces of carbon in a microphone increases in proportion to the intensity of the sound affecting it, and Herr Oberbeck has applied the fact in the construction of a sonometer. He places the microphone in one arm of the electrical arrangement well known as the Wheatstone Balance, and by measuring the resistance of the contacts by its means, he determines the intensity of the sound. The apparatus is not, however, equally sensitive to all sounds, and therefore cannot be called a practicable one, although in a scientific sense it is very interesting.

A Magneto-electric Brush.

To those who believe in the efficacy of electrical stimulation, the new magneto-electric brush which we illustrate will recommend itself as an article of toilet. The brush is circular, and is mounted on an axle which communicates its motion by means of a train of wheels to a Siemens revolving coil or armature, which rotates between the poles of a permanent magnet. The result is that a current of electricity is generated in the armature, and from thence is led to the brush, which is made of fine metal wires. To the ordinary effects of friction there is therefore added the stimulation of electricity.



Binding a Broken Shaft.

A simple device for clamping the broken shaft of a vehicle without loss of time has been invented by M. Poirot, and is recommended by the Paris Société d'Encouragement. It consists of two screw-presses adapted to the size of the shaft, and connected by a movable rod, to the ends of which are attached a belt with its buckle. To bind the broken shaft one of the presses is fixed firmly on the posterior part; the two broken ends are then brought close together, and the second press is fixed on the anterior part as far as possible from the first press, with the connecting rod on the outside. The belt is then wound tightly round the intermediate splice and the rod, and firmly buckled. The bandage is so secure and strong, that the usual pace of the vehicle can be resumed.

The Gastroscope.

A very ingenious and successful instrument for illuminating the interior of the stomach has been brought out in Vienna by Herr J. Leiter. As illustrated in Fig. 1, it consists mainly of a rigid horizontal tube, *a*, fitted at one end with an eye-piece, L, and terminating

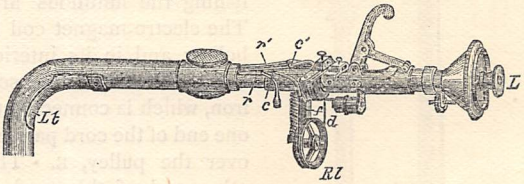


FIG. 1.

in a flexible tube (Fig. 2), which can be passed down the throat into the stomach. This tube is formed of sixty metal rings jointed together at the sides in a way which admits of the tube bending to suit the passage of the gullet. At the end is fixed a tiny lantern, Z, consisting of a small loop of platinum wire, *Pt*, enclosed in a double envelope of glass, K *k*. The ends of the platinum loop are connected to wires which run up inside the tube, and are joined to the poles of a voltaic battery or a small dynamo-electric machine. The current renders this loop brightly incandescent, and the light streams out on the walls of the stomach. Part of the rays are reflected back from the walls into the window of the tube marked O, and are reflected up the tube by means of a prism fixed within it. They are then made parallel by lenses, also in the tube, and again deflected by prisms round the bend of the tube, *Lt* (Fig. 1), from whence they proceed to the eye-piece, L, where they present to the observer a picture of the internal wall of the stomach which is opposite to the window, O. To prevent discomfort from increase of temperature due to the hot platinum wire, the space between the two glass envelopes is filled with cold water, which is kept circulating by means of india-rubber pipes, *r r'*, terminating in nozzles, *c c'*. In order to make the end of the tube within the stomach revolve so as to examine the walls

FIG. 2.

of that organ all round, the observer has simply to revolve the little wheel, *Rl* (Fig. 1), round which is stretched the silk cord, *f d*. This cord passes down the tube and round a second wheel within it. The latter wheel is toothed, and gears into a toothed ring fixed within the movable end of the tube, thereby causing the latter to revolve. A small portable battery is provided with the apparatus for the use of surgeons.

A Molecular Telephone.

The novelty in this apparatus consists in dispensing altogether with a thin metallic diaphragm placed before the poles of the electro-magnet. In it the sounds are produced by one pole of the magnet abutting against a piece of any kind of material not too impervious to sound. For example, pieces of wood, glass, ebonite, and cork will answer very well and give a satisfactory articulation.

Foot-gear for Frost.

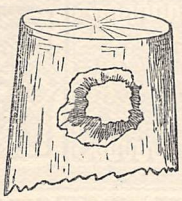
To those who indulge in games on the ice, such as curling, or have to walk over very slippery roads, the new "foot-anchor" of Mr. Gibbs may prove of service. It consists of a light steel frame, shod with spikes, and is readily applied to ordinary boots and shoes by means of a leather strap. Mr. Gibbs has also extended his ingenuity from men to horses, and provided a pointed stud which can be fitted to the shoes of horses, to enable them to keep their footing in frosty weather. These cogs are simply inserted in tapered holes in the horse-shoe, and are easily removed with the help of a wrench. These temporary devices of Mr. Gibbs will doubtless recommend themselves in a country where hard weather only lasts a short time.

A Water Velocipede.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has introduced an aquatic novelty into England, in the shape of a velocipede for use on lakes and rivers. It is the invention of Captain Lundborg, and is formed of two long boats, connected firmly together and bearing a platform on which are placed seats for the passengers, and the pedals by which the two paddle-wheels are turned. The mechanism is very simple and admits of two persons working it with their feet while seated in the rear of the platform, as shown in the engraving. The craft has frequently been used by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Virginia Water at Windsor; and we understand that Captain Lundborg is now constructing a similar one to be driven by a small steam-engine.

The Sorcery of the Telegraph.

In the Norwegian section of the Paris Electrical Exhibition, there was an interesting specimen of the depredations sometimes made by animals on telegraph lines. A stout telegraph pole of pinewood is shown having a hole bored through and through it, large enough to admit the fist of a man. The woodcut illustrates the irregular nature of this cavity, which has been pecked out by the black and green wood-peckers of Norway. These birds will sometimes peck through a thick pole in a single night, and the explanation of their attack is that they are deluded by the humming of the pole, caused by the vibrations of the wire, into the belief that insects are lurking in the interior. In the same way the Norwegian bear is found to attack the poles, apparently under the impression that a swarm of bees have made their honeyed nest within. This explanation is all the more credible when we recall the experiments made by Mr. Boys on spiders with a tuning-fork, as already reported in the GATHERER. Mr. Boys found that the spiders mistook the sounding-fork for the buzzing of flies and other insects on which they prey. Still another instance of the witchery of the telegraph exists in Norway, since in the mountain districts there it has driven away the wolves, either because of the humming noise made by the poles, or the ensnaring appearance of the wires, for it is well known that wolves are scared by strings suspended on poles.

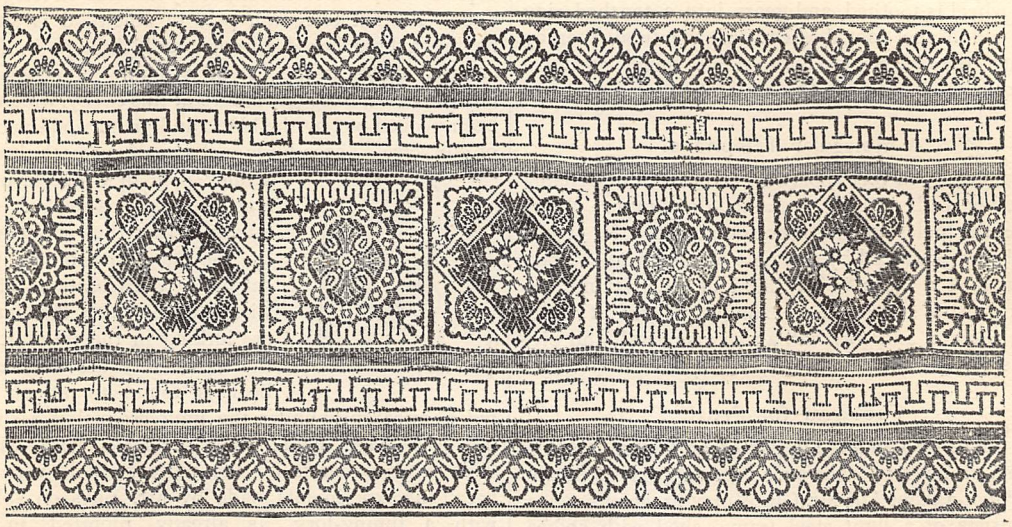


A Steam-engine without a Boiler.

A steam-engine without a boiler seems at first sight a paradoxical machine, nevertheless an engineering firm at Leobersdorf, near Vienna, are now constructing them after the designs of Herr Hock. It consists of a furnace enclosed in fireproof masonry, and water spray is injected into it above, whilst a blast of air is sent through the bars below. The resulting mixture of steam and gases, or "air steam" as it is called, is cooled by water and sent to the engine through a sieve which keeps back the dust. One advantage of the new process is a saving of fuel at the rate of one kilogramme per effective horse-power. Moreover, the expansive power of the gases generated by the coal is also utilised by this arrangement; and the risk of explosion is said to be diminished.

Celluloid Clichés.

We have already described the manufacture of that useful substance, celluloid, in a former number of the GATHERER; but a recent application of it to engraving deserves a further mention. In fact, *clichés* or blocks for printing illustrations are now made from it, as well as from copper. The celluloid while in a soft state receives the impression of the engraved wood, and after twenty minutes is become so hard that it will bear a pressure of 250 kilogrammes. The counter-impression which serves for printing from is then taken from the latter by means of sheet celluloid. Prints of lacework are taken by the celluloid with remarkable clearness, and the accompanying illustration is a fac-simile of a lace border printed from a celluloid cliché. It is not unlikely that the more roundabout process of cutting the block, and producing copies of it by electrotype, may be superseded to a great extent by celluloid clichés.



Phosphorescent Ice.

A curious phenomenon has been observed by Mr. J. Allen in the Arctic regions. Whilst voyaging in these parts, and watching the floating ice at night, he noticed that every time the ship struck a block, it glowed with an appreciable light. The effect is probably similar in kind to the phosphorescence given out by sugar when it is broken, flints when they are struck together, or mica when it is cloven in the darkness.

A Universal Calculator.

Inventors seem to have found a peculiar fascination in the production of machines for saving the brain-labour involved in long and intricate calculations; but the so-called "calculating machines" have rarely been of much practical value. The invention of logarithms, and the after-preparation of logarithmic tables, were, however, of almost incalculable assistance to mathematicians; and the well-known slide-rule—an apparatus widely used for technical calculations—is, after all, only an application of logarithms. The Universal Calculator recently patented by the inventor, Mr. J. B. Fearnley, of Castleford, is a further extension of the principle of the straight slide-rule, being in fact the same rule placed on a flat revolving spiral, thus increasing the length from 5½ to 340 inches. Circular slide-rules have been made in France, but the spiral form certainly seems to possess many advantages. The "Calculator" consists of a mahogany box, which when open shows a white japanned surface, in the centre of which is a circular tray containing a dial, tray and dial being made to revolve separately or conjointly. The dial is marked with a series of spiral volutes, and the numbers on its face run up to 10,000. From the centre of the dial run two threads, one fixed and the other movable. The method of working could not possibly be explained to any one who did not see the apparatus itself, as each problem involves several adjustments of the tray, dial, and threads. For this reason it is comparatively useless for easy calculations, as they could be made in less time without its aid; but for difficult problems the economy of time and the accuracy of the result recommend it to notice.

Insoluble China Ink.

China ink is made by burning oils in a limited supply of air, and binding the smoke in cakes by means of vegetable saps. It is liable, however, to dissolve when washed over with water-colour, and the corrective discovered by Dr. Precht may be useful to draughtsmen. This consists in using a weak solution of bichromate of potash for the water ordinarily employed to mix the ink.

SONG COMPETITION.

It is hoped that the award to be made in this Competition will be announced in the January Part.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

ONE of the windows in Mrs. Ettrick's drawing-room—not the large bay already adverted to, but a smaller one opposite the door—opened upon a little flight of steps leading into the terraced garden below. Out through this window Beatrice Rossiter had stolen some few hours after her return from the yachting expedition. The late summer twilight had now deepened into night, but a full moon was just rising, as it seemed, out of the sea, and in a few moments the darkling world was all aglow with a soft greenish light.

Drawing a white shawl, which she had thrown across her shoulders, up over her head, the girl descended to the last of the terrace paths. There, resting her arms on the low wall that shut in the garden, she watched the great round ball rising higher and higher, till it appeared to hang still, casting a glittering pathway of silver athwart the wide grey plain of the sea. In the clear diffused radiance every object had become distinctly defined, from the scattered fishing-boats riding at anchor in the bay, and rolling their dark hulls in the moonlit flood, to the distant pier, which stretched like a black snake with a glowing eye out beyond the portion of the town visible to the left, where still twinkled the lights of many gas-lamps. The night was intensely still, and Beatrice could detect the gentle swash of the waves as they broke upon the shore beneath, interrupted by the rumble of an occasional vehicle driven along the intervening road—these sounds being caught up and echoed by the precipitous cliffs above which she stood. The scene was magically beautiful, and its effect was heightened by the delicious perfume of roses which filled the air. Clusters of these flowers, wherein Mrs. Ettrick's garden was rich, hung beneath the wall against which Beatrice leaned; and ever afterwards the scent of them was to be associated in her memory with the recollection of this night.

An inarticulate sound, like a faint sob of joy, escaped the girl's lips. Something in the vague mystical loveliness around her seemed to accord well with the state of her own feelings, and to move her emotions as no scenery had ever done before. A change vague and mystical too, but strangely sweet, appeared to have come for her over the whole face of existence. How that change had been brought about, and in what it consisted, she could scarcely tell. She only knew that whereas life in the past had been happy, but somewhat prosaic, the future seemed to stretch before her full of romantic possibilities of wondrous potential delights. Since yesterday she had awakened, as it were, to a wider being. She was indefinitely sensible of new ideas, new sentiments, new aspirations, which all seemed curiously to centre in and circle round her new-found cousin, Frank Rossiter. How noble he was! How good he was! As she thought over that story of his boyhood which, even in the garbled version she had heard of it, had given her so clear an insight into his character, the little woman heaved a deep sigh of admiration. Of what rare generosity, of what long-protracted self-denial, what modest, manly reticence he was capable, and also of what faithful disinterested friendship! How pleasant it was to know any one so nice! And how glad she was that they had met each other so curiously in the lane, and that they had found out that they were cousins! (she forgot now to reckon up the proper degree of consanguinity).

And to-morrow she would see him again. He was coming here to dine—he and Martin Callender. Mrs. Ettrick had given the invitation on board the yacht, and had ventured to include Mr. Romanes therein; but that gentleman, greatly to Beatrice's satisfaction, had excused himself on the ground that he was returning to "town" in the afternoon. For himself and his friend, however, Frank had responded to the invitation with alacrity. He would be "delighted," he had said, to come; and he had repeated the expression—which in his hearty tones did not sound conventional—several times—twice to herself alone. Moreover, when bidding her good-bye, he had called her in a whisper, "*Dear* Cousin Beatrice," and he had held her hand a very long time.

Beatrice seemed to feel the touch of his hand still on hers, sending a curious little thrill up her arm, which communicated a warm glow to her heart. But of these things she scarcely dared to think, because they affected her with a strange ecstasy, which half frightened her by its intensity, and which she could not comprehend and shrank from attempting to analyse. Poor little Beatrice! innocent and inexperienced as a child, she knew not as yet what had happened to her. Only she was vaguely conscious that her whole world, outer and inner, had undergone some startling revolution, and that nothing could ever again be for her exactly as it had been before.

Something there was that made the stars gleaming

overhead in the hushed stillness of the night seem more solemnly beautiful to-night than they had ever seemed before. Something made the moonlight sweeter, and the scent of the roses more overpoweringly delicious, and the great shimmering sea more full of awe and mystery. What was it?

"Beatrice! Tiny!" A voice thus calling her name startled her out of her reverie.

Uttering a cry of surprise, she turned round and faced the house, bending forward in a doubting and listening attitude. On the call being repeated, however, she sprang quickly up a steep gravel path cut into steps, till she came within sight of the window or glass door wherefrom she had emerged. This stood open, and in it, as in a frame, his figure thrown out by the brilliant light within the room, appeared a tall, stoutly-built man.

"Papa! Is it possible? Is it really you?" exclaimed Beatrice, hastening to embrace him, but feeling a sudden sinking of the heart, the cause for which she had not time to realise.

"Yes, Tiny, I believe it is I," answered her father, using a pet name by which no one else ever addressed her. "And, pray, what have you been doing out there? Mooning—eh? Why, child, your hands are quite cold! Come in, and shut the window."

"How long have you been here, papa?"

"Nearly a quarter of an hour, I dare say. But I have been so taken up with the improvement in mamma's appearance that I haven't found time before to think of you. Doesn't she look stout and bonny?"

"Are you quite sure, doctor," interposed Mrs. Ettrick—who in speaking to her brother-in-law always made use of his professional title—"Are you quite sure you prefer coffee to anything else? I do wish you would have a glass of hot spirits."

"No, no, thanks: I may poison my patients, but not myself," laughed the doctor, approaching the tray which had been brought in for him. "What a fine piece of beef! Come and carve for me, Tiny."

"Papa," inquired his daughter, doing as she was requested, "why have you come this evening? You arranged, you know, to come on Saturday, and take us home next Monday, and this is only Tuesday! You don't wish us to go back with you to-morrow, do you?" As Beatrice put this question her voice faltered a little.

"Why?—can't you be ready?" asked her father, who seemed to be in high good humour. "You are wanted at home, I can tell you. Everything is getting to sixes and sevens for lack of our busy Bee. The meat is served alternately raw and done to a cinder; whilst as to the dust, it hangs about in clouds, and lies a foot deep on every article of furniture."

"A foot deep! Oh, papa!" ejaculated the truthful little maiden.

"Indeed, Beatrice, I am afraid that both Mary and Jane are very inefficient servants," said Mrs. Rossiter anxiously.

"Never mind, my dear; the report is perhaps a little exaggerated," rejoined her husband. "Beatrice will soon set the establishment to-rights when she gets back. You'll be ready, then, by to-morrow morning?"

"It is very short notice, papa," remonstrated Beatrice, with a sick feeling of disappointment.

"Strikes me, Miss Beatrice, that you don't *want* to go," observed Dr. Rossiter, looking up from his plate with a questioning air.

"Well, you see, we are expecting some friends to-morrow to dinner," began Mrs. Ettrick—"some new acquaintances whom——" She paused at a sign from her sister.

"Oh! that's it, is it? Well, Tiny, I was not so unreasonable as to expect you to pack up after ten o'clock, and to be off by the first train in the morning, as *I* shall have to be. Stay until Monday, by all means; and then I think you will be able to travel by yourselves—mamma looks so charmingly robust. Pass the pickle, dear."

Beatrice attended to this demand, experiencing a faint sense of relief, but sensible that the worst ground of her apprehension was not removed. Carried away by the excitement and pleasure of the day, she had given but a passing thought, now and then, to the facts of the case as they stood between Dr. Rossiter and his cousin; and whenever the subject had occurred to her, she had endeavoured to persuade herself that her father only needed to see Frank Rossiter in order to love the young man for himself, and to forgive any wrong, imaginary or otherwise, on the part of his father.

Now, however, that she found herself in his presence, she felt all her sanguine hopes as to the reconciliation which young Rossiter had expressed his intention of bringing about gradually melting away. She noticed, too, that Mrs. Rossiter kept moving uneasily in her chair, and she believed that she felt nervous—as did Beatrice herself—about the result of acknowledging the friendly relations already established with the son of the man against whom Dr. Rossiter had always expressed such intense resentment and abhorrence.

"So you wish to know what brought me down here to-day, do you?" pursued the latter, helping himself to the pickle he had asked for. "I had explained the circumstance before you came in. Old Mrs. Hargraves, of Mirtholm Lodge, has been in Headport, it appears, for the last fortnight, and I had a note this morning begging me to pay her a professional visit. There is nothing serious the matter with her, I find; but the old lady preferred her own doctor, and as she is one of my best patients, I couldn't afford to offend her by neglect. You may be sure, however, that I should not have obeyed the summons so readily if you had not been here. We are very busy just now, and Trevor is new to things yet. By-the-by, my dear, I've got a secret to tell you about Trevor when we are alone," added the doctor, turning to his wife with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, have you? What is it, Ernest?" returned Mrs. Rossiter absently.

"Do you think he will suit you, papa?" put in Beatrice.

"Well, it's rather early to judge yet, Tiny; but I think he's clever, though, I'm afraid, he's foolish in some respects," responded her father, rising from the table as he spoke. "No, no, thanks," he went on, in answer to Mrs. Ettrick's hospitable entreaties that he would eat more; "I've had an excellent supper. May I take this easy-chair? Now tell me all about yourselves. How have you been passing your time? And who, if I may know, are these people you are expecting to dinner to-morrow?"

For several moments there was no reply. Beatrice, to cover the silence, passed across the room, and seated herself in a low chair by her mother's side. Her heart was going pit-a-pat, for, in truth, she was a little afraid of her father. Not, however, that Dr. Rossiter was either an ill-natured or a bad-tempered man; on the contrary, in his home relations he was both affectionate and considerate. But his amiability was of that description which is compatible with a very strong will; and if it was seldom disturbed, it was perhaps because in his own home the doctor seldom met with contradiction.

Twice only in her life had Beatrice seen her father in a passion; but those two instances had impressed themselves vividly on her memory, and had inspired her, not unreasonably, with a dread of any recurrence of the phenomenon.

A tall man, with a fine figure in the athletic sense of the term, Dr. Rossiter was not in face handsome. His square forehead was surmounted by wavy black hair, his eyes were dark and piercing, his nostrils full, his chin heavy, his mouth large; and together these points made up a physiognomy more remarkable for character than beauty. In age he was forty-six, and by several years his wife's senior.

"We have been out in a yacht to-day, Ernest," said Mrs. Rossiter suddenly, throwing out the words in a timid, jerky fashion, "sailing about the bay and along the coast to the east."

"Indeed! Well, it seems to have done you good, my love. What a colour you have!"

"It was a steam-yacht, Ernest, and so beautifully fitted up—a private one. The owner gave us luncheon on board."

"And there was a friend of his with us—the Hon. Clarence Romanes," interposed Mrs. Ettrick, "younger son of the Earl of Finchinbray."

"Dear me! You *have* been in aristocratic company!" laughed the doctor. "And to whom, pray, does the yacht belong?"

"It belongs to a relative of yours, my dear," rejoined his wife.

"A most delightful young fellow," observed Mrs. Ettrick; "as rich as Crœsus. And the Hon. Mr. Romanes is engaged to his sister."

"Oh, papa, I wish you had been with us!" exclaimed Beatrice. "If you only saw him you would be sure to like him. He is so noble and good and pleasant."

Dr. Rossiter sat up in his chair, and the smile which his face had until now worn vanished.

"You are all very mysterious," he said, glancing in stern inquiry from one to the other; "I don't understand. Please to be more explicit. What do you mean, Mary, by a relative of mine?"

"We got to know him by accident, Ernest. He is the son of your cousin, Mr. Philip Rossiter."

A dark flush rose to the physician's face. "Do you mean that the owner of the yacht in which you have been out to-day," he asked, in an ominously low voice, "and on board of which you say you took luncheon, is the son of *Philip Rossiter?*"

Mrs. Rossiter signified assent, but her cheek paled as she studied her husband's countenance.

"Yes, his name is Frank; and a most delightful young fellow he is," repeated Mrs. Ettrick, failing to discern the signs of strong excitement in her brother-in-law's aspect. "And it is he who is to dine with us to-morrow, with another friend of his—not Mr. Romanes, but a young artist."

"Just so. Now, will you be good enough to explain to me, Mary, how you came to make this gentleman's acquaintance?"

"I will tell you, papa," said Beatrice, laying her hands protectingly over that of her mother. "It was I who got to know him first." And forthwith she proceeded to relate the fortuitous circumstances which had led to this event.

Dr. Rossiter listened without interruption. When she had finished, he rose, and placing himself on the hearth-rug in front of his wife and daughter, he folded his arms, and gazed at them for some moments in silence. His face had undergone a complete transformation, and the ill-subdued passion which scintillated in his eyes and quivered about his mouth caused them to quail.

"Do you know what you have done?" he broke forth, his accents subdued at first, but gradually rising to fury. "Do you know that that yacht is *mine?* That you have accepted the hospitality of a thief, or the son of one? That you have made friends—have dared to make friends—with those who have robbed and defrauded me and yourselves?"

"But, dear Ernest," expostulated his wife timidly, "we have no positive proof of that, and it is so long since it all happened."

"Silence, woman! You will drive me mad! That is the mischief of it. Your unnatural want of faith in my statements, and your wretched credulity with regard to the virtue of a man you never saw, have led you into this terrible mistake. You have placed me in a position that I cannot endure to think of! You have made it appear that I had condoned, or was willing to condone, one of the blackest pieces of villany that was ever perpetrated. You have set me in the light of a mean-spirited cur, ready to fawn by proxy, through my family, on the scoundrel who has stolen all that belongs to me, and by the commission of a base, despicable crime! You have made it seem that I was willing, like a weak fool, to accept and forgive the wrong that has been done me—to grub on patiently in poverty, and to smile upon those who are rolling in the wealth which is ours—do you hear me? —every penny of which is rightfully ours, *ours, ours!*" Dr. Rossiter paused for an instant, but as no one

spoke, he began again, lashing himself into still greater passion. "So the son of that vile fellow possesses a fine steam-yacht, does he? And his daughter is engaged to an earl's son? And it is *my* children who ought to marry into the upper ranks! It is *they* who are the real heiresses of all that wealth! It is *I* who am the millionnaire! Philip Rossiter is a *beggar*, and all his family are beggars! If I could only lay my hand on that young fellow who has had the impudence to patronise you with his yacht and his entertainment, I would thrash him within an inch of his life. As for you, Mary, I doubt if I can ever forgive you."

Mrs. Rossiter turned pale, and grasped her daughter's hand for support.

"Papa, how can you speak so? It is very cruel!" cried Beatrice, her own cheek blanched with conflicting emotions. Then rising, with the tears in her sweet grey eyes, she approached him, and tried to put her arms about him, saying in a different tone, "You frighten us, papa. You are not a bit like yourself, dear. You are forgetting that mamma is ill."

"Pshaw! get away!" ejaculated her father impatiently, pushing her off so roughly that had she not caught at a chair she would have fallen to the ground.

"Doctor! doctor! you are forgetting yourself," cried Mrs. Ettrick in nervous distress. "Oh dear, dear! this is very uncomfortable!"

"Whose fault is it, madam?" retorted the doctor fiercely. "Oh, by the way," he went on, addressing his wife and daughter, but without looking at them, "you will be ready, after all, to return with me to-morrow morning. That fellow, you say, is to dine here, and of course you cannot deprive Mrs. Ettrick of her guest. But you certainly shall not sit at the same table with him. He shall have a note of apology, though; I will write and explain why you have disappeared so abruptly, and without waiting to bid him an affectionate adieu." As he uttered the last word of this remark, Dr. Rossiter, who had been leaning against the mantel-piece, made a movement of his elbow, which overturned and brought to the ground a Parian marble statuette protected by a glass shade. The loud crash drew a scream from Mrs. Ettrick, and reduced the gentle invalid almost to fainting point; but it had the result of recalling Dr. Rossiter to himself more effectually perhaps than anything else could have done.

"Dear me! How clumsy! I am like a bull in a china shop! Do pardon me, Caroline," he apologised, stooping to pick up the fragments. "I am exceedingly sorry. It was stupidly careless."

"Never mind. It does not matter in the least," rejoined good-natured Mrs. Ettrick. "Don't trouble about the pieces, doctor; I'll ring for Susan to take them up. Only, look, you have terrified poor Mary! I am afraid she is going to faint."

Mrs. Rossiter, however, did not faint. Perceiving that her husband's passion had received a check, and that he was looking somewhat ashamed of himself, she speedily recovered her composure. The entrance of the servant to remove the *débris* of the accident created a further break in the conversation, and when she had left the room, Beatrice, whose face was still white, and who was sensible of a strange constriction about the heart, again ventured to address her father.

"Papa," she said, "I wish you would tell us why you feel so very sure, as you seem to do, of—of what you accuse Mr. Rossiter of having done."

"And so do I," subjoined Mrs. Ettrick. "I've never been able to get properly to the bottom of this matter. Of course I knew that you had had a quarrel with your cousin, and that there was something about a deed of gift which you suspected your uncle had made in your favour; but Mary either couldn't or wouldn't ever explain the thing clearly to me."

"Then you shall have it explained clearly now," replied Dr. Rossiter, resuming his chair. "I owe you that, Caroline, after what has happened to-night; and I want you to understand that I had just cause for the anger I have shown, though, at the same time, I feel that I ought to offer an apology for my manner of showing it. And you, too, Beatrice—you are old enough now to judge of the circumstances of the case, and wise enough to form a correct opinion about them. It has not been a pleasant subject to talk of to one's children, and, consequently, I have never yet entered fully into the matter with you. But I will tell you now the whole story as calmly as I can. I will place the facts before you, and then leave you to form your own conclusions as to whether or not I am justified in believing as confidently as I do in Mr. Philip Rossiter's guilt."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

DR. ROSSITER STATES HIS CONVICTIONS ON AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"OF course you know, Caroline," began Dr. Rossiter, pushing the hair back from his flushed brow, "that my father had two brothers—Philip, nineteen years older than himself, and George, three. Philip never married. The two younger brothers did, and both died within a few years of their respective unions, each leaving behind him one son. To crown the resemblance, neither had been successful in life, and both died in impecunious circumstances. Uncle Philip, on the other hand, had from his boyhood been diligently bent upon accumulating wealth, and he had succeeded in bringing himself under the Scripture category of the wicked rich, who 'add houses to houses and lands to lands.' Not that I consider Uncle Philip a wicked man by any means, though he certainly was a very peculiar and rather hard one," continued the physician, endeavouring to tell his story in a light vein, and thus to remove the impression of his unseemly exhibition of temper. "One of his most striking peculiarities was that he hated women with a mortal and bitter hatred. Whence his antipathy to the fair sex arose I never could discover with any certainty, but I believe he had been jilted in early life, and under aggravating conditions. And if this were the case, it was just like him to nurse his aversion in silence, and to extend it, as he did, to the entire sex

—for he was of a most unforgiving nature. Be that as it may, however, he actually carried the thing to such a pitch as to have no women-servants resident in his house, although I suppose female assistance must have been occasionally invoked on the sly."

"RESTING HER ARMS ON THE LOW WALL THAT SHUT IN THE GARDEN" (*p.* 65).

"What a horribly disagreeable man!" commented Mrs. Ettrick with energetic emphasis.

"Not a very lovable one, certainly," admitted the doctor, "though I ought not to speak evil of him, for I owe him a great deal. He gave me my education, at all events—together with my cousin Philip—first at a private school, and afterwards at Rugby. Now Philip was two years my senior, and the son of the elder brother, so that he stood legally in the position of our uncle's heir; moreover, he was his namesake and his favourite, and my uncle soon gave us to understand that he intended to adopt him, and to constitute him the sole inheritor of his fortune, so soon as he should be free from the encumbrance of his mother. Well, whilst we were at school together, I can truthfully say that, excepting at odd moments, I never envied Philip his superior prospects. Boys rarely do trouble themselves much about the remote future; and Philip's inheritance of Dunscarley Hall—as the place was then called—seemed remote enough. Still, I did entertain towards him, even in those days, both jealousy and dislike. The jealousy arose in part from a very pregnant cause, viz., that whenever Uncle Philip came to see us at school, which was pretty frequently, he presented Philip with a sovereign, and myself with the

distressingly inferior gratuity of two shillings. Another occasion for jealousy existed, too, in the fact that my cousin (perhaps because he had, financially, so much larger opportunity for making himself agreeable) was a far greater favourite with our schoolfellows than myself.

"So it came to pass that he and I often quarrelled, and that out of our disagreements mutual dislike was engendered: very strong, I believe, on both sides. When Philip was sixteen his mother died, and from that time he made his home at Dunscarley Hall as his uncle's acknowledged heir. For myself, the rich man, kindly enough, assisted me after leaving school with funds to pursue my medical studies; and when these were supposed to be completed, he obtained for me the post of assistant to Dr. Blaire of Merely. He also gave me a cheque for £500, with the intimation that this was all that I was ever to look for from him. My own mother, however, I must tell you, was by this time dead; and as Uncle Philip had allowed her a small annual income so long as she lived, he had unquestionably fulfilled every claim that we could reasonably consider ourselves to possess upon him.

"So far, then, all was right," pursued Mr. Rossiter. "And I want you to understand, Beatrice, that although I naturally felt that it would be a more equitable arrangement on the part of our worthy relative if he were to bequeath his property equally between his two nephews, yet I never, even in my own mind, disputed his perfect right to do what he would with his own. Knowing his determination of character, I had quite abandoned—after being told that the £500 was all that I was to have from him—any expectation of receiving another farthing. For nearly two years I had held little communication with him, and none whatever with my cousin Philip, when one day, to my great astonishment, my uncle walked into Dr. Blaire's surgery, and after an undemonstrative but friendly greeting, requested some private conversation with me in a place where we were not likely to be interrupted or overheard.

"Wondering what he could possibly have to say to me, I conducted him to my own room. Then, without preamble, and apparently without the least excitement of feeling, he informed me that he had determined to disinherit Philip, and to bestow upon *me* the whole of his large fortune. Furthermore, he went on calmly to state that he did not intend to bequeath it to me, but that, in order to save legacy duty, and for certain other reasons, he had resolved to make everything over to me at once by deed of gift. He was then in his eighty-eighth year, and therefore not likely, in the course of nature, to live very much longer; and he could trust me, he said, 'to give the old man a home so long as he lived.' There was only one condition, he added, which he wished to secure with me before executing this munificent design—he wished me to give him a solemn promise that during his lifetime I would neither marry nor make love—or, as he elegantly expressed it, 'go fooling after any woman.' Well, Beatrice, I had not then seen your mother, so I readily gave the required promise. But I was too bewildered as yet by this astounding news to be able to rejoice very much over it, or even fully to believe in it."

"But, papa, what had your cousin Philip done?" questioned Beatrice, as her father paused for an instant to put straight the skin hearth-rug which a movement of his chair had turned up.

"I wanted to know that, you may be sure," rejoined Dr. Rossiter, "and of course I asked my uncle. But at first he did not appear disposed to give me any explanation as to the cause of offence. At length, however, he told me very briefly, and with a look in his face which set my doubts at rest as to the reality of his displeasure against Philip and the strength of his present resolve, that about a year ago he had discovered that my cousin (who, you must remember, had no opportunity of mixing in ladies' society at home, and very little elsewhere) had been 'making a fool of himself' with a girl in a hosier's shop at Wharneside. He had confronted him with the fact, and threatened him with the consequences of persevering in his attentions to the girl. Philip had promised to give them up, and my uncle had trusted to his word. Some months afterwards, however, Philip had taken a tour abroad, and about the same time the girl had disappeared from Wharneside. His suspicions aroused, Uncle Philip had secretly set inquiries on foot. But it was only within the last fortnight that he had finally arrived at the truth that the pair had been married in Switzerland, and that since his return home my cousin had been keeping his wife in furnished apartments at a country place some fifteen miles distant from Dunscarley Hall. Not a single word concerning this discovery—which I could see had annoyed him beyond measure—had Uncle Philip said to his intended heir. It was his way, he affirmed, to *act*, and not to talk; and he had planned that the penalty of his disobedience and deceitfulness should fall upon Philip like a thunderbolt. His folly should be rewarded, he declared, with consequences that would be at once startling and irreparable."

"Then he was just as deceitful himself as his nephew had been," interposed Beatrice warmly; "and very cruel besides."

"Well, well, my dear, I don't profess any great admiration for him," rejoined her father; "and I want you to form a correct estimate of his character, because so much depends on that. He was, in truth—though not without redeeming qualities—a hard, obstinate, and vindictive man. However, to get on with my account—Uncle Philip did not remain with me on this occasion much longer than an hour. But before he left he told me that he should be down again at Merely in about a week, with the deed of gift signed and sealed, and that then we could make arrangements with Dr. Blaire about my leaving him at once and without notice. In the meantime, he cautioned me not to breathe a syllable about the matter to any one. And all this secrecy, as you will see, afterwards turned out unfortunately for me. If only—— But it's no use groaning over what cannot be helped."

"No; that's what I always say, doctor. It's very foolish when you can't mend things to worry over them," remarked Mrs. Ettrick.

"Very good philosophy, Caroline, but not always easy to observe," said her brother-in-law. "Well, as you may imagine, that was rather an exciting week for me. No longer a boy, I was now able to appreciate to the full the advantages of wealth and position. And though my uncle was not nearly so rich a man as Mr. Philip Rossiter—for I may as well tell you here that since his death certain lands which he had purchased were found to contain coal, and that two mines having been excavated upon them, Philip has, by this means, doubled, perhaps quadrupled his income—yet, even then, my uncle was in receipt of between thirty and forty thousand per annum. Think, then, of the change that had come over my prospects! With Dr. Blaire I had very hard work and a very small salary; and possessing no fortune, and, as I feared, no great professional talents, I had had nothing to look forward to but the obtaining at some distant future of a small country practice. And now in a week's time I was to be rich and independent, in absolute possession of affluence such as my wildest ambition had never pictured, at the age, too, of twenty-three! No wonder that my head was a little turned, and that, as I went about my usual occupations, I scarcely knew how to control my delight and excitement."

"Poor Ernest!" murmured his wife, speaking for the first time since he had commenced his narration. "I can well understand how bitter must have been your disappointment."

"If *disappointment* had been all, my dear, I could have borne it. I am not a weakling to have fretted for twenty years over a disappointment, however great. It is not the loss of the property so much as the fact that I have been defrauded of it which it still maddens me to think of. But let me go on. All throughout that week, which I expected to be my last at Merely, terrible storms were raging in every part of the country. Accidents of various descriptions were daily reported on the land, and shipwrecks innumerable on the coast. Not a newspaper that one took up but was filled with disasters. I remember trying hard to sympathise with some of the sufferers from these calamities, and being shocked at my own callousness, for my mind seemed to be in such a whirl of joy and selfish gratulation as prevented me from entering properly into the feelings of others. At length, however, I came across something in a daily paper which effectually moved my sensibilities—something that struck home to me with a vengeance! It was the account of an accident at Wharneside, which had resulted in the death of six persons; and foremost among the list of the killed stood the name of my uncle, Mr. Philip Rossiter of Dunscarley Hall. No need to describe my startled horror as I gazed at the fatal paragraph, scarcely able to believe my eyes, and feeling as though I were being slowly turned into stone; you can imagine all that for yourselves. The day on which the accident had occurred was exactly a week from that of my uncle's visit to Merely, and I read the newspaper account of it on the day after it had happened. By-and-by, when I became more composed, I was struck by certain significant facts in reference to it, which I beg you particularly to notice. The accident was this:—Attached to an old mill—that for some time had been used as a storehouse for goods—was a tall chimney that had got into rather a rickety condition, and as to the unsafety of which, it was said in the paper, the town authorities had more than once received a warning. The mill stood in a square leading from several main thoroughfares, and the chimney exactly faced a narrow passage, much used as a short cut to the railway station close at hand. It was in that passage that my uncle had met his death, through the falling of the dilapidated chimney in a heavy gale. Five other persons, all men, perished with him. But the bodies of my uncle and of another gentleman, who had been walking close by his side, were the first to be recovered from the *débris*, under which they had not been entirely buried; for when the casualty had occurred they were at the end of the passage nearest to the railway station, and therefore furthest from the mill. The gentleman who had been struck down by my uncle's side was Mr. Meadowcroft, his lawyer, whose name he had mentioned to me several times during our interview, and whom he had told me he should instruct to draw up the deed of gift. Now, as soon as I was able to collect my faculties after the shock I had sustained, I began, as I have said, to see the significance of the situation. My uncle had promised to return to Merely in about a week, and to bring with him the executed deed. It was just a week afterwards that he had been on his way to the station, at eleven in the forenoon, and in company with his attorney. It was evident to me that at the moment when death had overtaken them the two gentlemen had been setting out for Merely. I had received no notice of their coming, but I was as sure of the fact as though I had had fifty letters to announce it. The deed of gift, then, had been drawn up. The horrible fear that I might have lost the property—which had followed quickly upon the first less self-interested dismay at my poor uncle's sudden death—vanished like a mist before the sunshine of hope, or rather, of assurance. In a couple of hours after my attention had been first caught by that startling newspaper paragraph, I was travelling northwards as fast as an express train could take me."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY CONTINUED AND COMMENTED UPON.

"On arriving at Wharneside," pursued Dr. Rossiter, "I learned through inquiry that directly after the accident my uncle's body had been conveyed to his own residence. Accordingly, taking a cab, I at once proceeded to Dunscarley Hall, which lies about three miles out of the town. Just as I was in the act of alighting before the principal entrance, the door opened, and my cousin Philip stepped out.

"Upon seeing me a sudden change passed over his countenance, and he fell back against one of the

pillars that supported the porch. His expression, as it struck me at the time, was not one of surprise only, but of absolute dismay. In an instant, however, he had recovered himself, and we entered the house together, I pondering over that strange look of his, he volubly expressing satisfaction at my visit, declaring that he had been about to telegraph for me, and nervously questioning me as to when I had last heard from my uncle, and how I had learnt of his death. Watching him closely, I perceived that my answers to these queries afforded him intense relief, though he strove to hide the fact; and already alarm and suspicion of the truth began to be awakened in my breast. But without further grounds for them I could not, of course, allude to these distrustful sentiments; and, in my turn, I put some inquiries to Philip respecting the particulars of the fatality. When he had answered them, and we had exchanged mutual condolences (not very sincere, perhaps) upon the loss of our only relative, he led me to the chamber of death. My uncle's face was quite uninjured, his death having been caused by fracture of the spine, which had been struck by a heavy coping-stone; and the sight of him whom I had so lately beheld in perfect health, and whom I believed to have been my benefactor to so stupendous an extent, affected me more than I could have imagined.

"After we had left the room, Philip took me to the library, ordered refreshments to be brought there, and then, with the air of the master of the house, invited me to remain until after the funeral.

"Something in his manner as he made this request confirmed my uneasy mistrust, and turning upon him suddenly, I asked—

"'Where are the papers, Philip, that were found on my uncle's person at the time of his death?'

"'What papers?' he gasped, taken by surprise, and growing pale as death. Ah, Mary! if you had seen his face then you would never have annoyed me, as you so often have done, by insinuating doubts as to the correctness of my convictions."

Excepting by a sympathetic and affectionate glance, Mrs. Rossiter made no reply; but Mrs. Ettrick, who was evidently becoming much interested in his story, exclaimed eagerly, "Well, doctor? Do go on. Your cousin, you were saying, asked, 'What papers?'"

"Yes," rejoined the physician, "and before he could gain his self-command I told him.

"'I mean,' I said, 'the deed of gift which my uncle had executed in my favour, and which, at the moment when that fatal accident occurred, he was on his way to the railway station to take down to me at Merely.'

"I made this statement very quietly, but I looked hard at Philip as I spoke; and if anything more was needed to convince me that the document had really been drawn up, and that Philip was cognisant of the fact, his demeanour now supplied it. For some moments, I assure you, his complexion was perfectly ghastly, and his first words—Beatrice, mark this!—his first words, uttered before he had had time for reflection, were, 'How did you know of it? You said that he had not written to you for more than a year?' Then, feeling that he was betraying himself, he began to stammer confusedly that he knew nothing about any deed of gift, and that none of uncle's papers had yet been looked into, but that, for his part, he should be very glad if he had altered his mind and left me any share of the property. He then went on to add that, acting in the place of poor Mr. Meadowcroft, who had been our uncle's legal adviser, the head clerk from his place of business had sealed up the deceased's escritoire and other repositories for papers, and that he had likewise taken possession of his pocket-book, which he (Philip) believed to be the only thing besides his handkerchief and purse that had been found upon his person. 'But,' he concluded, 'you had better stay here until after the inquest and the funeral, and then you will see if anything turns up, and be able to look after your own interests.'

"'Thank you, I shall certainly do so,' I answered sternly. And for a considerable time not another word was spoken between us. My cousin took up a book and turned over the pages, pretending to read, whilst I sat opposite, gazing fixedly at him, and trying to realise the position of affairs. That Philip had found the deed of gift, and that he intended to suppress—perhaps had already actually destroyed—it, I felt convinced. Yet, how dared he, I wondered, play so dangerous a game? If the deed had been executed, as I was certain it had, there must surely exist some proof of the fact. It was possible, as I reflected, that Mr. Meadowcroft might himself have drawn it up, and that my uncle might have insisted on his secrecy concerning it; but it was not likely that so important a document could have been executed in his office without the knowledge of some of the subordinates. The 'head clerk,' at any rate, to whom my cousin had alluded, must, I thought, know something about the matter. The first step to be taken was to see him. I had just opened my lips to demand the address of the late lawyer's place of business, when a servant appeared to announce a visitor, whose name I did not catch; and, springing from his seat, Philip, without a word of apology, hurried from the room.

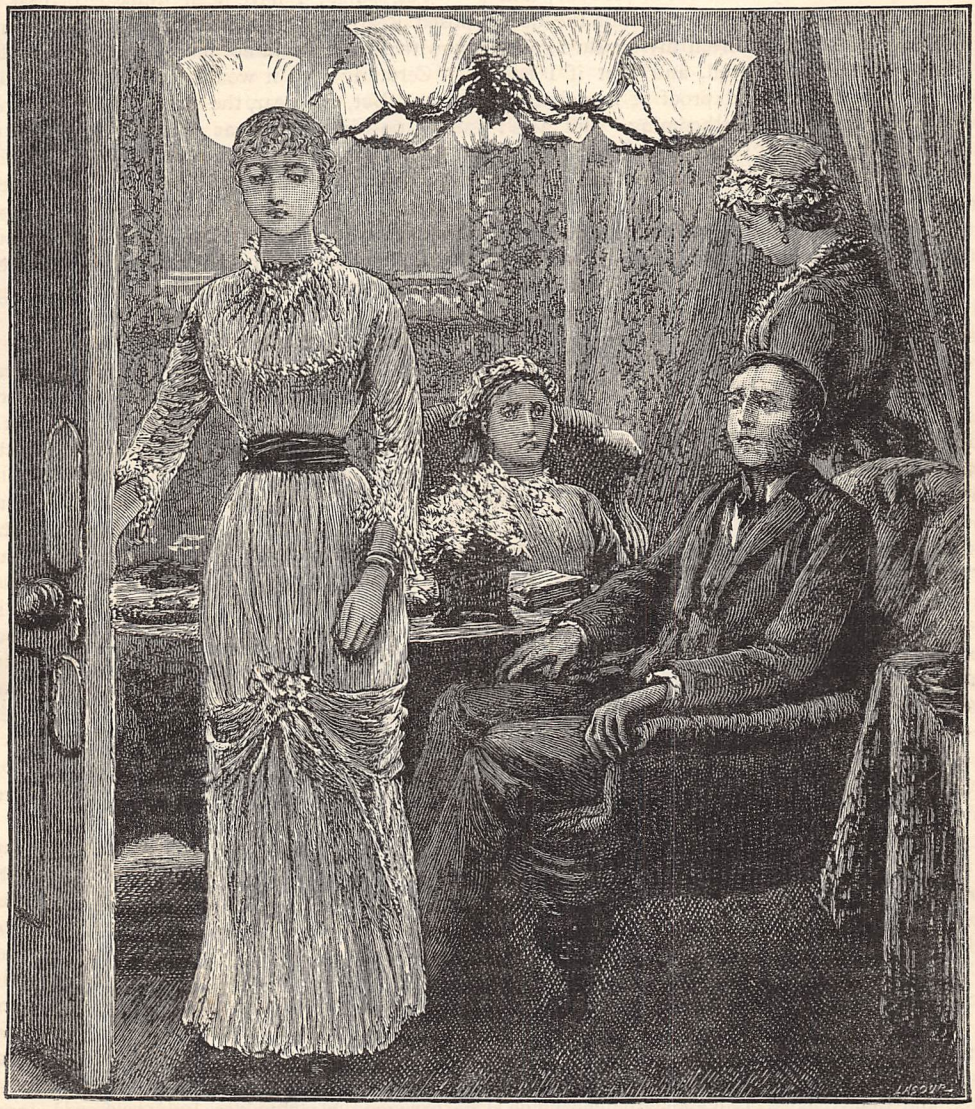
"Well," continued Dr. Rossiter, rising here, and beginning to pace the apartment with hasty, excited steps, "in ten minutes or so the scamp returned, in company with a raw-boned, red-headed Scotchman of about thirty, whom he introduced to me as Mr. McClintock, and who, he informed me, had been the late Mr. Meadowcroft's principal clerk. Here, then, was the very man I had wanted. But at the first glance into his face the hopes that I had built upon of his assistance gave place to a vague apprehension. Intuitively I discerned that he was a scoundrel. I perceived too, as by instinct—for I had no time to reason upon the matter—that there was something inimical in his expression, and that, as his shifting gaze met mine, there was a restless uneasiness in it.

"'Mr. Philip Rossiter tells me,' he began, when we had acknowledged the introduction, 'that you are under the impression that our lamented friend Mr.

Rossiter had executed before his death a deed of gift in your favour for, I suppose, some few thousand pounds?"

"'No, not for a few thousand pounds,' I rejoined with slow emphasis, 'but for every farthing of his property.' retorted in an aggressive tone. 'I know nothing whatever about any such deed as you speak of. May I ask what evidence you have of its existence?'

"'I have the evidence,' I said, 'in the first place, that my uncle told me he intended to have it made.'



"'WHY, CHILD, HOW PALE YOU LOOK!' HE ADDED" (*p.* 76).

"'Dear me! What an incredible statement!' exclaimed McClintock, affecting to smile, but betraying his disturbance, as my cousin had again done, by a rapid change of colour. 'But, of course, you are not making it without some kind of proof?'

"'I have ample proof for my own satisfaction,' I said, walking up to the fellow, and forcing him to meet my eye. 'And you, sir, require no proof. You know the truth as well as I do. I can see that.'

"'Then allow me to say that you are mistaken,' he

"'By *letter?*' inquired McClintock.

"Of course I was obliged to acknowledge that it had not been by letter, but in person, that my uncle had informed me of his design. I described his visit to Merely, and repeated what he had told me about Philip's marriage, and the mortal offence it had given him. When I had finished, Philip uttered an interjection expressive of both consternation and distress. But McClintock broke in before he could speak, with a question as to whether any one had been present at

our interview. Again I was forced to reply in the negative. He then asked me how I knew that my uncle had really fulfilled his promise. Had he written to tell me so? Or had I received a letter to that effect from Mr. Meadowcroft? Now I saw that both he and Philip waited for my answer to these questions with an anxiety which they could but ill conceal; and I have since concluded that up to this time the deed had not, as I had supposed from my cousin's guilty manner, been actually destroyed, and that if I had been able to produce any legal proof of its existence it might possibly have been forthcoming. But, alas! I possessed no such proof; and being young then, and naturally of a candid and truthful nature, the vile conspirators—for such they were—soon drew from me the fact that I had not a scrap of written testimony to bring forward in support of my assertions, nor any corroborative evidence in the shape of witnesses. Directly they were satisfied upon this point the behaviour of both changed. My cousin began to laugh, and pretended to believe that I had been trying to play a joke upon him, whilst McClintock professed to be shocked at my having invented such a 'barefaced fable,' as he called it.

"Imagine now how I felt," continued the physician, stopping abruptly in his walk, and clenching his fists unconsciously in the passion which these reminiscences awakened—"imagine how I felt when the conviction then forced itself upon me that these two villains were in collusion—that between them they had agreed to try and defraud me of my rights. Without a moment's hesitation, and carried away by the natural indignation that filled me, I turned upon them, and accused them of their crime. I asserted that by some means one or other of them had gained possession of the legally-executed document which would have given the whole of my uncle's property into my hands, and which would have left Philip Rossiter a beggar, and I declared that they had consented with each other to withhold and destroy it. Further, I threatened them with the law and with the punishment of penal servitude, which they so well deserved. However, to cut the thing short (for I cannot bear to dwell upon this interview, though I recollect every circumstance of it as well almost as though it had occurred yesterday), both the rogues thought proper to simulate virtuous wrath. McClintock menaced me with a summons for defamation of character, and defied me to prove a statement which, he said, bore on the face of it its own refutation. 'For what man in his senses,' he asked, 'would dream of relinquishing in his lifetime every penny he possessed, and on behalf, too, of a person of whom for years he had taken scarcely the slightest notice?' And this preposterous assertion, he continued, rested, so far as yet appeared, on my own unsupported evidence. If such a deed as I spoke of had by any possibility been made, it had certainly not been at their office. Meadowcroft, he was ready to swear, would never have lent himself to such an act of treachery against Mr. Philip Rossiter. Moreover, it would be easy to prove that no quarrel of any sort had ever taken place between Mr. Philip and his uncle, and that never had they been on better terms with each other than at the time of his death. 'However,' he finished up with a laugh, 'all you have to do, sir, is to produce this surprising document, or to bring forward the *witnesses* to it.'"

"Yes, papa; I have been thinking of that," interposed Beatrice. "Unless the deed had been signed by witnesses it would not have been legal, would it?"

"Certainly not; it would have been so much waste paper. But, my dear, the deed *had* been signed. I am as positive of that as though I had been present at the doing of it. Why else should those fellows have shown the alarm they did at first, when they thought I might possibly have some tangible proof of the deed's existence? Besides, my uncle had said that it should be 'signed and sealed' when he brought it down to me, as he was on the point of doing at the moment when he was killed."

"Then, papa, did you find the witnesses?"

"No, Beatrice, I did not," returned her father, again beginning to pace backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped behind his back. "I did not. And why? The explanation flashed upon me directly that rascal suggested about the witnesses, which he did with a peculiar taunting emphasis upon the word. He himself had been one of the witnesses—Mr. Meadowcroft having, no doubt, drawn up the deed—and the other witness, if he had known anything about the contents of the document, had been bribed to silence. At first sight, perhaps, this may appear to be mere assumption," continued Dr. Rossiter, pausing to look round upon his audience, "but to me the conclusion was fully warranted by the premisses; and the sequel of events confirmed it.

"But to finish off my account of this visit to Dunscarley Hall—the first and last time that I entered my own house, stood upon my own estate. I asked McClintock whether or not my uncle had of late paid several visits to his office, and he owned that this was the case. I then inquired on what business he supposed he had been there. He shrugged his shoulders, and said he didn't know. Once more I asked him why Mr. Meadowcroft and my uncle were together on the morning when the fatal casualty had occurred, and where they were intending to travel by rail, as, from the fact that the passage led only to the station, it might be presumed they were so intending. Again he shrugged his shoulders and professed ignorance. Well, I began to feel like a man in a nightmare, baffled and defied at every point; and in my bitter disappointment and impotent rage, I am afraid I did not cut a very dignified figure. Passion, of course, is never dignified, but there are circumstances under which no mortal man could avoid an exhibition of it. Any way, I told those two dishonest knaves in no very careful language what I thought of them, and Philip ordered me out of the house."

"Good gracious, doctor! And what did you do then?"

"I went straight to another lawyer, and put my case in his hands, Caroline. And at the end of a week he

informed me that I hadn't a leg to stand on, not a fragment of evidence to bring into court, and advised me to abandon the charge. But I would *not* abandon it. I went consecutively to five of the cleverest attorneys in the kingdom, and spent every farthing of the £500 my uncle had given me, as you will remember, some years before; but with the same result. They all declared that I had no case, yet each admitted that the circumstances were extremely suspicious. And so the matter ended. The deed was never found, and all investigations failed to discover the witnesses to it. Those two villains had succeeded in their nefarious act, and I had been robbed and cheated out of that splendid property! For meanwhile, no will having turned up, Philip had taken possession of everything as his uncle's legal, as well as acknowledged, heir. And for twenty-three years (whilst I have had to struggle for a living, working my way up first to be Dr. Blaire's partner, and afterwards his successor in that quiet country practice) *he* has been rolling in the wealth of which he has defrauded me, and which, as I have already mentioned, has been immensely increased through the working of those coal-mines. And he has built largely to the old hall, and laid out the estate again, and beautified the place in all kinds of ways, and even changed the name, for it is now called Dunscarley Park."

"But, dear Ernest," interposed his wife, "if we have not been very rich, we have been very happy. We have had *love*, which is a thousand times better than *money*, is it not?"

"Yes, my dear; but we might have had both the love and the money," returned her husband; "and it is absurd to pretend that we should not have been the happier for it. At all events, one thing is certain: that I should have been the happier without this rankling sense of injustice, which has always been festering within me like an irritating sore."

"But for twenty-three years, Ernest!" remonstrated Mrs. Rossiter with gentle reproach. "Ah! if you could but forget—and forgive, too, dearest," she added bravely, yet with a deprecatory air. "For if your cousin has indeed done all you suspect, his sense of guilt must have been harder to bear than your sense of wrong. His uneasy conscience must have been to him a constant punishment."

"My dear love! do you actually suppose that such a man as Philip Rossiter can possess a conscience? *Forgive* him, forsooth! No, never! Impossible! But I do, for the sake of my own peace of mind, strive to *forget*. It is for your benefit, Beatrice, that I have been raking over the whole business to-night. I wished you to understand why I was so exceedingly displeased at your having made the acquaintance of that scoundrel's son. And I want you to give me now your dispassionate judgment upon the story I have told you. You are only a young girl, I know, but I have always credited you with being sufficiently clear-sighted. Do you not see that, despite the absence of legal proof, the evidence of my cousin's guilt—I mean of his having found and destroyed that deed—amounts to moral certainty? But—excuse me, Caroline—I ought to have asked first for *your* opinion."

"Indeed, doctor, I can't help feeling that you must be right in your belief," returned Mrs. Ettrick; "in fact I'm almost *sure* you are. But if that McClintock had connived at the crime, it must have been, you know, for his own advantage. Did you ever find out what benefit he reaped from it?"

"A very pertinent question, Caroline," said her brother-in-law. "Yes, I found out this: that although he had no private property—and no one could tell where the money had come from (he professed to have borrowed it)—he purchased the business of Mr. Meadowcroft. For two years I had kept my eye on him; but at the end of that time he went out to Canada, why or wherefore I could not learn, and I then lost sight of him, though I believe I was a fool to do so. Well, Tiny?"

"Papa, you wish me to tell you truly what I think?"

"Of course."

"Then, papa, it seems to me that you are not justified in being so utterly positive as you are."

"Why? State your reasons," commanded her father, flushing angrily.

"Please, do not be vexed. But, dear papa, is it not at least *possible* that your uncle might have changed his mind on reflection about making that deed of gift?"

"No, it is *not* possible, Beatrice. When Uncle Philip came down to Merely, his determination was quite fixed concerning the matter, and he was one of the most obstinate men in creation. Once let him form a resolve, and nothing could shake it. And why were he and Mr. Meadowcroft going to the station?"

"Well, papa, I can only say again that it seems to me *just possible* that they might not have been going to Merely at all, or that, if they were, it *might* have been to tell you of—of some different arrangement."

"Then how, pray, do you account for my cousin's manner—for the absolute terror he showed on first seeing me? And how do you explain that lawyer fellow's marked uneasiness until he had drawn from me by questionings that I could produce no written proofs?"

"Papa, I cannot bear to annoy you by what seems like contradiction, and, of course, you know that I could never doubt anything you say. But I remember once hearing mamma say something like this: that it was quite possible, when the conviction was firmly settled upon any subject, and the feelings much excited about it, to allow imagination to exaggerate, sometimes even to create evidence in confirmation of one's impression, and also that, after a lapse of time, one's memory was apt to play one false, and to colour and deepen——"

"There, there, that will do!" interrupted her father irately. "Yes, you *have* heard your mother say all that in connection with this very point. *Your* memory, at any rate, has proved remarkably accu-

rate. Mary, it is the only subject you and I have ever quarrelled about. As for you, Beatrice, I am not going to quarrel with you. I can't coerce your opinion, of course, but I can command your obedience. On this occasion I asked you to express your judgment, but never venture to do it again."

"No, papa," returned the girl sadly; "but I have not formed any judgment. I have only said that I thought there might *possibly* be some doubt."

"Just so. Now go to bed. And you had better rise pretty early to look after your packing. We shall all go home to-morrow morning. But I will wait, if Aunt Ettrick will allow me, for a later train than the one I had intended to have taken. And, by the way, remember this, Beatrice: that if by any chance you should ever meet that young man again, you are not to know him—you understand? Now, good night. Why, child, how pale you look!" he added, suddenly struck by this fact. "We have all been upset, haven't we? Never mind, Tiny, it will be all right by to-morrow. We'll put the whole affair out of our minds. There, kiss me. Good night, dear."

If a night passed without a moment's sleep, through the presence of torturing doubts and perplexities, of a strange aching pain at the heart, and a dreary sense of blank disappointment, could be described as a "good" night, then poor little Beatrice Rossiter did have a very good night.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

PLAIT AND PLAITERS.

FEW parts of England have been less cut up and metamorphosed by railways than Buckinghamshire and the south of Bedfordshire; for though the Great Western line skirts the former county on the western, and the London and North Western on the eastern border, the tract round about the Chiltern Hills is untouched and to a great extent primitive, and the old chronicler who said, "Broad Buckingham may bear the blazon—bread and beef," would still find it an eminently corn-growing and pastoral district if he could arise from his quiet grave and look about him. The men are employed in agriculture, and, to use a local expression, "goo gintly an" throughout their quiet lives; and the women, instead of being absorbed by the care of their homes and families, devote most of their energies to the manufacture of straw plait, in which their fingers are as deft and nimble as are those of a German Hausfrau with her knitting-needles. The children, both boys and girls, begin to do it by the time they are three years old—plait as they walk along, as they sit on the doorsteps, and as they stand gossiping with their neighbours. Plaiting schools are kept by women, who teach the little ones to make their first "fives" and "sevens," provide them with seats and crocks of water, and see that they all keep at their work without idling. They are a sadly untidy and unthrifty set of people, scarcely knowing how to do a stitch of needlework, or cook a potato; addicted to making a cup of tea and eating dry bread, or bread and butter if they can afford it, when hunger becomes so pressing that they can stave off its cravings no longer, and buying a rasher or two of green bacon at the shop for a relish when they are lucky enough to have the necessary halfpence in their pockets.

The plaiting industry took root among them at the end of the last and early in the present century, and to some extent superseded the pillow-lace-making, which was then beginning to decline. There are middlemen in this as in every other trade, who hold the straw and deal it out to the women, and also buy the plait when made. They know how to buy cheap and keep their stock in hand till Fashion declares herself violently in favour of straw bonnets and hats, and then they make a capital harvest. The flinty soil of Bucks and Beds is supposed to impart a peculiar sparkling whiteness to the straw grown there, but its colour is very different before and after the bleaching process, which is the first stage in its preparation. This is principally effected by means of salt of tartar, and when the delicate primrose tint has succeeded to the browner one which characterises it in the field, the straw is dried at a high temperature, cut into foot-lengths, and tied up in hundreds. In this form it is handed by the dealers to their customers, who carry it home and proceed to split it up for use. The small instrument with which they do this is sometimes said to have been invented by a French prisoner, but was probably the idea of a youth named Thomas Simmons, of Chalfont St. Giles. It consists of a flat piece of thin wood with circular holes just large enough to admit of a whole straw being passed through. These holes are fitted with sharp steel cutters, and divide the straws into four, six, or eight strips according to the one used, and experienced splitters know their holes as well as bagatelle-players know the numbers of the cups into which their balls may go.

The split straws are then damped and "milled"—that is, passed between wooden rollers to render them soft and pliable—and at last are ready for plaiting.

PLAIT AND PLAITERS.

The mill is a very small machine, and is tightly screwed down, and worked by means of a handle in the same way as a crimping machine, or a modern wringer.

The very coarse plait of which many large hats are composed is made of whole straws, milled but not split, and when they are brown or black it is probable that discoloured straws are used up, which of course are perfectly admissible in plait that will be dyed before being sewn into shape. Otherwise great care must be taken in throwing aside all that are too dark or have any blemish in them.

Plait is made of an uneven number of strands or straws, from five to seven or eleven, or sometimes more ; and the golden rule impressed on the minds of juvenile beginners is—"Under one and over two, pull it tight and that will do."

Every one who looks at a straw will see that the outside of it is polished and the inside rough and dull, so that in twisting and turning the strands over and over both these surfaces would show, as they do in the inferior plaits denominated "single." Two strands or strips are, however, taken together with the roughness inside, and drawn through the mouth so that they adhere and are alike on both sides, and plait made of straw thus treated is called "double" seven or eleven or whatever the number may be. When dull-white-looking bonnets are the *mode*, this process is reversed, and the shiny sides of the straw placed together, and the plait then produced is locally called "rice" straw. It looks very much like fine chip, but is far better and more durable.

It stands to reason that straws a foot long will make only two or three inches of plait, and have to be renewed continually. This is done by "setting out" at regular intervals, usually of five stitches, on the left-hand side, and the short ends come round at exactly the right time, and are replaced, so that the left side bristles with ends quite short underneath and longer above. Well-made plait curves slightly inward, being somewhat tighter on the left than on the right edge where the pattern is made. The neatest and most common of these is caused by a dexterous twist of the outer strand, and is styled "whipcord;" when the last but one is twisted over the outer one, the pattern is "one notch," and successive twists have various names. Sometimes a strip of cane is inserted in the middle and pulled out as the work proceeds ; this produces a kind of open pattern or "bird's-eye." The plait pointed on each side, of which straw hats for men and boys are commonly composed, has only four strands, and is known as "pearl."

As soon as a yard or two of plait is made it is tied up into a coil, which hangs on or is tucked under the worker's arm ; a bunch of straws is held between the third and fourth fingers of her left hand, leaving the thumb and forefingers and the whole of the right hand free to manipulate with. The rapidity with which they move, forming the pattern, drawing out fresh straws from the bunch and setting them out, is almost magical, and so it had need be, for the plait must indeed be good and much in request which fetches a penny a yard, and half that price is far more common. A small crock of water always stands near, in which the straws are frequently dipped, so that the plait and finger-tips are in a moist condition, though they must on no account be kept too wet. When market or sale day approaches, the plait is clipped of its set-out ends, milled, and measured off into scores. Dozens of yards are never thought of ; the reckoning is always by scores and half-scores, and one need go no further from London than to Tring to see a plait market in full activity on Fridays. It is very difficult to say how many yards a quick worker can make in a day, as this naturally depends on whether the plait be coarse or fine, but usually the children and inferior workers make the coarser, and skilled hands the finer sorts. Every little one used to be a distinct gain to the family resources, but the School Board has made a difference in this respect by enforcing attendance for a certain number of hours daily, and by this means the girls know something more of the use of their needles than they did ten or twelve years ago.

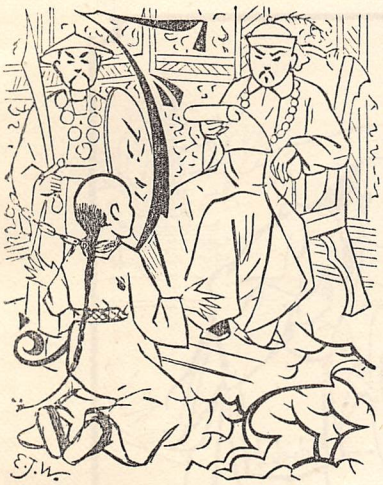
We have hitherto spoken only of English straw, but there are other kinds, and notably the Italian straw, which in the parlance of milliners is "Tuscan," and in that of plaiters "benet," or "bennett." This straw is of the well-known *écru* or brownish tint for something like a quarter of a yard below the point at which the ears have been cut off, and of a nice white for a somewhat shorter distance towards the roots. It is, as its name imports, brought over from Tuscany. The white part is cut off and forms the material for a delicate and pretty plait, called by its makers "white end," which however is only in demand at intervals, sometimes of several years. The browner parts of the benets are usually plaited in a perfectly plain pattern containing eleven strands, or with "bird's-eye" centre, and the quantity required for one of the semi-poke bonnets, of which a few may be seen just now in ultra-fashionable shops, is three-score or thereabouts. Benet is slow work but higher-priced, and as each small straw is whole and does not want to be doubled, is rather less fidgety to make. Something with which the straw is prepared, however, is injurious to the fingers and causes the upper joints to waste, so that a person who has made benet all her life has very thin, pointed, withered-looking finger-tips. Bad gatherings and whitlows are also of frequent occurrence, and are ordinarily attributed to being poisoned by the benets.

Girls brought up to this occupation do not take kindly to domestic service, but the more enterprising among them who desire to see a little life, often contrive to save sufficient of their earnings to take them to Luton, where they learn bonnet-sewing, which is a business of itself, and one not yet entirely usurped by the sewing machine. The rows of machine-stitching would indeed disfigure a good hat or bonnet, and the best must always be put together by hand. The thread used is a stiff kind generally denominated as "wire." There are a great many departments in the Luton work-rooms, as the plait has to be bleached by

the fumes of brimstone after it is received from the dealers, sewn into shape, sized, blocked and pressed; and when a girl goes thither to learn them it is looked upon as a rise in life; and in truth good, steady lasses, who can bear the necessary heat and confinement, do go home from time to time with a good stock of clothes and a little money in the savings-bank. The majority of the young women who work at Luton, however, are the daughters of small tradesmen and farmers, and it is comparatively few of the plaiters who ever reach that goal. Most of them marry early and bring up a tribe of flaxen-haired babies to follow in their own footsteps, and mark the epochs of life as the "time afore last when we made benet," "when whole straw fust come in," or "when there was sich a lot o' pearl about."

E. CLARKE.

A CHINESE NOVEL



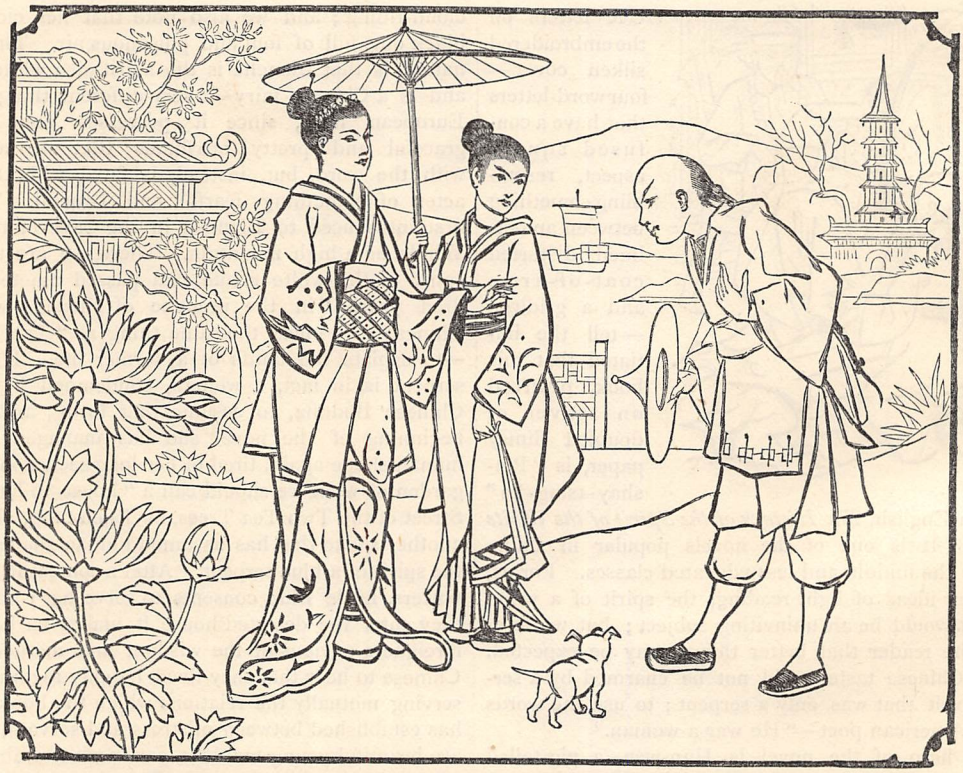
OUR letters on the embroidered silken cover—four word-letters that have a confused square aspect, resembling something between an outlined distorted coat-of-arms and a gridiron—tell the initiated that this book, printed on leaves of doubled flimsy paper, is "Pih-shay-tsing-ke"—or, in English, *The History of the Spirit of the White Adder*. It is one of the novels popular in China among the middle and less educated classes. For us, with our ideas of light reading, the spirit of a white serpent would be an uninviting subject; but we forewarn the reader that better things may be expected. Even Chinese taste would not be charmed by a serpent-spirit that was only a serpent; to use the words of the American poet—"He war a woman."

The hero of the novel is Han-wen, a pig-tailed youth, apprenticed to an apothecary. His romantic history and his misfortunes all date from the day when he pays homage at the tombs of his ancestors, and somewhat inconsistently goes farther to amuse himself, and is overtaken by rain and by two sirens in need of an umbrella. The narrative deals alternately with human affairs—tea-drinkings, dinners, marriages, pagodas, shops; and with preternatural wonders—magical changes, dragons, genii of the stars. The heroine is called White, or, perhaps we might say Blanche. She and her maid, Little Blue, have a provoking habit of escaping our sympathy by making themselves invisible whenever they like, or going up in clouds and riding any distance, like witches, with vapours instead of broomsticks. The genii of the stars, the Buddhist Fa-haï, from the Pagoda of the Mountain of Gold, and various other awful personages, have the power of crossing the whole Celestial Empire in cloud-chariots whither they will. These great folks address Blanche politely as "Odious Monster" when they meet her out cloud-riding; and we also note that her cloud is a black one, full of foul and poisonous air. The explanation is that Blanche is the spirit of a white snake, and is a Chinese fairy—a very different thing from a European fairy, since it possesses none of the graceful and pretty attributes that we associate with the word, but, instead, is fated with the character of something fearful and baneful. We are first introduced to Blanche in the Cave of the Pure Winds on a high mountain. There, we are told, the spirit of the white snake had passed nineteen hundred years "in the practice of virtue"—with the Chinese very much the same thing as "Tao," *Reason*—to expiate the faults of a former life. The white serpent is, in fact, a woman, condemned by Fo, the Chinese Buddha, to assume that form; and at the beginning of the novel she has managed to take human shape again, tired of her long seclusion. In the garden of what we should call a "house to let," in the Street of the Two Tea Trees, in Tsien-tang, she meets another snake that has assumed human shape. It is the spirit of a blue serpent. After a contest in magical powers, Little Blue consents to serve her; and when they enter the deserted house it makes us benighted foreigners envious of the wisdom and method of the Chinese to hear that they lived happily together, "observing mutually the relations which the book of rites has established between mistress and servant." They are beautiful young maidens, one in white embroidered robes with a red sash, and with aristocratically small feet necessitating her servant's support; the other all in blue. As in Western novels, the opening illustrates the adage, "the course of true love never did run smooth;" but here every chapter naïvely ends with a paragraph hinting woes and wonders yet to come, and adding always, "If you want to know what happened to Han-wen—read the next chapter."

What happened to Han-wen was this:—That misguided young man, after burning gilt paper and laying offerings at the tombs of his ancestors, shook off his grief, and meant, in popular phrase, "to make a day of it." He crossed the Kiang River, and wandered by the Lake Si-hou—of which we may make an imaginative vision from any *bric-à-brac* tea-pot or willow-plate, and learn for once what befalls the people who make holiday in the scenery of porcelain and willow-ware. Han-wen saw two beautiful girls, mistress and maid, looking down from one of the quaint wood-work bridges; and they saw Han-wen—with mutual heart-

burnings, not divided on either side, and not jealous, but, like Chinese writing, peculiar and incomprehensible. They were afterwards rowed across the river in the same boat with him. A shower of rain overtook them on the opposite shore, and he politely forced upon their polite refusals his umbrella. We can fancy that luckless article, the source of all his bliss and all his woe—a gentleman's umbrella, wide, flat, and many-coloured, with best bamboo handle. Little Blue asked his address, that she might bring it back to-morrow: happy and precise Chinese, so far in advance of the West! He politely replied that he would call for it himself on the morrow, received the address of the charmers, and went away rejoicing, with streaming-wet blue coat, straw hat, and pig-tail.

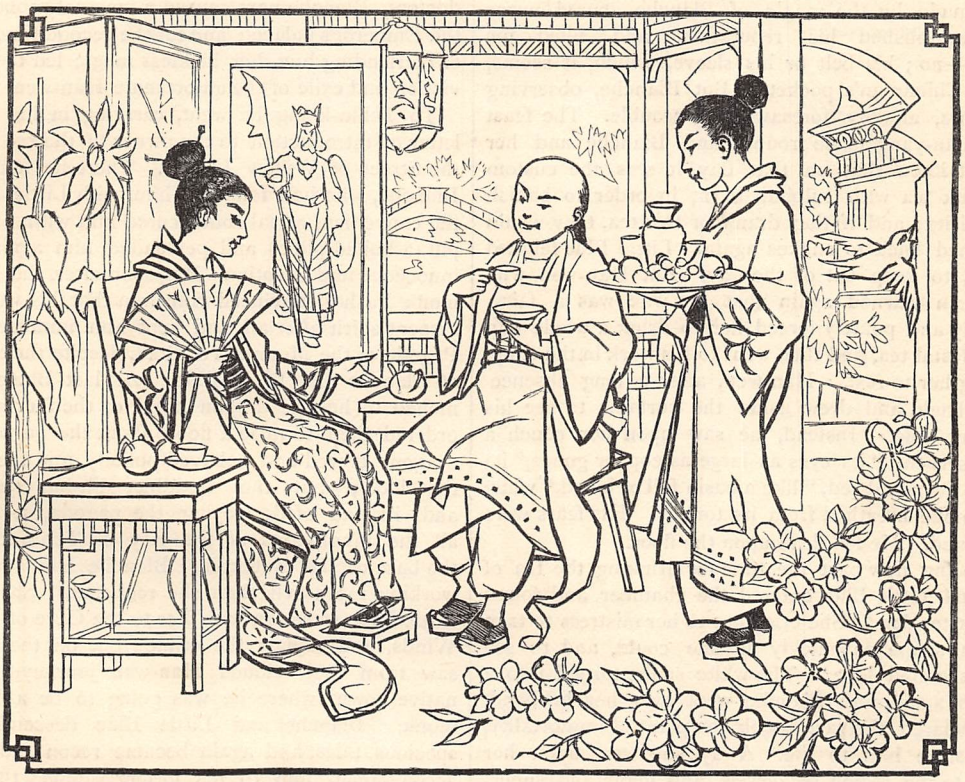
He forgot his master's advice, not to remain out or amuse himself after paying homage at the tombs of his ancestors. He did not return that night to pestle and mortar and the fumes of drugs. He went instead to the house of his married sister, whose husband, Kong-fou, was keeper of the city treasury. After a sleepless night, he sallied forth secretly before breakfast to call for the umbrella. The Chinese marriage colour is red, and perhaps he wished to give a hint to the lady; but when we are told that he "dressed with particular care, and put on a coat of brilliant red," there is a touch of nature making the whole world kin; for was not this the Chinese form of the well-known state of mind illustrated in David Copperfield, when he bought four sumptuous waistcoats—"for Dora"—during the first week of his passion, and laid the foundations of all his corns? Han-wen, inquiring his way, was surprised to hear that the address given by the ladies was an empty house. But he went on perseveringly down the Street of the Two Tea Trees, and into the garden; and the head of the maid popped out of the garden door by a remarkable chance while he was admiring the flowers. She admitted him to the vestibule, called the Hall of Perfumes. He politely refused to let her bring her mistress, but she, as politely, refused to bring the umbrella without summoning her mistress to thank him. She triumphed, and went for the lady, whom he was all the while dying to see. Blanche entered, thanked her "benefactor," and ordered tea—cold tea in little cups, without cream or sugar, the usual Chinese visitors' beverage; and Little Blue served it to them on separate small tables—*vide* the Chinese fans and trays. He took "a few cups," then rose, as if to tear away himself and his umbrella. But Blanche would not let her benefactor depart without his breakfast. After this meal, at which we are told they drank cups of wine, the fair one gave a full (and most mendacious) account of herself and her solitary position, and proposed a marriage with him. Han-wen gave the customary polite refusals of a good thing, alleging that he was too poor for such an alliance; whereupon, to prove her riches sufficient, the lady ordered her maid to bring



"HE POLITELY FORCED UPON THEIR POLITE REFUSALS HIS UMBRELLA."

from the interior of the house a hundred ounces of silver, which she handed over to him to buy the marriage gifts. And Han-wen, his hopes all crowned, hastened home to his sister, and his brother-in-law Kong-fou, to tell the blissful news.

Now the night before, Blanche, suspecting money and marriage presents would be convenient when Han-wen called, had, by her magical powers, brought "all the demons from the five parts of the world," and made them supply her with silver from the city treasury. The result of this little manœuvre was that when the blissful lover hurried to the house of his relations, he found them anything but blissful. His sister was grieving for her husband's disgrace and anxiety, and Kong-fou himself had been bastinadoed that morning for his inability to account for a robbery during the night. Kong-fou, seeing the treasury-mark on Han-wen's silver, was obliged to give evidence against him. Han-wen was led before the magistrate, bound by a chain locked round his neck; there, kneeling upon the red steps, he told the very likely story that the silver had been given to him by a friend whose name he had forgotten. The ever-ready bamboo forced the truth out of the hapless lover; but when the police went to search for the ladies, they found in the Street of the Two Tea Trees only a deserted house and garden, reputed to be haunted. The heroines had escaped in a most unsatisfactory manner by becoming invisible; and Little Blue, high up in her cloud, was present afterwards when the magistrate gave the official decision that the culprit, being the victim of fairies, should not be put to death, but should be exiled to Soo-chow-foo. In that city he had an introduction to Wou, the friend of Wang, his former master; and he was established there peacefully in the shop of Wou when there came suddenly to the door Blanche and Little Blue, who had sped after the unhappy Han-wen on their clouds. Han-wen did not want them; he insulted them as fairies, the cause of his woes. But when Blanche pleaded with Wou that Han-wen was affianced to her, and that she and her servant were no fairies, but had trudged wearily all this way for his sake, Wou induced Han-wen to believe her story for the sake of Blanche's happiness and reputation; for in China not only is it considered dishonourable to marry a second time, but it is also dishonourable for one who has once been affianced, even in infancy, to marry any one else if the contract be broken. Having consulted an astrologer as to an auspicious day for the marriage, the ceremony took place, and Han-wen set up for himself as a dispensing chemist, painting the front of his house with bright colours, and hanging out a sign-board, inscribed "Pao-ngân-tang," the Shop of Health. It is to be hoped he did not add thereto the words "Pu-hu," which many Chinese shopkeepers place beside their door, to signify "He will not cheat you;" for under his wife's guidance Han-wen was decidedly a heathen Chinee, peculiar for



"LITTLE BLUE SERVED IT TO THEM ON SEPARATE SMALL TABLES" (*p.* 80).

ways that were dark and for tricks that were mean. For a whole month no customers came. Then they hung out the advertisement, "Han-wen, doctor of medicine, skilled in the art of curing all diseases." Still no customers. One day Blanche told her husband that there was soon to be a pestilence, and she would prepare pills to cure instantly those stricken with it; at which good news, the Chinese novelist gravely says, Han-wen was beside himself with joy. That night Blanche sent out Little Blue to drift over the country on her cloud, pouring poisoned vapours down upon all the lakes and wells. Of course the epidemic came, and much doctoring was needed. The pills of Han-wen, made by the magic of Blanche, cured every one, established his reputation, and filled his pocket—no; his belt or his sleeve, which, it seems, are a Chinaman's pockets. But Blanche, observing the stars, already foresaw fresh trouble. The feast of Touan-yang came round, and Blanche and her servant knew that on that day it was the custom to drink tea with sulphur in it, in order to banish evil spirits; and if they drank of this tea, they would be turned back to snakes again. Little Blue feigned illness, to keep out of the way. But Han-wen, who had been warned again that his wife was a fairy, amiably and politely forced her to drink a whole cup of the festal tea, and then went to his work in the shop, leaving her to rest. Han-wen, after a long absence came back, and drew aside the curtains to see his sleeping wife. Instead, he saw upon her couch a white serpent, "its eyes as large as copper gongs," its mouth deep and red, "like a basin full of blood," while foul smoke breathed from its tongue. His fears were confirmed. He fell dead upon the floor.

It being now past the time for drinking the tea of the feast, Little Blue entered the chamber, and found her master dead. She cried out to her mistress to take human shape as quickly as she could, and to see what she had done. The white snake turned into a woman again, and Blanche wept over her husband, and declared she would seek the plant of immortality, and restore him to life. Away she went upon her cloud to the region of deities, and genii, and supernatural cloud-riding beings, with the heads of stags and birds, her meetings with whom, her prostrations, polite speeches, insults, and battles, it is impossible to tell in short space. It is enough to note that at one time, Blanche being killed with fright by the star Nan-sing, the hero and heroine of this extraordinary novel are both dead, though plenty of adventures remain for them still. Blanche is restored to life by one of the supernatural characters, because, it is revealed, her marriage with Han-wen had been decreed hundreds of years ago, and she is destined by Fo to bring into the world the genius of the star Wen-sing. She finds and carries back at last the plant of immortality, gets Little Blue to boil it, and administers this immortality-soup to her husband. He wakes as if from a deep sleep, and the moment he finds himself on his legs again he rather savagely and ungratefully accuses her of being a snake and a fairy. She and Little Blue stoutly deny the charge, and effect a reconciliation by showing Han-wen, in the vestibule, a chopped-up white snake made out of a white scarf by Blanche, which they persuade him is the one that crept in awhile ago and lay on the couch.

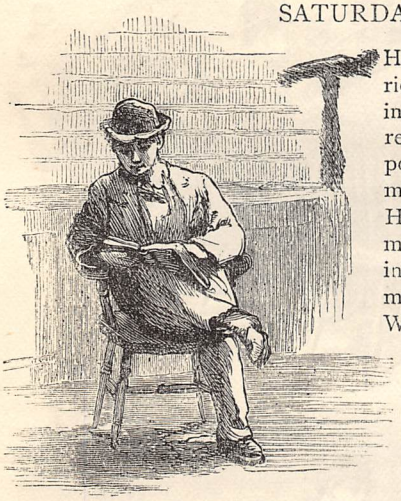
Soon after, this accomplished but dangerous lady made pills for the wife of the governor of the city. Han-wen was called to the house as a doctor, and thither he went, carrying his pills in his sleeve. They effected an instantaneous cure, and the governor paid his doctor's bill with four pieces of flowered satin and a thousand ounces of silver, and sent him home in a palanquin surrounded by eight musicians. To extricate him from a plot jealously contrived by the other doctors, Blanche next caused a magical robbery from the Emperor's palace; and for the second time, instead of befriending him, her luckless magic led to the conviction and exile of the unfortunate Han-wen.

To Tchin-kiang he went, carrying in his sleeve a letter of introduction to the owner of the red house in the Street of Willow Leaves. There he fell ill; and Blanche, who had followed him, with Little Blue, by the convenient aërial route, cured him with a magical pill (a boiled pill!) and persuaded him again of her innocence and devotion. But, soon after, the Buddhist monk Fa-haï convinced Han-wen that his wife was a serpent-spirit after all, and kept him immured in the Pagoda of the Mountain of Gold, despite the entreaties of Blanche and Little Blue. At last Blanche summoned to her the dragon kings of the four seas, and ordered them to raise a flood about the pagoda. The dragons bowed and behaved politely, and then raised the flood; but the Buddhist Fa-haï quelled it, and, instead of destroying the pagoda, it drowned all the inhabitants of the city of Tchin-kiang, at the base of the mountain. Blanche had again been working more evil than she reckoned. She advised Little Blue to return with her to the Cave of the Pure Winds, and expiate the crime; but on the way they saw from their clouds Han-wen journeying to his native town, where he was going to be a Buddhist monk. Blanche and Little Blue descended, told specious tales, and again became reconciled. They accompanied him to his former home, the house of his brother-in-law Kong-fou, and Kong-fou furnished a house for them, into which they went, having chosen an auspicious day for moving. Afterwards a son was born to Han-wen and Blanche, and a daughter was born to Kong-fou. Before the births a promise was given between the parents that if a son and daughter were born, the cousins should be affianced, and should be married in time to come. Thus the child of Blanche, who was no other than the genius of literature, otherwise the genius of the star Wen-sing, came into the world already promised in marriage! A month after his birth, the Buddhist Fa-haï suddenly broke in upon the happy family, sent his golden vase to Blanche under pretence of its containing the purest tea for his entertainment, caused the vase to stick to her in the presence of her affrighted husband, and finally caused Blanche, the serpent-spirit, to disappear, while at the same moment there was discernible coiled on the end of his wand a white snake, which he

carried away with him. The family followed him to the Pagoda of Louï-pong. There he gave the promise that when the boy should win literary honours for his name and ancestors, he should see his mother once more; and having shown them Blanche in human form, he touched the pagoda with his wand, the whole structure moved aside, and Blanche sank into the stream flowing under it, which stream the pagoda covered again when he moved it back to its former site. This engineering business done, he sailed away in a cloud to his own Pagoda of the Mountain of Gold.

The son of Han-wen, as befitted the genius of literature, easily passed the three Government examinations, which in China are the opening to all official employment; and in the last of the three examinations, conducted by the Emperor himself, he was the highest, or "flower-crowned" student. The novel gives *verbatim* his petition, by which he obtained unpronounceable titles for his deceased mother, his father, uncle, and aunt. In reward for this filial piety, which is the Chinaman's ruling virtue and the moral of the book, the Pagoda of Louï-pong was once more moved aside, and he beheld his mother, the beautiful Blanche. The Buddhist Fa-haï declared her faults all expiated now, and bidding her step upon a white scarf, he changed it into a white cloud, which carried her away to the skies. Han-wen's blue scarf was changed likewise to an azure cloud, and he followed her to the happy abode of Fo. Their son, before returning to the capital, married the daughter of Kong-fou, fulfilling the marriage engagement made before the birth of either. As we know they must have mourned in white for the death of Blanche long ago, it seems only a natural sequel when we are told now that the bride looked lovely on her wedding-day, and the bridegroom was dazzling in red, with "a black crêpe cap." And with an enumeration of the joys and honours that befel them in reward for their filial piety, we find ourselves at the last page of the Chinese novel—the last page, which in our reckoning would be none other than the first, since the books of that all-contrasting nation not only carry each printed line of word-letters downward in columns instead of across, but begin, like the Hebrew, at the right-hand cover, and invert our process of reading as well as our ideas, while we are travelling back to that last leaf which Westerns call the first.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN A FREE LIBRARY.



THE Free Libraries Act, passed in 1850, was the result of the report of a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1849, on the motion of Mr. William Ewart—M.P. for Dumfries. It provided that two-thirds of the rate-payers of a borough, &c., should have power to authorise the levying of a rate for the purpose of maintaining a library that should be absolutely free, under certain specified conditions, to all comers. By a singular oversight, the Act, as first passed, did not give authority for the expenditure of a single farthing in the purchase of books, so that the first and most essential outlay in connection with a library had to be provided for by public subscription, till the amended Act of 1855 remedied the omission, and gave sundry other facilities for the better working of the measure, including an increase in the amount of rate from one halfpenny to a penny in the pound. Prior to the passing of the Act there was but one Public Library in England open to all who chose to use it, namely, the "Chetham Library" in Manchester, founded in 1653, by the piety and spirit of Humphrey Chetham, of whom Fuller has given an interesting account in his "Worthies of England." The Chetham Library, which still flourishes, can claim to have been the first institution of the kind in Europe, freely accessible to all classes of the community, without distinction of rank.

Manchester was the first town to avail itself of the provisions of the Act of Parliament, and its example was very soon followed by Liverpool. Since then libraries have been provided for free public use in about one hundred towns; and it is worthy of remark that, with comparatively few exceptions, these institutions are to be found solely in districts inhabited by populations engaged in manufacturing and other industrial occupations.

The working of a Free Library under ordinary conditions can best be seen if we visit it on Saturday evening, the busiest time of the whole week. That which we select for the purpose has been in operation only a few years, and is situated in a manufacturing town of about 25,000 inhabitants. To what extent the boon is appreciated, and the class of visitors by whom the library is frequented, we shall see as we enter the various rooms and watch the proceedings. On the left of the entrance hall is a spacious reading-room, lighted from the top by day, where, on stands fixed round the room, are copies of the London and provincial daily press, while large tables are liberally supplied with other papers and periodicals. Many of these, we learn, are free gifts, the proprietors of several valuable

SATURDAY NIGHT IN A FREE LIBRARY.

weekly and monthly publications generously posting copies as issued, while others are supplied by the liberality of residents. In this way the resources of the Free Library committee are supplemented to a considerable extent. As we enter, the weekly market in the streets outside is crowded, and the shops are in full work; but the reading-room is notwithstanding well filled during the entire evening, chiefly by men and youths who have been employed during the day in the factories of the town.

Leaving the reading-room on our left, we turn next to the lending department of the library, and find the whole of one side of the lobby occupied by a rack, covered with glass. This is the "Indicator," an ingenious contrivance by which visitors may see at a glance whether any particular book is in or out. In the latter case a small ticket is seen on a tiny shelf, behind the glass, against the number of the volume. This ticket, as we learn afterwards, belongs to the person who has taken out that particular book, and is kept on the numbered shelf, visible to the public, but of course out of reach, till the book is returned. An entry made on the ticket at the time of issue shows when the book was borrowed, and enables the librarian or his assistant to see at a glance what fine has been incurred if not returned punctually. The books are issued at a small opening, not unlike that of a railway ticket-window, in the centre of the glazed partition. Entering by the courtesy of the librarian, we obtain an insight into the internal arrangement of the place. The library is small compared with some in larger towns, having only about 6,000 volumes in the lending department. These are divided into ten classes as follows:—A, Theology and Philosophy; B, Biography; C, History, Travels, and Topographical Works; D, Law and Politics; E, Arts and Sciences; F, Fiction; G, Poetry and the Drama; H, Miscellaneous Works; I, Magazines; J, Juvenile Literature.

Of these classes, as may be supposed, that devoted to fiction is by far the largest, and above fifty per cent. of the works issued are on the average drawn from that class. The next most popular section appears to be that devoted to bound volumes of magazines, while the issues from Class J are also very large. Curious to know what kind of reading is provided for the boys and girls, who hold readers' tickets in great numbers, we examine the shelves devoted to juvenile literature, and we find the works of the late Mr. Kingston largely represented, together with several hundreds of other tales for the young, which are exceedingly popular, as their well-thumbed condition abundantly testifies. Several interesting facts relating to the issue of fiction are stated by the librarian. We learn with some surprise, not unmixed with satisfaction, that the works of two or three well-known writers, usually regarded as among the most sensational of their class, are seldom or never asked for. On the other hand, those of two lady story-writers, familiar to readers of certain religious papers, are in such demand that, even with four or five copies of each work, it is impossible to supply all applicants. Many readers, indeed, appear unwilling to venture on any other author, and if there are none of ——'s or ——'s books in they will carry off their tickets in disgust. Lord Beaconsfield's works had remained upon the shelves in slight request until the author's death, when for a little time the demand was enormous. The worthy people of the Black Country, however, seem to find these works too abstruse or else too political for their taste, as in the great majority of cases the books were brought back in a day or two with a request for "something more interesting."

Magazines, as we have said, are in considerable demand, and we are pleased to note signs of continuous "wear and tear" in the few volumes of the QUIVER and of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE that chance to be on the shelf at the time of our visit. It is no infrequent occurrence to have every copy of the former cleared out on Saturday nights in anticipation of the next day's reading. Next to the three classes named above, but at a considerable distance, that devoted to works of history and travels seems to be in demand, followed closely by that allotted to the arts and sciences, inquiry for which is greatly stimulated by the classes held in connection with the library during the winter months, for the study of mathematics, geology, drawing, physiology, chemistry, machine construction, &c. Biography, strange to say, seems to be in comparatively little request, and poetry is still less popular. Class A is drawn upon but slightly, and chiefly by persons well known as workers in the Sunday school or as occasional lay preachers.

Passing from the lending department, we next enter the Reference Library, a room containing about 1,500 volumes, fairly well selected. Of cyclopædias, dictionaries, and other works appropriate to such a library, the supply is good, but a large portion of the shelves is occupied by illustrated and other periodicals. Youths of fourteen years of age and upwards are permitted to use this room, and every visitor in applying for a book has to fill up a form, giving its title, his name, age, occupation, and address. From these forms the librarian is able to present at the end of the year a report giving in detail the ages and employments of readers. This report shows that youths under twenty largely predominate. Of "occupations," as given by the readers themselves, there are some singular examples. The following, for instance, are all classified by the librarian under the generic name of "ironworkers," but are the peculiar descriptions which certain young readers give of their employments in the different works:—"Heaver-up," "drawer-out," "carray-staples," "pipe-carrier," "helper," "cutter-down," "catching at the rolls," "hardner," "cutter-off," and "straightener," the last-named being also variously spelled "strarghtener" and "straitoner." A considerable number, the times being bad, describe themselves as "nothing;" "laburying" is interpreted to mean "labourer," and "schoalour" is supposed to be a backward lad at the Board school. The full list of occupations shows that most trades and professions are represented among the readers, publicans being very low in the list, while clerks and pupil-teachers are so numerous as to suggest that the more intelligent

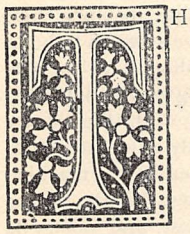
young men of the town find the library a real boon to them, and use it freely in their efforts after self-improvement.

Before we leave, the librarian calls our attention to a very heavy item in the financial statement included in the report. Although the total income from the rates is less than £250 a year, nearly £50 have to be expended in binding, an outlay largely attributable to the carelessness with which books are used both in the Reference Library and at the homes of borrowers. Cases of wilful damage are believed to be exceedingly rare; but comparatively few of those for whose special benefit Free Libraries are designed seem yet to have learned to appreciate books as they ought. Probably this evil will to a large extent be remedied as time rolls on. Meanwhile it is interesting to stand in the crowded lobby and watch the eagerness with which the visitors swarm round the window, through which three assistants are engaged issuing books as fast as they can possibly be entered, till the closing hour of nine brings a welcome and much-needed end to the labours of the day.

FREDERIC WAGSTAFF.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."



THERE is generally a great deal of truth in old proverbs, and the one that says that "it requires a good cook to cook a steak and boil a potato," is no exception to the rule. The various methods of cooking potatoes are almost infinite, but I do not think I am guilty of exaggeration in saying that by far the most difficult method of all is to boil a potato—*properly*. At the present season of the year, the roast beef of Old England, red and juicy, has special claims upon us all; though with the progress of time Old England has to a great extent given way to the importations of America and even Australia. Still it is good genuine beef; and I think those who regard us as barbarians for eating potatoes with our meat, would do well to consider what would our Christmas sirloin be without its constant companion, the white, floury potato, white as snow, firm, and yet one that crumbles to pieces when touched even lightly with a fork, for he indeed would be worse than barbarian that attempted to *cut* a potato.

Comparisons are, as a rule, best avoided; but the French have so much in their favour in everything that relates to cookery, that we may for one moment contrast the *filet de bœuf aux pommes de terre frites*, with the old-fashioned English rump-steak and floury potato. Both are good, and I will try and give both their due. First the French fillet. Beautifully tender, but then there is a suspicion that some of the goodness, and even flavour, has been knocked out of it, still for tender teeth this is undoubtedly a great point in its favour. On the top is a small pat of half-melted butter, like rich cream, to which some chopped parsley has been added, and which gives a sort of finish to the dish, while round the fillet repose those light brown slices of potato, which require so much caution in eating, owing to the cook having mastered the art of frying—viz., heating the fat far above the temperature of boiling water. It is a dish by no means to be despised, and after a long journey abroad is the safest one to order.

Now for our own rump-steak. Cooked to a turn on a gridiron, and placed on a plate scorching hot. The steak coloured outside like a freshly-polished old dark Spanish mahogany table. Attached to the steak is a rim of rich yellow fat, at least an inch and a half thick, just slightly browned here and there; for steak, my French friend, is worth nothing without fat, and how often do you bear this in mind? Is there one thing left to make the English steak win the day? Even while we wait, a streak of bright, clear, red gravy runs out upon the plate, soon to be absorbed by the floury potatoes that complete the picture; and if the steak be tender, and a deep red when cut—not blue—and the appetite good, no better meal in my opinion can be found, however far we may travel from home.

Is it possible to describe how to get a potato into this state of perfection? I admit it is a very difficult thing to do, the more so as potatoes now undoubtedly are not what they were many years ago.

First, then, how about boiling the potatoes in their jackets? If you consult cookery books on this subject you will be overwhelmed with arguments, medical and scientific, and which seem also common-sense arguments. The latter, by-the-by, does not always follow from the former. I bow meekly to these arguments, as I should were one to argue in favour of corduroy *versus* cloth; I admit the corduroy to be more durable, more economical, admirably warm for winter wear, &c., but for all that I don't buy any. If some of our great men brought corduroy into fashion, I would readily follow. We are to a great extent bound to study fashion, as beyond a certain point we should be put down as eccentric. I believe that potatoes are best cooked in their skins; I cannot recommend the method on the ground of appearance.

Old potatoes should be put into cold water, and new potatoes into boiling water; and just as it is impossible to say at what precise moment a potato ceases to be new and becomes old, so it is equally impossible to say what temperature the water should be between these two extremes for potatoes that are neither new nor old.

It is impossible to give an exact receipt for boiling potatoes, as time and temperature vary with the size and age. It is, however, quite possible to explain the

"principles" on which boiling depends. Cooks too often fail because they treat all potatoes alike, whereas if they knew the reason *why* they do what they do, they would then understand how to vary their method according to circumstances.

First let us take ordinary large potatoes—though, remember, it does not follow that the *very* large ones are the best. First, in peeling them it is obvious that on economic grounds the peel should be cut as thin as possible—besides which, one argument in favour of cooking potatoes in their jackets is that the part nearest the peel contains the greatest nourishment. Next after peeling, the eyes, *i.e.* those black spots, must be cut out with as little waste as possible. Directly the potatoes are peeled they should be thrown into cold water till they are wanted. Next the potatoes should be placed in a saucepan with enough cold water to cover them, to which has been added salt in the proportion of about a dessert-spoonful to a quart. Now the reason *why* little new potatoes should be thrown into boiling water, and large ones into cold, is that the larger they are the more slowly should they be boiled. Were you to throw large potatoes into boiling water and to continue boiling, the result would be that the outside part of the potato would melt while the inside would be quite hard. When you throw the potatoes into cold water and set the saucepan on the fire, the water, of course, warms gradually, and the potatoes get hot through equally gradually. When the water comes to the boil, they should be allowed to boil gently till the potato is tender right through, and this is found out by sticking them with a fork.

I think that the secret of cooking potatoes properly is to pour off the water directly they are tender to the centre, and never to let them boil beyond. The moment therefore that you find the fork goes through easily, take the saucepan off the fire, pour off the water, and place the saucepan by the side of the fire, where the heat is slack; leave the lid half on and place a cloth lightly over the potatoes, under the lid, to absorb the steam. Now and then give the saucepan a shake, a little quick shake; this prevents the potatoes sticking, and also helps to increase the floury appearance.

Very large potatoes take nearly half an hour after the water comes to the boiling point; but to carry out the *principle*, suppose the potatoes are unusually large, then as soon as the water boils throw in some more cold water, say a large cupful, so as to prolong the period in which the potatoes are getting hot through. This is, however, rarely necessary in the present day, as the giants are now seldom to be met with.

Now as the potatoes decrease in size and get gradually smaller and newer, so must the water into which they are put go up gradually from cold to "water with the chill off," next "lukewarm water," "warm water," "hot water," "boiling water." We next have another sliding scale with regard to peeling. New potatoes should be washed and rubbed with a rough cloth or a piece of flannel; when they get a little older, they require scraping; and so we ascend to the peeling, though at what exact point the one ends and the other begins it is, of course, impossible to say.

From what I have already explained, it follows that potatoes cannot be boiled properly unless they are all of one size. The cook, where potatoes are kept in any quantity, should therefore pick out a lot as nearly as possible the same size. When there are only a few, and of different sizes, the large ones must be cut in halves. New potatoes when small should be boiled with a few sprigs of mint, a quarter of an hour is generally enough, and they should be as freshly dug as possible.

New potatoes should be drained and thrown into a cloth for a minute till the steam evaporates, and then placed in a hot vegetable dish with a pat of butter. The heat of the potatoes will soon melt the butter, and then they can be rolled in it for a few seconds before sending to table.

Another admirable method of cooking potatoes is to steam them; the steamer should fit tight to the saucepan; they can be tested by the fork as to when they are done, and the steamer should be occasionally shaken.

One important point to be borne in mind is not to begin to cook the potatoes too soon—some cooks are so afraid of getting behindhand, that they will have their potatoes done half an hour before they are wanted. If potatoes are kept too long after they are cooked, first, they are not really hot; and secondly, they are very apt to change colour. Indeed, with regard to this point of changing colour, there are some potatoes that seem to turn a bad colour however carefully they may be cooked. The fact is that they are inferior potatoes. Were I to sum up in a few words the secret of boiling a potato properly, I should say—first, find out the moment the potato is done through; secondly, let the water be boiling pretty briskly the last two or three minutes; thirdly, take them off and drain them the moment they are done; fourthly, let the steam evaporate and send them to table at once.

The next point of importance is, What is the best thing to be done with the cold potatoes that are left? Too often they are left and supposed to be warmed up for the servants' supper—but are they? A good first-class man-cook is often glad of some cold potatoes to make a border for an *entrée*. At the present season of the year there are probably some thousands of houses whose larders contain a cold roast turkey and some cold potatoes. Probably the breast has been cut into and the legs remain whole. Try and use the cold potatoes as follows:—First take off the two legs and put them by to be devilled. Then cut up the cold turkey, scrape the meat off the bones, and put the bones on the fire and stew them down with an onion, a little parsley, and some trimmings of celery; skim the grease off, and boil it away till it is reduced to rather more than half a pint; add a tea-spoonful of catchup, a little cayenne pepper, and thicken it with a little corn-flour. Cut up the meat free from bone, and warm it up in this rich strong gravy, in a small stewpan. Then take the cold potatoes, add a little milk boiled separately and some butter, and mash them in a basin with a wooden spoon till all the lumps are gone. Put the mash on to a tin dish and shape it so that it is hollow

in the middle and fluted outside—I recollect using once a broken nutmeg-grater to shape the outside into round pillars—the mould of potatoes thus formed with the hand need not be more than an inch and a half thick; put the tin into the oven and bake it a little while—it need not necessarily be browned—and then fill the inside with the cut-up turkey and rich gravy. This is an admirable *entrée* and there is no waste.

Or another way:—Put the bones of the turkey on as before, to stew down to rather more than a pint. Skim and strain and get rid of the grease; add to it a pint of boiling milk—*boiled separate.* Thicken this delicious white soup with the cold potatoes, passing the whole through a wire sieve. Add a little pepper and salt, and boil a bay-leaf in it for a short time. Serve some fried bread or some crisp toast cut up small.

Another way of using up cold potatoes is to make them into a cheesecake as follows:—Take two lemons, two ounces of sugar or a little more, two eggs, and two ounces of butter. Rub the sugar on the rind of the lemons and pound the sugar with the juice of the two lemons, and the butter and the two eggs well beaten up. Mix in as much cold potatoes as the mixture will bear, and put it in a small buttered pie-dish and bake it in the oven—the mixture before baking should be of the consistency of mortar.

The sole secret of fried potatoes is to have sufficient fat to cover them, and to have this fat hot enough. Cut the potatoes (raw) into slices as thick, say, as a penny; keep them in water till they are wanted; then dry them thoroughly and throw them into fat, heated considerably above boiling water point. Directly they begin to turn colour take them out, as they will get darker after being taken out of the fat.

Cold cooked potatoes may be fried, but they must not be allowed to remain in the fat long. Cut up some cold hard potatoes into pieces half an inch thick, and throw them into the fat till the edges begin to turn colour, then take them out, drain them on a cloth, and put them in a dish with a little butter and some chopped parsley. This is a very nice way of serving potatoes.

Another nice way of using up cold boiled potatoes is to have them *à la maître d'hôtel.* Cut the potatoes—kidney ones are the best—into thin slices, say one-eighth of an inch each, and warm them up in a little white stock thickened with some flour and butter—or some melted butter that has been left may be used—then add a tea-spoonful of finely chopped parsley and a little lemon-juice. Add pepper and salt and serve very hot. Some fried bread may be placed round and is a decided improvement.

Potatoes *au gratin* is another way of using up cold potatoes. Mix together one egg well beaten up, one ounce of Parmesan cheese, one yolk of an egg, about half an ounce of butter, a little lemon-juice, and a suspicion of nutmeg. Warm this up in a stewpan over the fire without letting it boil, or the egg will cause it to curdle. Then cut the cold potatoes into slices and place a layer on a dish. Spread a little of this mixture over it, and then another layer of potatoes, till you pile up a small pyramid of potatoes. Then smooth the remainder of the mixture over the pyramid, and sprinkle the whole with some very fine bread-crumbs and Parmesan cheese mixed. Put the dish (a tin one is best) in the oven and warm it up—rather more than a quarter of an hour is generally sufficient—and serve. Some fried bread can be placed round the edge by way of garnish. This dish can be served after sweets, like macaroni *au gratin.* Those who are fond of hot things will find cayenne pepper a great improvement to the above.

I had intended to give a number of receipts for cooking potatoes, but I find that using up cold potatoes will more than suffice. When we consider first the number of hungry and even starving poor, who at the present season of the year are shivering around us in misery, and on the other hand the thousands of pounds that are annually wasted over potatoes alone through the indifference and recklessness of servants, and of those over them who should know better, it becomes a duty upon all to save food.

Cold potatoes make an excellent salad, or I should say the basis of an excellent salad. Rub a salad-bowl with an onion, and slice up the cold potatoes and place them in the bowl with some finely chopped parsley. Dress the salad as follows—say enough for six persons:—Take a salt-spoonful of salt and half that quantity of pepper; place them in a table-spoon, fill up with *fresh* Lucca oil, stir it up and pour over the potatoes. Add another table-spoonful of oil, and mix it all lightly together for some time, so that the outsides of the potato-slices get oily. Then add half a table-spoonful of vinegar and mix again.

I said the basis of a salad, as to this may be added some finely cut celery, sliced boiled beetroot, thin slices of raw bloaters (German fashion), sardines, anchovies, &c., also some hard-boiled eggs. If you want the salad to look pretty, mix in first, say, the potatoes, celery, and beetroot. Smooth over the top and get a couple of hard-boiled eggs. Separate the yolks and whites, powder the first and finely chop the second. Then make alternate streaks on the salad, like a star, of white, yellow, and green—the latter with the chopped parsley. You can, if you like, dress the salad first, so that it will only want mixing before it is served. This makes a capital winter dish.

Cheerfully.

Words and Music by MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. He went a - way a year a - go All in the snow and rain, And now this day, this ve - ry day, He's com-ing home a -

gain. I've made the house so neat and trim; The win - ter flow'rs look bright: He'll

see them as he sits be-side His own fire-side to - night. He's com - ing, he's

com - ing, And what will he say? And what will he tell me On this hap-py

ten.

day? And what will he tell me On this hap - py day?

8ve.

2. The house has seemed so still and sad, The days have been so

long; But now he's com - ing, and all the world Seems e - cho - ing my song: And

who shall run to let him in, Who first his face shall see? Ah! sure - ly I that

love him so: He's com-ing home for me. He's com-ing, he's com-ing. I can

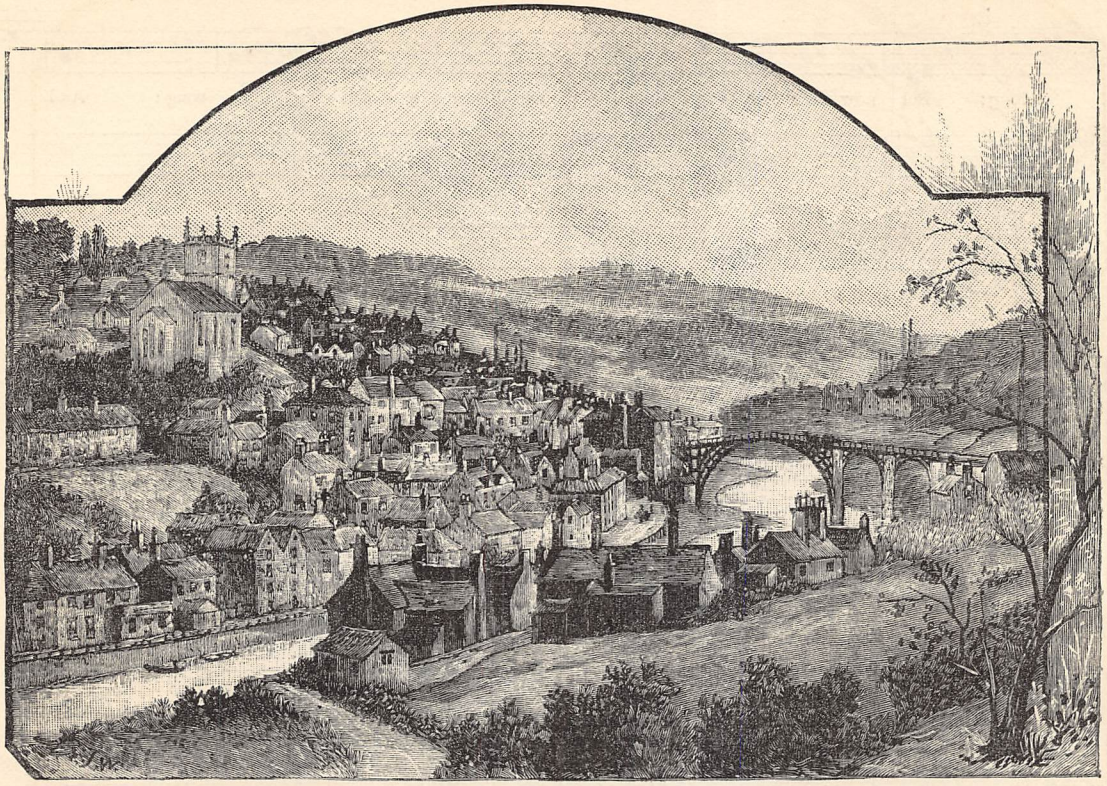
hear my heart beat; Oh, it's al - most like sor - row when meet-ing's so

ten.

ten.

sweet! It is al - most like sor - row when meet - ing's so sweet!

PED. *

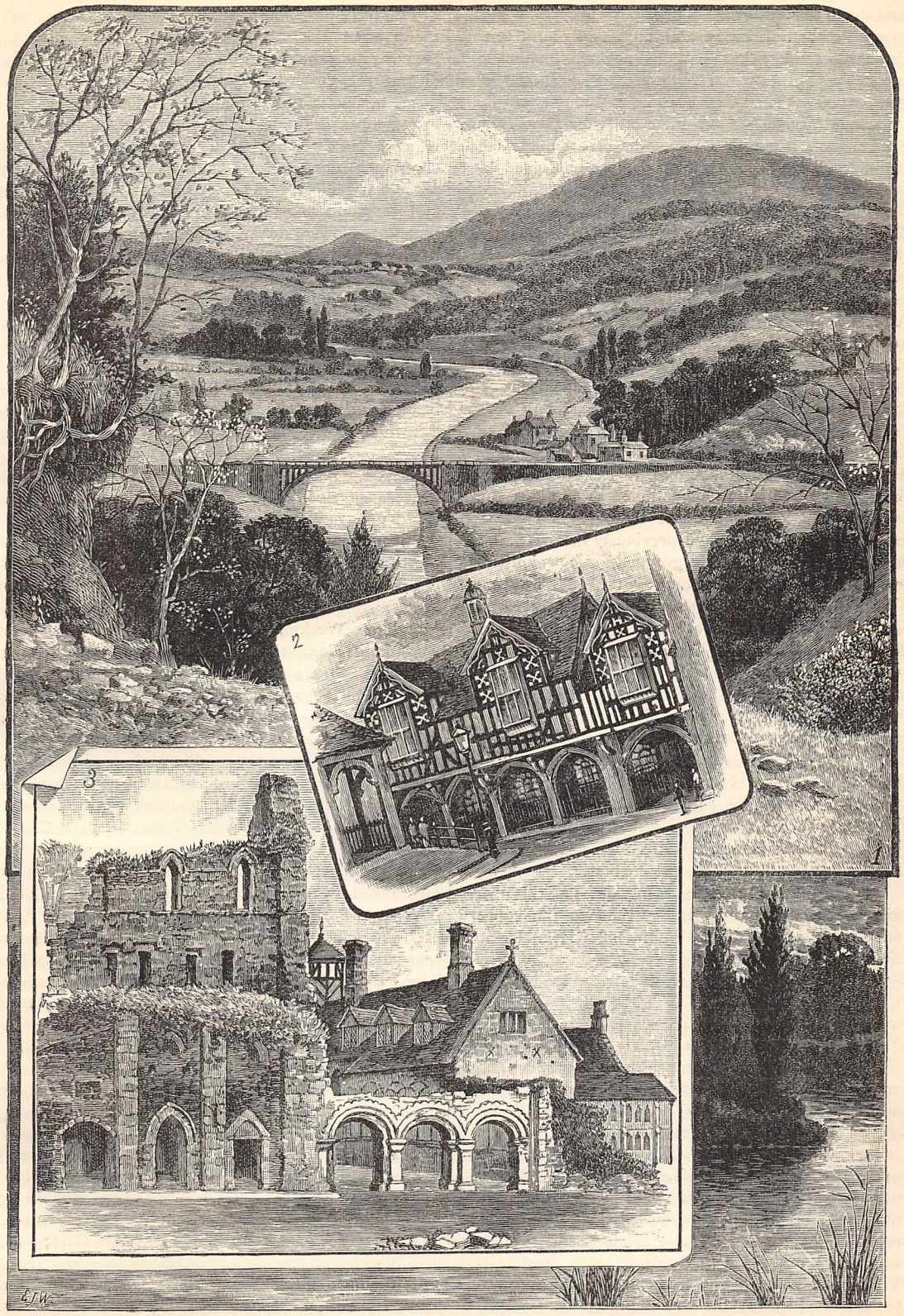


IRON-BRIDGE.

ALL ROUND THE WREKIN.

"WHERE is the Wrekin? I have never heard of it." Such was the confession of my friend Nomad. He is an average specimen of the middle-class educated Englishman. He can talk with remarkable fluency about German spas and Swiss mountains. He is familiar with every peak of the Pyrenees, and grows eloquent over the Rialto and the Square of St. Mark. He can converse for hours about the discomforts of the Nile, the dangers of Norway, and the dirt of Normandy; and he has even been contemplating writing a book on a trip from St. Pancras to San Francisco. "Where is the Wrekin?" he asked. Nomad's ignorance is only the typical ignorance of thousands of his cultivated countrymen, who know a great deal about foreign places, but very little about their native land—who accomplish "the Grand Tour," but neglect Great Britain.

We are supposed to be a most insulated people, but really we are most cosmopolitan. If Nomad's innocent query were submitted as a test question at a Civil Service Examination, it would be appalling to regard the number of erudite candidates—crammed with cosmopolitan knowledge, like living libraries or breathing books—who would be thus reduced to despair and incontinently "plucked." Even if a half-day's holiday for that encyclopædial wonder, Lord Macaulay's "merest school-boy," depended on the successful solution of this simple problem, he would vaguely regard the vacation as vain. England is as a sealed book to many Englishmen who have read every page of the Continent. Its scenes of stirring historic interest, and places of quaint beauty, suffer neglect because they are too accessible. What is easily gained is lightly prized. The difficult and remote seems to have a greater claim upon our attention than what is close at hand and easy of access; charity does not begin at home, and prophets have no honour in their own country. "That is best which lieth nearest," says the poet, "Shape from that thy work of art." The advice of Bacon, "Know thyself," might be expanded into "Know thy country." "England for the English" would be an apposite title for a book in defence of our island scenery. Educated Americans appear to know more about our country than we know ourselves. How many Englishmen, for example, have taken the trip just accomplished by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionnaire iron and steel master of Pittsburg and New York, who drove with a party of friends in a four-in-hand from Brighton to Inverness? This was an expedition of a thousand miles along old coaching-roads



1. THE SEVERN VALLEY, FROM BENTHALL EDGE. 2. MARKET, MUCH WENLOCK. 3. MUCH WENLOCK ABBEY.

and down devious green lanes, past grey and moss-grown cathedral cities and dreamy historic towns, through a country that combined at once romance and beauty, quaintness and magnificence, grandeur and gentleness. What Mr. Carnegie thought of these "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" (for Mr. William Black's story is simply an account of a similar drive through the English counties) is best expressed in a telegram he sent to some friends on the completion of the journey. "*We arrived at the end of Paradise this evening at six o'clock*," were the words sent by the wire from one who comes from a continent where Nature has exhausted herself in scenic miracles, and who had seen all that Europe has to show the tourist. A recent writer on Derbyshire has said: "There are many strange people and odd scenes to be met with in England, if a man goes about keeping his eyes open for them, and is prepared to enter into the spirit of the thing when accident throws them in his way. As for the beauty of this little country—for we must all confess it is not large—no one will ever be capable of doing justice to it. Its endless variety astonishes me the more I see of it; travel as much as one may, there is always a pleasant surprise in store—a landscape more striking than we have previously met with, fields and hills more exquisitely grouped, nobler and finer trees, or a view which somehow finds its way more directly to the heart. I do not believe there is any man alive who can say with truth that he has seen England thoroughly. One may have lived in much larger countries, it is true, but there are none which it takes so long to get tired of as England." This is a great truth well expressed; and it receives earnest endorsement in a passage by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," who says, writing about the Vale of the White Horse, "I only know two English neighbourhoods thoroughly, and in each, within a circle of five miles, there is enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life. I believe this to be the case almost throughout the country."

To no place in the United Kingdom does this observation apply with more cogency than to the country round the Wrekin. The Wrekin itself is an isolated hill dominating a soft Shropshire landscape, a beacon commanding the countryside, as is expressed in a line in "The Armada":—

"Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed with crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light."

There is a generous Shropshire toast that has been received with loyal hearts and lusty lungs for a thousand years. It is "To all round the Wrekin." There could be no more interesting district than the countryside embraced by this hearty sentiment. It is a district that has claims upon every taste. It appeals to every constitution of mind. The artist in search of fresh "effects" can find few finer studies of colour and character, of wood and water, of steep hill and deep valley, of grey gable and ruined arch, than in this Welsh borderland. The fisherman may wander with rod and creel by the Severn, and grow as attached to Milton's "Sabrina fair," as Charles Cotton was to his "princess Dove."

The Wrekin country addresses itself in a special manner to the archæologist. Historic buildings cluster round the grand old hill. The longest summer day of the year may be spent among the magnificent monastic ruins of Much Wenlock Abbey; and in the old-world streets of Much Wenlock itself there is a peace as profound as in the great grey enchanting ruins, with their rows of narrow-pointed arches and cloistral passages, their broken columns and grass-grown courtyards. Much Wenlock is the Sleepy Hollow of modern industrial England. It is the Valley of Poppies. It is the Village of Dreams. The town-hall is a picture rather than a place—a picture of dark old oaken panels and pilasters, chimney-pieces and mouldings, of everything that is quaint and picturesque, and belonging to an age long prior to Carlyle's time of "gin and steam-hammers." Scarcely so poetical as Wenlock Abbey, but still full of quiet beauty and restful charm, is Buildwas Abbey by Severn-side, with its series of sturdy pillars supporting heavy arches, as well preserved now as when they were built for the old Cistercian monks in 1135. Mr. Ruskin has placed upon deliberate record the fact that he could not, "even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles." Round the Wrekin he would find some structures that would gratify his passion for ancient architecture. Old castles are a distinguishing characteristic of the country all round the Wrekin. Thirty-one of these strongholds were built along the border soon after the Norman Conquest. "No county in England," says Fuller, "hath such a heap of castles together, insomuch that Shropshire may seeme on the west divided from Wales with a wall of continued castles."

Close at hand are the mediæval houses of historic Shrewsbury, a revelation of picturesque high-peaked gables and old timbered houses, with quaint dormered windows and panelled fronts of black and white. A stroll through the steep antique Shrewsbury streets is like stepping into the sixteenth century; but you can be transferred to a far more distant period by visiting Wroxeter, which is close by the Wrekin. "The British Pompeii" is the expressive title which antiquarians have given to Wroxeter. Excavations have exposed a buried Roman town—the ancient *Uriconium*—whose bygone military life that hoary old Wrekin looked down upon with the same grand spirit of unconcern as it regards the human insects of to-day.

While the Wrekin district has claims upon the artist, the angler, and the archæologist, it should be none the less attractive for the hard-headed man of science. At Iron-Bridge, the thriving river-port at the outlet of Coalbrook Dale, is the first iron bridge ever constructed in England; and in close proximity was the famous landslip which 100 years or more ago frightened the river Severn from its course, and was regarded as a judgment from Heaven. Geologically the Wrekin country is as romantic as its scenic charm. It is the fashion to sneer at the *ologies*. The amusement is a cheap one, and can only come from shallow minds. What, for instance, can be more interesting and instructive than the geological lessons taught us

by the Wrekin? Here Sir Roderick Murchison established the Silurian system in the science of geology. This was in 1831. Before then the Old Red Sandstone was the limit of research. Every formation met below was dismissed under the vague title of graywacke. Sir Roderick found Shropshire to contain every sedimentary formation from lias to slate; and after a conscientious survey of all the strata, the series of rocks below the Old Red Sandstone, so associated with the popularity of Hugh Miller, was shown in a complete order between that formation and the ancient slate. The new system was found to contain fossilised specimens of the very earliest created life. The discovery opened out a daring field in geological science. The term Silurian owes its origin to the name of the powerful tribe which once inhabited the Wrekin country.

But our subject is scenery and not science, so let us return to the hills. The Wrekin is not the only hill of the district. There is the Wenlock Edge range of bold, steep, green ridges, abounding in views that thrill the artistic eye; there is Longmynd, rising to an elevation of 1,600 feet, with prospects that photograph themselves upon the memory; there is the picturesque range of uplands which comprises the Lawley, nearly 1,000 feet high; Caradoc, 1,200 feet; Hope Bowdler Hill, and Ragleth, 1,000 feet, with panoramic visions of hills rising above hills, and valleys meeting in valleys. The Wrekin reaches a height of 1,320 feet, an altitude that will appear contemptible to people who measure beauty as the rich vulgarian in Pygmalion's studio measured art—by the lineal foot. But if the height of the Wrekin is small, the view from the summit is great. From the top of mountains boasting of a sensational height, the reward is generally one of clouds, tempered with fatal accidents. The ascent of the Wrekin is wood-shaded and easy, and the prospect is a panoramic picture that stuns the imagination with its breadth and beauty.

The Wrekin stands aloof from the other hills. It is a mountain with a personality and character of its own. Conical in form, and densely wooded to the very summit, it stands alone as if communing in solitude with its own sublime thoughts. And if a mountain is sentient, what an experience that grand old Wrekin has had! The history of the country it looks down upon is an epitome of the history of England. The Wrekin sheltered Caractacus holding the country with wild untrained valour against the victorious legions of Rome. It heard the Welsh harps tuned to inspire fierce border battles. It announced the coming of the Spanish Armada. The spring of water which sparkles in the sun to-day, and refreshes the holiday-makers from Wolverhampton or Birmingham (whom the railway brings to Wellington, a mile or more away) flashed in liquid light before

> "The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome,"

and will perhaps bubble up, cold and crystal, when England herself has lived out the life given to nations.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

SANITARY ASSURANCE.

IT is a healthy sign of the activity of modern thought that the question of house sanitation should receive so much attention. On all sides we hear reports of the development and vigour of numerous existing societies who make the public health their concern, and of the formation of others with practical objects of a similar kind. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the interests involved, and, since the population of our large towns is steadily increasing in a greater proportion than their area, these matters must sooner or later become of the greatest moment.

Apart from private enterprise, there can be no doubt that the existing condition of things is most unsatisfactory, and that there is a terrible absence of all supervision of sanitary arrangements in many of the houses of the metropolis. The so-called Sanitary Authority has no *locus standi* until a nuisance is known or suspected to exist, and the provisions for house drainage required by the law are wholly inadequate to secure wholesome conditions of existence.

The preservation of health, and all subjects appertaining thereto, have a paramount claim to our consideration for national as well as private reasons. The well-being of a people depends in no small degree upon its power for work, and its vigour must be very seriously impaired if the vital importance of health be not duly appreciated. Dr. Richardson, when speaking on a recent occasion in the Chapter-house of St. Paul's Cathedral before the members of the Homiletical Society, called attention to the greater vitality which the Jewish people exhibited as compared with that of other races among whom their lot was cast. From this he proceeded to consider the cause of that vitality, and argued that it depended mainly on the observance of certain parts of the Mosaic sanitary laws. Amongst other aids to health suggested from the source named, he adduced five in chief: viz., Passover cleansing, rest from labour once in seven days, chastity and good domestic life, temperance and great circumspection in regard to foods, and care of the enfeebled and destitute of all ages of life. This illustration is the more valuable since it places clearly before us the national importance of the apparently insignificant details of daily life. It is, we conceive, a new view of things to place "the daily round, the common task," which every good housewife performs so cheerily, in the high position of a national service; but in the same way as these furnish opportunities for showing patient heroism and Christian fortitude

do they constitute the duties of a good citizen for the public welfare.

Although the greatest good of the greatest number is an expression which has been dedicated to improper uses, and given an improper meaning, in its true sense it is the true test of all measures of sanitary reform ; and it is important that these should be of a popular character, and adapted to the needs of the masses, rather than limited in the scope of their operations and in the sphere of their usefulness.

There are some elements in this problem which are perhaps too frequently disregarded. Besides preventible diseases, which can be traced to causes under our control, there is no doubt that breathing vitiated air pre-disposes us to contract ailments which might not otherwise affect us ; and a high authority instances this by remarking that a current of cool air, which a healthy man will think nothing of, will light up in another a dangerous bronchitis or a fatal pneumonia. Another and more common way in which people are influenced by unwholesome conditions of life is also frequently lost sight of. Although the operation of sewer air upon the system is not yet fully understood, it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that it poisons the blood, and it does this so gradually and insidiously that many who are hopeless invalids are in reality merely the victims of an almost suicidal negligence.

Professor F. de Chaumont, in a lecture at the London Institution, which has recently been published, has put the question upon a true basis. He prefaces his arguments by showing from the Registrar-General's Report that one-third of the whole mortality of the United Kingdom is due to diseases which are more or less preventible, and adds that, although it cannot be said that the best house sanitation would prevent the occurrence of them all, yet it would be possible to remove the cause of a great many of them, and to modify and mitigate others to a very great extent. Without entering into a discussion of the specific diseases which do as a matter of fact, or may possibly, arise from breathing foul air and using foul water, it is important to remember that, among others, that dreaded scourge of humanity, pulmonary consumption, is known to be in part produced by inhaling the organic poisons with which the air of a badly ventilated room is laden. The present movement acquires a peculiar value from the active part which is being taken in it by medical men of the highest standing, and this fact is a sufficient assurance that better sanitary arrangements than have hitherto been possible are within our reach. It is proposed by the formation of friendly societies, some of which have already commenced operations, to afford householders, at a most reasonable cost, the opportunity of having their dwellings inspected by specially qualified men, who will report to them what alterations are required. Upon the execution of the work in a satisfactory manner, the inspector will examine it, and make a report to the council or committee of the association, consisting of medical men, architects, and engineers, who will, if satisfied that the essential requirements of modern science are complied with, issue their certificate to that effect. Facilities for periodical inspection at a still smaller charge will also be given, and, since no mechanical contrivance can safely be relied upon to continue perpetually in good working order, this last is a very important provision.

Further benefits to the community will probably result from this movement. It is at present a difficulty felt by conscientious landlords and builders that there is practically no means of satisfying an intending tenant that the house in question is in reality "fit for human habitation." The production of the certificate of an unimpeachable authority, such as the council of these associations would undoubtedly be, will certainly be a very great inducement to an intending occupier to take the proposed dwelling. It will, at the same time, be an additional and equally valuable boon to both parties if the certificate adds that the house is of substantial materials and is well built :—questions of scarcely less moment than those of a purely sanitary character. Such is the commercial immorality of the present time, that it is unfortunately necessary to discover whether proper timber, bricks, and mortar have been used in the construction of a new house ; and the glaring instances of a nefarious style of building which are so frequently being made public foster so great a distrust of modern builders, that it is to be feared that the innocent suffer with the guilty, and that many new houses which are well built and well drained remain vacant for a longer period than would otherwise be the case, and at a ruinous loss to those interested in them. On the other hand, it is so easy to comply with the law as it is, that many tenants find themselves the victims of an unscrupulous man, who, having got them into a house that has passed the merely nominal examination, which is all that the law requires, but which is wholly unfit to live in according to the principles of modern science, refuses to carry out any of the necessary alterations, and leaves them to do this at their own expense, or to get out of the house on the best terms they can. The only remedy which exists for such a state of things is supplied by a careful inspection of the premises in question, and there is no doubt that many would be more careful to see that this was done before they became tenants if they were not deterred by the expense. This objection has been removed by the formation of these associations, and it is to be hoped that in future every intending tenant will require the production of some certificate of the kind we have already described, or, if that is not forthcoming, will for his own sake have the premises he proposes to take inspected before entering into any agreement as to their tenancy. It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that Sanitary Assurance is no mere chimerical scheme, but is a practical measure, which must be productive of incalculable benefits to the community at large.

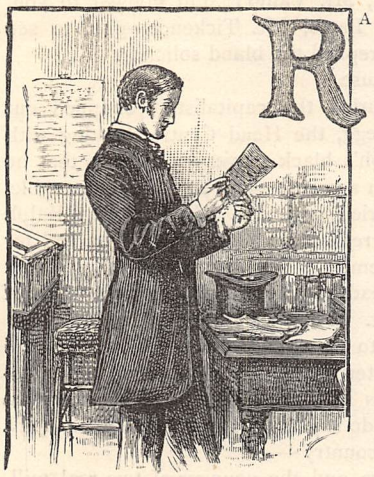
W. M. C.

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE MILL-HANDS.



RALPH RAEBURN, in his decorous mourning garb, crape on his hat, and black gloves of that peculiarly stiff and sticky kid which some people especially affect, went rumbling back to Woolton in the heavy black coach, drawn by the clumsy-heeled, glossy-necked black horses, which belonged to that eminent firm Messrs. Thrale and Threep, of Leeds, to whose experienced care had been committed the arrangements of Mr. Wilmot's funeral. A handsome, or at any rate expensive, burial ceremony it was that had been organised for the purpose of laying the late owner of Woodleigh, not precisely with his fathers, but in the new vault, where only one coffin —that of the wife whom in middle-age he had wedded, and who, much younger than he was, had been so much the earlier to go to the land whence there is no returning—was laid. There was not a large attendance of mourners to follow Mr. Wilmot to the grave. Frank Preston was there, of course, and the squire, and two of the Woolton proprietors of small cloth-mills, perhaps mindful of kind help on a rainy day, and Dr. Smith, and old Sir Simon Gaunt, who lived four miles beyond Langdale, and some six or eight or nine more. But all that ostrich feathers, and velvet, and mutes, and silver coffin-handles, and black cloaks, scarves, and the other millinery and upholstery of woe could do to show the outward tokens of grief was liberally done. Ralph, on whom the management of all devolved, had been of a saving, sparing turn personally, from boyhood. But it is very easy to be large-handed in dealing with other people's money, and now he and Squire Mowbray, as executors of the will and co-trustees of the property, could act as they thought fit. And Ralph Raeburn had his own reasons for throwing dust into the eyes of the neighbourhood, as will presently be seen, by a liberality which, after all, cost him not a farthing, with reference to his late client's funeral.

Ralph, of course, had not seen Constance, neither had Frank Preston done so. Miss Wilmot's grief for the loss of the father who, with all his little failings and petty weaknesses, had been uniformly kind to her, was sincere and deep, and she had declined the interview for which, on some specious pretext, the young lawyer had asked. The kind old squire she had seen twice during those dark days that intervene between the death and the burial of those that are gone. He was not very wise, but he was a good-natured man, and he it was who had written to an aunt of Miss Wilmot's, residing at Leeds, to beg that she would come to her orphaned niece, and take charge of her for a time in this season of sorrow. And Miss Ashe, a spare little maiden lady, several years the senior of Constance's mother, and ekeing out a narrow income by courageous economy, had responded to the appeal, and was now at Woodleigh.

Ralph Raeburn, in his sorrowful habiliments, got out of the black coach at the door of his neat little house, with the bay-tree clinging to the mellow brick of the frontage, and the burnished brass plate flashing on the door, at the uppermost angle of Woolton High Street. It had been, perhaps, a pleasanter house in the days of his father, Honest Lawyer Abel, than it was in his, for then, at least, there had been some stir, some briskness, some merry sound of girlish voices and innocent laughter. But of Ralph's three sisters, one reposed in Woolton Cemetery, one was in Canada with her husband, one in Australia with hers.

The family nest was left to Ralph, who dwelt drearily there with his two servants on board wages, his stripling clerk being the son of a decent draper "down town," in local phraseology.

Ralph went into his office, tore open and skimmed the contents of the letters which there awaited him—per morning mail from London most of them—and frowned or smiled, as might be, over the tidings that thus reached him.

There were telegrams, too, as well as letters, urgently claiming attention and precedence, as having been wafted on the wings of that mysterious electricity, that marvellous Slave of the Lamp, of which we nineteenth-century Aladdins talk so much and know so little, which we use and cannot understand.

Now, Mr. Raeburn's was a local practice. His moneyed clients, farmers, wool-dealers, graziers, were not very fond of "putting their fists," as they called it, to ink and paper. Neither did they patronise the new-fangled wire. Yet, of course, a solicitor, like other Englishmen, is free to choose his correspondents where he likes.

Still in his black gloves, still with the crape round his hat—he was but a second cousin, after all, of the late owner of Woodleigh, and the ties of consanguinity are very loose among such of us as are neither Welsh nor Scotch, but simply English, yet so it was—Ralph Raeburn sallied forth into the town. Towards the lower end of the long, straggling High Street of

Woolton stands the "Angel," and into the heavy-browed doorway of the "Angel" he turned.

It was an old inn, dating probably from the time when, Edward the Third being king over us, and Master Chaucer our Court poet, pilgrimages were made to the monastic church of St. Mildred of Woolton-on-Dart. The old company that used to frequent the "Angel" would have been amazed to see the flaring red placards that now flanked the ancient porch, under which so many a wayfarer, on horse or mule, or with staff and wallet, must once have passed; or to see the landlord, a beery, puffy, middle-aged man, wearing a battered white hat encircled by a black band, and who was always three-parts drunk and in a chronic state of insolvency.

"How are you, Mr. Andrews? Anybody here?" asked Ralph blandly, as he tried to slip past this burly obstacle.

"Servant, Mr. Raeburn. You'll find some of them up-stairs—big room—three hot gin-and-waters, and a tea; and how with that is a man to keep out of the 'Solvent Court, and do his duty by his family, I wish to be told? Now, sir, I put it to——"

This, with a hiccup, was all the landlord had to say; but Ralph glided past him, and made his way up the broken and grimy stairs, and, without knocking, opened the door of the so-called big room, and went in. A great room it was. It may have been a refectory, dormitory, what not, for the pilgrims of old. Churchwardens, farmers, yeomanry, volunteers, had no doubt feasted and shouted there when the two last Georges bore the sceptre. It was shabby, with mildewed ceiling, and tattered flock-paper festooning the ragged walls. There was not much furniture. A pompous notice pasted on the ill-painted door, and another over the chimney-piece, proclaimed it the "Headquarters, Standing Committee, Woolton."

There were four men already in the room when Ralph entered it. If they were members of the Standing Committee, the fact might not, at first sight, have been guessed, for one and all were sitting down—one in especial, in an American rocking-chair, in which he slowly swung his lean person to and fro, with visible enjoyment, as he smoked a cigar of portentous dimensions. He was a tall, slim man, in black, with black satin waistcoat, black ruffled hair, and black, lustrous, shallow eyes. Beside him, on a table, was a tea-cup. It may be that Mr. Robinson Brutus Vamp—he claimed British nationality, but the Boston twang was in his nasal voice—delegate told off for duty at Woolton, deemed it prudent to stick to tea and tobacco during his term of office as professional agitator in Yorkshire. The other three men sat with tumblers of gin-and-water, more or less drained, before them. One of them was a coarse, red-faced fellow, wearing a green necktie, and a snaky gilt watch-guard. He had "Head Centre" written on his countenance, and probably picked up a livelihood by the discontent of other men. But the two others were regular mill-hands, in working clothes, with wool-fluff and shoddy sticking to their sleeves, middle-aged, anxious-eyed, but genuine members of their class.

"How goes it, colonel?" asked the tenant of the rocking-chair, with a wink of amicable recognition.

"Here's your jolly good health, Mr. Raeburn, sir!" said the Head Centre, sucking in the residue of his spirits-and-water, while the other two members of the Standing Committee greeted the new-comer by a nod and a growl. It was evident that Ralph was no stranger there.

"How are you, Mr. Vamp? I'm obliged to you, Mr. Gregg. Mr. Bates, Mr. Tickenor—glad to see you, gentlemen," replied the bland solicitor.

There was a pause.

"So you've buried the capitalist!" snapped out red-faced Mr. Gregg, the Head Centre, looking with disfavour on Ralph's black gloves—it may be that he despised gloves in any case—and suit of solemn sable.

"We *have* buried poor Mr. Wilmot," was Ralph Raeburn's suave rejoinder; "but, Mr. Gregg, and for all of you, gentlemen, I suspect the question is not concerning the dead, but the living; about the future of Woolton, in short. When we talk of capitalists——"

"Who ought to be catawampously showed up, I some guess," interrupted Mr. Vamp, the pseudo-Briton, taking his long cigar from between his thin lips; "and we'll do it yet, my heroes, unless the spirit of this effete old country——"

He paused here, and the younger of two real mill-workers, he who had been addressed by the name of Bates, struck in.

"What we want to know," he said earnestly, "is this, what are we to look to? We're working men, we be, Tickenor and me, and gets our bread by our toil, and working chaps—cloth chaps—like ourselves, that can ill afford it, send us here to look after their interests. They'm our masters, the cloth chaps, same as they be Gregg's masters, and Mr. Vamp's too, in a sort o' way, though he fares to be a cut above, being from Amalgamated Society. What we want to know is concerning Preston's Mills. What's truth about they mills? This Mr. Preston—which speaks us fair, mates; but there's false as well as fair—is he a friend, or be he an enemy to the working man? And, if he bean't, why won't he give over his ledgers and day-books and letter-book to be looked into by the Standing Committee? If he won't—and he refused at Town Hall Meeting where we challenged 'un to his face—why, mates, what comes o' his foine sentiments? There be guilery there—eh, Tickenor?"

"Sure, there be guilery there," retorted the silent Mr. Tickenor, wagging his grey whiskers to and fro. "Trade be slack, so masters say. Foreigners woan't hev our good cloth, but put up wi' their own trash. If they be that obstinate, masters be to blame."

"So say I," struck in Ralph Raeburn, "if, gentlemen, such is the case. Mr. Preston, of course, knows more about it than either you or I. The wonder to me is, if the cloth manufacture is really so depressed, why he keeps his three mills open at full time, as though it were a challenge to the country."

Ralph had purposely raised his voice here, for the American member of the Standing Committee seemed half asleep as he lolled in his rocking-chair.

"You're just right, Lawyer Raeburn," was the reply of Mr. Vamp; "nobody could have fixed the situation clearer. If the coon is a friend of the people—we want no friends, mind ye, outside our own order, and the capitalist class are as bad as Injuns are; so I've heard from Western friends, Texas, Idaho, Colorado way—anyhow," added the orator, somewhat confusedly, for even tobacco taken pure and simple can affect the brain, "let Mr. Preston explain why he keeps his mills going, when needier men can't, and pretends to lose by it."

Ralph Raeburn was not a good man; but, nevertheless, he almost laughed at the brazen effrontery of his colleague from the other side of the Atlantic. Gregg, the Head Centre, sat to his tumbler as soldiers and sailors stand to their guns. The two real mill-hands sat puzzled and weary.

"Now, gentlemen," began Ralph, in soft, deprecatory accents, "you know that my wishes are for the welfare of both the disputants. When I became your lawyer on the condition, well understood, that I should bring in no bill of costs against the Standing Committee, I told you expressly that I was no partisan. I, at least, am quite impartial. Yet I cannot but feel that, so far as Woolton is concerned, all depends on the character and the wishes of Mr. Frank Preston, and, I am bound to say, he is a puzzling person to deal with."

"Wants to make charity-school children of the lot o' us," remarked Mr. Gregg, the Head Centre, finishing his gin-and-water.

"He may mean kindly—perhaps he does—with his gifts, and his lectures, and his blankets and coals, and clubs, and pettinesses of that sort," put in conscientious Mr. Bates, "but the working man soars above that."

"He be free of the brass his dad collared tight enough," growled out the other mill-hand, "but we want no beggar's crust, but our rights, we cloth chaps."

Ralph Raeburn smiled grimly. Perhaps a man is right to feel bitterly towards the rival of the girl whom he wishes to call his wife. It may be so, or it may not. A generous nature might engage in even such a competition as that, yet owe no grudge, even if the dear, dear hand were given to a worthier suitor. As to Frank's worthiness there could be no serious doubt, yet how Ralph Raeburn hated him!

It was with a sense of satisfaction that he presently trotted down the grimy and dilapidated stairs of the old "Angel" inn and posting-house.

"No sweetheart, no friends, no career! So much for you, Frank, my lad, or my name's not Ralph Raeburn," he muttered, as he strode along.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

INTRODUCES MISS ASHE.

VERY quiet, secluded, was the life that Constance Wilmot led at Woodleigh, during the first weeks that succeeded her father's funeral. She, whose mother had died when she was too young fully to appreciate her loss, felt this recent bereavement very much indeed, missing old Mr. Wilmot's kind, if sometimes testy, voice and presence in the house that was now so strangely still. She had her aunt, Miss Ashe, with her; but although the company of so near a relative imparted a certain sense of protection and soothing comfort, that lady had been hitherto almost a total stranger, so far as personal intercourse went. Some little tiff or huff there had been when Constance was in the nursery, between Mr. Wilmot and his sister-in-law, and, however trivial the dispute, the latter had declined all invitations to Woodleigh, until, in her niece's sore need, she had relented sufficiently to consent to dwell for awhile under her roof.

"I keep myself to myself," was a not infrequent saying of the spinster's, and indeed Miss Ashe, who in person was spare and wiry, with cold grey eyes and stiff grey hair, bristling with lace lappets, black velvet and bugles, and in temper was proud and resolute, acted up to her confession of faith. She had a narrow income and a tiny house—much in need of painting—in the outskirts of Leeds, but never in all the years since her younger sister had what was deemed the good luck to marry the rich Woolton manufacturer, had Letitia Ashe accepted the pecuniary help that in his good-humoured moments her opulent brother-in-law had often proffered, and which would have been welcome enough had it brought with it no after-taste of humiliation. "An Ashe must not be under obligation, except to those of her own stock," was one of her golden maxims. And it was because Constance was in blood as much of the Ashe as of the Wilmot family that her aunt was willing to take up her abode at Woodleigh.

Some few visitors—the squire, and the squire's wife, and, once in a way the squire's daughters, and one or two other neighbours—had taken the privilege of old friendship to call, and to be admitted; and Ralph, too, found time to be often at Woodleigh, where he contrived, as such men will, to conciliate the good-will of Miss Ashe, who spoke of Mr. Raeburn in terms of strong approval, as a well-bred, well-principled young man, superior to the average of his sex. But it was not until much later that Frank Preston, who had no claim of kindred or of business ties, but was merely a friend of early days, ventured to present himself. The sight of him—for this was their first meeting since the day of Mr. Wilmot's death—at first revived Constance's grief for the parent so lately lost, and she hid her face and sobbed aloud, so that poor Frank felt himself an intruder, and almost thought that he ought to go. Then she gave him her hand as of old, and tried to smile, while Miss Ashe, to whom Constance somewhat timidly introduced "Mr. Preston, one of my oldest friends," made the running, so to speak, of the conversation.

"I have heard of Mr. Preston. Indeed, I do not know whose name in this limited neighbourhood has reached my ears more frequently," said the spinster, pursing up her lips.

"Hereabouts you have heard little good of me, I am afraid," answered Frank, with a smile that he tried to prevent from being a melancholy one, but without success.

"I don't say that," magisterially retorted Miss Ashe. "You may be a mistaken man, of course, Mr. Preston; and at any rate, you have a right, young as you are, to profess your own opinions, and to follow your own course in life, right or wrong."

"Aunt, dear aunt!" pleaded Constance, for these last words had been severely spoken.

"My dear," replied her kinswoman loftily, "you must leave Mr. Preston to fight his own battles."

"But I wish to fight no more battles, Miss Ashe, than I can help, I do assure you," returned Frank, in his bright, manly way; "still less with ladies, and least of all with you. Pray do not count yourself among my enemies; I have ill-wishers enough, I'm sorry to say, without that."

Frank Preston was one of those whose faces plead for them, whose good looks and pleasant manners win their way even with savages, when some hard-and-fast barrier of prejudice does not block the way. It was unlucky for him that his birthplace had been in the bleak North-west, where the stern nature of our sturdy race is seasoned, not merely by stiffnecked pride, but by a spice of suspicion towards all fair seeming. It is very difficult to gain the confidence of the knowing Yorkshireman. Yet Miss Ashe was a little softened by Frank's handsome, open countenance, and the deferential gentleness of his manner.

"I am sorry, sir, that you should have earned the ill-will of any one," she said, but not harshly, rather as my Lord Judge, in his wig and scarlet and ermine, casts about for extenuating circumstances that may modify the sentence on a prisoner not quite bad.

"So am I," returned Frank, in a despairing, puzzled tone; "what have I done to them that they should hate me and hoot me, and make my life miserable? I never did anybody, to my knowledge, harm; nor have I been, to my knowledge, selfish."

"No, no, never that," exclaimed Constance, flushing with generous eagerness, till she looked lovelier than ever in her black crape, and with her golden hair twisted round the shapely head.

"Your faults, sir," said Miss Letitia Ashe authoritatively, "are not, as I understand it, the usual faults of a rich, idle young man. Yet an old head upon young shoulders, I imagine, is sometimes worse than a young——"

Here she perceived that she was getting confused in her metaphor, and paused, coughing under cover of her black-mittened hand.

"But what *are* my faults?" cried Frank Preston, looking as if in sheer desperation from right to left, and fixing his eyes almost imploringly on the sweet face of Constance and the rigid lineaments of her kinswoman. "Miss Wilmot, Miss Ashe, will either of you tell me whether my life is a gigantic mistake, and I am really the meddling busybody that I seem to be considered—or worse? Excuse my excited behaviour, but I am baited, baffled, worried day after day; it is flung in my teeth that I am a disturber where I want to be a peacemaker and a herald of good. Even the squire—good old Mr. Mowbray—who taught me to ride, and has always been a friend, shakes his head ominously, as though I were a lost sheep indeed. I keep my mills open at a loss of money—not much, but enough to deter the other masters from following my example—and I am jeered at in Woolton streets, and held up to execration in Woolton newspapers, as though I had some deep design in what I do. I would repent in sackcloth and ashes if need be, did I but guess my offence; but, as it is, I seem to be one against the world, and utterly alone."

"Not quite alone," said Constance, in a low, clear voice; "there are others—I, for one—who know how nobly you have worked, and how ill you have been repaid."

"I am repaid, indeed, now!" answered Frank, in a tone still lower than that of the beautiful girl to whom he spoke, and with an admiration that he could not repress eloquent in his bright bold eyes. Miss Wilmot blushed and looked down, while Miss Ashe interposed more as it seemed in sorrow than in anger.

"Mr. Preston," she said, with dignity, "young men at your age have much to learn."

And she said it with an evident conviction that if the youth of a few generations, from that of Alcibiades downwards, had but been placed under her care by competent authority, she could have been indeed their guide, philosopher, and friend.

"You are quite right, Miss Ashe. It is what I feel every day," replied Frank, with sincere humility.

The spinster from Leeds looked at him in some perplexity. She was not given to doubts, but she almost doubted as to whether she might not be mistaken in her estimate of him, mistaken in judging him as she had done, behind his back, and without hearing what he had to say in his own defence. She had heard a good deal about him, chiefly, but not entirely, from Ralph Raeburn, and that astute young lawyer nad a peculiar knack of sketching a verbal portrait, with just a few faint lights artistically put in to relieve the heavy breadth of the Rembrandt-like shadows. He knew how to hint, and to eke out a description by the help of nods and shrugs and abrupt reticence, and could have blackened the character of even the Man of Ross without exposing himself to the risk of an action for libel and defamation. Still, Miss Ashe felt slightly shaken.

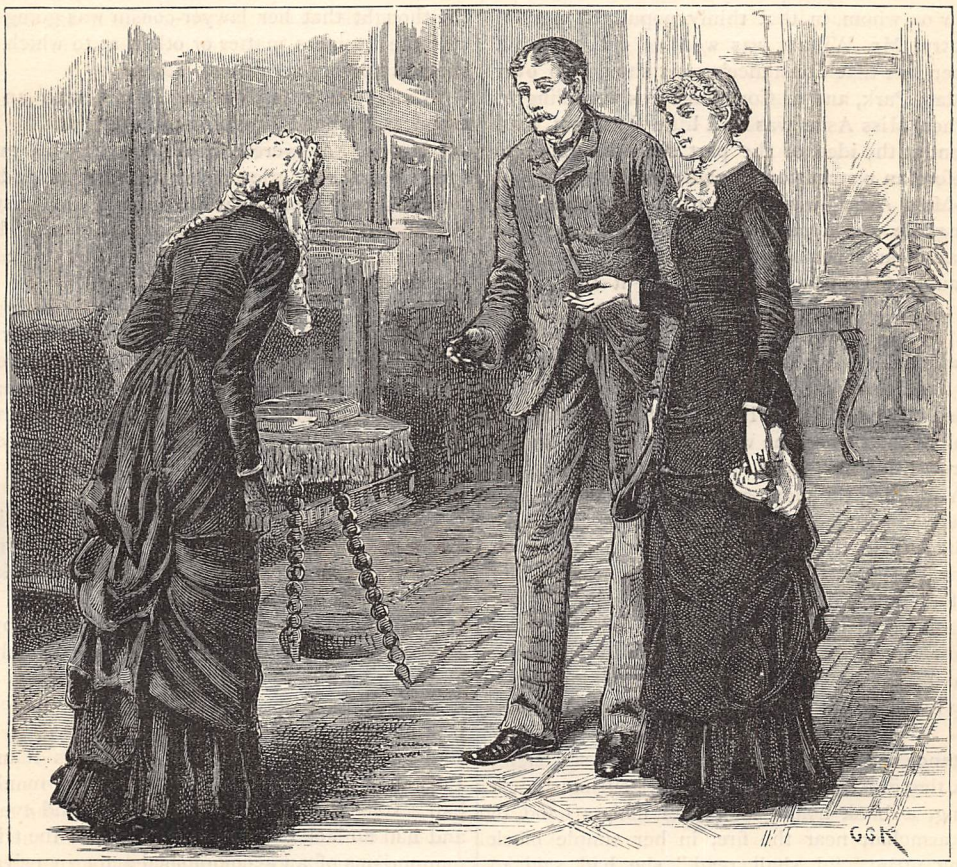
Frank was perhaps physiognomist enough to mark the signs of relenting, and he went on, more than half seriously, but with a genial smile, to plead his own cause.

"They tell me, everybody does," he began, "that what our North country hands want is, simply to be let alone. In good health, and good times, they barter their labour for our hire—I speak as a mill-owner—and there the connection closes. In bad times they are a charge to the benefit club, and, in worse, they come on the parish. How very careless they are as to the laws of health, pure water, drainage, cubic feet of air in a sleeping-room, you probably, Miss Ashe, may be aware. At any rate, a walk and a few visits among the cottages would prove that. Then, too much of the wages goes in drink and finery, at fair, market, and statute hiring, too much in reckless

housekeeping, in subscribing to burial clubs, sick clubs, rotten at the core, and of which the treasurers run off with the cash-box, or are bankrupt every few years. All these things have been the wrongs I have tried to remedy—windmills, people think, against which I have been tilting, like the Knight of La Mancha."

Miss Ashe had never heard of Don Quixote, and was at a loss to make out the allusion to windmills, and Frank saw this, but went on, abstaining from further literary illustrations of his meaning. "Well," he said earnestly, "I do not wish to weary any one, and above all a lady listener, by dwelling too much on the matters that seem to me, among our poor neighbours, to lack a remedy, or on my own humble efforts to set things right.

"I have not been dictatorial or self-conceited," added the young man, with a blush, "nor have I presumed on higher station and ampler education to force unpopular measures on those I wished to befriend. I have been patient, under cruel misconstruction of my motives occasionally, and if there has been any arrogance it has certainly not been on my side. Only this morning I was called, to my face, a Paul Pry—Poll Pry was the actual epithet, but the meaning was the same—because I begged a woman, a tenant of my own, at Sedgely, below Highview, to let the windows of her reeking cottage be open once a day at least, for purer air. Thanks to quinine and cod-liver oil," he continued, in rather a sheepish manner, "Dr. Smith and I had helped three of her sick children through ague and rheumatic fever, but you see what I brought on myself when I aspired to give advice to people prouder than I am."



"CONSTANCE SOMEWHAT TIMIDLY INTRODUCED 'MR. PRESTON'" (*p.* 99).

"I really do feel as though you had—much to contend with," said Miss Ashe slowly—"unless, indeed, as I have heard," she added, after a pause, "there is a motive which——" And here she coughed again behind the black mitten, for Ralph's innuendoes had been too vague and shadowy to bear quotation.

"What motive could I have," asked Frank wearily, "except that I was sorry to see sickness and waste and neglect so near my door, and that I was presumptuous enough to try and mend what was amiss?"

"What, indeed!" echoed Constance, again colouring, but she avoided meeting Frank's eye; nor was it long before the young man took his leave, and returned as he had come, on foot, to his own solitary home.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THWARTED.

VISITS, as social etiquette most properly prescribes, have to be returned as well as received, and the due discharge of this obligation devolved upon Miss Ashe. Constance Wilmot was in low spirits, and was timid and shy, and altogether reluctant to leave her home, just then, and to mix in the general intercourse of society. She had never in her life paid a visit alone, though she had accompanied her father, before he grew so old and frail, frequently enough to the houses of the few on whom, in that thinly populated part of the country, Mr. Wilmot was wont to call. Now it was imperative that Constance's aunt should go over to Langdale Park, and as Constance was unwilling to go with her, Miss Ashe was in a little flutter of mild excitement at the idea of the part she was about to enact before an unaccustomed audience.

She—Miss Ashe—was going to call at Langdale, and Langdale was a park, and the squire an estated gentleman of ancient pedigree, and therefore the excellent aunt of Constance Wilmot felt it incumbent on her to buckler herself in her stiffest ceremonial armour. Mrs. Mowbray had been gracious and affable when she had called at Woodleigh, in fact her manner had been what it was when, years before, she had called on young Lady Hartrey at Elmwold, and less familiar than when she went to see Lady Gaunt, her nearest titled neighbour. But Miss Ashe felt that Leeds, Yorkshire, the memory of her own respectable forefathers, demanded of her that the House of Ashe should be sufficiently asserted during the conversation to which she looked forward. So she racked her brains for topics, dressed herself with painful care, and at last stepped into the handsome carriage with the yellow wheels, driven by a coachman in new black livery, and went off to Langdale at the almost indecorously brisk trot of the frisky, underworked young horses.

Constance was left alone. A pretty, if a sad sight, she was, that graceful golden-haired girl, sitting, almost crouching, a book held open in her listless hand, in a great armchair near the fire, in her simple black mourning attire. "I shall read," she had said to her aunt, but she did not read much. Her thoughts were busy, far away. Perhaps they may have flown off towards Frank Preston, now and then, such flighty tricksy things are thoughts, but there was a vein of sadness running through them that never was absent. Presently there was a sharp pealing sound of the door-bell. "Mr. Raeburn," announced Jenks the butler, respectfully, and in Ralph came, a smooth smile on his plausible face. Ralph, like Miss Ashe, had dressed himself with unusual care. Ladies have a power of perception that puts our duller senses to shame, and had Miss Ashe but been there, she would no doubt have divined the purport of the young lawyer's visit at a glance; but Constance, for once, did not show the usual insight of her sex. She was dull and weary, and Ralph's calls were commonplace events. She gave him her hand, and asked him to be seated, and regretted, quite sincerely, her aunt's absence at Langdale.

"You can't think how glad I am that your aunt—an excellent lady, for whom I have a great respect," said the young solicitor, "*is* away, and that I have had the good luck to find you at home, cousin. Constance, what I have to say must be said to you alone."

"To me?" asked the girl, quite innocently. She knew, though she had little taste for money matters at her age, that the squire and Ralph were to manage her fortune for her till she was twenty-one, and now she thought that her lawyer-cousin was going to talk of some business matter or other, as to which she felt she was no very competent judge.

"Can't you guess," asked Ralph, with an odious archness, "what I am going to say?"

"N—no," answered Constance, her lip quivering somewhat, for it grieved her to be reminded of the recent bereavement that had made her mistress of Woodleigh, and of many a thousand pounds besides. "Whatever you and good Mr. Mowbray think best—" she added timidly.

Ralph laughed coarsely. "You silly little goose," he was going to say, for he really had a very low opinion of the girl's intellect, perhaps because of her good temper and gentle manner; but he restrained himself, and said, more politely, "Darling! my beautiful pet! Constance, my own, cannot you see that I love you, and that I have come to tell you so, and to ask you to be my wife, and——"

"Your wife? Cousin Raeburn, you are jesting with me, surely!" returned Miss Wilmot falteringly, as the tears sprang to her eyes; and she looked half incredulously at her unwelcome suitor.

"You must have seen my admiration, my love; that I worship the ground you tread on," exclaimed Ralph; and then he went on to plead his cause—and did not plead it ill, for he warmed to his work as he found the task unexpectedly difficult. The man was well enough, so far as looks went, handsomer perhaps than Frank Preston, though neither so tall nor so manly. He had a voice that could be persuasive, and even sweet, and had no lack of honeyed words, and the tricks and mannerisms of an accomplished actor in private life; and he besought Constance, plying her with flattery and entreaties, not to reject him. But he had made a mistake in his estimate of the girl's character, thinking, as he did, that he could mould her like wax.

Very gently, but very firmly, Constance Wilmot declined the offer of being converted into Mrs. Raeburn.

An ugly scowl came over Ralph's naturally handsome face as Constance reiterated her refusal of his suit. The deference of his manner vanished as promptly as did the false smile that had been upon his lips; and it was with a glare of malignant rage that he muttered savagely, "You will repent this, my young lady! Ay, and you shall, or my name is not——"

Just then, on the hard gravel of the carriage-sweep before the hall-door, resounded the clang of hoofs,

and the roll of carriage-wheels. Miss Ashe had come back after her visit at Langdale; and the fact reminded Ralph Raeburn of the necessity for prudence, so that the half-uttered threat was not completed.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered out. "I was rude, I know; but——"

However, Constance, frightened and indignant, but emboldened by hearing the rattle of the carriage-steps, the closing of the front door, and her aunt's voice in the hall, darted out of the room, hurried up-stairs without turning her head, and sought refuge in her own chamber. The baffled suitor she had left alone made haste to compose his mien, and contrived to greet Miss Ashe, when she entered, with the most courtier-like blandness.

He began by an elaborate apology for the agitation which Constance's aunt, fluttered and excited by the unusual pomp and ceremony of her own recent visit to Langdale, would else have failed to notice. He confided to her the secret of his own attachment to Constance, and managed to secure, at any rate, a temporary ally in Constance's kinswoman, who was predisposed to think well of him, and was purblind to the mercenary motives that inspired it. She saw that Ralph was very much in earnest; the bitterness of his invectives against Frank Preston was alone enough to prove that.

Ralph was very careful to wear his own mask, that vizor which did him such good service before the world, most decorously for Miss Ashe's benefit; and, somehow, before he left Woodleigh he contrived to extract from her a sort of assurance that an eye, and a vigilant one, should be kept on that wily personage, Mr. Preston, should he venture to present himself, and that he should at all events have no opportunity of seeing Constance alone.

Then Ralph Raeburn, having, as he hoped, made sure of an auxiliary in the hostile camp, with diplomatic effusiveness took his leave. The snow, as he passed the lodge-gate, came whirling down in broad, blinding flakes, that whitened his hat, and clung clammily to his overcoat; but he never heeded the weather as he plodded homewards along the Woolton road. His busy brain seemed to be on fire with crafty schemes and vengeful thoughts as he trudged on through the snowstorm, clenching his fist stealthily, but fiercely, ever and anon, and grinding his teeth as the hated image of Frank Preston rose before his mental gaze.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

IN CLEGG'S PLACE.

"SHAME! shame! I say, shame on ye, a pack of Ripon reprobates as ye be. Foreign good-for-nowts, come here to Woolton to harry decent folk out o' house a' home. Hoo them, lads!"

"Ay, dame, we'll hoo them, and stone them too. Pelt! pelt! give it them hot!" answered the bigger and bolder of the many boys that curiosity and instinct of mischief had attracted to Clegg's Place. There was a crowd there, men, women, and children, some loud, some staring with a dull wonder, others full of a querulous sympathy with the sufferers from the action of the law.

As for Clegg's Place itself, it was merely a row of brick tenements, all exactly alike, narrow, grimy, ill-ventilated, but built as homes for the working man by a famous speculator, one Ephraim Clegg, who had erected such dwellings at Woolton, Leeds, Marborough, Knaresborough, everywhere. There was no Mr. Clegg now, but he had been a native of Ripon, and the Clegg Building Company (Limited) had its headquarters in that pretty little City of the Spurs. The dwellers in Clegg's Place, Woolton, mill-hands one and all, were also one and all behind-hand with their rent for the better part of a year in these hard times. The Clegg Company had lost patience, and distraint and eviction were going on, with proper legal formalities, of course, but the populace of Woolton cared very little for law, and very much for clannishness and a sort of rude justice tempered by sentiment. The bailiffs from Ripon had been snowballed, for some muddy snow yet lurked in nooks and corners, they had been groaned at, yelled at, and now pebbles and broken flints began to hail upon them.

"Now, now, none of that," called out, in tones of authority, the local superintendent of the police, "stoans maunt be flung, d'ye hear me!"

And, as Superintendent Dobbin was tall and strong, and reputed to stand no nonsense, and as he was backed by four helmeted constables, the boys, who seem to be the natural enemies of all law, ceased their stone-throwing, and scrambled for a fresh handful of mingled mire and snow, or harassed the enemy by mere verbal libels, such as—

"Thieves!" "Shame!" "Staling o' the very beds from under 'em;" "Ripon rogues," and so forth.

The deputy-sheriff, who was officially present because of the eviction, not because of the distraint, looked very white and uncomfortable, but there were other persons there more deserving of compassion than sheriff or bailiffs. The men, husbands and fathers, were simply sullen and downcast, smoking their pipes in a hangdog fashion, or standing, with hands buried in the empty pockets of their threadbare coats, scowling at the havoc that was going on among their meagre Lares and Penates.

It was the women, it was the children who really deserved pity in this case, and the mothers most of all, more even than the frightened young things that clung sobbing to their skirts; for home is a woman's province, her kingdom, and in the cataclysm that breaks it up, howsoever humble it may be, she feels, be sure, more than man's nature will permit him to feel. It was round the women who were to be turned out, furnitureless and fireless, into the bare, cold streets, that the other women of their own class clustered, sympathetic, peevish, plaintive, or shrill and wrathful, according to temperament.

One woman, a young wife, fair-haired and pretty yet, held her baby in her arms, while another little scared creature clung to her for support, and looked timidly through her tear-blinded eyes at her young husband, a mere pink-faced hobbledyhoy—for early marriages

are common where loom and spindle ply, and this boy and girl had married in their teens.

Poor Mary's fear was lest Dick should come to grief. Dick had a sweet temper when sober, but he had, as one or two of his fellow-insolvents had, been drowning care in gin-and-water, and now he was frowning defiance at bailiffs and police; and what would happen if blows followed words? and six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour for peccant Richard meant hunger, the workhouse, death for sickly little Alfred and poor baby.

There were others, older than Mary Clarke, who eyed their various articles of household gear, as they were whisked past them by porters or bailiffs, with loving, resentful, grudging scrutiny, part of whose very selves seeming to be wrenched away by this rough sundering of old ties. The neighbours, and indeed the general public of Woolton, were not sparing of their out-spoken sympathy.

"Why, Dame Mudge, what on earth is the meaning of all this?" inquired a master—no other than Frank Preston. It was the day after his call at Woodleigh and his interview with Constance and her aunt, and he was on his way to pay his usual—"master's look" is the Yorkshire word, but visit of inspection would be more intelligible to those reared south of Trent.

Plenty, only too many, of those present took on themselves to speak. "See, how they are fettled!" "Tommied to the bare walls, lad and lass!" Such were the utterances of the mob. "Look at poor young Mary Clarke, wi' her bairn on her breast!" exclaimed Mrs. Mudge, the wife of a "Looker" in a factory of his own; and, indeed, of all the wives and mothers there, poor, timid Mrs. Clarke most unwillingly presented the most picturesque figure.

"It's along o' you masters!" "They'll have to sleep in the streets!" "Guilery!" "Cheatery!" "Shame!" cried the chorus.

Frank Preston, pushing forward, asked a few questions of the bailiffs and the steadier of the by-standers.

"HE STEPPED FORWARD AND TOOK YOUNG DICK CLARKE'S HAND" (*p.* 105).

"Down wi' masters!" "Haroo upon un!" "Hoo, hoo!" shouted some of the boys, to whom Frank's name was odious.

Still Frank pushed forward. He spoke to the head bailiff, there was a murmur of voices, the deputy-sheriff came up nervously to listen. Papers were produced, pocket-books consulted, ink and pen in requisition. Then, at last, Frank Preston turned and faced the crowd.

"Dear fellow-townsmen, neighbours," he said, "I thank Heaven that I was among you to-day, to lend a hand to honest men, and to women and bairns too, in trouble from the bad times. These bailiffs have done their simple duty in seizing the furniture of our fellow cloth-workers here, and it has been my pleasure and satisfaction to pay off the debt, past and

present. My father made his money in Woolton, and I am ready to give a Woolton man a helping hand at a pinch. So the things will be put back, the half-year's rent cleared, and wives and bairns will——"

They gave him a cheer, and drowned his voice with their cheering. Poor young Mrs. Clarke, with her baby in her arms, dropped on her knees in the street, weeping, and kissed his hand. And her pink-faced boy-husband, flushed with drink, yet came up, all the good in his honest heart astir.

"You're a trump, Mr. Frank," he said; "they may say what they like, but you're the real thing, right through. I'll give up old Jenkins, and I'll work for you, sir, till I drop——"

Frank was a gentleman. He had none of the uneasy feeling of distrust, awkward pride, awkward shame, that stands between so many of us, of different degrees, when we want to be friends. He stepped forward and took young Dick Clarke's hand in his, very kindly, but without a tinge of condescension.

"You and I are friends, Dick," he said; "and if there comes a rainy day for *me*—who knows—you'll be my friend still. We'll have a chat together when things get quieted down, and I should be glad of you, but, you know, you belong to Mr. Jenkins, and he values you as a good man for piecework. Steady should be the word with us all."

The furniture was scuffled back again into the bare rooms, the crying children were taken back; the vans drove off empty, and to Frank Preston's ready purse, Frank Preston's ready wit, was due the change in the situation at Clegg's Place.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

TRUE ECONOMIES IN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

BEING THE ESSAY FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE."

NOTE.—The Editor, in printing the successful Essay, does not necessarily, endorse all the views of the writer, or hold himself in any way responsible for them.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I PASS on now to the enumeration of a few articles—for which we are chiefly indebted to the Americans—that will save time and labour, though not strictly necessary; but if you once possess them you'll look back and wonder how you managed so long without their assistance. First among the low-priced goods stand the apple and potato-paring machines; one of the former, costing 8s., will peel, slice, and core in one operation; but I give the preference to the "Diamond Combined," that will serve for paring anything and everything similar in shape and size; the cost is only 12s. You must have a cook's knife, with a sharp-pointed end; you may get one with a saw-back for 2s.; and don't omit the sharpener. Buy one called the "Victor;" it will sharpen all kinds of knives and scissors, will serve as an ice-pick, and cut glass: 2s. will buy this useful article. A "Rotary" grater will grate to perfection bread, lemons, vegetables, horse-radish, &c., to the last bit, in less time than the hand-grater, though it costs a shilling or two more. A pestle and mortar may be bought for a few shillings; they are now made of a "composition," and answer as well as the expensive marble ones. Their use is almost too palpable and manifest to need any recommendation; if nothing more, the advantage of deriving the maximum of flavour from the minimum of material by pounding is considerable. First, "let the ticking clock guide the boiling crock." And with regard to kitchen requisites generally, scales and weights must not be forgotten; they will save their cost soon in preventing many a dish being spoiled by superfluous quantities of ingredients being thrown in hap-hazard, besides checking the weight of all goods purchased. I regard a cinder-sifter as an absolute necessity, though its use is far from universal. I recommend the "Rocker" as cheap, excellent, and cleanly in use; it may be bought for 8s. and upwards. The advantage of cinders at hand to make a fire burn quickly and clearly, to say nothing of the saving, is apparent to all. A meat-chopper and a "digester" are indispensable; the latter will enable you to get all possible nutriment and flavour from bones and vegetables for your soup.

I presume your family washing is done at home; besides being cheaper, you run no risk of clothes being ruined by the injurious washing-powders so often used by laundresses, for many of them contain chemicals that rot the fabrics very quickly. But I assure you that if your labour is to be lightened, time and fuel saved, and washing effectually and expeditiously performed, machinery must step in to assist you. You will never regret the cost of a really good machine. One of the best, however, is a washer and wringer combined, that will also serve as a bath for your children, and, with a top, as a kitchen table. Ironing is, to put it mildly, anything but a pleasant occupation; but by means of a gas-heating stove, or, better still, a gas-iron, you need not get uncomfortably warm, or soil your fingers.

The author of the truism, "The apparel oft proclaims

the man," might with equal truth have added, "the woman too." The dress of a person is, as a rule, a fair indication of the mind: a slovenly and untidy appearance suggesting disorder in the home, and show and finery proving that comfort, usefulness, and suitability are totally ignored.

By means of the sewing-machine, and help of a daily dress-maker, the majority of ladies' and children's costumes may easily be made at home; and if two or three dresses for the latter are cut from the same piece, you may effect a considerable saving; for most people are aware, though they do not always think, how one garment cuts into, or out of, another.

By buying a "piece" of calico for under-clothing, you will not only get it cheaper, but be enabled to cut just the length required. This is an advantage, as in a family there seems to be always something to be made or mended. Dress-lining should be purchased in the same way.

Linen pillow and bolster cases should always be used, as they keep clean so much longer than calico; but I prefer good twilled or herring-bone sheeting to linen for winter use.

There is nothing like "linoleum" for hard wear in the general sitting-room, or nursery, or where there is much traffic and dust. For bricked floors "Manilla matting" is capital; so warm to the feet, while the wear is almost everlasting, and the patterns very rich. This is the best possible floor-covering for a damp room. In buying carpets, steer clear of "felt" ones; as a rule, they are not worth the trouble of sweeping. There is nothing like Brussels for showing a smiling face to the last bit; and the five-frame, that is, the best qualities, are now as low in price as the tapestry or imitation Brussels of a few years ago. Kidderminster—all wool, mind—on account of their reversible patterns, are very economical, but are especially suitable for bed-rooms.

Good boots, gloves, stockings, and socks, are all worth the extra money asked for them—so much is long wear dependent upon good shape. Even such trifling articles as tapes, cottons, &c., should be best of their kind.

Shun shops where it is the rule to make "alarming sacrifices," and sell goods "under cost price." You may sometimes meet with bargains at clearance sales, I know, if you buy what you really want; but great caution is necessary.

Acquaintance with the symptoms, as well as modes of treatment, of the "ills that flesh is heir to," should be acquired by all who take upon themselves the duties of wifehood and maternity; for a timely poultice or plaister, or simple dose of medicine, may be the means of saving—under God's blessing—a valuable life; and when sickness does come, the value of suitable diet, or "kitchen physic," as the doctors call it, during the convalescence of your patient, cannot be over-estimated.

Speaking of the sick induces me to mention that although there are many valuable patent medicines and proprietary articles, both for external and internal use, yet an equal number are often simple commodities showily labelled, and sold under high-sounding names, at fabulous prices, to a gullible public; many have gained a just reputation, but whenever a cheap substitute may be found—as it often can be—in your own house for an expensive article you may be tempted to buy, remember that price is not in all cases a test of quality.

I hope all your purchases are made on the "cash system;" so many things are sent for on credit that might and could be dispensed with; it's an old saying and a true one that "people with limited means should never get into debt, and those whose means are unlimited are best out of it."

In reading a magazine or newspaper, many a recipe, hint, or suggestion is met with, carelessly read, and soon forgotten, and it is well worth the trouble to keep a "reference book" in which to jot them down; index it properly, or it will be of no use to you; and you'll be astonished to find how much you may learn, and save, in this way alone.

It is better to keep clean than to make clean; and without order, there is no comfort; without comfort, no health; without health, no perfect happiness. Yes, from garret to casement there must be order and regularity in every department of domestic labour, and sound practical knowledge and powers of contrivance brought to bear on the work of each day. And, oh! mothers, I know there are times when you long for the wheels of the household machinery to be silent if only for a moment, you get so weary of "the trivial round, the common task," and the labour seems so much in vain. Ah, well! you know after all that it will not do to slacken your hold upon the domestic reins, or all will soon go wrong; and if you have the satisfaction of conviction that you are doing all in your power to instil into your children habits of tidiness, order, and punctuality, and the necessity of having "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" if you are daily impressing upon them the fact that all waste, whether of food, time, money, or talents, is sin, you are casting bread upon the waters that must bear good fruit in the days to come, and providing them with weapons that shall stand them in good stead in the life-battle that is before them. Habits formed in childhood are seldom, if ever, totally eradicated. Home must be the real training-school; see that it is the charmed magic circle it ought to be; let books and music find a place—and that a prominent one—in your house, for by their influence they do much towards knitting together all members of a family in bonds of love, kindness, and harmony.

To you, daughters, let me now say a few words. Do you think that the fact of seeing your mother cook, iron, mend, make, alter, plan, and contrive, day after day, will serve to make you perfect when similar burdens shall fall on your own shoulders? Would you be content to look at a sheet of music and go away convinced that you could play upon the piano? No! you know that constant daily practice is necessary for proficiency, and it is no less so of household duties. Remember, you cannot learn too much, and if you would one day reach perfection's height you must

first be content to climb; "all things must yield to industry and time."

I know that no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down, for individual circumstances must guide individual expenditure, but it is clearly the duty of the head of the family to provide—if ever so little—for a rainy day. So, husbands, one and all, don't say, "I can't do it." Let me quote Mr. Smiles again; he says, "There is no greater cant than can't. . . . When economy is looked upon as a thing that must be practised it will never be felt as a burden, and those who have not before observed it will be astonished to find what a few shillings or pence, laid aside weekly, will do towards securing moral elevation, mental culture, and personal independence. There is dignity in every attempt to economise, it indicates self-denial and imparts strength to character, it fosters temperance, it is based on forethought. Above all, it secures comfort, drives away care, and dispels many anxieties that might otherwise press upon us."

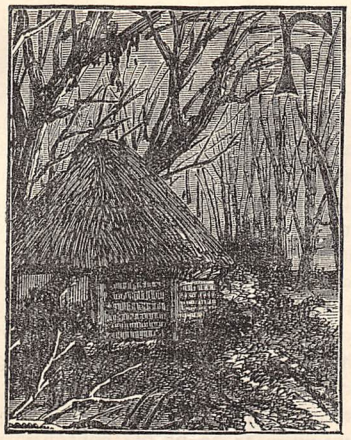
If you have never read Mr. Smiles's "Thrift," purchase a copy at once; it is a book that ought to be read by every person who can think.

Give your wife a fixed sum for housekeeping expenses, as well as for her own clothing, and that of your family; a certain sum should also be laid aside for the replenishing of the household goods and chattels generally; for where money is given out in driblets and no account kept of the sums, it is so easy to fall into the error of living beyond one's means. Insure your household furniture against loss by fire, the rate of insurance being only about two shillings per cent. And, as life is uncertain, pray don't run the risk of your wife being left a widow, maybe with a young family, and not even the smallest sum in hand to meet current expenses; don't shirk your responsibilities, but by every means in your power provide for those near and dear to you something that shall, at least, "keep the wolf from the door," should you be called away.

Have I seemed to attach undue importance to the value of little things? If so, it is because I know, and feel, that the words which fell of old from the lips of the Master are true to-day as then. Obey His voice, and "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

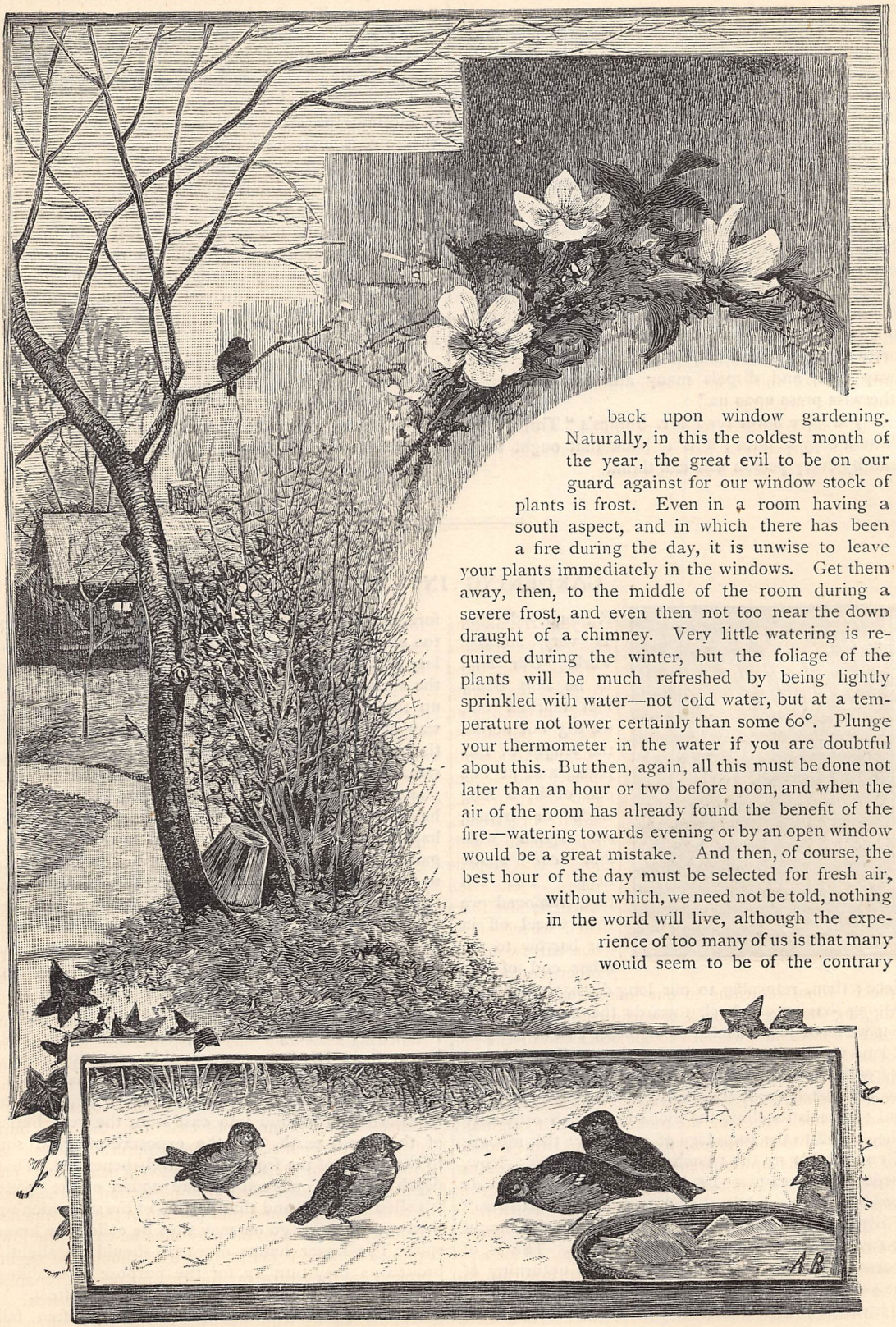
LIZZIE HERITAGE.

GARDENING IN JANUARY.



FOR January, digging is very suitable work. Our land to be dug being first marked out, we dig out across the length of this piece, and at one end of it, a long ditch or trench, *one* spade wide and *one* spade deep. The soil thus removed we then wheel off in our barrow to the other end of the piece; then, returning to our long ditch, we continue digging (having our back towards the mound of soil that we have just wheeled to the other end of the plot of land we are digging), filling up the small trench just in front of us with the soil next to it, turning the soil, too, completely topsy-turvy, and so working on until we find our heels touching the mound of earth originally wheeled off to the boundary of our land: this mound, of course, fills up the trench or ditch *last* dug. Now, "trenching" cannot be better described than as *double* digging, and is therefore exactly "worth *two*" of digging; for the trench that we *now* make should be *two* spades wide and *two* spades deep. This is, of course, a more thorough and complete upturning of the soil, and is proportionately more beneficial to it. It involves twice the labour, twice the exertion therefore, that digging does, and is perhaps on that account too often shirked. And now a word about the hoe. A lazy and indifferent way of using it is to merely scrape the surface of the soil, without penetrating or loosing up the soil itself. Of course, the first is the easiest way of going to work, and it involves less trouble; the weeds are broken off short, and their roots remain in the ground. This sort of thing we see at a glance will never do. It is a mistake, by the way, to have too heavy a handle for the hoe, and this perhaps it will be some consolation to the easy-going gardener to hear. A few days' practical experience under a good gardener in matters of this kind is worth twice the amount of theory and description. A few lessons in good all-round manipulation with such things as the pruning-knife, the shears, and even the broom, and, after these, any of the general hints that we have given will, in our humble opinion, be read with greater advantage. Now as to the digging and trenching: so long as the spade can be sent well home, there is no reason why this operation should not be proceeded with even during a hard frost. Indeed, unless of course the frost be so severe as to transform the ground into cast iron, the very burial of the frozen earth, and the exposure of fresh soil to the action of the frost, is positively beneficial. That depth of earth pierced by one action of the spade is called a "spit," and that portion of the soil which we then expose as we go on may thus be called the lower spit. The larger lumps of earth should be slightly broken as they turn up, for the purpose of enabling them to get all the benefit they can from the frost.

Those of us who live in towns very often fall



back upon window gardening. Naturally, in this the coldest month of the year, the great evil to be on our guard against for our window stock of plants is frost. Even in a room having a south aspect, and in which there has been a fire during the day, it is unwise to leave your plants immediately in the windows. Get them away, then, to the middle of the room during a severe frost, and even then not too near the down draught of a chimney. Very little watering is required during the winter, but the foliage of the plants will be much refreshed by being lightly sprinkled with water—not cold water, but at a temperature not lower certainly than some 60°. Plunge your thermometer in the water if you are doubtful about this. But then, again, all this must be done not later than an hour or two before noon, and when the air of the room has already found the benefit of the fire—watering towards evening or by an open window would be a great mistake. And then, of course, the best hour of the day must be selected for fresh air, without which, we need not be told, nothing in the world will live, although the experience of too many of us is that many would seem to be of the contrary

"THE YOUNG YEAR VERY SOON WILL BRING
HER LOVELIEST BLOSSOMS, PURE AS LIGHT."

"*THE JOY OF LIFE*" (*page* 109).

opinion. Our greatest hopes for early display in the windows lie, no doubt, in our bulbs. Now these, whether in pots or in your water-glasses, ought not yet to be removed from your dark cupboard, or not certainly, at least, until they have made a very decided start, after which let them have all the light and warmth you can give them. Mignonette, if well rooted before the winter comes on, ought to keep in bloom through the winter. Its delightful fragrance is certainly preferable to that almost overpowering scent of hyacinths and kindred flowers in the early spring of the year. The fuchsia, too, ought to last on a long time, but a great change of temperature involved by the removal—say, for instance, that of a fine plant that you may perhaps have admired and purchased from a greenhouse, and placed in your window at home—will cause the flowers in all probability to drop off one and all, and we know how sensitive they are to the least touch. The same catastrophe, too, is liable to occur if you give too much water to your fuchsia, or allow it to stand in a saucer with water in it.

Now, in the neighbourhood of London, or indeed of any large city, lovers of horticulture necessarily find a very limited space in which to carry on their craft, and on this account very often pay more attention to window gardening in the absence of a greenhouse. On this subject, therefore, we may, when the time of year calls for more notice of it, have perhaps a few hints to give. And perhaps some of our civic window-and-balcony gardeners may at times have felt disappointed from the fact—which is certainly too often the case—that so many of their evergreens purchased for their purpose die off in a few months. The truth is that a large number of pots of evergreens, and other plants thus bought, have very often only just been potted off hurriedly to meet the demand for them. Now, evergreens, to live under the altered circumstances of which we are speaking—namely, in our windows and balconies—ought to have been well and for some time established in their pots before they are placed there, and not merely to have been recently stuck in for sale. All that is then required for them is, of course, an occasional watering, as well as a washing of the foliage and stem. You will often notice, as you walk along the streets of a large town, pots of laurels, &c., more than half blackened by smut and dirt, and yet in a seemingly healthy condition. A little sponging, leaf by leaf, would soon remedy all this. The box, and the Acuba Japonica, are admirable plants for an old London balcony. Where you can manage it, water with river or rain water; but this, of course, is sometimes a difficulty, and we have to put up with only hard water. We must not, however, devote too much of our space this month to window gardening, as just now, of course, nearly all we can do is to keep alive the little stock of plants and flowers that we have by us already, while the purchase of many from a nursery in this cold month of January would very likely involve their destruction after a cold journey to new and much-changed quarters.

A good warm operation for this month is the felling of an old tree. Sometimes, in a garden of limited space, we cannot always afford room enough for many large trees. The soil under and immediately around them is nearly useless, and we often grudge the demand of this that they make upon us. A great enemy of the pear-tree is the well-known goat caterpillar—the *Cossus ligniperda;* and, when our fruit-tree is thus decidedly attacked by this most destructive pest, it is as well perhaps to decide to part with it. The writer has recently seen a noble pear-tree completely devoured by the goat caterpillar. When cut down it was found that the only way to get rid of the caterpillars was actually to burn the entire tree, trunk and all, as, of course, a very natural alarm was felt in the old garden in which the tree stood for the safety of other fruit-trees. The smoke and heat at last drove numbers of these creatures from their hiding-places. But in the evening it may be we are, for the edification of our young folks, busying ourselves over another sort of tree—the "Christmas tree"—and the great pageant of the Old Year's funeral is being carried out with all the honours that we can give him.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

LIFE is a very joyous thing,
Whatever we at times may say!
The youthful freshness of the spring
Must drive the winter gloom away,
And usher in the summer day,
Till, with the birds, perforce we sing—
"Life is indeed a joyous thing!"

Life is a very joyous thing!
Though snows may hide the flowers from sight,
The young year very soon will bring
Her loveliest blossoms, pure as light,
Children of winter, snowy-white,
And fill our souls with hope, and sing—
"Life is indeed a joyous thing!"

Life is a very joyous thing!
Its good is often hard to find,
Its pleasures fly on rapid wing,
Its honours vary with the wind;
Yet still we see, unless we're blind,
A hundred reasons why we sing—
"Life is indeed a joyous thing!"

Life is a very joyous thing!
Though, one by one, we lose each friend,
To love and hope we still may cling;
And if we, like the rushes, bend,
No blow will kill, and till the end
Through good and ill we still shall sing—
"Life is a very joyous thing!"

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE subject chosen for this month's paper is one of far greater importance than might at first sight appear; for from this complaint—if complaint it may be called which is but a symptom after all—mental or physical, thousands upon thousands are almost constantly suffering. Many a cup of bliss is embittered by it, many a life which otherwise might be happy enough is rendered wretched on account of it. Young and old too suffer from it, and neither sex is exempt.

It may or it may not be consoling for some to know, that the irritability from which they suffer is functional more than organic—that it indicates no actual lesion of tissue; in other words, no real disease. But is it to be disregarded on this account? No, certainly not; for no functional disease of any part can remain long without organic mischief ensuing. Irritability might therefore be looked upon as the warning voice of nature, calling one's attention to present weakness, local or constitutional, and future mischief. It is the shadow of a coming event, very often, alas! the shadow of death itself. It should therefore not be neglected.

I will now state, as briefly as I can, a few of the more common of the innumerable symptoms from which people afflicted with irritability of the nervous system often suffer. Many of them, I may premise, are just those on which vampire quacks fatten; and I am sorry to say that not a few of the members of my own profession unwittingly and unintentionally play into the hands of these fellows. In this way, among others, a patient who, from some innate modesty of feeling, has long kept quiet about his sufferings, making almost superhuman efforts to conquer them by the force of will, is impelled at last to take counsel of a physician. He describes to him as well as he can—for people of this kind are seldom good orators—his trouble and symptoms. Probably he is met with but an impatient hearing—for it must be admitted that cases of the kind are troublesome to a busy work-a-day doctor—an impatient hearing and a bit of advice.

"I'll give you some medicine," the physician says, "but you must really try to get over it. It is nervousness; one half and more of your symptoms are mere freaks of imagination. Live as well as you can, take plenty of exercise, and—and take the medicine."

Try to get over it, indeed! Goodness help the poor fellow; isn't that what he has been endeavouring to do for months and months? And do you think he carries away with him from this well-meaning doctor's room much hope in his heart, or much faith in the pills and medicine he has received? It would be a wonder if he did. But, on the other hand, it is no wonder at all that, when in the columns of some second-class weekly he sees many of his symptoms described, and a remedy of tried value advertised to remove them, he should snap at the bait, and, having failed with the physician, trust to the quack.

But should graver symptoms, or seemingly grave symptoms, present themselves to the notice of the medical man he consults—such as severe headache, loss of sleep, cramps and twitchings in the limbs, loss of memory, emotional or hysterical feelings, &c.—the case may be relegated to the black list: put down as softening of the brain; and probably the patient told, with a candour that is questionable—for candour often kills—that little can be done to avert a fatal termination.

But the head may ache, there may be oftentimes giddiness, and singing in the ears, and even partial deafness and dimness of sight, with all sorts of strange sensations in the limbs, and sleeplessness as well, without any actual brain lesion at all.

There may be present, off and on, in people afflicted with nervous debility, tic or neuralgia. But more often there is nothing of the sort, but a general feeling of debility of the nervous system throughout the whole body. The patient is far below *par*; he knows it, but often tries to cheat himself into the belief that his condition calls for no anxiety. But he is not fit for honest labour, whether mental or bodily; his memory is not quite what it was, and it irritates him to follow out any subject which requires clear reasoning capabilities. Pains of a darting, flying nature he suffers from, and these may alarm him or startle him most unnecessarily; he lays too much stress on them, feels sure they will increase, and that he is about to have an attack of neuralgia, gout, or something worse—he can't tell what.

A pain in the region of the heart, though it be but a mere momentary stitch, causes the patient to believe that there is cardiac mischief brewing, and that that will be the end of him after all. For to many sufferers from irritability death is a spectre which is almost constantly looming ahead, or popping up every now and then when least expected.

But nervous irritability does affect the heart functionally, and the symptoms are usually more distressing than in real disease. There may be almost constant dull, aching pains in the left side, inability to lie with comfort on that side, irregularity of the pulse, which often misses, or seems to miss a beat, or goes on for a time flutteringly; giving rise to the idea in the sufferer's mind that death is imminent, or at least impending. A little *sal volatile*, by the way, and a change of the position of the body is often sufficient to dispel these feelings for the time. In weaker subjects, this fluttering of the heart is often a most distressing symptom; in those who are more plethoric,

palpitation is more common. Both states are often caused by flatulence on the stomach.

Independent of the many bodily symptoms from which the patient suffers, there are many which may be called mental. There is general mental weariness, if I may so term it; a dislike for society, that erst was pleasant enough to him; depression of spirits, inability to reason out any subject for any length of time, groundless timidity, needless anxiety, and partial loss of memory and confusion of thought. Added to this, there is a strange and indescribable feeling of restlessness, which makes the sufferer quite from home in any society. He is on the worst of terms with himself, but he feels unfit to keep company with any one save himself, and that is the worst companion he possibly could have.

Another symptom, and that too a very distressing one, is peevishness or irascibility of temper. He cannot help it, even with the best intentions and the kindliest nature in the world; and the very fact that he cannot worries him beyond measure.

He may also have thoughts that run away with him, as it were, and sentences and words that come into his mind, repeating themselves over and over again, till he feels almost crazy. It would be strange if symptoms like these did not produce restless and maybe sleepless nights, or, at all events, nights of unrefreshing slumber, and consequent weary, listless days. With all his sufferings he may look the reverse of unhealthy; external sympathy is a thing, therefore, that he knows he need not look for, and he is apt to look upon his dearest friends as cruel in consequence.

Now, although many people are naturally of the nervous temperament—among whom may be numbered the majority of our writers—poets, philosophers, and people of high mental endowments, and are so all their lives, extreme symptoms, like those I have just mentioned, must be looked upon as abnormal, and therefore belonging to the category of diseases. They may usually be traced to some distinct cause or causes.

Anxiety of mind, worry, care, and overwork, bodily or mental, but especially the latter, are all sure in the long run to debilitate nerve-tissue. Melancholy thoughts of any kind have the same tendency; so have extremes of heat and cold. A hot summer or a cold winter will often produce nervous irritability, in those who never knew they possessed nerves before. The want of exercise or plenty of fresh air, *bad water*, residence on an unhealthy soil, or in a damp, humid atmosphere, and sleeping in badly ventilated apartments, will bring about the same dire results. Need I add, as exciting causes of this complaint, over indulgence in wine, tea, and tobacco, and excess of every kind, mental or bodily?

If you have care and anxiety, you are bound to get rid of it, to a great extent anyhow, before you can hope for a cure. If you can trace the cause of your nervous irritability, you must remove it; that, in itself, will be half the battle. Next, you must do your best to obtain healthful, refreshing sleep—without the aid of night draughts, remember. A moderate degree of exercise; a light, nutritious, early supper; a bath, with friction, last thing; a moderately soft bed, with light, warm covering, and a well-ventilated, darkened apartment, will all favour this. By day *everything* that vexes, worries, or annoys in the slightest must be avoided. The diet must be carefully studied and regulated. Exercise in the open air is to be enjoined, the hours of labour must be shortened, and cheerful society cultivated. Medicine needs mention last. This should be of a tonic nature chiefly, supplemented by some such mild aperient as the rhubarb pill. Those who have not read my article on tonic remedies, would do well to procure the back number of the Magazine and study it. Arsenic, zinc, iron, or quinine, with the bitter tonics, are usually needed in the treatment of irritability; but whatever tonic be chosen, it ought to be taken in small doses at first, and it ought not to irritate the stomach or bowels, else it will do mischief. The salt-water bath of a morning deserves a trial, so does the shower-bath for those who can stand it; and the last remedial measure I have to mention is entire change of residence and scene.

I now come to say a word or two about the rational treatment of irritability. And, perhaps, some suffering reader may, in the innocence of his heart, expect me to propose a cure for his sad condition; perhaps even prescribe a medicine that is sure to lift him out of the slough of despair, and set him at once upon the high road to health and enjoyment of life. Alas! debilitated nerves are not restored to their normal condition by any medicinal specific whatever. *But*, if I have got such a one to believe that the symptoms from which he suffers are the harbingers of real and serious illness, the beacons that nature sets up to warn him off the rocks of dissolution, I have already done something for him; and if I can make him believe that there is hope of a cure for his ailment, I have done a deal more. Nevertheless, he must remember that the attempt at restoration of health must be a very radical one.

I had a fruit-tree that grew in a certain position in my kitchen garden some time ago. It was not an old tree by any means, but, small as it was, it did not look young; the bark on it was ragged and rough, its stem was thin and weakly, and it leant sadly to one side. I had passed it by many a time, perhaps, with a mere glance, to see if it gave promise of blossom or fruit. I never saw any on it till a couple of years ago, when, somewhat to my surprise, it presented me with six beautiful pears. Six—only a small offering, but it set me a-thinking, and I determined to do something for it. I soon found that it grew on but a poorly-nourished soil; but, independent of this, it had a world of care to contend against: it was exposed to an eddy of east wind, and it was overshadowed by a mighty apple-tree, so that, bend as it would, it could not get a "blink" of the sunshine. What did I do for it? I carefully transplanted it to more favourable quarters; I tended it and nourished it, and now, instead of six pears, I had bushels from it last fall. But had I left it where it was, all care, pruning, and manuring would have been labour lost.

A LOST KEY.

I.

EDGAR ARNTON had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him. He was a surgeon and was given to examining hearts. For a full hour, in the gathering summer twilight of the Park Avenue, he had applied his sternest faculties to the testing, in another sense, of his own. The decision to which, very unwillingly, he came, was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well-founded—he was in love.

The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving her uncle's gates that very evening pointed in that direction. The expansion of soul and the exhilaration of mind which he continually experienced in her presence, the longing that often seized him in his moments of professional disgust and weariness to feast his eyes, if only for an instant, on Kate's bonny face, all drove home the unwelcome conviction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whispering poplars, Edgar formed a resolution. Entering Brixby, he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult. Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical man's senior, and his only confident in all the countryside.

"If you are disengaged for ten minutes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk with you about Mr. Gerrow's niece."

"I am perfectly at your service, *mon ami*. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it coming a long time."

Edgar smiled a little sardonically, in the dimness.

"It is a lawyer's business to be far-sighted," he said; "I have found it out now—the fact of which you speak—and, I am afraid, only just in time."

A harshness was in his tones which surprised the listener. "I do not understand," said Mr. Trent.

"Why, I mean that had the disease gone further I might have proved unable to overcome it—as I mean to do now."

"You astonish me more and more. Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth and well educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and if she cares for you, and her uncle consents, what possible obstacle can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar moodily; "she is an heiress."

The lawyer bit his lip to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment. "The very thing that, whether she were pretty or plain, would make Miss Gerrow an attraction to most suitors."

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority; I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting—marrying for money if it came to a marriage. *She* might learn to think so too, and that I could not bear. I have seen plenty of this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, and the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"What shall you do then?" he asked.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be minded to do; my living lies in Brixby. But you can help me considerably in the struggle if you will."

"I!—How?"

"When you see me running any risk of a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Gerrow and you can possibly interfere, do so."

"And make you hate me for it; I will not promise."

"I shall not hate you, I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, at the houses of mutual friends. You will often be able to make me your debtor in the way I say."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the *cordon* of habitations again. With a few more words of less special interest they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared amongst the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; "and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

II.

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company even more constantly and more intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labour hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy, eccentric old owner of Brixby Lodge, and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighbourhood. Cousins, Kate believed she had somewhere in the North; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

"Is it anything dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will he not?" Kate asked when, after a careful examination of his patient, Edgar stood for a minute or two in the wide, old-fashioned hall.

Very charming looked the questioner, and there was no wonder that Arnton was once more magnetised.

"EDGAR SLOWLY UNDID THE BUNDLE" (*p.* 114.)

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; "of course I dare not disguise from you that there is risk—grave risk, that is inseparable from such cases; but I see not the least reason for despair. Pray do not worry yourself unnecessarily."

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole West of England," she said. "You will not conceal his real condition from me at any time, I beg, Mr. Arnton," she subjoined.

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank; although it is a medical privilege to be discreet, you know. But you will need a trained nurse; the work will be too delicate for ordinary servants, and too wearying by far for you. May I send one from the Holstead Infirmary?"

"If you think that that will be the best course to take. But I shall certainly wait on uncle principally myself."

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply, more indubitably in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was as firm as ever. He simply elected to drift with the tide.

The patient gradually recovered, and bore grateful testimony to Edgar's professional skill

The mend was not for long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge, to find that another and a severer seizure had proved immediately fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have seemed strangely cold and distant in the dark days before the funeral, for he was compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his vow of personal silence would have been irretrievably broken; and he meant to conquer yet.

But in the course of time an odd rumour reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions surging within his breast, Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned the truth.

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor; "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found besides this. I suppose he put the business off, as so many people do, until it was too late. The property all goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

"How does Kate—Miss Gerrow take it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she is not an heiress now. Indeed she'll have barely enough to live upon, unless this cousin does something for her—which is doubtful."

Edgar took the advice, and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed; and then that old, old story burst forth which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written out in detail on any author's scribbling paper. Edgar made a full confession, and not in vain.

"The saddest experiences of my youth," he said, "came through a marriage for money and through misplaced confidence. Very early I vowed that that mistake should in no shape ever be mine; that nobody should ever throw fortune-hunting of *that* kind in *my* teeth. And yet"—with a smile of infinite content—"I am not certain, Kate, after all, whether love would not have beaten me in the end."

"I hope so," the maiden answered shyly.

III.

There was a sale at Brixby Lodge, and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as etiquette prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and, poor as, by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house he furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing with his wife at the window, gazing out at the fast-falling snow-flakes that foreboded a white Christmastide. Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look round. A Persian kitten, gambolling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cup-bearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into a dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to, then," said Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Odd, certainly," answered Edgar; "let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small inlaid cabinet of exquisite workmanship. The key fitted at once.

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the box open; that would inevitably have spoilt it. I don't suppose there is anything in the casket though."

"Oh, but there is!" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the delicate lid and caught sight of a tight little roll of paper. Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly undid the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him and making his ordinarily firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your uncle's real will, his last and legal will, I should say rather," Edgar said with a gasp, "found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searchers might equally have been expected to miss it. Quite a wonder I bought the cabinet!" And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realised by both brains, how land, and houses, and money snugly invested in consols, had all been devised, without either reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerrow's beloved niece, Kate, "the companion of his old age, and the faithful guardian of his interests."

Husband and wife gave each other a long, earnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress then, Edgar," said Kate merrily; "the pity of it is, it's quite too late in the day to disown her now."

"As if I could possibly wish to!"

Mr. Trent laughed likewise. "All's well that ends well," he said. He was speedily put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mudbury with the circumstances, and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his cousin's claim. In a very brief space the Lancashire gentleman returned in disgust to his own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their children.

Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance two loving souls might have remained apart. To it Kate says she owes her husband, and by it Edgar thinks truly that he has both kept his vow (in the spirit), and won a wife with a fortune.

W. J. LACEY.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate will be as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed will be selected by the Editor; the argument of each to occupy about a page of the* MAGAZINE. *Readers of the* MAGAZINE *will then be invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker," consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION II.—ARE PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS BENEFICIAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I presume, Sir, that at the present day no person will attempt to deny that examinations exert a very potent force in our midst. We look around and see them standing like Cerberus, at the very threshold of all the professions; with jealous eye they scrutinise every aspirant for a Government appointment; they exercise no light influence even in the world of commerce, while they have completely revolutionised the processes of education. All this must be generally admitted; but the question that for years has agitated, and still continues to disturb, the minds of many people, and especially the minds of parents, is as to whether the resultant has been good or ill—whether, in fact, the advantages of examinations outweigh the evils attendant upon them. This, Sir, is the question to which, with your permission, I would now address myself; and I hope to prove beyond all doubt that examinations *are* beneficial, and more particularly beneficial to young people.

And first of all, Sir, I will claim this for examinations, that to them is due in no small measure the higher standard of education common among all classes in the present day, as compared with that current twenty-five or thirty years ago. Of course due credit must be allowed to the general spread of knowledge, and to the awakening of the community to a sense of the imperative duty and necessity of educating the masses; but when every allowance has been made for these operating causes, much yet remains which the growth of examinations may fairly claim to have brought about. This is evidenced, for instance, in the wider dissemination of higher knowledge, in the keener appreciation of science, and in the great increase in the number of persons gifted with a certain literary ability. The existence of this power in examinations suggests to me at once a handful of arguments.

Examinations provide teachers with most valuable auxiliaries, without whose help, indeed, they would find it difficult if not impossible to induce the generality of their pupils to acquire all that is now commonly considered as representative of a liberal education. A writer who has given a large amount of attention to the subject of examinations, and who has had much practical experience of their working, describes the auxiliaries arising from them as "the spirit of emulation, the hope of reward, and the dread of censure, or of failure;" and there is little doubt, Sir, that each of these is a most effective force in the hands of the teacher. Even by those who love knowledge for its own sake, stimulants to study are at times needed, while young people who are naturally dull or lazy especially require strong incentives of some sort. For the former class the spirit of emulation is undoubtedly of great value. Youth enjoys a contest—whether intellectual or physical—and the healthier its mind or muscles may be, the more keenly will it seek to show its quality by competing with others. This same spirit combined with the hope of reward, and the dread of failure, is also very efficacious in the case of lazy students, who may be gifted with considerable powers of mind, but who require special incentives to induce them to concentrate their energies on the acquisition of knowledge. In the case of the dull, perhaps the dread of failure and of censure possesses most influence, but even in their case the other forces are not valueless.

It will not do to lose sight of the positive market value of examinations. Not only are immediate rewards associated with very many of them—fellowships, scholarships, exhibitions, prizes, and such like—but in numerous cases they open an avenue for a permanent career. The average expenditure of parents upon the education of their children has undoubtedly increased largely of late years, and they naturally look for some early and evident result. This they find in examinations and their concomitant advantages. The hope of reward, therefore, and the dread of failure influence the young in a double sense—both directly in themselves, and indirectly through their parents.

Nor will it do to forget an economical aspect of the question. It is not only the successful candidates at an examination who benefit thereby, but also the unsuccessful. These last, even if they be not led to renewed efforts, have probably reached a higher standard of education than they would otherwise have attained. The educational wealth of the country is in this way year by year largely increased.

And now, Sir, I should like to say two or three words as to the moral qualities which examinations

call out—moral qualities which, in the case of boys at any rate, are the very ones needful to insure after-success in public life, when the days of education are over. Among these, I take it, are readiness of assimilation, concentration, determination, willingness to sacrifice ease and pleasure for work, endurance, courage, self-confidence.

A most important argument in favour of examinations is that they afford the best means of selection, and the readiest tests of knowledge. I can see how anxious my opponent is to meet me on this very ground, and I can anticipate all that he is going to say: how examinations are mere tests of cramming, how they fail sometimes to select the best candidates, and so on. Admitted that evils may and do sometimes arise therefrom, is this not the case with all schemes which, being human, are necessarily imperfect? But does not the good far transcend the evil? By due care on the part of teachers and examiners the latter may be reduced to a minimum, while the good will remain.

I presume, Sir, few will deny that the substitution of examinational tests for private patronage in the public service has done away with many of the abuses of the past; and as in the public service, so also in the case of other professions and callings to which examinations constitute an introduction. On this ground alone, until some more perfect method of selection can be invented, it is useless—nay, more—I contend it is harmful to declaim against examinations. The good that they have done to the country at large is evident; the evil is to a large extent visionary. A captious critic may perhaps succeed in knocking holes in the system—(it is so easy to throw stones!)—but until some one, gifted with far higher qualities than those of criticism, shall arise and point out to us a higher and better stimulant to study, a surer test of knowledge, a more perfect means of selection, depend upon it, Sir, examinations will exist, and exist, too, for the general good of the nation.

END OF OPENER'S ARGUMENT.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I am only too happy, Sir, to take up the challenge which the opener of this debate has thrown down, and I trust I may be able to prove not only the converse of the proposition, but even that public examinations for young people are positively harmful. In my opinion, examinations are the bane of modern education, they undermine and destroy all the vitality of the precious tree of knowledge, they substitute a desire for gain, and for immediate tangible results, in place of the love of learning for learning's sake; they encourage the seeking of the easiest roads to the desired goal and discourage real hard work; they are the fruitful parents of meannesses, trickeries, and deceptions of all sorts. These are hard words, but I am not afraid to use them, even at the risk of being called "a captious critic," and even though I may not be able at a second's notice to formulate a new scheme to take the place of a system which I hold to teem with evils.

I am glad, Sir, that the opener of the debate laid such great stress on the changes that examinations have brought about, because *I* am in consequence spared the trouble of arguing that they have revolutionised educational processes. Almost before the young leave the preparatory school, examinations stare them in the face, and the evils begin. Here are some of them.

True honest school life is destroyed, or at any rate is in danger of becoming a thing of the past. Masters and pupils alike are in a league, whereby the old processes of sound education—slow, yet sure and thorough—are laid aside, and everything is done at the highest possible pressure. Studies which help to form and strengthen the mind are neglected because they are not required at this or that examination, or because they do not *pay* for the time spent upon them; while showy subjects, in whose acquirement memory is the most important factor, are eagerly studied, because they produce early and tangible results. This is not as it should be. Subjects of mere information are exalted high above real solid knowledge; students are trained to make a show of learning which they do not possess; and liberal education bows its head in despair before the fell twin-brother of examinations—the great giant "Cram."

Of the multifarious evils attendant upon "cramming" it is impossible, Sir, to speak at length. The system, although tolerated, is surely too universally condemned to need words of reprobation from me. How the young mind is made a mere vehicle for the transfer of dates and formulæ, instead of being trained to understand and assimilate truth—all this is beyond the region of controversy; I pass on therefore to other points.

In consequence of examinations the hope of gain plays far too important a part as an incentive to study. From their earliest days the young are incited to work only at those subjects in which they are most likely to excel; they compete at certain examinations not because they are the best conducted, or the most suitable, but because the rewards—direct or indirect—are high; they are taught to choose a career simply and solely because it is likely to be the most profitable. Is all this for their good?

Once more, the moral character of the young is still further injured by the action of examinations. In the desire to succeed at any cost, they resort to numberless artifices to outwit or to hoodwink the examiner, and in this they are too often supported by their teachers. If they prove fairly successful, they become conceited beyond measure, and the bonds of discipline and parental authority are loosened. They are apt to consider themselves more clever than their parents, and to this I am bold to attribute much of the slackening of the ties between father and son, mother and daughter, which is a characteristic of the day.

The question of health has an important bearing on this subject. Examinations lead to overwork and to excessive stimulation of the brain at irregular intervals, and it is to be feared that succeeding generations will recognise more clearly than we do now all the harm that has been done in this direction. In the case of

young people who are weakly by nature, the result of the excitement and overstrain of a series of examinations is often too immediately apparent.

The harmful effect of examinations upon parents and teachers is, I must admit, a little outside the present subject, but, Sir, I cannot refrain from saying just one word about it. Even as the children forget the true ends of study, so also do the parents; they look for successful results, and are heedless altogether as to whether or no a sound education is being afforded. And the teachers teach those subjects and in that way which will pay them best; they push on the most promising pupils, and neglect the dullard; and so, from beginning to end of the educational system, honest work is at a discount.

In conclusion, Sir, I will deal in few words with the assertion that examinations afford the best means of selection, not only in school and at College, but for various public appointments. Is this a fact? I think not. Look at the army, to wit. Do we get better officers in consequence of the competition for appointments? Where is the examination in discipline, in self-control, in bodily endurance, in strength? Look again at the Civil Service of the Crown. Do examinations pick out men capable of diligence in routine work, men of tact in dealing with their fellows? No—a thousand times, no! Rather a body of men specially crammed with information which they will get rid of at the first convenient moment, just as a bricklayer's man will drop his hod the instant the dinner-bell rings! This is the much-lauded and beneficent effect of examinations as a means of selection; this is typical of their whole action in every step of the career of the young, and with this view of them before you, I am content to leave the case to the judgment of the Family Parliament.

TO OUR READERS.—*The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the March Part, when the opener will exercise his right of reply upon the whole. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of 'Cassell's Family Magazine,' La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than January* 10. *The Editor cannot undertake to return any communications.*

An honorarium of £1 1*s. will be accorded* (*subject to the discretion of the Editor*) *to the* best letter on either side of the Question; *no letter to exceed* 50 *lines* (500 *words*).

Next month a discussion will be opened on Question III., ARE EARLY MARRIAGES UNTHRIFTY? *and the discussion on Question I.* (HOME LIFE *VERSUS* PUBLIC LIFE FOR GIRLS) *will be concluded.*

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN EAST LONDON.

BY A LOCAL SECRETARY.

THE social reformer who had ventured ten years ago to predict that the time was not far distant when University Professors would be found teaching artisans in Whitechapel would probably have been regarded as an enthusiast, even by the most optimistic of his fellows. Nevertheless, it is at this moment a fact that the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching has commenced its fifth annual session in East London, and that the meeting-place of its students is at St. Jude's Schools, in Commercial Street, Whitechapel. Having been connected with this movement since the beginning of its work in the Tower Hamlets, I have here endeavoured to set on record my four years' experience, with the hope that it may prove perhaps helpful, or if not helpful, at least interesting, to others who are engaged in similar work. Those who know East London know that it is one of the most difficult parts of the Metropolis wherein an educational campaign may be conducted with success; for assuredly it is never easy to persuade those whose energies are exhausted at the day's close by physical labour to take up with much zeal that which involves a certain amount of mental labour. It is very much the fashion with a certain class of newspaper writers to regard the East-end as sunk in the darkness of ignorance, and to give utterance to clever, cruel, things about "the plentiful lack of wisdom" which is to be found there. They do not remember that there is very much of hard, grinding toil in the every-day life of those of whom they write. Not drones but workers are they who dwell eastward of the City—workers whose portion of the honey of the hive is small, but whose share of its labour is large enough; so large indeed, that it would have been no matter for marvel if a movement whose objects are so high as those of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching had met with failure at its outset. But it is no record of failure that I am writing here.

When, in the early part of the year 1877, it was proposed by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel—one who has laboured as few men have laboured to bring brightness and beauty into the lives and homes of those among whom his work has been cast—that an effort should be made to introduce the classes of the University Extension Society to Whitechapel, the wise men of the East shook their heads gravely and said that success was impossible. But undismayed by adverse prophecy, a

committee was formed, composed of tradesmen and workmen of the district and University men, and arrangements were made for obtaining the theatre of the Medical College, London Hospital, wherein the lectures should be held. The neighbourhood was actively canvassed by the committee and its helpers; churches, chapels, workmen's clubs, and other organisations were all given timely notice of the work in hand.

On the evening of October 15, 1877, a public meeting was held at St. Mary's School-room in Whitechapel, where addresses were delivered by Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., the late Leonard A. Montefiore, and others, and the result was for the first year one hundred students; these were of both sexes, about one-third of the number being artisans. It was felt by those who had been engaged in the work that here was a good beginning. The classes were four in number—that on Physiology, by Mr. J. McCarthy, attracting the largest number of students; that on History, by Mr. S. R. Gardiner, Professor of Modern History at King's College, London, standing next; the other two classes being Political Economy, and Electricity and Magnetism.

In the second year, 1878–9, three classes only were carried on, that on Electricity being discontinued. Professor Gardiner's class, which in the previous session had numbered twenty-six, was now increased to forty-two, while the two other classes had increased likewise. The committee had by this time arrived at the conclusion that a lower fee was necessary, in order to place the education given within the reach of a larger number of people; and in the term following, the fees, which had hitherto been five shillings for a class of twelve lectures, were reduced to three shillings for twelve lectures, or five shillings for a double course of twenty-four, the result being that the class on Physiology registered 102 students; that on English History, by Professor Gardiner, sixty; while a class on English Literature, which had this term been started, numbered forty-six. The class on Political Economy owed much to the self-sacrificing energy of its first teacher, Mr. James Bonar, and, although in point of numbers it did not stand so high as the English History class, it can claim the credit of having founded in East London an "Adam Smith Society," which meets in St. Jude's Schools for the study of the works of that great economist, Mr. Bonar being its president. There is also a Shakespere Society, but its numbers at present are small.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching has centres in many parts of the Metropolis. I cannot tell what their experience of the movement may have been, but I shall venture to offer a few suggestions to the various committees with reference to this work. They will, I know, forgive me if I tell them that which they have found out for themselves already, and, in any case, will hardly be sorry to know that the experience of other workers in the cause of education is in agreement with their own.

The first consideration is to secure a good working committee, and good working secretaries. Ornamental members are useful in their way, but the most important members are those who will work, and who know how to set about the work they have to do. Sincere and earnest philanthropy should always command our reverence; but, unless it is supplemented by a little worldly wisdom, it will not always command success. A good leader is indispensable. The Tower Hamlets Committee have had the best of leaders in their chairman, the Rev. S. A. Barnett; and were no less fortunate during his absence from England in finding his place filled by the Rev. Brooke Lambert. Some tact is required in the very necessary, if somewhat expensive business of advertising. As long a notice as possible should always be given of classes. Having obtained the students, it will help the work greatly if a social feeling is brought about among them by such methods as that of a conversazione, or gatherings of a like nature. But above all and before all, it is necessary that those concerned in the movement should *work*. No scheme will work itself; it needs always strong and persistent personal effort to command success.

In a neighbourhood like East London the fees must be low, but expenses are always high, the area to be covered by advertisements being large. It is, moreover, proved here as elsewhere that however valuable may be the influence of the higher education, the time has not yet come for it to pay its own expenses; it needs some measure of support from outside. In a wealthy community like London this need should not exist long; such a work should command support on all sides. The Tower Hamlets Committee have had much up-hill labour, but they are not discouraged thereby. In looking back over what has been done in the past, I cannot but feel that we are the pioneers in a great work: a work which must produce good fruit in the years to come. The English Universities, in spite of the exclusiveness which is all but inseparable from ancient institutions, have ever been the centre of all that is highest and best in the intellectual life of Englishmen; but until to-day they have been but for a favoured few.

To me there is no grander or more inspiring thought than that which seems to lie behind this University Extension scheme. It bears within it the solution of many of the problems which vex the minds of those who are full of apprehension as to England's future. If it be true that the future of a race lies in its intellectual and moral development, then is that future assured for us if this movement goes on. One whose life's work was brief but noble, uttered at the beginning of our career some words of hope which will form a fitting conclusion to what I have written here:—"These are complex and great events to anticipate from comparatively small beginnings, but we believe time, and no distant time, will show that we are indulging in no vague or impossible dream. And in the confident hope that its success will be lasting, and worthy and beneficent, we wish the University Extension Scheme God speed."

FREDERICK ROGERS.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

YOU do not in England follow French fashions slavishly; if you did, you would be wearing much embroidered guipure and a good deal of floss embroidery on net instead of lace. The guipure, which has been adopted here lately, is certainly worth a thought, though it is costly. It is made both in black and cream, and worked in satin stitch. I am glad, however, to hear that Irish lace is worn in England on under-linen; drawers, night-gowns, and chemises have been sent over here with the entire trimmings of Irish point, the chemises having pointed tops some six inches deep, and the night-gowns with the front of this rich and useful lace, which is pretty well everlasting wear. Spanish lace is worn in Paris, but not so universally as in England. The newest lace this winter is the Dentelle orientale, and of this I expect most of the fichus, collarettes, and ruffles will be made in the spring, as well as the trimmings on dresses. It is extremely cheap and most effective.

There are many marvels of cheapness in other kinds of lace, especially a Dentelle antique, which is made on the stocking-loom, and of most excellent appearance, wide, and only a few pence a yard.

Beads play an important part: pearls on lace used for evening wear, and steel, jet, and every shade of beads on net bands, used for trimming mantles and day-dresses. They are hardly ever now applied to lace for these purposes, but the design is formed in them on the plain net, jet and steel being often used together.

Straight-edged Valenciennes, copied from old models, is used on dresses, and very much on under-linen.

The newest Paris night-gowns are just like morning wrappers, made either in washing silk or soft thick muslin, with frills of lace at the edge and broad trimmings of lace and muslin, and bows of ribbon down the front. Round yokes are another novelty in the way of ornamenting night-gowns, and these have masses of lace and insertion introduced amid the runnings. Chemises have the same lavish amount of lace, huge jabots placed alike on them as on night-gowns. A becoming mode of trimming the upper part is in a series of shells formed of tucks and lace round the bust.

Petticoats are decidedly wider, but save in that particular I do not see much difference, except that for dress petticoats, if flouncing is not carried up to the waist, steels are. The newest crinolines have no steel at the back, only in the front, but the original crinoline material is far the best for present modes—viz., horsehair, white or grey, made the length required, but always very narrow at the top and larger at the lower edge.

Soft silk petticoats, black and dark colours, are charming wear; light silks are employed for full dress, they are all cut in vandykes at the hem, with a treble plait inserted between, either of the same or of a contrasting colour, and bordered with lace which falls full and soft.

Black moire petticoats are fashionable; but for health and warmth I give the preference to flannel, plain or striped, and lined with wash-leather. These may have plaited or gathered flounces. Most of the petticoats this season have box-plaited flounces, bordered with lace. Striped woollen petticoats are still worn; there is nothing newer.

Tea-gowns, which are in fact home dinner-gowns, are getting wonderfully elaborate. Imagine light blue brocade, with no trimming whatever, caught up as a tunic, with the bodice to match, over a white brocaded waistcoat and under-skirt, and short elbow-sleeves! It was copied from a picture, and was a dress worn by a French queen. More suitable is a charming pink and cream tea-gown, made long, the cream soft woollen, and secured on to the foundation indescribably, the pink mixing with lace and appearing as a border to the cream, the front being entirely pink.

I wonder whether the Douillette will find as universal a sale in England as in France, where every lady now considers it a necessary part of her wardrobe. It is really only a loose black dress, not unlike a paletot, save that it has elbow-sleeves bordered all round with lace and a colour, the colour appearing also in front; it is the morning-robe of a Parisian. The Watteau plait is not gone out, and is quite a characteristic of most of the dressing and morning-gowns, which, like other things, are trimmed with watered ribbons.

Dressing-jackets are being made with a square collar, and belt round the waist, or occasionally, in lieu of a square collar, with a yoke of a contrasting colour. But great extravagance obtains here, and I have seen dressing-jackets made of light blue plush, and trimmed with Oriental lace—of course it is a misnomer; they are morning-jackets.

Children's fashions are going through certain modifications. Quite a new stuff, with the Russian name "Strogoff," has been brought out for infants' paletots and cloaks. It is all white, and so shaggy that it re-

sembles fur closely enough to be mistaken for it—a muff of the same and a Tam o' Shanter cap make the whole complete. The garments worn by quite young children are of the most elaborate description. Watered silk caped coats bordered with ermine are not deemed too good for them. Many of the little capes are of double-plaited serge, which is a favourite material, and shows off the coloured piping. The plush coats, however, are perhaps the newest, or those trimmed with plush. A pretty cardinal cashmere thus trimmed had the cape cut up on the shoulders, showing the plush and moire. Rings of mother-of-pearl, through which the ribbon passes before it is tied in a loose bow, is a favourite mode of ornamenting the fronts. The most bewitching hats accompany these coats; they are turned up at the side, with gathered crowns in satin or plush, and sometimes they are beaver, with ostrich-feathers.

By-the-by, industrious mothers will be glad to hear that children now wear little under-dresses knitted with white wool, the skirt and straight bodice all in one.

The costumes for children of older growth become each year more captivating. Soft woollen materials of all kinds are used for frocks, trimmed with gay-coloured striped satin ribbon, and plush and fancy velvet.

A novelty, too, is striped ribbon, closely gathered and placed on the straight over flounces. Baden towelling in mixtures of red and brown holland tone is used on serges, and is new. The "Princess" is the prevailing style of make; but I will describe a few white frocks, which may be an aid to amateurs. A brown Vicuna, open in front to show a plastron of check silk, red, blue, and brown, a ribbon to match heading the plaited flounce, which meets the gathered tunic. I also saw watered plush used in lieu of the ribbon. A red cashmere frock trimmed with striped plush had a long bodice meeting the tunic, and was gathered at the back and front, the tunic forming a decided puff. A small frock, suitable for a girl from two to three, had a box-plaiting round, a gathered flounce over it, a yoked bodice, and a striped satin scarf tunic.

Rows of close-set braid are a fashionable trimming; and nearly all frocks are made to slip on all together. Terra-cotta is now a most fashionable tone, and dark green seems specially selected as the groundwork of other colours for children; it shows off well the checks and stripes in plush and velvet.

The under-skirts are plaited with kilt and double and treble box-plaits; the tunics are often scanty and tight, and plastrons appear on most of the bodices or yokes. I am glad again to see that the yoke-shaped collars in Irish point are much used for evening frocks, and also light poplins, both good news for Ireland. Such pretty little mantles have come out this year! Think of a small darling of three years in a black satin coat-shaped paletot, bordered with fur, or in a circular cloak with fur lining, or a coat-ulster with fur cuffs and collars and double-breasted, or a jacket with a cape bordered with watered silk, and displaying large buttons! Loose tweed coats have plaited capes, bordered with a flounce.

Stockings are one of the items of dress which cost a great deal and soon wear out, and on that account require much forethought in buying. I should strongly recommend having only a few at a time, and those exactly matching the dresses. You cannot for the winter do wrong in buying plain coloured wool with clocks. If your purse admits of it, let them be embroidered in the same shades as those on the dress, for few materials now have but one tone. For full dress, silk stockings with "lace fronts," as the hosiers call them, are most fashionable; but these lacy open-work fronts are also intermixed with thick rich embroidery. If you prefer black hosiery, take care that you choose those of the new black dye, which combines a good shade and firmness in washing. Care should always be taken in the washing of black and coloured hosiery; the method is quite simple. Use lukewarm water and pure soap quite free from acid; turn the stockings inside out before beginning; rinse in clean cold water; on no

account dry in the sun, but in the shade or in a heated room.

Stripes are out of favour, but ribs are in, and even ribs are the last idea, each one stitch only; and these, and indeed all the best stockings, are made extra strong about the heels, being spliced far up the leg; for shoes cause hose to wear out just where the top of the shoe comes.

Though crinolettes are decidedly coming in, sylph-like figures have not as yet gone out, and the combination garments, which originated when thinness became the fashion, are still generally worn; they are sold in thin and thick merino, as well as silk and spun silk; either with high or low necks, or with short or long sleeves. Sometimes, as in the vests, the sleeves are mere shoulder-straps, but it is difficult to get them really narrow enough to be invisible, which is the great object to attain. I mention all these vests and combination dresses now spring is approaching, because the wearing of flannel or its substitute is apt to be neglected in March winds; a neglect which leads to much ill-health, and is an utter disregard of the advice of nearly every doctor, who both for England and hot climates declares them to be imperative.

This chapter is liberally illustrated with drawings of dresses suitable to different hours and circumstances, and to different ages and wearers. Let us examine the group of out-door costumes, comprising wearers ranging in years from one decade to those who have seen between forty and fifty summers. The girl playing at matron with her doll is ten, and wears a bège Vicuna frock with brown plush collar, cuffs, and sash; her bonnet is bège felt with a brown plush bow. The first standing figure is in a carriage toilette of heliotrope brocade and peach satin, the latter material being gathered on the plastron and tablier. The figure presenting her with a book wears one of the comfortable broché velvet pelisses trimmed with marabout, and is holding a bag-muff of the same materials, while the figure in the background is in a brown plush dress, with leather appliqués on the bodice and tunic. The bonnet is plush also, and corresponds exactly with the costume both in colour and style.

The group in full dress comprises five figures. The highest figure with a pole in her hand is in dark watered blue plush with satin plastron; an embroidery in gold beads is carried down each side of the plaited satin plastron. The æsthetic gown worn by the first of the lower figures is pale lemon nun's veiling and broché satin, the collarette and upright lace frill being picked out with tiny seed pearls; the lady with whom this æsthete is holding converse wears a velvet bodice with appliqués of beads and a broché Nagpore silk tunic; chenille fringe edges the basque. The colouring of this toilette is shrimp-pink and chocolate-brown. The figure only partially seen because of the jutting corner, wears a pretty toilette of plain pale blue satin, and broché of the same colour, with large crimson flowers. The sleeves are very prettily gathered, and the Mauresque lace is tastefully arranged on the bodice. And lastly there is a young lady of nine summers standing alone, and wearing a cashmere frock of terra-cotta shade, daintily trimmed with a *soupçon* of gathered satin of the same colour.

We have, besides, three figurines in outline—a bride in a cream satin duchesse dinner dress and pearl trimmings, with tablier gathered below the knees and much drapery at the back; the train being edged with a satin plaiting. Then there is an afternoon out-door costume in mulberry-coloured velvet, with gaily-striped Bayadere satin collar, cuffs, and sash bows. These bows worn on this costume, and indeed on many others, are without a *raison d'être*, for they tie nothing, neither do they drape any folds; and the larger dimensions they assume, the more pretensions they claim to be the height of fashion. The young girl of eleven in her prune velveteen skirt and checked bège over-dress, tied with prune moire ribbon and fastened with silver buttons, is the concluding figure in our gallery. Some of the materials indicated may be too heavy for the forthcoming *demi-saison*, but spring winds are cold, and it is safer in the uncertain climate of Great Britain to provide against the adverse elements at this season of the year, rather than for the blue skies and bright sunshine of this pleasant land—France.

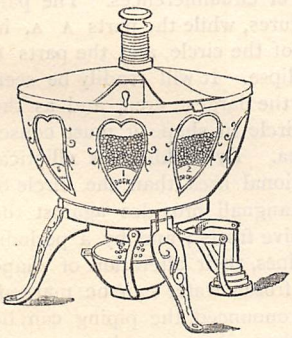
THE GATHERER.

Removing Ink-Stains.

The *Journal de Pharmacie* of Antwerp recommends the pyrophosphate of sodium for removing stains of ink, because it does not destroy the cellulose of the cloth, and yields colourless compounds with oxide of iron. Before treating the stain with this salt, a few drops of tallow from a candle should be allowed to fall on the spot, and the whole washed in a solution of the pyrophosphate until both stain and grease have disappeared. If necessary, the operation is to be repeated. If the ink is aniline, the spot should simply be moistened with strong alcohol mixed with acetic acid. Eosine is the only aniline dye which does not readily disappear under this lotion.

A Shot-Case and Weighing Machine.

The accompanying woodcut represents a box for holding different kinds of shot, keeping them separate from each other, and preventing them from spilling when being sold. It is made of cast-iron, japanned, ornamented, and furnished with glass windows for displaying the various sorts of shot. The case contains as many compartments as there are windows; each division has an opening in the bottom communicating with a hollow cylinder in the centre, through which a vertically adjustable valve-tube works. The lid fitted to the top of the box may be turned independently of the case. As the lid controls and rotates the tube, whenever the index knob of the lid is moved to the middle of a compartment, the contents of that division may be withdrawn by pressing down the tube, and as soon as the pressure is removed the drawing will cease at once. Under the outflow tube there swings to receive the shot a scale-pan, with beam and weights, the whole vessel resting or rotating upon a circular stand. A revolving disc shows the quantity of shot in any compartment, and the box may always be filled through an aperture in the lid, which is provided with a cover that swings round automatically and closes the opening, thus excluding the dust.

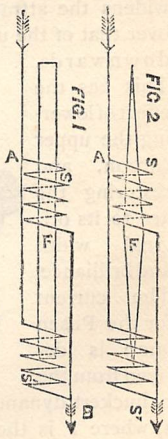


The Electric Light in Aquaria.

One of the most interesting and novel applications of the electric light to practical purposes is its introduction into aquaria, with the object of illuminating the tanks. By night and with the aid of gas only it is very difficult to inspect an aquarium, and a good deal of the utility of such exhibitions is lost on that account. Not long ago, the experiment of using the electric light, by means of a Faure battery, was tried successfully. Six lights were submerged in one of the tanks in a public aquarium, with the result that every fish and plant was shown up with great distinctness. The fishes did not, apparently, pay any attention to the lamps, nor was their health injuriously affected, seeing that noxious products, such as those yielded by the combustion of gas, do not accompany the use of the electric lamps. The light may be made more or less intense as required, and may be run for a longer or shorter time according to the engines employed for storing the electric energy.

The Pilsen Electric Lamp.

One of the best electric lights exhibited at the Paris Electrical Exhibition is that known as the Pilsen lamp, from the fact of its being invented at Pilsen, in Bohemia. It is the invention of Messrs. Piette and Krizik. Its great merit is its simplicity and freedom from complicated mechanism, combined with its remarkable steadiness of action. It is, perhaps, the steadiest of all "arc" lamps yet invented. The current in the luminous arc is made to regulate itself by the use of two solenoids or helices of wire, which, when traversed by the current, exert an attractive force on a core of soft iron placed in their hollow interiors. This is an old device, but it has never been so well applied before. Ordinarily a cylindrical core is used, but in the Pilsen lamp a core tapering at both ends is employed instead with great advantage. Fig. 1 represents the usual cylindrical core, F, enclosed by two helices of wire, S S′, through which the electric current is made to pass in the direction of the arrows. When the current arrives at the point A, it splits up, and part passes through the helix S, and part goes on to the helix S′, both parts reuniting at the point B. Now, in this case the attraction or pulling force of the two helices on the core is strongest when one end of the core, F, is in the middle of a helix, than when the middle of the core is in the middle of a coil; and therefore the coil, S′, exerts more attraction on the core than the coil, S, in the case illustrated in Fig. 1. When, however, the mass of the core is tapered, as in Fig. 2, the attraction of each of the two coils upon it may be made exactly the same, whatever position it occupies between them. It is by the application of this principle that the inventors have secured a great regularity of action in their lamp. Fig. 3 shows a lamp in which this bi-conical core, F, has been adopted. It is contained in a brass tube, to the lower end of which is



attached the positive or upper carbon of the arc. The tube, which guides the carbon downwards to the arc as it is needed, is held by cords passing over the rollers, R R, at the top of the lamp, and attached to the lower carbon holders, BB. The upper and lower carbons, E E, are thus connected in one mechanical system by these cords, and the weight of the lower carbons and holder counterbalances the weight of the upper carbon and the tube with its core inside. The upper solenoid or coil, S, is joined up in the same electric circuit with the carbons and the arc, while the other coil, S′, which has a much higher resistance than the other, is connected to the arc circuit as a "shunt" or by-path for the current. Now, as the lamp burns, and the upper carbon is consumed away, the arc tends to widen, but in widening its resistance increases, and hence the current in the main circuit diminishes. But the upper solenoid, S, forms part of this circuit, and consequently its upward attracting force on the core diminishes, while, on the other hand, the downward attracting force of the lower solenoid, S′, increases. For the higher resistance of the main or arc circuit causes relatively more current to pass through the lower coil than before, and increases the attractive power of that coil. The result is that as the arc widens the attraction of the lower coil predominates over that of the upper coil, and the core moves slowly downwards. This has the effect of lowering the upper carbon, and restoring the arc to its original width and brilliance. The current for the Pilsen lamp is derived from the Schuckert dynamo-electric machine illustrated in Fig. 4, where P is the driving pulley, which, when driven by a belt from a steam or other motor, revolves the bobbin or armature, A, between the poles of four electro-magnets, M M M M, and thereby generates a continuous electric current, which is drawn off by the brushes of the commutator, C, and led away by means of insulated wires to the lamps. Such a machine can feed six Pilsen lamps with current at an expenditure of about 5½ horse-power.

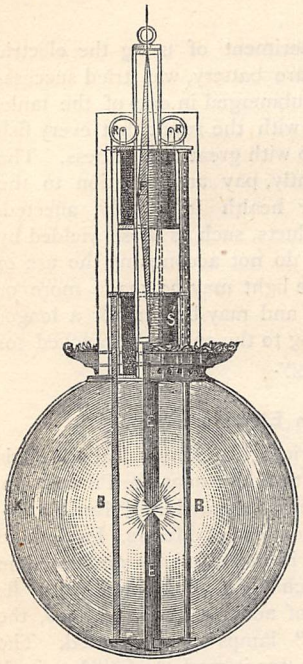


Fig. 3.

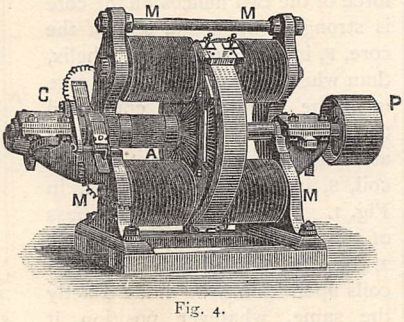
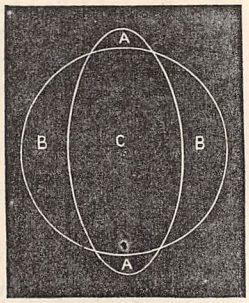


Fig. 4.

Elliptical Piping.

Water-pipes are usually made of a circular cross-section, and the consequence is that when the frost freezes the water and thereby expands it, the pipe is liable to burst, because it is stretched thinner and the weaker parts give way. Mr. Mangnall, of Manchester, has, however, introduced a form of pipe having an elliptical cross-section, which is very much stronger, theoretically and practically. The action of the expanding water is simply to force the pipe into a more circular shape, and as the circular shape has more capacity than the elliptical form, for the same circumference, the pipe is better able to contain the expanded mass and relieve the extra pressure. This is illustrated by the accompanying diagram, which represents an ellipse, A C A, and a circle, B C B, both having equal perimeters or circumferences. The part C, is common to both figures, while the parts A A, in the ellipse are in excess of the circle, and the parts B B, are in excess of the ellipse. It will readily be seen that the circle contains the largest area, and as the ellipse approaches the circle in shape it must consequently increase in area. By making his elliptical pipes of a smaller sectional area than the circle of equal perimeter, Mr. Mangnall provides against the effects of several successive frosts; and by a periodical inspection of the pipes, their alteration of shape under pressure of the frozen water can be marked. Should it become too pronounced, the piping can be restored to its original shape by a squeezing pressure, and bursting prevented. So long as the pipe does not take the circular form its bursting cannot happen.



An Elastic Lacquer.

A patent has been taken out in Germany for a new kind of elastic lacquer, which will not peel off, and is suitable for coating carriage cloths, plans, and other articles to be folded up, as well as for walls, and wood, ironwork, or waterproofing. It is made by heating 50 kilogrammes of linseed-oil varnish to the boiling point in one pot; in another pot 15 kilogrammes of lime are slaked in 20 kilogrammes of water. As soon as the lime boils, about 50 kilogrammes of hot melted raw caoutchouc are added to the lime-water, and the whole is then stirred until thoroughly mixed. This composition is poured into the boiling varnish, the whole being stirred all the time. Further stirring produces a homogeneous mass, which is strained and allowed to cool. This lacquer is applied by diluting with varnish and painting on with a brush either while

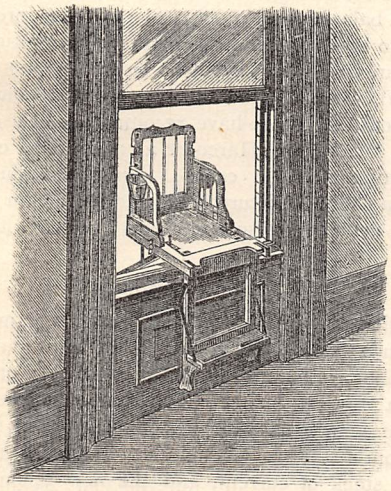
it is warm or cold; but it is preferable to apply it warm, as no varnish is then required to dilute it. Cloth or paper is rendered waterproof by treating it in this way.

Water-power for the Electric Light.

In addition to its cheapness, water-power is found preferable to steam for driving the dynamo-electric machines which furnish the currents to electric lamps, on account of the equable nature of the source. Steam-engines do not run so smoothly as a turbine placed in a race, or a water-wheel fed by a small waterfall. The result is that the light is apt to "blink" when the machine is driven by steam. At Godalming recent experiments have demonstrated that the numberless lyns and waterfalls in these islands can be turned to good use for this purpose; and an old water-wheel on the Hatfield estate of Lord Salisbury has been utilised to light the whole of that fine mansion. Moreover, it is under consideration to light the town of Bristol by means of the tidal rise in a backwater at that place.

The Window-Cleaner's Chair.

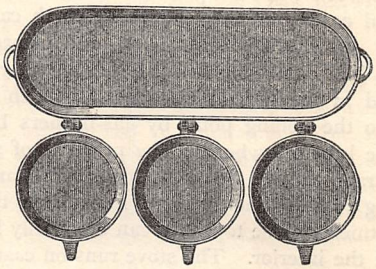
The apparatus represented in the accompanying woodcut has been invented with a view to making the cleaning of windows an absolutely safe occupation.



It is therefore an appliance of an eminently useful character, and, so far as we know, supplies a generally-felt want. Moreover, besides affording a secure seat or foothold to servants, it may be used as a platform when any glazing or painting is required, or when it is necessary to put up awning or decorations outside a window. It contains on either side cups for the water or other cleaning mixture and the cloths, as well as supports for paint-pots and brushes. The chair can be fastened or detached in a minute; it occupies little space, and will fit any window of ordinary size. The construction, as the engraving shows, is very simple, and the whole chair is so light that it can be carried from room to room without effort.

A Cake Griddle.

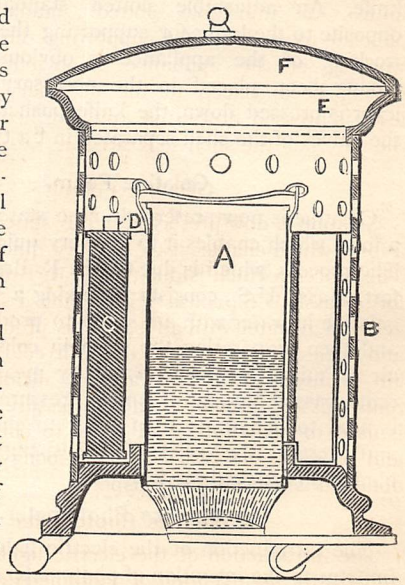
An ingenious form of griddle for baking cakes is shown in the annexed woodcut. It consists of one long flat pan of cast-iron, to which are hinged three round pans of the same metal but of smaller size. When the griddle is hung over the fire, a cake is



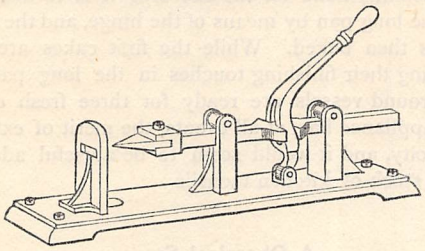
placed in each of the round pans, and as soon as it is sufficiently done on the one side it is turned over into the long pan by means of the hinge, and the other side is then baked. While the first cakes are thus receiving their finishing touches in the long pan, the three round vessels are ready for three fresh cakes. This appliance has, at all events, the merit of extreme simplicity, and it would seem to be a useful addition to the stock of kitchen utensils.

A Chemical Stove.

We have already mentioned in the GATHERER that fused acetate of soda is used to heat the foot-warmers on some Swedish railways; and the plan, which was recently adopted by the London and North-Western Railway Company, has been improved upon by Herr Nieske, a German chemist. Acetate of soda, when melted and allowed to crystallise, gives out its heat very slowly, and Herr Nieske finds that if hyposulphite of soda is added to the acetate the cooling is considerably retarded. Herr Nieske fills the warmers three-quarters full with a mixture of one part of acetate to ten parts of hyposulphite, and places them in hot water until the salts are fused, a result indicated by the cessation of all sounds from the crystals within. Such a



warmer will keep equally warm for ten or fifteen hours, a period which is sufficient to make the best water-filled warmers cold. The same inventor has also devised a stove for rooms, based upon the same principle. It consists, as shown in the sectional figure, of an inner, A, and an outer enclosing cylinder, B, the latter being perforated with numerous little holes. In the space between these are placed three or more of the flat metal cases or foot-warmers, C, which can easily be lifted out by their handles, D, and placed in hot water to be re-stored with heat. This water can be contained in the central cylinder, A, which may be heated to the boiling point by gas-burners below, or it can be kept elsewhere. The presence of water in the central cylinder, however, has the advantage of supplying a wholesome degree of moisture to the air of the apartment. The top, F E, can be readily lifted off to get at the interior. The stove runs on castors, and is made after several ornamental patterns by a Dresden firm. It is well adapted for sick-rooms, as it gives off no fumes and can be readily moved from place to place.



An Oyster-Opener.

One would have thought that oyster-opening afforded little scope for the exercise of the inventor's ingenuity. That toothsome "shell-fish," before Pistol's time and since, has ordinarily been extracted rapidly enough by knife, but the engraving shows a machine specially devised for opening oysters, clams, *et hoc genus omne.* It consists of a sliding-bar actuated by a lever-handle, and carrying an opening-point or knife. An adjustable slotted standard is placed opposite to the knife for supporting the oyster. The working of the appliance is obvious. A mollusc having been placed in the necessary position, the lever is pressed down, the knife pushed forward, and the valves of the shell separated in "a twinkling."

Gelatine Foam.

Gelatine is now preserved in the state of dry foam, a form which enables it to be very quickly dissolved. The process, which is due to Mr. R. Brooks, of Rockfort, Mass., U.S., consists in mixing a solution of the gelatine in water with air so as to produce the foam, and then evaporating the foam in cold dry air. The air is mixed with the water by means of air currents passed through it under pressure, and cold air is used to dehydrate it in order to chill the gelatine and preserve the vesicles. The spongy gelatine thus obtained is packed for transport.

A Balance Photometer.

The introduction of the electric light has given an impetus to the invention of photometers for measuring the intensity of lights. The Electrical Congress recently held at Paris have condemned the existing standards of light, namely, the standard candles of England and Germany and the Carcel lamp of France. But they have not arrived at a fitting substitute thus far, and meanwhile these standards are to continue in use. An ingenious apparatus for comparing any light with the standard has been invented by M. Coulon. It is based on the principle that the radiometer of Mr. Crookes is sensitive to light-rays only, and not to heat-rays, when kept at a constant temperature. This instrument, it will be remembered, consists of a small vane or windmill turning in a vacuous bulb under the impact of the rays of light. M. Coulon places a radiometer bulb inside a square metal case having slits cut in the four sides, and closed with glass. This case is filled with water kept at a temperature of 100° C. The bulb contains a single disc, movable round a vertical axis, the half-disc on one side of the axis being black on its two faces, and the other white. If now we suppose a single source of light to act on the bulb from one side, it attracts the white half and repels the black, so that the disc turns edgewise to the light, and presents one side to the observer. But if another equal light acts simultaneously on the other side, and at the same distance as the first, the counter-action results in the disc presenting its sides to the light and its edge to the observer. When unequal lights are compared the stronger has to be shifted further back, until the balance is effected. The relative intensities of the two lights will then be inversely proportional to the squares of their distances from the photometer disc. We may add that the Photometric Committee of the Board of Trade have recommended the air-gas flame of Mr. Vernon Harcourt as a standard of light instead of the sperm candle. This is produced by burning a definite mixture of air and petroleum vapour under a definite pressure in a brass burner with $\frac{1}{4}$-in. orifice.

An Electric Omnibus.

Electricity stored up in the Faure accumulating battery has been tried in Paris for the propulsion of an omnibus, with considerable success. An omnibus, unlike a tramcar, is not confined to one track, and therefore cannot have its electricity supplied to it by wires from a stationary generator. It requires to carry its own stock of current, and the new secondary or storage batteries are useful for this purpose. The Paris trials have resulted in the company working the Faure patents getting permission to run carriages in a certain quarter of the city. While upon this subject, we may mention that it is proposed to establish a system of electric railways in Paris. The project has emanated from M. Chrétien, a French engineer, and consists in establishing a main line 14,660 feet long, running from the Madeleine to the Bastille, with two branches, one from the Place de la République to the Place du Trône, about 3,200 yards, and the second a little longer, following the Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue Friedland as far as the Arc de Triomphe. The rails would be carried on pillars running near the pavements, and the permanent way would to a certain

extent spoil the appearance of the streets, however ornamental it may be, so that it is probable that the scheme will be objected to as far as the chief boulevards are concerned, at least until it has been tried in the Boulevard Voltaire, and the general effect observed. No objection of the kind is offered against the electrical tramway from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway. The works have been begun, and water-power will be employed to drive the machines which generate the electricity.

Musk from the Musk-Rat.

True musk, which is used so largely as a perfume, and more sparingly as an anti-spasmodic medicine, is taken from certain glands in the musk-deer; but its high price has caused Mr. Fairthorne, an American pharmacist, to substitute the similar secretion found under the skin of the musquash or musk-rat. For a long time the Russians have used these skins to scent and preserve their garments; but no attempt has hitherto been made, we believe, to extract the perfume in a serviceable form. Mr. Fairthorne takes ten or twelve musk-rat skins, which can be bought in New England for ten or fifteen cents a pair, and cuts them into small slips. These are allowed to macerate for a week or two in a pint of alcohol with the addition of two drachms of slaked lime. On filtering the liquid a very fragrant tincture, having a musky smell three times stronger than the ordinary extract of musk, is obtained. Mr. Fairthorne employs it instead of the real tincture of musk for the manufacture of eau de Cologne.

New Insulating Materials.

In the Paris Electrical Exhibition there were exhibited several new kinds of insulating material for submarine cables, and conductors for telephone and electric lighting wires. One of these was the paraffined india-rubber core of Mr. W. T. Henley, of North Woolwich. This consists of an india-rubber-coated copper wire prepared in the ordinary way, then boiled in melted ozokerit until it has absorbed thirty per cent. by weight of the latter. Ozokerit is a black earth-wax, chiefly found in Galicia, and has hitherto been mainly used for manufacturing candles. But its high insulating properties have at length brought it into the service of electricity. The permeation of the ozokerit into the rubber raises the insulation resistance very considerably, and at the same time diminishes the "inductive capacity," which retards the speed of electric signals so much in a submarine cable. The new cable soon to be laid between Cuba and Belize in British Honduras is made of this insulator, and the results of the trial will be awaited with interest by electricians. A more complete union of ozokerit and india-rubber is, however, to be found in the "Nigrite" core of Mr. Field. This consists of two parts of ozokerit and one part of india-rubber (or it may be gutta-percha) macerated at a moderately high temperature, until they form a black compound, which can be applied to wires in the same way as gutta-percha. The mixture has a higher insulation resistance than india-rubber, and a lower inductive capacity, while it is considerably cheaper than even gutta-percha. It is now used chiefly for connecting wires in telephone offices, but when it can be prepared of a tougher quality it will doubtless come into use as a cable insulator, as it has the property of resisting water in a high degree.

A New Fibre.

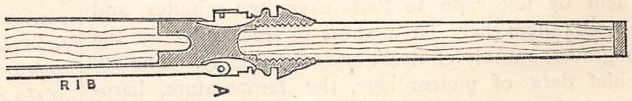
A textile fibre capable of replacing silk to a certain extent has been discovered by M. Bordier in the stem of a plant which is found wild in some parts of France, where it is called *Fafetone*, and in South America. It belongs to the Ascelepias, and the flower, which is formed of two oblong petals enclosing the seed, is crowned by an aigrette of white silky hair. In Italy, where the plant also grows, attempts have been made to utilise these hairs, but they are too short and brittle to be woven alone, and when mixed with other fibres they weaken the stuff. The stem, however, is found by M. Bordier to contain an excellent white tough fibre, superior to jute, and similar to silk in appearance, and incorruptible in water.

Air-Motors on Railways.

The elevated railroad, as our readers are aware, is one of the features of New York city, running overhead instead of underground, as in the English metropolis. Complaints of the smoke nuisance having repeatedly been published, an experiment has been made on a portion of the line in which a compressed air-motor was employed instead of the ordinary locomotive. The air was stored in four tanks, under a pressure of 580 pounds. After running between the trial stations and back, making the usual stoppages, the pressure was reduced to 125 pounds. With proper appliances at each end of the journey, the motor, it was found, could be charged in two or three minutes. It may be added that compressed air has been successfully applied as motive-power in this country, by Mr. W. D. Scott-Moncrieff and other inventors.

An Improved Umbrella.

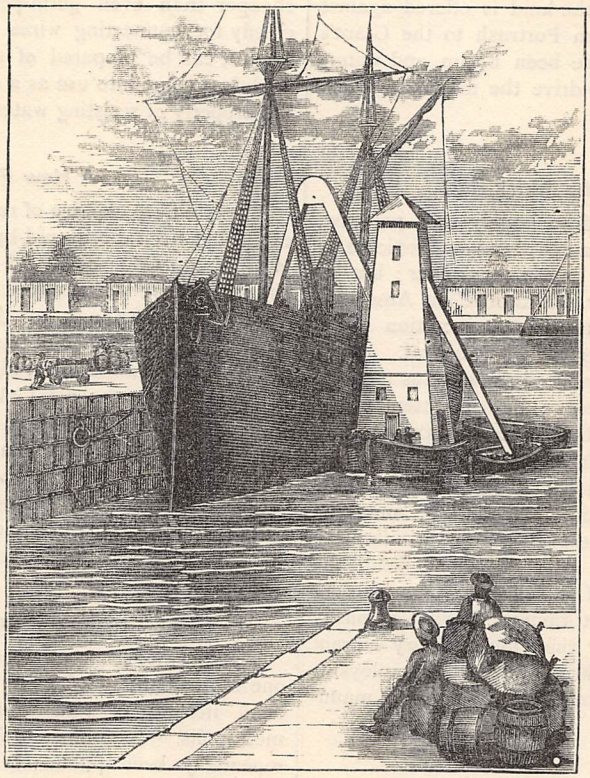
Neatness in an umbrella is a thing to be desired, and the improvement recently made in discarding



the notched ring to which the ribs of the shade are ordinarily jointed, and substituting the counter-sunk device shown at A in the figure, certainly conduces to compactness. There is less fear of the silk wearing at the foot in the new plan, and it folds much more closely to the shaft.

Floating Grain Elevators.

So vast a trade is now done in grain between the United States and this and other countries, and so much capital is invested in it, that all that enterprise can accomplish to facilitate and cheapen transit has hitherto been successfully effected. Railways and canals have multiplied to a remarkable extent, and mechanical appliances are made use of wherever they can be possibly employed. Our illustration shows a floating elevator at work. A very large proportion of the grain sent to Chicago and New York for shipment is loaded direct from the canal-boats into the ocean steamers. Usually the loading and unloading are simultaneous processes, a floating elevator hauling alongside a vessel lying at her berth, and pouring in the grain as rapidly as the out-going freight is removed. The canal-boats generally carry from five to seven thousand bushels or more, four of them sufficing to load a sailing ship, and eight to ten a large steamer. This will give an indication of the businesslike way in which this enormous traffic is conducted.



A FLOATING GRAIN ELEVATOR.

The Telemeteorograph.

Perhaps the most novel and remarkable piece of apparatus in the recent Electrical Exhibition of Paris is the electrical meteorograph of M. Van Rysselberghe, of Brussels. This wonderful contrivance actually records the state of the weather at Brussels every ten minutes, at Paris, without any attention being paid to it. That is to say, it takes the observations of the meteorological instruments at Brussels, and transmits them by telegraph to Paris every ten minutes, and records them there on a sheet of zinc ready for the engraver, entirely of itself, or automatically. The six chief data of meteorology, the temperature, barometrical pressure, and humidity of the air, the direction and velocity of the wind, and mean amount of rain or snow which has fallen, are thus observed at one place, and registered at any other, however distant, provided a land telegraph line exists between the two places; and the idea of M. Van Rysselberghe is to have ten or a dozen different stations in Europe, say at John o' Groats, Land's End, Anglesea, Kerry, Christiania, Paris, Madrid, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rome, and so on, all sending their periodic reports by the "telemeteorograph" to a central observatory at London or Berlin as the case may be, so as to get a better hold upon the process of the atmosphere, and enable our meteorologists to predict the weather much in the same way as they do now in America by aid of the U.S. Weather Signal Corps. The expense of instituting this scheme would not be very large, because most of these places are already connected by telegraph lines. The apparatus, though simple in its parts, is necessarily complicated, and would require an article by itself in order to make its action understood. It was kept going all night while in Paris, and seemed to operate most satisfactorily.

SONG COMPETITION.

We have received a large number of musical settings in competition for the Prize of Five Pounds for the best rendering of Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song." After careful consideration the prize has been awarded to

BLANCHE GORE, Poona, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION *has been accorded to the following, in order of merit:—*

W. CLAXTON, St. Michael's College, Tenbury.
F. E. SCHLESINGER, Gotha, Germany.
W. H. HUNT, B.Mus., Birkenhead.
W. CRESER, D.Mus., Leeds.
J. P. HARDING, Islington, N.

In making the award the adjudicators have been guided by the principle of a due interpretation of the sentiment of the poem. Many of the musical settings submitted are far too elaborate to be suitable, and appear as though intended to exhibit the scholarship of the composer at the expense of simplicity and genuine feeling.

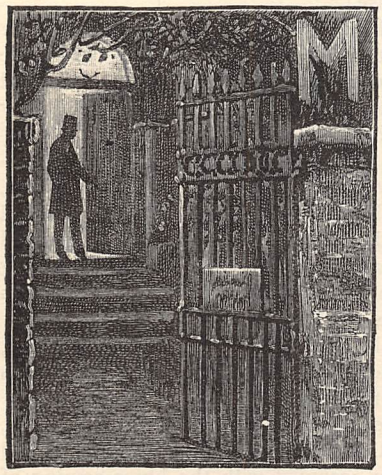
PRIZE POEM ON DOMESTIC AFFECTION.—*Our readers are reminded that February 1st is the last day for receiving MSS. in competition for the Prize of Five Pounds offered for the best poem on the subject of Domestic Affection.*

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MERELY.—THE DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT.



MERELY, at the date of our story, was a small market town, situated in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in Westshire. It consisted of ten or a dozen dull streets, most of them being narrow and nearly all trending either up-hill or down. Excepting upon the occasions of the annual cattle and agricultural shows, when the town awakened into the briskest stir and animation, or on the hebdomadal market-day, it was one of the most dead-alive little places in the world. It was, moreover, an intensely conservative little place, severely opposed to any change or innovation of its customs and precedents.

From time immemorial it had always supported five clergymen of divers persuasions, one banker, one attorney, and one doctor, with his assistant; and any attempt to add to this professional body would have been taken in ill part, and visited with failure.

To the general satisfaction of the town, its three last doctors had occupied the same house: Dr. Blaire, who had died unmarried, having succeeded to his father, and Dr. Rossiter having not only come into the practice, but likewise purchased the house and furniture of his predecessor. The house stood at the end of a lane which ran off the principal street, and though within seven minutes' walk of the market-place and centre of the town, it seemed to be quite in the country.

It was an ancient two-storeyed building of white stone, embrowned by age. A strip of garden-ground, separating it from the road, was shut in by high railings, and a tall gate, with the physician's name on it. Neither from the front nor the back of the house was the view very extensive. That to the rear consisted of a stable-yard and a steep rising ground, covered by a kitchen-garden and an orchard. Immediately across the lane in front stretched an unenclosed field, green and marshy-looking, with a river on its farther side. Beyond the river again rose a gentle acclivity of pasture-land, crowned on the summit by a little wood; so that, in point of fact, the doctor's house stood in a valley.

From one of the old-fashioned upper casements, some seven or eight days after her return home, Beatrice Rossiter was gazing at the limited prospect just described. It was rather a gloomy afternoon, and in dull or wet weather that low-lying meadow and slowly-rolling river did not form very cheerful objects of contemplation. Perhaps the sight of them was now depressing the girls' spirits, for there was a tell-tale sinking about the corners of her lips, and her sweet grey eyes looked sad and wistful. Presently, however, her meditations, whatever their nature, were disturbed by the striking of a church clock, and rising hastily, she left the room.

As she was descending the stairs a stealthy kind of sound attracted her attention. Glancing over the banisters, Beatrice saw a door cautiously unclosed at the end of the passage furthest from the hall-door, and a head protruded therefrom. The head belonged to her father's assistant, and by the time she had reached the foot of the staircase that gentleman was advancing towards her, holding in one hand a bouquet of hot-house flowers, which, with an ingenuous blush, he proceeded to offer her.

"Oh, Mr. Trevor! more flowers?" exclaimed the practical little woman. "I *hope* you have not been *buying* these, because those you gave us the day before yesterday are as fresh as if they had just been gathered. Did you have them given you?"

"No; I got them from Nixon's. But, Miss Beatrice," stammered the young man, "you put the others into the drawing-room."

"Oh!" she returned, regarding him with surprise. "Would you rather have had them in the dining-room or the consulting-room? I will put these anywhere you wish."

"But I didn't intend them *pro bono publico*," murmured Mr. Trevor, blushing again.

Beatrice's look of surprise deepened. "I don't understand," she said. "What did you mean me to do with them?"

"I thought perhaps," faltered the young man, disturbed by the astonished glance and direct question—"I *hoped* that you might accept them for yourself, and that—that perhaps you would wear some of them in your hair or dress."

"Why?" ejaculated Beatrice. Then she paused, struck by some occult meaning in the young man's tone and expression; and after studying his face for a second or two, drew back with an embarrassed air and a rising colour in her own cheeks.

Mistaking these signs of confusion, Mr. Trevor was about to repeat his suggestion more boldly; but Beatrice interrupted him at the first word.

"I will give these flowers to mamma, Mr. Trevor," she said, drawing herself up with the unconscious but dignified little gesture that was habitual to her. "And you must please never to offer me any more. You are very kind to buy them; but I understood until now that they were for us all." And, with a valedictory bend of the head, she hurried away before the young fellow could recover his power of speech, and passed into a room to the left of the narrow entrance-hall.

Like the rest of the house, this room was furnished in anything but the newest style. Nevertheless, the apartment was by no means devoid of elegance; for the old-fashioned furniture was covered with a tasteful chintz and arranged to the best advantage, whilst dainty flower-vases, and fancy-work, and pretty nick-nacks displayed themselves here and there. From an easy chair wherein she was reclining—a book on her lap and some knitting in her hand—Mrs. Rossiter looked up on her daughter's entrance.

"You are rather late, dear, are you not?" was her greeting. "You must have had a long lesson."

"Not longer than usual, mamma," returned the girl. "I have been in the house some time. I hope you have been lying down?"

"Yes, dear, for a little while. What, Beatrice! more flowers?"

Beatrice coloured as she put them into her mother's hand. "They are from Mr. Trevor, mamma. I told him that I should give them to you."

Then, drawing forward a footstool, she seated herself at Mrs. Rossiter's knee, and continued, evidently disturbed—"Mamma, I thought Mr. Trevor's manner was very strange when he spoke to me just now."

Mrs. Rossiter laid down the flowers and took her daughter's chin into her hands. "You are blushing, Beatrice. I hope he has not said anything?" she asked.

"Said anything! How, mamma?"

It was Mrs. Rossiter's turn now to look embarrassed. "Well, dear," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I think I must tell you that he has hinted to papa that he admired you very much."

"Admired *me?* Mr. Trevor!"

"I suppose he meant to insinuate some warmer feeling. But we have known him so short a time. I should not like——"

"Oh, mamma, how ridiculous! How utterly preposterous!" broke in Beatrice, looking both distressed and annoyed.

"Ridiculous!" repeated her mother. "Ah! you mean because you are so young. Yes, I don't quite like the idea of my little girl having grown into a woman. Besides, as I have said before, he has been here such a short time. It is too hasty. If anything should ever come of it, I hope it may not be for a long while."

"But nothing can *ever* come of it, mamma. That would be impossible—quite impossible!" cried the girl in a pained and eager tone.

A sudden expression of anxiety came into Mrs. Rossiter's face. "You feel that you could never care for him?" she questioned, scrutinising her daughter's countenance. "Yet he is a nice-looking young fellow, Beatrice, and papa thinks very highly both of his character and abilities. His family, too, is a good one, and his parents are well off. But he has never said anything definite, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned the subject to you, though I had a reason for doing so."

"No, mamma, do not let us speak of it again," urged Beatrice; "and oh, how glad I am that he is no longer to live in the house!"

"Yes, under the circumstances it is as well that he should not. Both papa and I were glad of the excuse that we should want his room for Cecilia. Oh! did you call, dear, about the new bed-hangings? Will they be done in time?"

"Yes; Mrs. Brown promised to let us have them to-morrow. I *must* try to make Cissy's room look pretty, mamma. Just think, only four days now, and she will be here!" And, her face lighting up with pleased anticipation, Beatrice took up her mother's knitting and began to work upon it, for her busy little fingers were seldom idle.

Mrs. Rossiter leaned back in her chair watching her, and for a considerable time not another word was spoken between them.

It was the elder lady who at length broke the silence, and her observation then proved that her thoughts had not been entirely occupied with the home-coming of her elder daughter.

"I wonder, Beatrice," she said, "whether young Rossiter has arrived yet at Clumbar Court."

"I don't know, mamma," answered Beatrice, with a slight start and a quick change of colour; "but he said he was to be there in about a week from that day when I first met him."

"Then if I were you, dear, I should be careful not to walk in that direction at present," pursued her mother. "It would be very unpleasant for you to meet him, as you would be obliged to pass without speaking."

"Oh! I *hope* I shall not meet him, indeed!" returned the girl; "but if we were to meet, mamma, I should think *he* would not wish to speak to *me*. You know what Aunt Ettrick said in her letter about his having felt so dreadfully hurt, and been so indignant on his father's account, when she was obliged to tell him all that papa believes. Mamma, did I ever tell you what Cousin Frank said to me about his father?"

Mrs. Rossiter shook her head.

"He said, mamma, that he was one of the most honourable men in the world, and that he was perfectly incapable of wronging any one of a single farthing. And he declared, too, that he was a particularly generous man, and told me of so much that he had done and given to the people of Wharneside. I wonder, mamma, if it is possible that so good a son *could* have a bad father? How dreadful it would be if, after all, papa should be making a mistake!"

"My dear, we must not allow ourselves to suppose so," said Mrs. Rossiter, loyal to her husband; "the grounds for suspicion are very strong. And I have blamed myself very much, Beatrice, that, knowing

your father's feelings so well as I did, I should have been foolish enough to have gone out in that yacht. However, it is better now to think no more about the matter. We must try and forget all about Mr. Frank Rossiter, Beaty; and I hope papa may not hear of his being a visitor in the neighbourhood. It might perhaps disturb him. Ha! there is the gig. He has come home."

"Then I must run away and see about the tea," rejoined Beatrice, springing up and looking through the window. "No, mamma, it is not the gig; it is a coach. And there are boxes outside—and a lady. Mamma! Mamma! It is Cissy!"

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MR. TREVOR PROVES FAITHLESS.

Having flown to open the door, Beatrice began to wonder whether she had not been mistaken in recognising the face that had looked out from the coach as that of her sister; for truly this tall and beautiful girl who, after delaying an instant to direct the driver respecting her luggage, was now advancing towards her, was a very different person from the Cecilia she had parted with three years ago. That Cecilia had been a lanky, somewhat awkward, growing girl; this well-dressed young lady moved with the natural unconscious grace of a perfectly-knit frame, and had developed all the soft rounded proportions of early womanhood. Her sense of the alteration affected Beatrice with a sudden feeling of strangeness and shyness. Involuntarily she drew back a step.

"Why, Bee, don't you know me? You look as though you were not quite sure of it," exclaimed a laughing musical voice; and then Cecilia took her in her arms and kissed her several times on both cheeks.

Recovering herself, Beatrice was about to return the embrace, but putting her gently aside, her sister sprang forward towards Mrs. Rossiter, who stood in the doorway of the parlour pressing one hand against her heart.

"Dear mamma, how glad I am to see you! There, I could give you a hundred kisses! But"—holding her back at arm's-length—"poor little mother, how pale and ill you look!" There was tenderness in the girl's glance and tone; and if the ring of keen distress was absent, the fact might perhaps be sufficiently accounted for by the counterbalancing joy of re-union after so long an absence. "Do come and sit down, mamma," she continued, supporting her to a seat; "you are dreadfully white."

"It is only that I have been a little startled, darling, by the suddenness of your arrival," panted Mrs. Rossiter, her eyes following Beatrice, who, upon noticing an ominous blueness about her mother's lips, had hurried silently to pour out a cordial. "I shall be better directly."

"Poor little mother!" repeated Cecilia. "I had no idea you were so delicate as this. We must try to nurse her up between us, Bee. Are you really better now, dear? Then I'll just run and see if that man has brought in all my trunks, and send him away."

With the help of the cordial and her younger daughter's soothing attentions, Mrs. Rossiter was enabled to resist the attack wherewith she had been threatened, and when Cecilia reappeared the colour had returned to her lips and cheeks. "Now, dear child, let me have a good look at you," she murmured feebly. "Ha! how you have grown! How well you look!" she went on, drawing her down for another embrace. "But tell me, why did you come to-day without writing? You know, we were not expecting you until Friday."

"No; but I will explain all about it, mammychen," began Cecilia, removing her hat as she spoke, and allowing Beatrice to take it from her hand. "An elderly lady, whom I know, happened to be coming to England just now with her son, and they very kindly suggested that I should travel with them. So, thinking that it would be much pleasanter to have company all the way from Leipsig, and also that it would save papa the trouble of coming to meet me at Dover, I hurried with my preparations so as to leave on the day they had fixed for their journey. And I was so very busy, mamma dear, saying good-bye to my friends, and packing in such a hurry, that I really couldn't find a moment to write. I thought, besides, that I should rather like to take you by surprise. But I hope it has not put you out?"

"Not in the least, dear, only that your room is not ready," replied Mrs. Rossiter, fondly stroking her hair. "Beatrice was intending to have had it in beautiful order for you."

"Oh! that does not matter. You will let me share your room for to-night, won't you, Bee?" asked Cissy, with a pretty, coaxing air.

Beatrice replied in the affirmative, and then, still with a little shyness in her manner, she invited her sister to go up-stairs and take off her things, adding that tea would be ready directly.

"The house seems to me to have grown ever so much smaller, Bee; but after the bare foreign style of furnishing, these rooms look comfortable," remarked Cecilia, glancing round her sister's chamber. And without any further approach to sentiment in respect of the home she had not seen for three years, she proceeded to throw off her travelling attire and perform a hasty toilet, rattling away the while with a light *persiflage* of talk.

Standing by the dressing-table, Beatrice followed every movement of that tall, pliant figure, her large eyes expressive of various emotions, which, however, were gradually giving way to one of intensest admiration. At length, as Cecilia stood arranging before the glass some dainty laces and ribbons which she had taken from a hand-bag, the younger sister's delighted enthusiasm broke forth.

"Oh, Cissy! how lovely you have grown!" she exclaimed.

"Have I, you little flatterer?" rejoined Cissy, with a faint blush and a well-pleased smile. "You think I have altered, then? As for you, you dear little midge," she went on, embracing her, "you are just the same quaint, delicious, small child you always were. Who

would believe now," she added, drawing her before the mirror, "that there were only fifteen months between us? I look a great deal older, do I not?"

Beatrice glanced from one reflection to the other without any movement of jealousy, but not without a slight twinge of pain.

"We do not resemble each other very much, at all events, Cissy," she returned. "No one would suppose us to be sisters."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MISS CECILIA ROSSITER.

THE proposition was too self-evident to be denied. Unlike in stature, the two girls were still more unlike in features; and the contrast was certainly not in favour of the younger one's pale complexion and irregular lineaments.

Cecilia Rossiter was a brunette. She had dark abundant hair and magnificent hazel eyes—eyes which seemed capable of changing their colour no less than their expression; for whilst not in reality very dark eyes, they were shaded by immensely long lashes, which when drooped a little made them look almost black. In shape her face was now of a delicate oval, and her features from brow to chin were perfectly chiselled. Three years ago, however, when she had left home, her cheeks had been thin and sunken, and her complexion sallow. At present the latter was of the clearest nut-brown, with a warm tinge of colour showing through it. When she smiled—as she very often did—a set of white and even teeth displayed themselves. In short, though thus to catalogue her charms must convey but little notion of her appearance, Cecilia's beauty was of a very striking order. Moreover, this young woman was gifted with a power which in some rare cases is found to exist quite independently of beauty—but which beauty in its possessor must always indefinitely enhance—viz., that of charming and captivating every one with whom she came into contact. This faculty, which is perhaps incompatible with either a very deep or honest nature, had developed itself in Cecilia's case within the last few years; and, so far, it had never failed her whenever she had chosen to exercise it on man, woman, or child.

Already had simple, affectionate little Beatrice fallen very deeply under the spell of her sister's fascination; and, eager to devote herself to her comfort, she now left her to rejoin Mrs. Rossiter, and hurried to the kitchen to see that every dainty the house contained should be set upon the table for the traveller. Dining as they did in the middle of the day, tea in Dr. Rossiter's family constituted a substantial meal, and, as a rule, the physician contrived to return from his rounds in time for it. This evening, however, as he did not appear at the customary hour, his wife and daughters commenced without him, and it was not until the repast was nearly over that he at length came in. Upon finding Cecilia at home, he was, of course, greatly surprised, and at first not very well pleased that she should have upset, without warning or permission, the arrangements he had made respecting her return. But by the time that she had repeated in her soft voice, and with a prettily deprecating air, the explanation previously offered to her mother, and had answered the questions which he put to her about her travelling companions (whose names, it appeared, were the Baroness and Baron Rückert), her father's displeasure had entirely melted away, and his eyes were beaming upon her in delighted satisfaction with her beauty and pleasing manners.

Having finished his tea, the doctor slipped away for a few minutes to make arrangements with his assistant that he should call in his stead upon a few patients whom he had promised to see again this evening, and then returned to spend it in the bosom of his family. After a great deal of talk (for naturally there was a great deal to be talked about), Cecilia was urged to bring out her violin; and if anything was needed to complete the enchantment of her already enraptured kindred, it was supplied by the wonderful skill wherewith she touched this finest of all musical instruments, and the charming grace with which she held and manipulated it. Never had Beatrice seen her father so elate with gratification as he appeared to be whilst hanging upon every word, and following with his admiring gaze every motion, of his long-absent daughter.

And before the close of the evening Beatrice had an opportunity of marking what effect her sister's personal loveliness and indescribable fascination of manner could have upon others than those of her own family. For when, about half-past nine, Mr. Trevor returned to report to his principal concerning his professional visits, Dr. Rossiter invited him to the drawing-room to be introduced to his daughter.

And to Beatrice's amusement, and likewise intense relief (for all the while, despite her happiness in Cecilia's unexpected advent, the thought of Mr. Trevor and his flowers, and the secret she had just learned of his supposed preference for herself, had been weighing heavily on her mind), this susceptible and fickle young man fell almost instantaneously and most palpably a victim to her charms. Blushing and stammering whenever she addressed him, he sat with his eyes riveted upon Cecilia's exquisite oval face, making every now and then a vain effort to withdraw them and to turn his inconstant attention towards Beatrice, with whom, only half an hour previously, he had been fancying himself hopelessly in love.

And Cecilia, putting on all her most attractive airs and graces (as she invariably, perhaps unconsciously, did in the presence of gentlemen), drew the young fellow out, and tried to set him at ease by her own ready flow of talk, and by listening with an expression of pleased interest to all his bashful utterances.

Unobservant of the flight of time, and inwardly congratulating himself on the fact that he had not actually committed himself with the sister whom she had so totally eclipsed, Mr. Trevor would have sat all night entranced and enthralled by this vision of beauty, had not Dr. Rossiter hinted in very plain terms that it was time not only for delicate Mrs. Rossiter, but also for the tired traveller, to retire to rest.

"So that is our fresh assistant, is it, Bee?" laughed

Cissy, when the girls had shut themselves up in their own room. "What a gaby he seems!"

"Why, dear, I thought that you quite liked him from your manner!" exclaimed simple little Beatrice in surprise. "And though I do think he *is* a little silly about girls," she added, colouring slightly, "he is not really stupid, Cissy. Papa says he is very clever, and he is quite a gentleman. He has an uncle who is a baronet, and his own parents are well off."

"Oh! are they? Well, that does invest him with more interest, certainly," said Cissy. And before Beatrice could make out whether her remark were in jest or earnest, she had turned round and caught her in her arms, and was lavishing upon her all kinds of sweet endearments and caresses.

"DELAYING AN INSTANT TO DIRECT THE DRIVER" (*p.* 131).

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

NANNY BLAKE'S ERRAND.

THERE are people who—on no principle of justice, and often with very little apparent reason—contrive to assume to themselves, wheresoever they may be, a dominant position. To this class of individuals Cecilia Rossiter belonged. From the date of her return from Germany, she became the most considered (no one noticed that she was not the most *considerate*) member of the doctor's household. Father, mother, sister, and servants alike vied with each other in eager attention to her tastes and comforts, and in extravagant admiration of everything that she said and did. Blinded by the spell of her marvellous beauty and pretty, gracious ways, none of them as yet observed

that Cecilia's amiability lay only upon the surface—venting itself in ready smiles and caresses, but never carrying her to the extent of even the smallest self-denial in waiting upon her sick mother, or relieving her sister of any of her numerous household duties.

And of all Cecilia's devoted admirers none was more enthusiastic in her worship than Beatrice, or more slow to conceive that she was not faultless. How the little woman rejoiced in her companionship, and what a pleasure it was to listen to the long stories which Cecilia related concerning her life in Germany! On her own side, too, how many confidences she had to impart! Amongst other things, as a matter of course, she gave Cecilia an account of her meeting with Frank Rossiter in Headport—of the yachting excursion, and the stormy scene which had followed Dr. Rossiter's appearance at Mrs. Ettrick's house.

But there was one little secret of her heart which Beatrice kept—or rather which she supposed she had kept—from her sister. That secret, however, Cecilia had guessed—though it was not in accordance with her character to allow it to appear that she had done so; neither, for reasons of her own, did this disingenuous young lady acknowledge all the curiosity and interest which had been awakened in her own mind respecting Mr. Frank Rossiter.

Owing to Mrs. Rossiter's delicate health, and to the absence from home of her elder daughter, Beatrice had been obliged to leave the school which she had attended as weekly boarder in a neighbouring town, at the early age of sixteen. She had, however, done her best to carry on her own education by reading, and, in fact, was much better informed upon general subjects than her more accomplished sister. She still continued also to take lessons in music and French, the former from a master, the latter from a lady in Merely, to whom she went twice a week. One afternoon, returning from her lesson, rather later than usual, Beatrice, as she turned into the lane leading to their house, observed her sister a short distance in front of her, walking with Mr. Trevor. Cecilia had now been at home a little over a fortnight, and although the fickle assistant had not ventured as yet to give vocal expression to his sentiments in her regard, these had become, through glances and demeanour more eloquent than words, sufficiently patent to the whole family. Living now as he did in apartments, and not as heretofore in the house of his co-adjutor, he was nevertheless constantly hanging about and making excuses to see Dr. Rossiter in the evening, when he knew him to be in company with his wife and daughters. More than once, too, the physician had caught him prowling about the premises at a late hour, and the conduct of the love-stricken young man gave him great annoyance. For, strange to say, though he had felt no displeasure when he had supposed Mr. Trevor to be aspiring to Beatrice's affections, it vexed him almost to exasperation to see that he was now presuming to covet those of his beautiful Cecilia—for whom Dr. Rossiter was beginning to think no suitor could be found of position too high to satisfy his ambition.

So far, her sister had not, to Beatrice's knowledge, spoken with this quondam admirer of her own excepting in the presence of her parents or herself. Still, whenever they had met, Cissy, in her idea, had given the young fellow encouragement—so much so that she could not understand the ridicule to which she always turned him afterwards, or the amused way in which she protested indifference and laughed over the transfer of affection whereof Mrs. Rossiter had informed her. That, however, Mr. Trevor's former fancy for herself was a very different thing from the ardent passion which he had conceived for her sister, was growing each day more plain to Beatrice. And as she now walked behind them, and noted the pleased, confiding air with which Cecilia met the young man's fervent gaze, the simple child felt convinced that she *must* like him—that she had been mistaken, when she declared it was not so, in reading the feelings of her own heart. Somewhat troubled by this conclusion—for Beatrice did not consider the young doctor quite "nice" enough for her sister—she ran forward to join them, not liking any longer to subject them to observation without their knowledge. At her appearance Mr. Trevor blushed furiously, but Cecilia, with entire freedom from embarrassment, drew her hand through her arm, and casually remarked that Mr. Trevor had overtaken her in Bycroft Lane, and that they had walked home together.

"On the Tilbuster Road, was it not?" corrected Mr. Trevor, in low lover-like tones.

"Oh! was it? Yes, to be sure," rejoined Cecilia, her own colour rising slightly.

"I have had quite a long walk this afternoon, Bee," she went on, after a moment's hesitation, "nearly as far as Clumbar Court. Hello! there's that little tatterdemalion again! I met that child on the road. Just look at her eyes, Mr. Trevor; you never saw anything more beautiful! But what an old expression she has in her face!"

The child in question, who had been walking backwards and forwards by the side of Dr. Rossiter's house where the surgery-door was situated, had stopped on their approach, and, addressing Mr. Trevor as he drew near, she inquired—

"If you please, sir, will t'doctor be to home soon?"

"I don't know. Is Dr. Rossiter not in? I dare say *I* shall do as well. What is it you want?"

"No; mother said I was to fetch the *old* doctor, not young 'un," returned the little girl, whose age might be about nine, raising to her interlocutor a pair of large liquid violet eyes, which shone like stars in a white, wan, and very sad-looking face. "'Twas him cured father before, and I mustn't take nobody but he."

"Well, I dare say he won't be long now," said Mr. Trevor kindly. "You can go into the surgery and sit down whilst you wait."

To this proposition, however, the child objected, intimating that she preferred waiting outside, where she could watch for the physician's coming.

"What a queer little object!" observed Cecilia, stepping on towards the surgery-door. "If her rags

were only a little more picturesque, I should like to paint her."

"Poor child! she looks half-starved," said Beatrice. "Cissy, let us give her a cup of tea."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Cecilia promptly. "I'm sure she is hungry. Come here, little girl. Could you eat some bread-and-butter?" she asked, smiling so sweetly, as she bent gracefully over the child, that Mr. Trevor became instantly impressed with the notion that this charitable suggestion respecting the tea had emanated from her.

With an eager look, which confirmed the truth of the statement, the little girl confessed that she was indeed *very* hungry. And, inviting her to follow, Beatrice was about to lead the way to the kitchen, when a clatter of horse's hoofs, and an exclamation from Mr. Trevor of "Here's the doctor!" arrested her steps.

A few moments later Dr. Rossiter entered the surgery. But on seeing his daughters and the assistant there together, an angry frown gathered on his brow.

"What are you doing here, girls?" he demanded sharply. "If you have been out for a walk, you should go in by the other door. By the way, Trevor," he continued, without pausing for any response, "have you seen Mrs. Neal to-day? She's on your list, I believe?"

"Yes; but there's nothing the matter with her of any consequence," rejoined the young man. "I called yesterday."

"People don't usually send for a doctor unless there's something the matter with them," retorted the physician. "I met Mrs. Neal's daughter just now, and she says her mother is worse, and has been looking for you all day. Will you kindly oblige me by going to see her at once?"

"Oh, certainly," stammered Mr. Trevor, reddening with annoyance at the tone of this address. It was not pleasant to be thus rebuked and "sat upon" before the young ladies—especially before Cecilia, upon whom he was beginning to hope with fear and trembling that he had made an agreeable impression; and, afraid of losing his temper, he hastily lifted his hat and departed.

"Well, and who are you?" pursued Dr. Rossiter, speaking to the child, who had now caught his attention.

"I be Nanny Blake. And please, sir, do 'ee come and see father. Mother sent me to fetch you."

"Indeed! Who is your father? and what's the matter with him?"

"Amos Blake, sir, as lives corner o' Edge Lane. He's same as before," returned the child succinctly.

"Oh, ay, to be sure! The woodman on Sir John Rutherford's estate. I remember. Do you mean that he has got delirium tremens again? Has your father been drinking, child? He promised me he'd give it up."

"Lor, yes, sir! he do have been drinking awful hard more 'n a week, and he have lost his work, and mother and me's had nothing to eat scarce. And to-day he do be dreadful bad, for sure—shaking all over, and seeing things."

"Humph! What kind of things does he see?" queried the doctor.

"Crocadils, and sarpents, and things. And please, sir, do 'ee come quick. Mother's getting frighted at him, and she said I was to fetch 'ee quick."

"Very good; I'll go at once. Your mother ought not to be alone with him. Is she so? Dear me! the man was a raging maniac in his last attack. I almost wish I'd kept Trevor to go with me. However, that can't be helped. I'll order the gig, and take you along with me. What's your name? Nanny? Poor child, how thin you are! Give her something to eat, Tiny; and I'll drink a cup of tea myself whilst James puts the horse in."

Some three-quarters of an hour later, Dr. Rossiter, with the little girl mounted by his side, was bowling along at a swift rate in his light two-wheeled carriage. It was a lovely evening. The sun, getting low, shed a softened mellow light over everything. Shadows of trees and hedges stretched themselves further and further across the deepening green of the meadows, and a haze of purple and amber had gathered over the distant hills. There was a sweet scent of hay in the air, for everywhere the grass was down, and pleasant sounds of twittering birds and lowing cattle conspired to produce a general sense of peace. Poor little Nanny, who had never in her life before ridden in a vehicle of any description, sat enjoying the novel sensation, warm and fed, and comfortably wrapped in a soft shawl which Beatrice had found for her. A smile played about the corners of her sad little mouth, but there was a wistful expression in her luminous eyes; for puzzling thoughts were working in Nanny's brain—vague notions that something was out of gear in the arrangement of the universe, that there was a strange incongruity between all this beauty and peace of nature and the misery of that little world she knew so well, shut in between four walls, where hunger and cold, and violence and fear, quenched the light of her young life. "Lor! I do wish father 'd be a good man!" she murmured to herself; "or else as th' fairies 'ud turn me into a cow," she added, regarding a lazy ruminant, which, with an air of contented enjoyment, was eyeing the passing conveyance while lazily chewing its cud.

"What did you say, my dear?" queried the doctor.

Nanny started, unconscious that she had spoken aloud, and glanced at her companion's face. But not finding there what invited her confidence, she parried the question. "Flies do be plaguing him," she remarked, pointing to the horse.

"Yes," said the doctor, flicking his whip about the animal's ears. Then relapsing into his own thoughts—for he was not this evening in a talkative mood—he drove on in silence, till in a short time (terribly short it seemed to Nanny) there came into sight a fine old mansion of grey stone, standing on a slight elevation, with the grounds which surrounded it shut in by high walls. The estate was that of Sir John Rutherford,

Clumbar Court. But whilst still at some short distance from the lodge-gates, Dr. Rossiter turned down a lane, and drew up in a few moments before a cottage, detached and overgrown with creepers, which gave to it from the outside a pretty, picturesque appearance.

Springing to the ground, Dr. Rossiter lifted his little companion from the gig, and proceeded to loop the reins over the palisade which enclosed a neglected garden-plot. Whilst thus engaged a terrified cry in a female voice struck upon his ear.

"Hark! 'tis mother," exclaimed the child. "Father do be drubbing her—the wretch!"

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A DANGEROUS PATIENT.

RUNNING up the garden path, little Nanny knocked and shook violently at the cottage door; but no response was given to her imperative summons, and turning in alarm to the doctor, who had followed close upon her heels, the child exclaimed—

"Do 'ee please come round to the back, sir. There's a door there as we can open from the outside."

Obeying this suggestion in the uncomfortable conviction that something was wrong within, Dr. Rossiter was presently engaged in pushing back with his pocket-knife a wooden bolt that secured the door in question, and which could be reached with ease through a wide crevice intervening between it and the shrunken frame. But although he made all the haste he could, this operation took some time.

At length, however, the bolt gave way, and springing inside, the physician cast a rapid glance round an empty scullery in which he found himself, and then passed into an adjoining apartment. This was the kitchen, or rather, the sole living-room of the family—the two rooms above-stairs being entirely unfurnished. A typical drunkard's abode, this chamber was bare likewise of all but the most absolute necessaries. In one corner of it stood a bed, which appeared to have been recently occupied, and from which some torn blankets and a patchwork quilt were dragged upon the floor. Two chairs and a rickety table comprised the rest of the furniture, and the grate was without fire. But Dr. Rossiter had no time to take in these details (with which, indeed, he was already familiar), for his attention was at once arrested by a matter of supreme moment.

In the middle of the flagged floor, half-strangled and wholly unconscious with terror, lay a woman. Above her knelt a man of powerful build, though emaciated by disease, who, with one hand on her throat, was with the other grasping both her arms in order to prevent her struggling. Upon the doctor's entrance the man, who was but partially dressed, raised a ghastly white face, and with eyes wild and blood-shot glared at him so savagely as to leave no doubt in the physician's mind that (however guilty in respect of the vice that had induced it) the poor fellow's present condition was that of an irresponsible madman.

For a second or two Dr. Rossiter hesitated to advance; but perceiving that in a few minutes it would be too late, he summoned courage, and urging Nanny to fly in search of further aid, sprang to the woman's rescue. Before, however, he could gain her side, the unfortunate husband had relaxed his murderous grasp, and leaping to his feet, he now threw himself upon Dr. Rossiter. Withstanding, not without difficulty, the shock of this sudden attack, the athletic physician endeavoured to seize the man's hands, whilst at the same time he addressed him in a calm, commanding tone.

"Blake! Blake! It is *I*, Dr. Rossiter! Don't you know me, man? Come, sit down, like a good fellow. I want to speak to you."

The firm, quiet voice produced, as it appeared, an almost instantaneous effect. Dropping his hands, Blake allowed himself to be led without resistance to the bed, and seated thereon. "Just see what you have been doing," pursued the doctor, assuming a stern manner, in the hope of still further overawing his patient. "Do you know that you have nearly killed your wife?" And he pointed to poor Mrs. Blake, who, gasping for breath, and still scarcely sensible, had managed to raise herself to her elbow. A puzzled expression crossed the unhappy man's face, and he drew his hand across his brow, as though to clear his beclouded intellect.

"'Twas because she would keep on bringing in them spotted snakes from out-door," he muttered, "and holding 'em in her apron. I warn't a-going to stand such tricks."

"Well, she won't do it again," returned the doctor, humouring his fancy. "And now get into bed, my man, and I'll give you some medicine to make you sleep."

Again obeying with the unquestioning readiness of a child, the huge fellow stretched himself out, and suffering Dr. Rossiter to cover him with the bed-clothes, he lay still, with averted face. Congratulating himself upon the ease wherewith he seemed to be managing this dangerous maniac, yet not altogether trustful of his quietude, the physician, after standing some moments longer by his side, ventured to turn his attention to the poor wife, whose life had been saved only by his timely advent. Having lifted her into a chair, he perceived that her face had not yet resumed its natural colour, and that her temples were throbbing alarmingly from tendency of blood to the head. Tearing down a rag which depended, along with some tattered garments, from a rope stretched across beneath the low ceiling, he hurried into the back premises, and dipping it in a bucket of water, returned to lay it upon her head.

Whilst thus occupied, he saw Blake rise, throw off his coverings, and sitting up in bed, begin to shake from head to foot in one of the paroxysms of his awful disease. Conquering once more the very natural timidity which, with his dishevelled hair, and blood-shot eyes rolling wildly from side to side, the poor fellow's appearance was calculated to inspire, the doctor approached the bedside, and endeavoured to soothe his patient. But for the moment Blake took no notice of him.

"Look! look!" he cried, "there's one o' them snakes on the bed—two—three o' them!"

And uttering a succession of ejaculations, indicative of terror and angry excitement, he beat the air with his large but wasted hands, as though trying to ward off the imaginary reptiles. Devoutly hoping that Nanny might not be long in returning with the assistance he had sent her to seek, Dr. Rossiter strove to turn the current of the sufferer's thoughts, and used various expedients to convince him of the falsity of his miserable impression, but for some time in vain. At length, however, unfortunately for himself, he succeeded in attracting the attention of the demented man, over whom he now appeared to have lost all power of control.

"You stand off!" shouted Blake, regarding him with a glance at once cunning and savage. "'Twas *you* brought 'em in your pocket; and a mean trick 'twas," he continued, slowly edging himself away towards the further side of the bed. Then suddenly stooping, he felt on the floor between it and the wall, and in another moment leapt up, flourishing above his head a large axe. Springing aside, Dr. Rossiter barely managed to escape the blow aimed at him, and closing with the wretched man, as the only means of preventing him from using his weapon, he presently found himself in the centre of the room, engaged in a struggle for life or death. Tall and muscular himself, the physician's opponent overtopped him by several inches, and though in reality weak-

"'FRANK ROSSITER,' REPEATED CECILIA, LOOKING UP FROM A TREATISE ON HARMONY" (*p.* 139).

ened and emaciated through his intemperate habits, the frenzy of delirium gave him for the time being a false and abnormal strength. Panting for breath, and with the perspiration streaming from his brow, Dr. Rossiter fought for dear life, clinging about Blake's arms, and trying to loosen his grasp of the axe. But it was of no use. All at once he felt his strength giving way—was conscious that the madman had him by the throat—that he had thrust him back, and was raising aloft his murderous weapon. Closing his eyes, whilst his anguished imagination rapidly conjured up the feelings of his family when the dreadful tidings should be borne to them, he prepared for the awful and unexpected death that awaited him.

The axe fell—but not upon the physician's head. In the very act of descent some intervening object had suddenly drawn aside the stroke, so that it had fallen obliquely, though not altogether *harmlessly*, as an ejaculation of pain that followed it proved. Unclosing his eyes at that sound, which had not issued from his own lips, Dr. Rossiter saw, with emotions of deep thankfulness, that help had at length come to him in his moment of direst need. A man, young, and full apparently of vigour and courage, was wrestling now with his formidable assailant; and before he could gather breath to join in again with his own efforts, the dexterous movement of a practised gymnast had brought the unfortunate man to the ground. Stunned by the heavy fall and sharp collision of his head with the flagged pavement, Blake lay still.

Mounting guard over him, the new-comer then requested Dr. Rossiter to reach down the rope already referred to as crossing the chamber, and which had caught his quick eye. Requiring no repetition of this suggestion, that gentleman hastened to comply, and in a short time the poor drunkard was extended upon his couch, and bound to it firmly, though with all due precautions against his being hurt by the tension. Helpless now, and exhausted by his frenzied passion, his face had assumed a cadaverous hue, and the muscles of his throat rose and fell in a curious way as he drew his laboured breath.

"The fellow will die," observed the doctor, regarding him somewhat grimly; "he has become a confirmed drunkard, beyond hope of reformation."

The remark, though spoken aloud, was addressed rather to himself than to his companion—who, directly the operation of securing the rope (wherein he had assisted with only one hand) was completed, had seated himself at the foot of the bed, turning pale and sick.

"And now, sir, how shall I thank you? My brave preserver, I owe you my life!" exclaimed the physician. "If—— But you are ill? You are hurt? I noticed that you were not using your left arm. Why, it is bleeding!"

"Yes," rejoined the other—a handsome, gentlemanly-looking young fellow—speaking in a voice which even pain could not rob of its pleasant ring—"yes, the axe struck me as I caught at the man's arm. But the blow would have been a more serious matter, sir, if it had fallen upon your head. Confound it, though! I believe he has broken my arm," he added, with a groan.

"Dear me! You don't say so? Allow me to look," said the physician, proceeding gently to remove the coat-sleeve, which, as he now perceived to his dismay, was saturated with blood. "Good gracious! this is dreadful!" he interjected, when presently a gaping wound lay disclosed, wherefrom, now that the clothing which had served partially to stanch it was withdrawn, the blood began to pour more freely. "And you have been bearing this without a word? You are a fine, plucky young fellow, sir! But we must have this attended to without delay," he pursued, whisking out his handkerchief, and hastily binding up the wound. "I sadly fear that the bone is splintered, though, I think, not broken. If you will return home with me—I have a gig here—it will be the quickest and best plan; for at my surgery we should find at once all the necessary, appliances for dressing the arm. My name, sir, is Dr. Rossiter. I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before?"

"No; I am not a resident in this neighbourhood. I—I—my name is Francis," stammered the young man. "I am visiting at a gentleman's house not far from here."

"Then I will bring you back to your friend's house, Mr. Francis, directly the wound is dressed. But I am so anxious that it should be attended to without loss of time, and so deeply distressed about it, that I must press my request. Pray, let us set off. But what are we to do about these people? Mrs. Blake, are you better? Come, there is nothing to be afraid of now: your husband cannot touch you again. See, he is quite still and quiet. I have given him something to make him sleep; and I will send some one to look after you. Do you understand? I must leave you now, but I will send——"

"Please, sir," interposed little Nanny, the aged, anxious look on her small features more noticeable than ever, "I called at Aunt Kitty's this afternoon, when I was coming to fetch 'ee, to ask her to come and sit up with mother to-night, and she promised she would be here by nine o'clock."

"Oh! that's all right, then," cried the doctor in relief, drawing out his watch. "It is more than half-past eight. You're a sensible child, Nanny. You won't mind being alone for half an hour? And either I or Mr. Trevor will call again to-night."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"SOMETHING WILL COME OF THIS!"

DURING the drive homewards Dr. Rossiter was nearly as silent as he had been when on the road to poor Blake's cottage. In the first place, his narrow escape from death had induced a natural solemnity of feeling, which disinclined him for converse. Then he was really very anxious about his companion's arm, and was bending all his attention to his driving, in order to get over the ground quickly, yet with as little jolting as possible.

Mr. Francis, it was evident to him, was in great

pain. In the fading light the doctor could see his face growing paler and paler. He observed, too, that he bit his lips hard to repress any expression of suffering, but that, nevertheless, an occasional groan would escape him. And each groan went to the physician's heart. Though by no means perfect in character, Dr. Rossiter possessed very strong feelings, and a nature sufficiently noble to be capable of intense gratitude. Eager to reach his destination, the three miles' drive seemed to him of interminable length. But eventually the gig was brought to a stand before the door of the surgery, where a bright light shone, and within which Dr. Rossiter was pleased to find his assistant.

Having helped the injured man in, and briefly explained to Mr. Trevor the circumstances of the case, the two proceeded together to dress the wound and wrap the arm in splinters and bandages. During the course of this operation Mr. Francis—by which name Dr. Rossiter had introduced him to his assistant—swooned away, not so much from pain as from the loss of blood, which had been very considerable. For a long time the syncope refused to yield to any remedy; and, in great distress, Dr. Rossiter declared that the patient must be put to bed in the house. Accordingly, leaving Mr. Trevor still engaged in trying to restore him to consciousness, Dr. Rossiter hastened to the sitting-room, to consult with his wife and daughters respecting the accommodation of the unlooked-for guest. He found there, however, only the two latter—Mrs. Rossiter, who had not been feeling so well as usual all day, having already retired to rest. "Ah, well! it is better perhaps that she should not have been disturbed by my news this evening," observed the doctor. And forthwith he went on to relate in a few hurried words what had occurred, promising to fill in the details of his sketch afterwards. "There, there! don't talk any more just now, girls," he urged, waving his hand to enforce the request; "I won't answer any further questions at present. I have had a squeak for my life, it is true, but not a hair of my head has been injured, you see. All the mischief has fallen to the share of that brave young fellow to whom I owe my safety. His name, he tells me, is Francis, and he is visiting somewhere in the neighbourhood. By the way, I think it must be at Clumbar Court—there is no other house near," he mused. "But come, where are we to put him, Beatrice?"

"In the spare bed-room, papa," answered Beatrice, with a little quiver in her voice; for an idea suggested by his last words had almost taken away her breath. "It can be prepared in a few minutes. The bed is quite aired. I'll run and see about it at once," she subjoined, suiting the action to the word. Summoning the housemaid to her assistance, the capable little woman, with a curious flutter at her heart, was quickly spreading clean sheets upon the bed and toilet-covers upon the old-fashioned furniture, and otherwise fitting the chamber for occupancy.

Scarcely were these arrangements completed before a creaking of the stairs became audible. Concluding that the injured stranger (was he indeed a stranger?) was being brought up, Beatrice bade Jane wait to see if she could be of any further use, and precipitately retreated to her own room. She did not, however, quite close the door, and in another moment, peeping through the crevice she had left herself, she saw the gentleman who had saved her father's life being assisted along the passage between the latter and Mr. Trevor. No longer insensible, his face now wore a bright flush, and an expression which seemed to betoken discomposure or embarrassment.

Moreover, just as he passed her door he stood still, and Beatrice heard him say, "Indeed, sir, I *must* return to my friends. I am quite able to do so, I assure you."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed her father, interrupting him, "I would not let you leave the house again to-night for a kingdom! Believe me, the consequences might be very serious. Now do, pray, leave yourself in my hands. I will see that your friends are informed of your whereabouts as soon as possible. Come, don't worry yourself on their account."

"It is not on their account, Doctor Rossiter, but on yours," was the curious rejoinder. "I—I must make an explanation, then. I don't think you would wish me to stay if you knew."

"All right, my friend," again interposed the doctor, in a soothing tone; "you shall make any explanations you like when you are in bed. As to not wishing you to stay—whatever you may have on your mind won't make any difference to me; but I insist upon your not talking any more just now. Lean on my arm; you are growing faint again." And employing a little gentle force, the physician led him forward.

Almost staggering back, Beatrice sank upon a chair, and pressing her hands against her face, gave vent to an inarticulate cry, or rather gasp, of astonishment and delight. That wonderful idea or presentiment which had taken possession of her in reference to their enforced guest had proved correct. Yet, though she had both seen him and heard him speak, Beatrice could scarcely believe that she was not dreaming. Springing up at the end of a few seconds, she rushed down-stairs, and bursting in upon her sister with an aspect of unwonted excitement, exclaimed—

"Oh, Cissy! it is Frank Rossiter!"

"Frank Rossiter!" repeated Cecilia, looking up from a treatise on Harmony she was studying. "Who? You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. It is *he* who is up-stairs! It is *he* who papa says has saved his life!"

Cecilia threw down her book and rose to her feet in almost equal excitement with her sister. "Is it possible? Are you quite sure? How do you know it?" she questioned.

"I have seen him, Cissy, though he did not see me. I have heard him speak."

"Dear me! what a strange thing! What a very *remarkable* thing!" ejaculated Cecilia. "I'll tell you what, Bee——"

"Well, dear?"

"Something will come of this, you will see."

Beatrice smiled. Something had already come of it,

she felt—viz., a sweet, warm happiness in her heart—the welling up of vague but delicious hopes.

"Yes," pursued Cecilia; "something will come of it. Perhaps I am superstitious, but I see in it the hand of *Fate*. There! is not that melodramatic?" she laughed. "But, seriously, Bee, I have a prevision that the situation will lead to results."

"Pleasant ones, I hope."

"Decidedly so. I believe that we shall either make some discovery that will enable us to gain possession of the property which is rightfully ours, or that, at the worst—" Cecilia broke off short, coughed to cover her hesitation, and resumed—"Why, Bee, I declare this new appearance of Mr. Frank upon the stage of our existence is quite as romantic as that wherein he first made your acquaintance."

"Yes. But, Cissy dear, I wish you wouldn't say that about the property. I should be dreadfully sorry if it were ever found out to be really true that papa had been defrauded of it. But would it not be delightful if a reconciliation should take place, after all, between him and his cousin? Then Cousin Frank might—might——" It was Beatrice's turn to hesitate now. "It would be so pleasant for us, Cissy, to have him for a cousin; and he seemed so glad himself to have discovered that he was related to us."

"To you, you mean, you dear little goose," returned Cecilia, embracing her. "Well, depend upon it that, as I say, Fate hasn't brought about this curious complication of events for nothing. Did he really acknowledge, Bee, that his father was a millionnaire? You told me so, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered Beatrice absently. "Cissy, papa, I could see, does not know yet who he is. Do you think it will make any difference when he does? He cannot help feeling equally grateful."

"I don't know; but I hope he will not mention his real name to-night. I wonder what made papa call him Mr. Francis? He must have given himself that name."

"I don't think he did—at least, not with the intention to deceive," affirmed Beatrice. "And I feel sure he *will* tell who he is. He would be too honourable to accept papa's hospitality without. But oh, Cissy! I hope he is not very much hurt."

"I hope not, poor fellow," laughed Cecilia. "Only, wouldn't you like, Bee, that the wound should be just bad enough to keep him a prisoner here for a week or so, eh? Ha! that blush betrays you. I won't press the question."

Beatrice made no rejoinder, for the entrance of Dr. Rossiter at this point put an end to the conversation.

"Oh! here you are, Beatrice; that's right. There are two things I want you to look after, dear," began the doctor (who, perhaps from force of habit, always applied to his younger daughter upon any matter of domestic business). "In the first place, will you see that Mary prepares at once some light but nutritious food, for that poor young fellow, it appears, has had no dinner. Then will you send James—no; he will be wanted directly—send Jane for Mrs. Dean? She is not engaged to-night that I know of."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Beatrice, in accents of alarm—for Mrs. Dean was Jane's mother, and by occupation a sick-nurse.—"Oh, papa! is he very ill?"

"No, no," returned the doctor hastily; "I trust not. But he must not be left to-night. He is very feverish, and I am afraid getting light-headed."

"You don't know who he is, papa?" put in Cecilia.

"I only know that his name is Francis, as I have told you, my love, and that he is a visitor at Clumbar Court. He and Sir John Rutherford had been out together on foot this afternoon, and he had just parted with Sir John, he tells me (the baronet having had occasion to call at his bailiff's house), and was hurrying home to prepare for dinner when he met little Nanny Blake. And, as a matter of course, he feels sure his friends will have been greatly alarmed by his non-appearance. Trevor, however, has promised to set off directly for Clumbar Court, in order to let them know what has occurred. But I have told him that he is not to allow any one to come here this evening. I can't have the young fellow disturbed again to-night."

"But what makes you think he is light-headed, papa?" inquired Cecilia.

Dr. Rossiter smiled. "Well, it is not an uncommon result of any great loss of blood, Cissy; and I think it because he keeps trying to insist on making some explanation or confession, which he seems to fancy will alter my feelings towards him, and prevent my wishing him to stay in the house. Of course I can't tell what idea he has got into his head," continued the physician, "but one thing I am certain of, that he has nothing to tell of which he need be ashamed. If that open, ingenuous countenance has deceived me, I shall never trust my power of reading character again. I have been joking him by asking if he had got Sir John's spoons in his pocket, or if he had poisoned Lady Rutherford, or committed forgery. But at last I told him that he should divulge this awful secret, whatever it is, so soon as he had taken something to eat. So off with you, Tiny, and see about it. And don't forget Mrs. Dean; send Jane for her immediately. And—oh! please tell James to saddle the mare without delay. I must run back now, and let Trevor go." So saying, Dr. Rossiter hurried away, leaving Beatrice to execute her commissions.

As a rule, very early hours were observed in this simple and well-regulated household, and it was an exceptional case if all its members had not retired to rest by half-past ten. This evening, howbeit, on re-entering the ordinary sitting-room at eleven o'clock, Dr. Rossiter found his two daughters still there.

"How is this, girls?" he demanded, somewhat roughly. "You ought to be in bed."

"Why, papa dear, you surely did not expect us to go without some further news of your interesting patient," said Cecilia in her sweetest tone, "or without bidding you good night, you dear old darling!" she subjoined, passing her hand through his arm. "Why did you not come down before?"

"Because I was engaged," answered her father

curtly, though his eye melted and a frown smoothed itself from his brow as he gazed upon her.

"But we have been wanting to know things, you inconsiderate old gentleman!" pursued Cecilia (who affected familiarities with her father upon which Beatrice would never have dreamt of venturing), caressing his hand as she spoke.

"Well, what do you want to know?" he asked, unable to resist Cecilia's blandishments, though evidently much put out. "Come, I will tell you something that will surprise you," he went on; "but you must not talk to me about it this evening. I am so greatly worried and perplexed by the whole affair, that I could not bear to discuss it. That young fellow up-stairs is Frank Rossiter—the son of the man who has robbed me of my fortune! Yet I owe him my life! Could any combination of circumstances be more distressing? Now, run away like good children, and talk it over by yourselves. I want to be left alone."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

PASSAGES IN GIRL-LIFE.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—FAREWELL TO CHILDHOOD.

IN my time I have had a great deal to do with girls; I have seen my daughters, nieces, and young friends grow up around me, I have watched their ways, and marked the mistakes they made; and I think too that I have appreciated their difficulties, trials, and temptations. If girls would listen to me, I should like to talk to them a little, and help them; showing what it is worth their while to try for, what they should avoid, and how they may make the most of their pleasures and privileges.

I feel as if I were very presumptuous in offering to do this, because the subject is a most important one, and it is most likely that girls will not agree with much that I say. Whether they differ from me or not, however, I am sure they will believe that I speak from the depths of my heart to them. I have a very great love for girls, and a most exalted idea of the position they might fill if they would. It can do them no harm to listen to what some one who has passed over the road they have to tread says to them in all kindness and honesty.

Before going any further, however, I should like to introduce my readers to four typical young friends of mine—Dorothea, aged sixteen; Ethel, aged fifteen; Blanche, aged fourteen; and Maud, aged sixteen. I shall not give any information about these girls, excepting that Maud and Blanche are sisters, that all four are bright and (in no disparaging sense) everyday young girls. They all go to school, though they look forward to leaving it shortly; they work hard and have not very much time to spare. When lessons are done, they are very fond of persuading "Auntie," that is myself, to sit over the fire with them for half an hour before going to bed, in order that we may all have a friendly chat together. As in these chats both the girls and I express our opinions rather freely, I fancy I can most easily say what I wish to say by repeating one or two of the conversations we had together.

One evening when I went into the room for the usual chat, I found the girls very eagerly discussing a most important subject. It was—"At what time should a girl begin to turn her hair up and wear long dresses." It appeared that Alice Forbes, who was the same age as Dorothea, had turned her hair up for the first time that day, and it was understood that her next new dress was to be made long, so that she would take her place as quite grown up.

"I must say I think she looks very nice," said Dorothea, continuing the conversation my entrance had interrupted, "that way of wearing her hair suits her beautifully, but she looks ever so much older than before—quite eighteen."

"What harm is there in it if she does look grown up?" said Blanche. "A girl who is sixteen is grown up, and ought to be dressed as if she were. Look at Dorothea; she is in the sixth form, and is almost at the top of the school, and yet she wears her hair down and looks as if she were twelve."

"For my part," said I, "I should like Dorothea and every one of you to wear short dresses and have your hair done up for ever so long, if by that means you could keep your girlhood. If you only knew it, girlhood is such a beautiful time. You can never get it back again when once it has gone, and it is a great pity to throw it away before you have got all you might out of it, by trying to appear as women before your time."

"I know that when I am as old as Dorothea you won't get me to dress as if I were still in the nursery," said Blanche. "I will have my hair dressed in the newest style, and I will have a fine time. Just think what a delight it will be to have no more lessons, and no more school!"

"Girlhood is most precious," said I, "there is no more precious or beautiful object in nature than a bright pretty girl. Every one loves a girl. Think how kind every one is to you, and how every one is ready to help and protect you! You ought to be very happy that it is so, but also I think you ought to feel that this is a very solemn time for you, and that very, very much depends upon the way you use your precious girlhood."

"I don't see that it is a solemn time at all," said Blanche, with a toss of her head. "It only means

learning lessons that you are tired of, and being kept at home when you want to go out. I shall be very glad when my girlhood is over."

"I should not have said that we could do very much now," said Maud. "We go to school, as Blanche says, and we have to learn our lessons, but that is really all. The time for us to do something will be when we leave school, and have to choose for ourselves."

"But do you not see," said I, "that all this time you are working away at making the kind of person who will have to do the choosing when that time comes? Every one of your actions, thoughts, and wishes is going to make your character. There it is being formed, little by little. Your usefulness and happiness in the future depend upon what you do now. Just as a building is made of stones laid one by one on the top of another, so character is built by actions repeated one after another. Character is nothing but a collection of habits, and habit is formed by practice."

"It is all very well," said Ethel, "but some girls are good to begin with, and others are bad to begin with; and all the helps are on the side of the good ones, and all the pushes down are on the side of the bad ones."

"You think it follows, then, that it is much easier for the good ones to be good than it is for the bad ones to be good?"

"Yes."

"Well then, if a good character is so important and valuable, why do you not all supply yourselves with it?" said I.

"How can we supply ourselves with a good character?" said Blanche; "you speak as you would about a new bonnet."

"The way to get a good character is to deserve one, Blanche," said I. "If you have earned it you will get it in time, though mind, I do not say you will do so all at once. In the long run your friends will take you for what you are. Shams never succeed really; they seem to do so now and then, but the higher they mount, the greater is their fall when it does come."

"But," said Ethel, "you often read in story-books of people deceiving others, and passing off for what they are not."

"Such cases may occur in story-books, but they are very rarely seen in real life. If you could find out exactly what your companions thought about you, you would know that, on the whole, they were not very far out. If you are bad-tempered, the bad temper will proclaim itself, no matter how sweetly you smile in public. If you are untidy, some very particular person will discover you when your dress is torn, no matter what preparation you make for inspection."

"That is true, as I can testify," said Blanche. "I went out yesterday with a huge slit in my glove. I kept it well inside my muff, and thought no one would see it, and just as I turned round the corner of Duke Street I met Mrs. Wentworth. Generally she bows and passes on when we meet, but just because I had that hole in my glove she stopped and was most friendly, and I was obliged to bring the hole out, and shake hands with her. Mrs. Wentworth looked hard at it, and I knew she was thinking, 'Miss Blanche is not a neat young lady.' Was it not mean of her?"

"You should have mended it, Blanche," said Maud. "How annoyed mamma would be if she knew that Mrs. Wentworth had seen you untidy! I told you of it last Saturday when I was mending my gloves."

"You are not like me," said Blanche. "You like sewing, and I cannot bear it. Besides, if I had mended the hole Mrs. Wentworth would have gone along Prince's Street, and I should not have seen her."

My remark had been an unfortunate one. I therefore hastened to turn the conversation into another channel.

"At any rate, you will acknowledge that my plan is a reasonable one. If you wish people to think you possess certain qualities, possess them, and they will think so."

"What would you have us do then?" said Maud.

"I would have you do the right thing because it is right, and repeat that again and again until it has become a custom with you to do what is right because it is right. Perhaps you ask, 'How shall we start?' I say, take the first thing you have to do, no matter what it is—learning a lesson, practising your music, or mending your gloves—do it as thoroughly as possible, and do not be content until you have satisfied, not merely the teacher who will hear the lesson, not merely the person who will look at your gloves, but yourself. Do you not remember that remark of the late President Garfield, when he said that whatever else he did, he wished to have the approval of James A. Garfield? He was the only man with whom he had to eat, and sleep, and live, and die; and if he could not have his approval he would be in a very bad way. Believe me, dear girls, there is a voice speaking within each one of you, and if you only act up to what it commands, your characters will grow fair and strong."

The girls were silent for a minute or two. Then Blanche said, "It seems to me that a girl who did as you say would be so conceited, that I for one should not care to know her."

"I do not think she would be conceited," said Dorothea, "I fancy she would find the task she had set herself so difficult that she would get downhearted."

"Girls, I want to make a proposal to you," said Maud. "Auntie has evidently something on her mind which she would like us to have the benefit of. Supposing we give her an opportunity of opening her heart to us by forming a sort of debating society, to meet every Saturday evening and talk things over."

"I shall not join it," said Blanche. "I am not going to stand being talked at every Saturday night. Yes, I will, though, I will come on purpose to contradict Dorothea. I am never with Dorothea but I want to shake her."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Dorothea laughing. "You had better not try it on though, or you may find that two of us can distinguish ourselves in the pugilistic line."

"Three cheers for Dorothea!" said Blanche. "I am doing her good. She is improving."

"Blanche, be quiet," said Maud. "Let us have a clear understanding. Auntie shall say what she likes, but we will say what we think as well. We will have a conversation, not a sermon."

"That is understood," said I. "I assure you I no more wish to preach than you wish to listen. But I confess there are two or three things which I would say if I had an opportunity."

"What shall we discuss at our next meeting?" said Ethel.

"Let us talk about girls at school," said Maud. "Auntie says, deserve a good character and you will have it. I don't think it is so altogether, and I should like to state my views to the society."

"That will do very well," said Blanche, "I don't mind so long as you don't all agree."

"Then I will come next Saturday prepared to be attacked," said I rising. "Now we will say good night."

"REAL WHITBY JET."

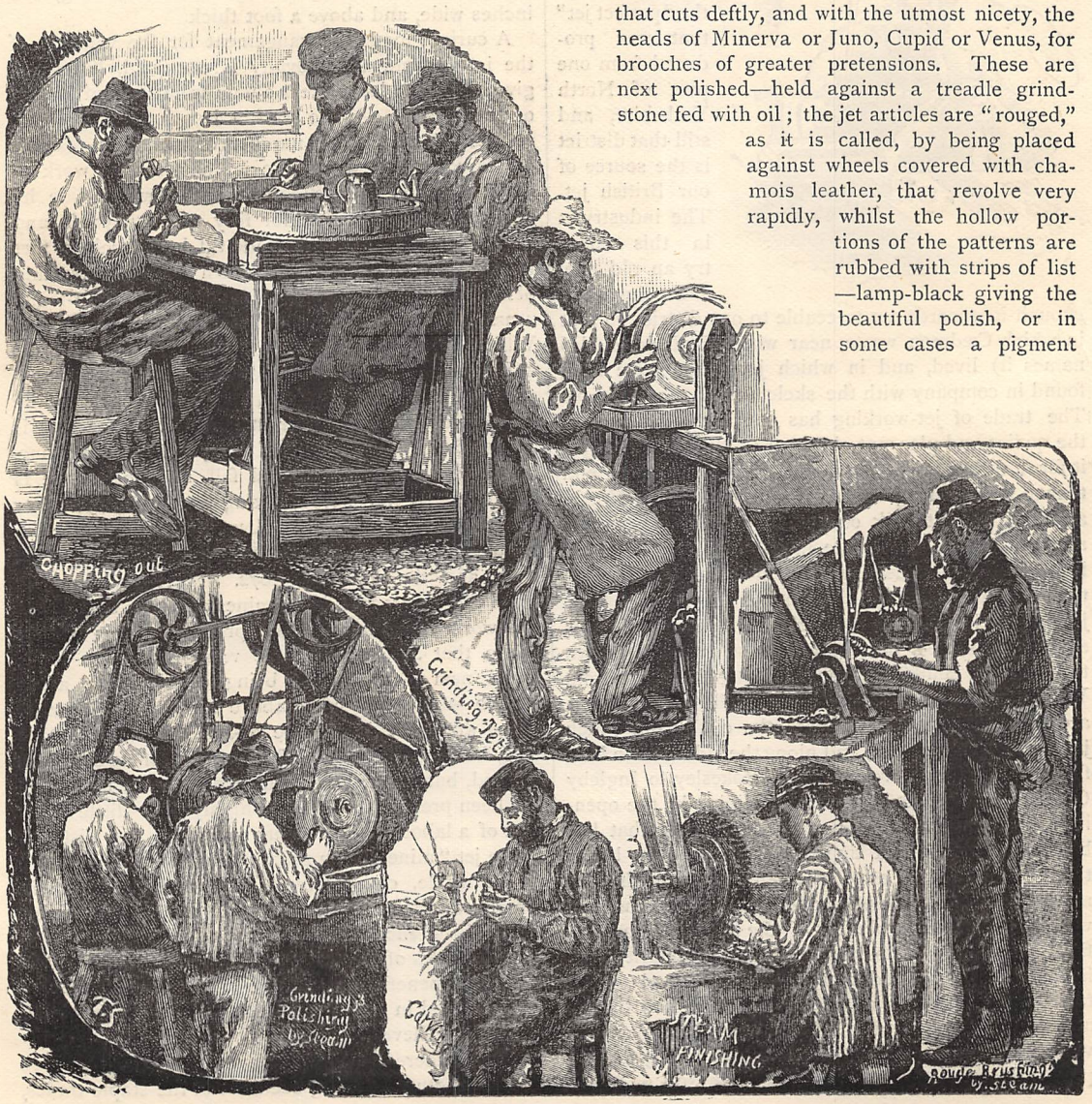
TWO centuries and more ago, Drayton wrote in his "Polyolbion" of the "perfect jet" that was produced from one part of North Yorkshire, and still that district is the source of our British jet. The industry is in this country an old one, and singularly enough its records are traceable to one district, to that in which Cædmon wrote, near which Bede (who also names it) lived, and in which jet beads have been found in company with the skeletons of the Romans. The trade of jet-working has flourished for ages in the quaint and pleasant old town of Whitby, and near it for a dozen miles northward along the coast, and thence inland along the range of hills to near Northallerton, the jet rock occurs in the lias formation, about thirty feet above the main seam of Cleveland ironstone, the utilisation of which has so changed the character of the North of England. This jet, then, is found irregularly in layers, and it is said that under a microscope its structure is shown to be that of coniferous wood. Along the coast from Whitby to the singular little fishing village of Staithes, are to be seen the dark holes in the cliffs from which jet has been extracted; and along the sides of the hills from Swainby in Cleveland, past Stokesley to Ingleby Greenhow, there are marks of jet-mining in the openings in the hills, and the accumulated earth that has been wheeled out and tipped on the hill-side below them. In the doubt as to its origin, in the method of mining, and the mode of payment of the workmen, as well as in the irregularity of the demand for the finished article, jet is surrounded with singularity. It is generally considered that it has been wood; vegetable, and even bones of fish, are found in it at times; and the miners have a belief that it has been in a previous stage liquid in form; so that, with geologists and practical miners differing, who shall decide as to the origin of jet? It is of two species, hard and soft, the former being the most valuable, and it is found in the strata known as the jet rock. The largest pieces discovered have been about seven feet long, five inches wide, and above a foot thick.

A curious mode of arrangement for the working of the jet-pits prevails; royalty is not paid, but for a given sum the jet-masters obtain from the landowners on the hills the right to work a length of foreground on the hill-side. The number of men that may be employed is limited, but the jet-master may work as far into the hill as he chooses. Into the hill-side he drifts, making a passage for fifty or sixty yards, and from this cross-drifts are made till hard rock is met with. Then the miners pull down the roof, retreating before it, for the bulk of the jet is thus found—found usually laid horizontally in long and narrow seams. When found, in its rough state, it has much the colour of glue; it is, as extracted, placed in bags suspended in the workings, and removed thence to the jet-master's house till a quantity sufficient for sale is accumulated. The demand being a fluctuating one, the numbers of pits rise and fall, and possibly it is long since so few were working as at present. For the past year the official "Mineral Statistics" give the quantity of jet produced in Great Britain at 6,720 lbs. only, and the value at £672. A few years ago, when there were two dozen mines at work, and about 140 workmen employed, the production was greatly above that amount, and the value also; one seam, found near Guisborough, being estimated at about £1,000—the weight being above six stone. Payment of the workmen, it may be added, has been by the week and by the piece, and by a sort of co-operative method, but by the great bulk stated work and wage has been preferred. It is not highly paid—little above that of a labourer—the hours are long, the distance to the jet "mine" often great; but it is healthy work, on the whole, comparatively safe, and conducted in remote districts where living is cheap, and labour plentiful. Hence the occurrence of a demand, following the freaks of fashion, or Court mourning, is one of the great benefits to the agricultural labourers and their kindred in that part of North Yorkshire which fringes the Cleveland Hills.

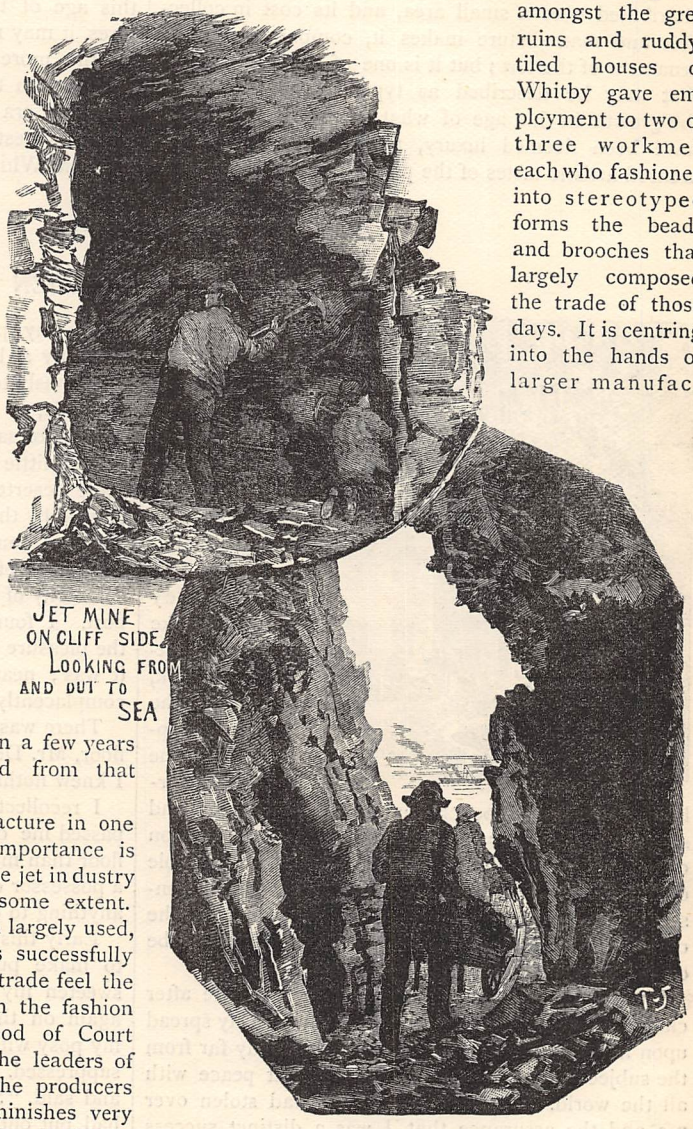
Thus gathered, the jet is conveyed to Whitby, where its manufacture has long been one of the staple trades,

and where at one time a twelfth part of the population was employed in the craft. The visitors to that town can appreciate its importance from the multiplicity of shops for its sale, and of establishments small and large for its manufacture. It is said that the trade was anciently carried on there, but practically its growth is that of the present century, and for its revival the credit is generally given to two men named Jefferson and Carter, who fashioned articles of jet with file and knife, and by whom, at the suggestion of a naval pensioner named Fremlett, lathes were a little later introduced. Thirty years ago the manager of one of the works wrote to a gentleman interested in artistic matters for advice as to the class of jet ornaments to be shown at the Great Exhibition, and by the public attention thus given to the trade, and the artistic stimulus afforded, a vast impetus was given to the manufacture. Gradually the number of persons employed in it grew, until it was computed that over 1,400 were so employed in Whitby alone.

When the jet is taken to the manufactory it is peeled by chipping with a chisel, then sawn with great care into the sizes that best suit the articles to be made from it. The pieces thus made are delivered to the workmen who first take off the roughness and the angles with grindstones that revolve very rapidly, driven by a foot-treadle. Thence the jet passes into the hands of the carvers, who with knives, sharp little leather-bound chisels, or small gouges, speedily cut the piece of jet to a pattern placed before them. It is very curious to watch the process of the manufacture in the well-lit and ventilated carving-rooms; to see young lads with blue-striped over-alls on, cutting quickly brooches of scroll or other simple pattern; to note the drilling by foot-driven lathes of the holes in flowers, or to watch the dextrous hand that cuts deftly, and with the utmost nicety, the heads of Minerva or Juno, Cupid or Venus, for brooches of greater pretensions. These are next polished—held against a treadle grindstone fed with oil; the jet articles are "rouged," as it is called, by being placed against wheels covered with chamois leather, that revolve very rapidly, whilst the hollow portions of the patterns are rubbed with strips of list—lamp-black giving the beautiful polish, or in some cases a pigment



mixed with oil. Next the articles are set, if needed, and taken to the warehouse, where young women card or string them if needful, and then priced and packed, to be stored for the inspection of purchasers, or to be sent to any part of the world in response to the orders of travellers constantly moving. And it is worth the remark that whilst the value of jet in its rough state varies from two shillings to ten shillings per pound, according to its size, and to the extent of the demand, it acquires such value by the work that is given to it, that it will not unfrequently happen that a necklace weighing under half a pound will sell for thirty shillings or even higher, according to its finish, and to the extent of the carving that has been needful in the pattern, as well as the quantity of waste that the pattern causes. Gradually, instead of the rough old patterns, stereotyped and often ugly, there have been brought out others of countless variety, and of artistic taste as well as of exquisite workmanship; and whilst these have raised the manufacture, they have also materially contributed to the raising of the tone of the workmen, and to the introduction of their productions into parts where "real Whitby jet" was long unknown. In this connection much has been done and is being done, though in the depression that set in a few years ago the industry suffered greatly, and from that dulness it has not yet fully recovered.

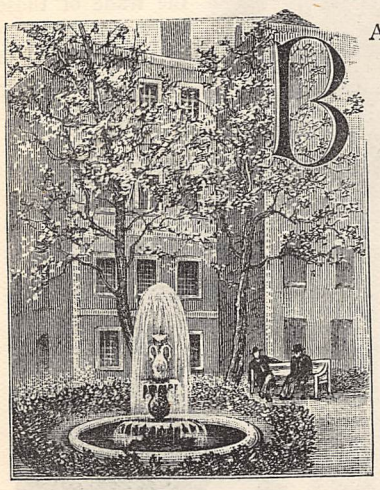


Located both in origin and in manufacture in one small portion of the country where its importance is overshadowed by great mineral trades, the jet in dustry has yet had competition to meet to some extent. Soft jet, principally from Spain, has been largely used, and it is claimed that it now competes successfully with the English. Much more does the trade feel the influence of those periodical changes in the fashion that set in ever and anon. A period of Court mourning, or the use of jet goods by the leaders of fashion, proves a mine of wealth to the producers of jet, whilst the absence of these diminishes very materially the trade, and keeps up the stocks in the store-rooms of the manufacturers. Despite this, the trade has grown and grown with some rapidity, for whilst the annual value twenty years ago was about £50,000, it rose to fully £100,000 yearly, and though in the fluctuations referred to it has since slightly fallen, yet there is a yearly-widening market, that will further expand the trade. The introduction of steam machinery, the entrance of some jet-makers into the jewellery trade, and the increasing use of jet bracelets (worn as a preventive of rheumatism in the arms), all have given recent expansion to the trade.

This trade is centred in a quaint and beautiful locality; it may be described as an old-world industry, but it is one that adapts itself now rapidly to the changes in the times, and it under these circumstances is becoming artistic in its requirements and results. Gradually it has left that phase when many small sheds dispersed amongst the grey ruins and ruddy-tiled houses of Whitby gave employment to two or three workmen each who fashioned into stereotyped forms the beads and brooches that largely composed the trade of those days. It is centring into the hands of larger manufacturers, who, in clean lofty work-rooms, employ scores of work-people, who educate them to some extent in artistic requirements, and who produce a countless variety of goods in this ornamental trade. There is greater subdivision and more skill in the labour, and consequently greater cheapness in the production, regard being had to the extent of the work that is included. And another phase of the trade has been entered on since Whitby jet was so largely made known at the Great Exhibition thirty years ago. Some of the chief makers have opened out retail branches at many of the watering-places and in some of the great towns, whilst there has

also been an introduction of it into other countries, so that the sale is over a wider area, which lessens the extent of the fluctuations that have been glanced at. It is impossible that the jet trade can become one of the great industries of the North. The material is distributed over a small area, and its cost in collection and manufacture makes it, comparatively, the ornament of the few; but it is one of those industries that may be described as typical ones—typical of the growth in this age of what a century ago would have been deemed luxury, typical also of the increased artistic tastes of the people, and of the efforts that are made to meet it; and typical of the ornamental industries that cluster round the pleasure resorts of the people. If not "ruined by Chinese cheap labour," the industry is nevertheless one that has felt the effects of foreign competition; and in this age of the encouragement of British manufactures, it may reasonably be expected that the demand for the more enduring home production will grow, and that in the future as in the past there may be found an era of prosperity for the trade in the article which is best known from its place of manufacture as "real Whitby jet."

THE HEIRESS OF GARDEN COURT.



BARS of sunlight lay across Garden Court, Temple; they glinted in the spouting waters of the old fountain, and fell refracted on brick and coping grey with the smoke of ages. Out-at-elbows folk, listening to the drowsy flapping of the leaves overhead, occupied the benches under the plane-trees, and stretched forth their legs luxuriously after the fashion of their kind. High on the wall, hard by, a venerable dial told how *time tarrieth for no man;* but, in consequence perhaps of their liberal allowance of the commodity alluded to, the intimation appeared to be of little account to those below.

I was standing at my window taking a respite after close application to the open volumes which lay spread upon my table, and letting my thoughts stray far from the subjects therein expounded. I felt at peace with all the world. A pleasant lassitude had stolen over me, and the assurance that I was a distinct success ministered soothingly to my mind. Only nine months had passed since I had quitted Queen's College, Oxford, and the alluring—too alluring—charms of its Harmonic Society, for London, and established myself in chambers; and during that time no less than five several briefs had fallen to my lot.

Yet it was not merely the material success in life which was affording me food for pleasant rumination; there was something over and beyond that. For the sake of a dear old uncle—gentlest of men, tenderest-hearted of attorneys; one to whom I owed my five briefs and all else that I possessed—I had been keeping a good resolution. For three whole months my fingers had not touched the strings of the beloved violin, my passion for which had been the cause of many a head-shake; and I had devoted myself assiduously to the acquisition of legal lore. Thus it was that, as I stood at my window, I felt that I had ground for satisfaction.

In a little time the seats under the plane-trees became deserted. Feeling that I could enjoy a lounge outside by the fountain, I sauntered down-stairs.

I had come to know the faces of most of the occupants of the place, and I rarely neglected the ceremony of reading over their names on the door-post. I found that doing so, in deferring, enhanced the pleasure of reading my own. "Third floor," there it was; neat, euphonious, invitatory. I gazed at it complacently, approving the omission of any flourish.

There was yet another storey above mine: "Fourth floor, Mr. Demosthenes Coke." But beyond his name I knew nothing of this gentleman.

I recollected that from time to time a child had passed me on the stairs, journeying up to a higher floor than mine; a little creature of some twelve years; a possessor of marvellous dark eyes. Could she have anything to do with the great man?

Early this morning I had been to the flower market to make purchase of sundry bunches of roses to sweeten my chambers, and returning, I had met her again on the stairs. The great eyes had fallen on my posy with a look of longing admiration, instantly suppressed. It was resistless. I held out the bunches, and said, "See, they are for you." The little creature had put out her hand coyly, and had then half withdrawn it, conflicting thoughts swaying her. Then she had looked up with a shy smile and said sweetly, "You are very good. I think perhaps I ought not to deprive you of your flowers, sir; and yet I will, for Mr. Coke is coming home this evening, and he loves them." Then a quaint modish curtsey, and I was left standing at my door, wondering who the fairy was, and how she came there. Well, Mr. Coke was coming home, as she expressed it, that night. Perhaps my curiosity would be satisfied.

"Six—seven—eight!" Thus the clock in the Hall Tower; and for the next minute the time was tolled forth from all corners in jangling rivalry. We have a very plethora of clocks in the Temple.

The last of the idlers had arisen, stretched himself, and sauntered away; and I was left alone in possession of Garden Court. After finishing my cigar, I too arose, and strolled in through the doorway.

I mounted the angular staircase, turned into my room, and found my books spread out upon my table as I had left them; but feeling restless, I dropped into my arm-chair by the window. To change the current of my thoughts I arose, went to the table, and recommenced reading. Soon I heard footsteps overhead, heavy and light ones. "Ah! Demosthenes and the fairy," I said to myself. My attention was not disturbed; for the case I had before me was an interesting one. After a time I finished it, and feeling tired, crossed the room and threw myself again into my arm-chair. Gloaming was abroad, and lights began to twinkle softly at various windows; it was such a time as induces a dreamy and not unenjoyable melancholy. I must have sat thus for some time, for it was nearly dark when I started up suddenly to my feet, only half believing that I had slept and dreamt; for my dream, if dream it were, had been one of extraordinary vividness. Music had surely fallen on my ears, and yet—"Ah!" I thought, "that settles it! Undoubtedly it was a dream." What I had heard was the last piece played by me e'er I had turned the key, once and for all, of the shabby old coffin wherein my beloved instrument lay entombed!

I crossed to my table, lighted my lamp, and commenced reading resolutely. No sooner had I done so, however, than I was again upon my feet, leaning forward, every nerve strung tense, and listening breathlessly. Hark! that was no dream! It was a living reality, charged with feeling, quivering with emotion. Exquisite music filled the air—music such as I had never heard before—and in the first flush of my delight I paused in a dreamy abandonment, caring not how or whence it came. Soon my brain returned to its functions; I became sufficiently conscious to recognise the source of my delight. Those soul-thrilling notes could be called into being only by the bow of a violin. They proceeded from the floor above.

Listening there, I stood as one spell-bound. I could bear it no longer. For a moment I stood irresolute, my feelings akin to those of a dram-drinker after a period of enforced abstinence; and then, irresistibly attracted, I blundered up the stairs, knocked, and threw open the door.

Before me was a large room, barely furnished and carelessly ordered, lit by the soft light of one shaded lamp, and such lingering rays of the dying day as strayed through the open window. Towards the further end was a table, and beyond it, and leaning forward, stood a tall attenuated figure wearing a barrister's wig and gown. The face was mobile, the cheeks were flushed with a hectic colour, and long nervous fingers were still pressed, angular, upon the strings of a violin. Seated upon a hassock, with her hands locked round her knees, her head thrown back, and her great dark eyes still filled with a dreamy ecstasy, was the child.

It became necessary to speak.

"I hardly know how to explain this intrusion, even to myself. I appear to have been drawn up magnetically by your music."

"We owe our roses to him," I heard the child whisper.

The other had quietly divested himself of his wig and gown, and had laid the violin upon the table. He bowed with an old-world courtesy, then spoke.

"No need for apology, sir. My little one tells me that we owe this sweet-scented garniture of our room to you. We should have felt regret had you not paid us a visit, if only to inspect its disposition."

I was at once made welcome, with I know not what unostentatious hospitality.

That visit was but a precursor of others. One evening when I happened to call earlier than I had been wont to, I found the child seated, as usual, on the hassock, and the other standing, as when I had first seen him, clad in wig and gown. This time he did not divest himself of these on my appearance, but merely turned towards me with a smile.

"We are endeavouring to keep our faculties from rusting," he said in an explanatory manner. Seeing that I was at a loss to understand him, he continued: "The little one sits as judge, while I discourse from an imaginary brief. We find that our chamber here possesses at least one great advantage over the courts proper. Though our contention fail to give us satisfaction, we can always introduce harmony into the proceedings." And he waved his hand gravely in the direction of his violin.

The curiosity I began to feel was considerable.

"You have thrown your doors open to me," I said. "Treat me still further as one of yourselves by not allowing my presence to interrupt you."

"You must not blame me for the consequences," he exclaimed. "Sit down."

Having gained my point, I crossed to my old place by the window; and, turning to the attentive child, my host proceeded to take up his discourse at the point at which he appeared to have dropped it. Cleverly employing the manner of a bewildered speaker repeating himself, he was enabled, by this means, to recapitulate for my behoof the terms of the case he was arguing. My interest certainly did not decrease as he proceeded. Gradually losing all trace of mimicry, his voice mellowed as he warmed to his subject, whilst his periods increased both in breadth and delicacy of finish. I could not but marvel at the rugged rhetorical force displayed; and I watched with a keen interest the sinuous course pursued amidst the subtlest distinctions. It all seemed so much a matter of course to the solemn child seated there on the hassock, with a fathomless look of wisdom in her great eyes, that, recalling the scene afterwards, I could almost fancy I had been dreaming.

As time passed I came to know more of this man; and as our friendship grew I obtained some insight into the curious mosaic of his past. It was with some surprise I learnt that, though he had been called to the bar twenty years previously, he had never taken a brief,

"I once knew an attorney," he said confidentially, as though he were making some curious revelation, "but that must have been many years ago. Such briefs as that attorney might have to dispense I was to have had; but he somehow lost sight of me. I was disappointed, and—but there, you can deduce the rest. My organism is wretchedly unsuitable for enabling me to utilise social intercourse as a lever for advancing myself in the profession. Thus the sequestered and not unenjoyable background of life has been mine." He smiled abstractedly. "And yet—note the psychological phenomenon—I wait in daily expectation of the case which is to bring me fame and discomfort." Then he turned the conversation.

At another time he told me how he and the child had come together. He had been paying a visit to a friend at one of the hospitals, and had drifted upon an event at once tragical and mysterious. A lady, whilst walking in the street with her little daughter, had been seized with a sudden illness; had been taken in and tended, and had never spoken again. The child had been interrogated as to her friends, and, stupefied with grief, had replied that she knew of none. She had given an address, and, on inquiry being made at the house named, all that could be ascertained was that a lady had lodged there, and that her husband had died abroad some months previously. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, but no response to them was received. Then it was that my neighbour

"LEANING FORWARD, STOOD A TALL ATTENUATED FIGURE" (*p.* 147).

of Garden Court went forward and offered to take charge of the waif; and the authorities of the hospital, after inquiry, had gladly acceded to the request. Since then the strangely assorted couple had grown to love each other tenderly.

I found my thoughts constantly occupied with them. Concerning both there was something so abnormal, so foreign to my previous experience. That this middle-aged man, intellectually so graciously endowed, should after twenty years be still waiting for the brief which had never come to him within that period, appeared incredible. At night I dreamt of the subject with which my thoughts had been engaged during the day, and in my dreams what I had seen and heard combined and re-combined in a myriad of fantastic forms, over which one figure seemed to preside—that of Demosthenes Coke, robed, bewigged, waiting. I tossed about feverishly, with an inexpressible longing to be concerned in some way in the fulfilment of his expectation taking possession of me. When I awoke in the morning inarticulate desire had shaped itself into articulate expression. I had merely to complete my plan.

I arose, inspected the letters which lay upon my table, and observed that one of them was from my uncle, the attorney. On opening it I found the notes of a case, in the settlement of which my assistance was required.

It appeared, from what I read, that a late client of my uncle's, on hearing of an only and beloved son having married in opposition to his wishes, had cut off all communication with him, and had subsequently died. The son had been completely lost sight of, and a nephew, presumably the heir, had secured evidence of his death having taken place abroad. Nothing had been heard of his widow or children. It was on the probability of the existence of the latter, and in the interest of his late client, that my uncle had decided to oppose administration of his assets. A strict search, hitherto unavailing, though some slight clues had been found, was being made for representatives. Such was the rough sketch sent me. A brief was to follow.

Next for the completion of my plan. I sat down and wrote a long and earnest letter to my uncle, introducing to him the matter on which my heart was set. I assured him that the counsel I named would do consummate justice to his brief, and, in explanation of my renunciation of it, I alluded to the slenderness of my own acquaintance with Chancery practice. By return of post he replied, acceding to my proposition; and at the end of the week I received an intimation that such evidence as was forthcoming was prepared, and that the brief would be forwarded on the following morning.

It was not till I perused this last letter that I realised to what an extent I had unconsciously misled its writer. He appeared to have concluded that his case was to be entrusted to a comparatively eminent light of the Equity bar; and the readiness of his compliance caused me certain misgivings. Just then I heard Coke discoursing in the room above, and, as I had not yet absolutely committed myself, I determined to go up, listen, and afterwards finally decide.

Both judge and counsel, being now accustomed to my presence, merely nodded a welcome to me when I entered and crossed over to my accustomed seat by the window. How supremely unconscious they were of the debate in my mind! I leant my head back, and endeavoured to divest myself of prejudice. I will be rigidly impartial, I decided; and then I turned an attentive ear. That sonorous voice—those Attic periods! My doubts vanished into thin air. Surely, surely, I thought, such eloquence will have due effect on the enlightened Vice-Chancellor by whom the case is to be tried. The manner left absolutely nothing to be desired; the matter discussed gave evidence of a thorough mastery of the principles of equity. Suddenly, in the midst of an impassioned peroration, the phrases became involved, and the eye began to wander nervously; then the speaker continued coherently for a moment, again lost the thread of his argument, and suddenly sat down, his face pallid, and his hand pressed to his heart. The watchful eyes of the child had been quicker than mine: in a moment she was at his side. "Oh! Guardy," she whispered, "you are ill!" By the time I had crossed to him he was looking back with a gay smile into her anxious eyes. "Just a passing touch, Fairy; a playful reminder. See, I am well again!"

Later, the child left us to go to bed. "My heart is affected, and I am subject to these attacks," my companion said quietly. He did not wait for comment on my part, but went on speaking. "Sometimes I get a little anxious, for the child's sake. She would be lonely without me"—the words came reflectively—"fearfully lonely. I did hope to elucidate the mystery of her parentage, but the result of my inquiries thus far is meagre. I have been able, however, to make some slight monetary provision for her. My papers are in that drawer," he continued, indicating a bureau at which he was in the habit of sitting; "and I trouble you with all these details because I want you to act for me in what, I trust, is the remote event of anything happening to me. Would you object to undertake the commission?"

I was moved by his confidence. "No," I said, "I would gladly undertake the commission." He looked satisfied, and thanked me. "The contingency is a very remote one, I believe," he said cheerfully. "You see, there is the prophecy about the brief to be fulfilled."

The next morning I paced my room in a fever of expectation, awaiting the advent of the postman, and listening to the strains of the violin wafted from above. Soon he arrived, delivered my letters, and enabled me to catch a glimpse of the package whose contents I guessed; then he mounted the stairs, and I listened eagerly. The music ceased, and I could hear Coke stride across the room. Then the postman came down. I waited for what appeared to be an eternity, but what really must have been about ten minutes, in the expectation of being summoned for purposes of congratulation, but no summons came. Then my im-

patience got the better of me, and I sauntered up, as though by accident, whistling a bar of the music I had been listening to. I tapped at the door, but received no answer; louder, and still no answer; then I turned the handle, and entered.

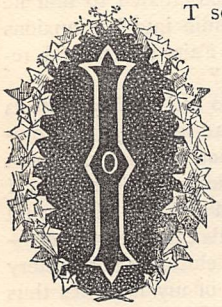
At the further end of the room sat my friend, robed and bewigged, his elbow resting on the table, his face supported by his hand, and slightly turned. The violin had been carelessly put down on the bureau by his side, and spread out before him lay a mass of papers, together with the brief he had just received. He appeared to be intently perusing them, and did not even look up when I entered. With the object of surprising him, I crossed the room with a soft tread, and brought my hand suddenly down upon his shoulder. As I did so a thrill of horror was transmitted through my nerve-fibres, for the figure that I touched was rigid and motionless. I bent forward and peered into the face. It bore the most radiant smile of contentment I had ever seen, but there was no mistaking its meaning; it was life's last indelible imprint.

Later, the papers which lay before the dead man were examined, and they proved to contain the evidence he had named to me of the identity of the child. Taken with the brief, the case was clear beyond the shadow of a doubt. She was the heiress my uncle was in search of; and so it was subsequently established.

It has always seemed to me to be well in keeping with the irony of fate that, at the very moment when his brief arrived, after he had waited for it through twenty years, Demosthenes Coke should have received a retainer for a higher tribunal.

A HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—CHOOSING THE HOUSE.



IT seems to me that the cultivation of the happiness of others is one of the great duties of our lives. We are told that true religion and cheerfulness go hand in hand; yet how much useless unhappiness there is brought about, not by heavy trials, losses, or the afflictions which come more or less to all, but by discontent, by evils and ills to be easily remedied, by bearing small miseries which there is no reason to bear, by making troubles about possible calamities which never come! It is not the heavy sorrows of life that would seem intolerable, but the small wearying, worrying cares, the annoyances and vexations which in nine cases out of ten originate at home; yet this is the very place where all happiness should begin. Husbands, sons, and daughters go out into the world far better able to fight its battle if they have a happy home in the background—a sure refuge.

But there is so much that must be brought to bear to produce real home happiness. The refined freshness and repose which comes with a well-ordered household demands constant care and forethought.

First and foremost, the house itself should be judiciously chosen. Its situation depends entirely on the circumstances and surroundings of its owner. It adds greatly to the comfort of its inmates if it is near the people with whom they are most likely to be thrown, and within easy distance of the profession or calling in which the men of the family are interested. It should contain as many rooms as are wanted, and no more; and in deciding what is absolutely necessary, due regard must be had to the number of servants that will be kept. Overworked domestics do not conduce to comfort; nor is it well for them, on the other hand, not to be sufficiently employed. But above all things, the rent must be in proportion to the income, as all the expenses are regulated by the house-rent.

Let the situation be as airy as you can; remember that in all streets there is a choice of afternoon or morning sun.

Bear in mind that some situations are noisier, more dusty, consequently more destructive to furniture, than others; and all these points are to be considered, for prettiness and taste in decoration should be secondary to cleanliness.

Many modern houses are run up by speculative builders to look well and let, but not to last, and unfortunate tenants soon find how the green wood gapes, how the dust percolates through the flimsy brick-work, and how continual are the necessary repairs, which are generally only a miserable patch-up, requiring constant attention. It is cheaper in the end to pay a little more rent and have a dependable house. No one should buy a house till he has lived in it a year, nor hire one even till he has had a trustworthy surveyor to go carefully over it from roof to basement. I say "roof" advisedly: it is there one's house troubles so often begin. Modern-built houses show their defects when a heavy downpour of rain discovers leakages, which mostly drop on to a bed or a tidy carpet. Outside pipes not too carefully planned get choked up from the refuse of the roof-gutters, and in a violent rain the water pours over them, not in them, until a pool is formed on the roof, and descends through the ceilings. If possible, the staircase should neither be high nor steep, an ordinary fault in town houses: it adds so much to the labours of servants. All these are, however, minor considerations as compared to the sanitary conditions of the house. Pure water, good drainage and ventilation are essential to health. It is the duty of the householder to consider these first. "Natural health

is natural wealth," and there is little happiness without health.

The constant supply system, with water always flowing into the cisterns, is best. All outside cisterns should be cleaned once a month, those inside three or four times a year. Avoid lead cisterns; substitute slate; and if possible, have the water laid on to each floor: it saves so much labour, and is a great aid to cleanliness. For drinking, water should be transparent and colourless, with no smell; there should be filters attached to the cistern, and no water should be drunk without further filtration. Take every precaution that there can be no possible connection between the sewer and water-pipes, a fruitful source of illness. Drainage is a difficult question; defective pipes that do not properly connect with the main sewer, and leak, so that the basement is over a cesspool, are the common evils to be warned against. Never neglect any unpleasant smell; bad drainage means disease and death, and there are thousands perish annually of preventible disease.

In every room have a ventilator. Too little oxygen and too much carbonic acid gas produce low spirits, inertia, and listlessness, especially in children. The foul air escapes at the top of the room, and windows should therefore be open at the top, and no registers in any fireplace be allowed to be shut. It requires an experienced housewife to keep rooms at a right temperature: warm in winter, cool in summer, and light; good air and plenty of light are as essential to our bodily welfare as good food. It is a great secret of success in summer to keep rooms cool by shutting out the light.

The houses that we live in are insensibly teaching us their lessons all our lives. D'Israeli said, "Happiness is atmosphere," and it is the surroundings of our daily lives that tell upon us from our earliest infancy; so home should not only be a haven of rest, peace, and sympathy, but should have its element of beauty in all its details, and it is this that tends to make people love their "ain fireside." The very outside should be bright and inviting in its aspect, the blinds uniform, the knocker, bell, and door-handle bright, and the steps clean.

While pleasing the eye, do not forget the nose: by which I mean, look after your dust-bins; neglect of them is dangerous. Burn all refuse you can, especially vegetable, and have the heap occasionally sprinkled with carbolic acid.

The question of furnishing is a very wide one. Avoid pretence and shams in decoration. Everything should seem what it really is, and have its use. Do not buy anything merely for show. Make your rooms look as if you lived in them, and all their contents as fitting as possible without extravagance. Show your love of art and beauty in your surroundings, and bring it to bear in the selection of the smallest household trifle. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

I am now going to give you a few hints, the result of experience. Do not attempt to cover the whole floor of rooms with carpet: it is a waste of the material, and harbours dirt, for it is difficult to take up. Stain your floors with a wide margin, or else all over; the fluid is quite inexpensive, and you can apply it yourself with a brush. All you will then want will be a centre square of carpet, or if the whole room is stained, Oriental rugs where required; you will have nothing that can give better touches of colour. If, however, you choose a velvet-pile carpet, bear in mind that if brushed against the grain it wears out quickly and looks poor. To clean carpets, rub them with a damp cloth, or sweep with tea-leaves, being careful to run them first under a tap, or they are apt to stain. Kidderminster requires more frequent attention. A crimson drugget, with rugs here and there, gives a warm look to a dull room.

Ceilings should be tinted; a white one is hard and cold. Varnish all the woodwork and all the paper you can; it is the best preventive of dirty finger-marks, and is more durable. Plate-glass windows give light; have them where you can. Hide unsightly vistas with leaded coloured glass, and introduce the same into the second or inner doors of the hall; it gives a pleasant glow. Make the halls and staircase warm, cosy, and soft to the feet, using wide bright druggeting sooner than narrow carpet; and hang pictures, photographs, prints, whatever you can muster, in every available corner, but avoid dust-traps, such as velvet-covered brackets, and the like. Don't hang your pictures on one nail; they look far better on two; use strong wire and then with the double nails it will be lost on the wall.

Let your papers be either a mere neutral background to your pictures and decorations, or an ornament in themselves, and keep them clean by dusting with a feather-brush, and once a year rub the walls from top to bottom in straight lines with stale bread.

Bed-rooms are meant for repose; there should be nothing to tire the eye in the pattern of paper or hangings—a fruitful source of weariness in illness—and no overcrowding of furniture. Iron bedstead, chairs, washing-stand, dressing-table, wardrobe, chest of drawers, sofa, and writing-table are enough; and where a hanging wardrobe cannot be had, I have seen a substitute placed in the corner of the room, in the form of a circular stand with several arms and hooks, all enclosed in chintz. Avoid flimsy furniture; buy what is good, even if second-hand. Do not have the woodwork grained in any part of the house; dark flat colours are best, and savour of no pretence in decoration.

Simplicity, appropriateness, harmony of colour—these produce the best results. "Dirt is only a thing in the wrong place," said Lord Palmerston, but its extermination is apt to bring about great domestic discomfort. Each day one room should be thoroughly cleaned out; and once, if not twice, in the year there should be a general house-cleaning, but it should be done judiciously, without discomfort throughout the household.

Good things are cheapest in the end, and it is economy to employ good dependable tradespeople.

Don't be carried away by the prevailing art-craze decoration, which oftens means lack of comfort with ugliness. To decide wisely in these matters entails more art-education than most of us have, so we follow

any leader, and in a few years, long before a young housekeeper's new stock of penates will be worn out, the downright positive ugliness of some of the present-day revivals will be apparent to her, and, alas! to every one else.

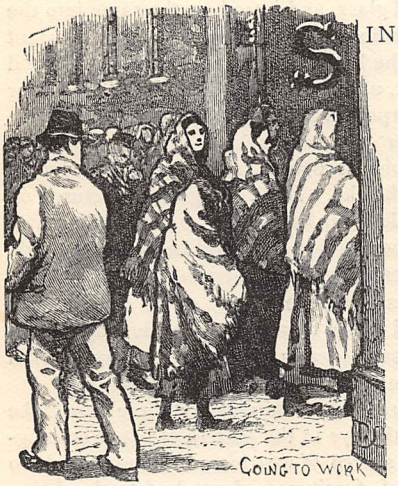
Stencilling is an easy art. You can buy the patterns almost anywhere, and can thereby improve painted mantel-pieces, door-panels, and dados. Algerian and Japanese art at little expense will help in colour, and good shapes, and look well throughout the house. Be sure you do not give yourself into the hands of an upholsterer. A room should be furnished by those who make it a part of their own individuality. One who understood the subject well gave this golden rule, "Every article of furniture should at the first glance proclaim its real purpose." On this score abjure veneering and other shams, use wrought iron rather than cast, lay down mats only where they are wanted, don't overcrowd with knicknacks, let each room be habitable. Take advantage of all modern improvements which tend to the saving of work and trouble; the Americans teach us much on that score.

If women understood more of the science of living, happy homes would be common, where nothing is wasted, nothing wanted, and everything employed and enjoyed.

ARDERN HOLT.

UNDER THE CRUST: THE LANCASHIRE OPERATIVE.

BY A NORTH-COUNTRYMAN.



SINCE the days of the cotton famine the Lancashire operative has been somewhat overlooked. At that time he was "interviewed" by a hundred "own correspondents" and "special commissioners," who told us all about his manner of life, his usual occupation, and the kind of place which he called his home. These "pictures with pen and pencil" were wonderfully graphic, and in the main correct. They gave the outside world glimpses of the home-life of a large section of the English working classes, and made the people of the sunny South much better acquainted than they would otherwise have become with the dwellers in Factoryland.

But Lancashire with its mills all silent, and its people being fed and clothed by "relief" committees, is a different place from Lancashire when cotton is plentiful and "hands" are fully employed. Those who saw the Lancashire operative twenty years ago would hardly recognise him now. Not that his general habits are much changed, or his style of living, or his speech. This last was always a peculiarity, and to strangers a difficulty; and such it seems likely to remain. But men and women who are living in enforced idleness, and are "welly clamm'd" (half-starved), have, of course, a very different look from that of people who have as much work as they care to do, and find many of the comforts of life quite within their reach. The working people of Lancashire have long since recovered their wonted cheeriness of spirit. They never quite lost it, even when the "hard times" of which they used to sing were hardest and most trying to their patience. They looked very sober in the midst of all their privations and troubles, but they never looked sullen, or lost heart, for they well understood that when the war which had produced the cotton famine came to its "bitter end," brighter days would speedily dawn upon them. Many of them delight to recall the scenes which were witnessed in every part of the district when the first loads of American cotton were drawn from the railway stations to the mills; how the people went out in crowds to meet the waggons, and followed them singing—

"Hard times, come again no more,"

while some of the poor women positively rushed forward and kissed the cotton-bales as they lay in the trucks. The people were very eager to be at work; they knew how to enjoy a holiday as well as any body of operatives in the world, but three years of "play" had been enough to make them all long to get back to their looms again.

The homes of many of the operatives had been all but stripped during those dismal years. Many a household treasure had been sacrificed to avoid an appeal to the relief committee, or even the acceptance of help when it was offered and pressed upon them. With the return of good times the "house-place" quickly recovered its old look of comfort, and it was not very long before the "parlour" was once more bright with polished chairs and tables, and even its piano or harmonium.

All Lancashire people, we may here remark, are house-proud, and it is not the mill-owners and great "cotton lords" alone who vie with one another as to who shall have the most superbly-furnished dwelling. This rivalry is shown all through the community, and men and women who stand side by side at the loom all day are as ready to boast of some new article of furniture which they have just "get'n into th' house," as are their masters when they ride together

to Cottonopolis, or stand chatting on the steps of 'Change. It must be confessed that there is as little variety visible inside the houses as there is outside. When a new factory or weaving-shed is built, cottages for the "hands" that are to work in it are put up at the same time, and are built generally of similar materials. They are plain but fairly substantial erections, in which convenience is never sacrificed to mere appearance. A house with a "bit o' garden to't" is, of course, an object of ambition; but it is only the overlookers, and those families whose earnings are high, who can afford to gratify the feeling. By means of the building societies that have been established in every part of the cotton districts, not a few of the operatives have become their own landlords.

One of the peculiar features of the cotton industry is that it gives occupation to almost all the members of a household. Husband and wife go out to the mill together, and even the cares of a family are not always sufficient to keep the mother at home. The children who are too young to attend school are left in charge of some aged dame, who, by undertaking that duty for several mothers, earns a moderate weekly income; some are sent to school, and others go to the factory either as "half-timers" or "full-timers." How the family meals are prepared, and how the "cleaning" is done, will doubtless seem mysterious to our readers; but there is not much mystery about either matter. Breakfast is, of course, a very simple affair; and dinner, except on Sundays, does not generally consist of more than one "course," and that such as involves very slight knowledge of culinary art. The third meal of the day (called "th' begging") is not taken until the day's work is done, and the various members of the household have returned home. As regards the cleaning or "fettling-up" of the house, that is done after work-hours, and on Saturday afternoons especially, both young men and maidens, as well as their elders, may be seen thus engaged in some department of household work.

The daily life of a Lancashire operative may appear very monotonous, but it can hardly be considered irksome or even laborious. Work in a cotton-mill is not, as compared with other kinds of labour, hard work; it does not make any excessive demand upon either brain or muscle. The machinery employed in all the processes of cotton manufacture is so perfect now that the operatives have very little to do, except to "mind" or "tent" (tend) the "jenny" which spins the yarn, or the loom which weaves the calico; and hence the employés in these two departments are called "minders" and "tenters." The work is likewise "clean" work, so that the hands of many a "Lancashire lass" who has worked for several years at the factory will be as soft and stainless as those of any lady in the land. The men too have, generally speaking, very delicate-looking hands, as they are hardly ever soiled, except in the case of those who are employed in "tuning" (putting into order) some part of the machinery. There are more pale faces in a cotton-mill than one cares to see, but, except for the fine dust or "fluff" which flies about, the atmosphere cannot be considered unhealthy; there is plenty of ventilation in summer-time, and in winter the entire factory is heated by means of steam or hot-water pipes. Every one knows that all through the cotton districts the Factory Acts are very strictly enforced. These Acts limit the hours during which the operatives may be employed in one week, and a board, containing all the principal regulations, is placed in the time-keeper's office at every mill. Within the limits thus fixed by the law of the land the employer may use his own discretion as to the hours of commencing and closing the day's work, and also as to the time allowed for meals. But "time" is very sternly kept, and unpunctuality is never allowed to escape punishment. At most factories if an operative fails to pass the gate before the morning bell ceases, he or she is simply shut out altogether until breakfast-time. To insure their being at the mill precisely

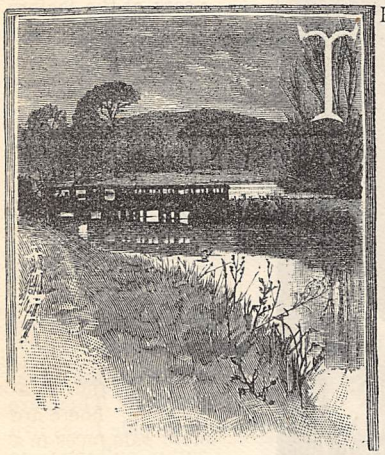
at the starting-hour, many of the people avail themselves of the services of a man who is commonly known as a "knocker-up." Long before the stillness is broken by—

"The clanging and the clamour of the bells."

—"th' fectory bells"—this man begins his morning round. He carries a long rod having a piece of wire fastened at the end, and, as he passes the houses of his clients, he dashes the wire against their bed-room windows so as to rouse the people from their slumbers. Most of the workers, however, start up the moment the mill-bell begins to toll, and in a few minutes afterwards they are in the street hurrying away to the warm factory, if it be winter, or moving leisurely and cheerily on if under the glowing summer sunrise. The sharp ringing "clink" of their clogs, as they step along the stone footpath, is not ungrateful to the ear, and there are not many pleasanter sights in this work-a-day world than that of troops of operatives streaming through the street or alley that leads to the mill. It is not "slavish" toil that engages a Lancashire operative day after day, nor is he discontented with "the trivial round, the common task" of life in a factory.

J. T. G.

A PILGRIMAGE TO HAREFIELD.



COLNESIDE.

THE other day, having a few hours to spare, and finding myself at the quaint old country-town of Uxbridge, I heard that I was within reach of a pretty village—not Chalfont, nor Horton—yet one with which the muse of Milton once had dealings; so I resolved to devote an autumn afternoon to a pilgrimage to it.

Harefield is a long and scattered village, bounding the parish of Uxbridge on the north, and stretching in that direction as far as the borders of Hertfordshire. It consists chiefly of pleasant uplands, from which a wide view of the long broad meadows on either side of the Colne is obtained. Of the early history of the place, Lysons tells us that in the time of Edward the Confessor it belonged to the Countess Goda, and that at the Domesday survey it was held by Richard, the son of Gilbert, Earl of Briou. It afterwards passed into the hands of the Bacheworths, and from them by marriage to the Swanlands, and from them in the same manner to the Newdegates; but was alienated by them to the Egertons. Having belonged to sundry other families intermediately, the estate was re-purchased in 1675 by Sir Richard Newdegate, and so came back to a squire whose ancestors have held it, with only a temporary interval, for nearly 600 years—a fact without parallel in Middlesex.

But it is not on this account, but for its historical and literary associations, that Harefield is worthy of a pilgrimage. When Milton was living at Horton, only three miles south of Uxbridge, the old Manor House of Harefield was the residence of the Lord Keeper Egerton, and of his wife the Countess of Derby, whom Queen Elizabeth once at least honoured by a visit of three days, in the course of one of her royal progresses. The courtly knight and his lady survived the costly visitation. The avenue of elms through which her Majesty rode from Dew's Farm to the house is gone, though several were still standing in the time when Lysons wrote, and one or two even as late as 1814-15, if we may believe "Sylvanus Urban;" but, alas! they are now no more, though vigorous successors have taken their place. The house too is gone, but its site can still be plainly seen in the rear of the church, where the old garden walls still attest its former grandeur. A view of it as it was in the last century may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1815.

The old manor house must have been well off for the accessories of shady trees in Milton's time, if he wrote of it, as there is little doubt that he did, without exaggeration—

"O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour, as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen."

And the whole demesne must have had beauties and charms, which have disappeared with the old mansion, if he could write with truth—

"Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place."

The "Arcades" was performed here, as we learn from Milton's Life, in 1635, and the worthy "lady of the place" did not long survive. Her fine marble monument in the chancel of the church, with her recumbent figure under a canopy, supported by figures of

her daughters, Lady Chandos and the Countesses of Bridgewater and Huntingdon, bears the date of her death, 1637. That one at least of these ladies did not forget Milton, nor Milton forget her, in another home, is shown by the preface to the Masque of "Comus," which was "presented at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, before John, Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales."

What would one not have given to have seen with his own eyes the poet brushing the morning dew, as he sauntered through the meadows along the bank of his favourite river, the Colne, with its "brimming waves," or quietly trudging along the road through Uxbridge, on his way from Horton to Harefield Place, which doubtless then was, in his own words—

"Bower'd high in tufted trees."

The elms and beeches and evergreens behind the site of the house are still fine, but few, except one stately cedar, would seem to be able to recall the look of the poet. The house in which his dramatic poem was recited was burnt down—it is said, by Sir Charles Sedley, the profligate companion of Charles II., reading in bed—and its successor was pulled down towards the end of the eighteenth century.

The visit of the virgin queen to Harefield in the summer of 1602, within a year or two of her death, and when she was upwards of seventy, is fully described from the Newdegate MSS. at Harefield by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in the third volume of his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." In that book the curious reader will find how she was met near the dairy-house by a dairy-maid and a bailiff, who celebrated her praises in alternate verse, whilst the royal personage herself sat on her horse beneath a tree on account of the rain. In another part of the grounds her Majesty was entertained by a "dialogue of welcome" between some fanciful characters, called "Place" and "Time;" and again on the next morning she was serenaded as—

"Beauty's rose and virtue's book,
Angel's mind and angel's look."

It should be added that the queen was addressed in the same style of fanciful and fulsome flattery at her departure.

"It has been said," observes Mr. Thorne, in his Handbook of the Environs of London, "that the Lord Chamberlain's company was brought down to Harefield to play 'Othello' before her, Shakespeare himself being present probably to direct the performance." But this statement he sees reason to distrust, both on other grounds and on account of the silence of the Newdegate MSS. as to the play. Still, the Egerton Papers, published by the Camden Society, under date August 6th, 1602, give us the following entry among the steward's expenses during Elizabeth's visit to Harefield: "Rewardes to the Vaulters, Players, and Dancers, £64 18s. 10d.;" and it is known that Shakespeare was one of this company. One would like to be certain, however, that the eyes of Shakespeare as well as those of Milton once looked on these scenes.

We gather from the Life of Milton that during the five years of his early manhood, which he spent mainly at his father's house at Horton, he was a frequent visitor at Harefield; and the heading of his "Arcades" tells us that it formed "part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at that place by some noble persons of her family." As her ladyship was then advanced in years, it is more than probable that these "noble persons of her family" were her little youthful grandchildren. One would have liked to have been there to witness their graceful appearance on the scene "in pastoral habit, and moving toward the seat of state" as they sang the first stanza of "Arcades," probably alluding to Queen Elizabeth's previous visit—

"Look, nymphs and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry?
Too divine to be mistook.
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend
Here our solemn search hath end."

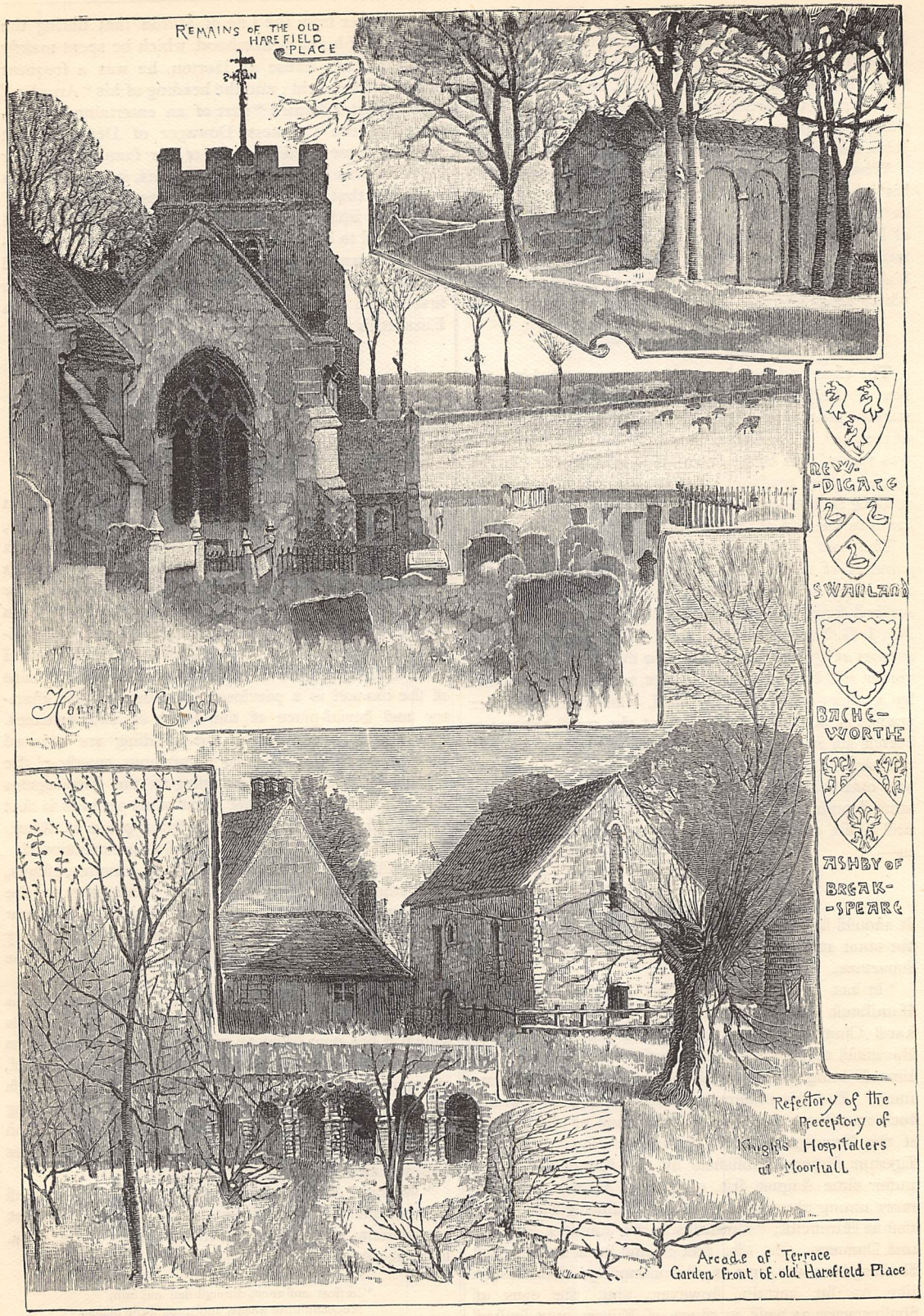
From the soft lawns and green groves which, with a few fish-ponds, mark the site of the old manor house, it is but a stone's-throw to the parish church, which we find open. So far as can be discovered through the veil which has been thrown over the fabric by the hand of the "restorer" some thirty or forty years ago, it would seem to be of the "Decorated" or "Edwardian" period, and consists of nave and chancel with long aisles on either side. On the north side of the chancel is a parclose, screening off the chantry and burial-place of the house of Brakespeares. The rest of the walls of the building are covered in every vacant space with monuments, mostly of the "Jacobean" era, and belonging to the Newdegates and their relatives; but the finest of all perhaps is that in the chancel, denoting the burial-place of Alice, Countess of Derby, Milton's friend above-mentioned.

A really fine collection of helmets, casques, gloves, and other funeral armour, once belonging to the Bacheworths and Swanlands and Egertons, but now taken down from the walls, lies heaped together, dusty and uncared for, in the sedilia to the south of the Communion table.

On the outside of the north wall of the chancel is one of the most curious monuments and epitaphs which it has ever fallen to my lot to see. It consists of a medallion, with a portrait, in rather slight relief, of a gamekeeper with his dog and gun, passing through a background of trees. Beneath it is the following inscription, which I believe has never been printed in any collection of epitaphs, though its quaintness well merits such an honour:—

"William Ashby of Brakespears, Esquire, erected this to the memory of his faithful servant, Robert Mossenden; who departed this life Feby. 5th, 1744, aged 60 years.

"In frost and snow, through hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods, and trudg'd the plain:
The steady pointer leads the way,
Stands at the scent, then springs the prey;



A PILGRIMAGE TO HAREFIELD.

The timorous birds from stubble rise,
With pinions stretch'd divide the skys;
The scatter'd lead pursues the sight,
And death in thunder stops their flight.
This spaniel, of true English kind,
Who's gratitude inflam'd his mind;
This servant in an honest way
In all his actions copy'd Tray."

But the most charming relic of the past must be kept to the last. About a furlong south-west of the church, abutting on the edge of the meadows of the Colne, opposite the "Fishery" at Denham, stands a little from the road an old farm-house, some parts of the interior of which retain the ancient panelling and large fire-places, suggesting that in the olden time large logs were burnt here in winter time and hospitality was exercised. The house is now cut up into three labourers' cottages. It is still called the Moor Hall, and is the most ancient manor house in the parish. Close by it, indeed almost adjoining it, is an Early English chapel, with lancet windows, externally almost perfect, though quite "gutted" in its interior of every vestige of its once sacred uses. The timber roof stands sound and good, just as it did in the days of the Tudors and Plantagenets. Some persons consider that the building was not a chapel, but a refectory. The building and cottages are rich in red and grey tints, and have been often sketched by artists.

I may add that, lying as it does so far out of the beaten tracks, this parish is perhaps richer than any other within Middlesex in country seats. Towards the northern end are Harefield Park, the seat of Colonel Vernon; Harefield House, of Sir John Byles. Nearer to the church, and towards the centre of the parish, is Brakespeares, of Mrs. Drake.

Nearer to Uxbridge are the modern Harefield Place, lately sold by Mr. Newdegate; and Swakeleys, the seat of Mr. T. T. Clarke. All the game hereabouts is strictly preserved; and in consequence as you walk along the shady lanes leading to the "Brakespeares Arms" from the church, you may see partridges and pheasants strutting about to their heart's content, and quite secure from harm.

But the autumn day soon closes in upon the most pious and devout of pilgrims; and the walk back to Uxbridge along the towing-path of the Grand Junction Canal is rather long and tedious, though it runs side by side with the Colne, that Milton loved so well, and whose banks he doubtless haunted in the days when rivers and roads were the only highways. The pilgrim, too, must think, however pious his aspirations, about the need of refreshing the inner man, and this I was able to do just before sunset at the "Old Treaty House," close to the bridge over the Colne which gives its name to Uxbridge.

E. WALFORD.

OUR SURNAMES.

THE meaning of the word "surname" implies that it is not *the* name of a man, but an addition to it. Our actual names are the Christian names, and surnames have sprung up in consequence of the inadequacy of these to distinguish the increasing numbers of individuals. It is very interesting and instructive to trace these surnames back to their sources, for in the pursuit a strong light is thrown on many old customs and forgotten usages of the past.

Perhaps the simplest and most direct growth of surnames arose from the practice of adding the father's name to that of the person described. Thus Roger might be distinguished from other Rogers by the addition "Will's son." The Norman equivalent for son was "fitz" (fils); accordingly such names as Fitz Gerald, Fitz Patrick are found; while from the Welch "ap," also meaning son, have descended Pugh—Ap Hugh; Bevan—Ap Evan; Pritchard—Ap Richard, and many others. The Saxon method of adding "son" is represented in countless numbers of names; another favourite and simple form being the plain ending "s"—the possessive case. Wilson and Wills thus both indicate a son or descendant of Will. It will not be amiss to give a few of the less obvious instances; but one or two rules affecting them ought first to be mentioned. These briefly are, that there was a tendency to form from each Christian name a shortened form consisting of one syllable, and that forms so gained were often lengthened again by the addition of terminations, such as "kin," "et," "ot," "on," "cock," &c.

With this preface it will be at once seen that, among other more obvious names, Daws, Dawson, Dawkins spring from David; Watts, Watson, Watkins from Walter; Huggins, Hutchins, Hewetson from Hugh; Tibbs, Tubbs, Tibbits, Tebbott, Tipkins, Tipson, &c., from Tib, the short form of Theobald; Lawson, Laycock, Larkins from Lawrence; Higgs, Higgins, Hitchins from Hick, the short for Isaac; Ellis, Elliott, Elkins, Elcock, Ellison, Allison, &c., from Elias; Pearson, Perkins, Parrots from Piers, the short for Peter; and Batty, Bates, Batkins, Badcock from Bat, the short for Bartholomew. To this class belong also the following well-known names:—Gibbon, the historian, takes his name from some ancient Gilbert shortened into Gib; and all our Gilbertsons, Gibsons, Gilpins, &c., are descended from ancestors similarly named. Addison, again, is formed from Adam; as are also Adkins, Atkins, Adcock, and Acock. Tennyson can only be formed from Dennis. One extinct Christian name, but surviving as a surname, deserves mention. Hamon has given rise to our Hammonds, Hammets, &c., and in a lengthened form distinguishes one of the profoundest characters of imaginative literature—Hamlet.

We now come to the class of surnames which

added a distinction to the name by the mention of a place. Among nobles meeting at court some such distinction would be the most natural way of distinguishing men assembling from various parts of the country, proud of their estates, and with not too great a variety of Christian names. But among the simple folk, too, locality was a constant source of nomenclature. This and the other Roger of the same village might be, as they incessantly were, contrasted, not as the sons respectively of Will and Dickson, but Roger at the wood or atte wood, and Roger de la lane. No further explanation is therefore needed of such names as Atwood, Atwell, Atbrook, Atcliff; nor of the simpler Bridgeman, Churcher, or the Weller of Pickwickian fame; nor of the still simpler Wells, Lane, Brook, Styles, Field, Groves, Combes, Townsend. In fact any familiar feature of the country might be, and was, used to definitely name the man whose house adjoined it. We have only to think of the objects in order to find a plentiful stock of surnames attesting their twofold use. The familiar gate in the palisading which the traveller in those days found crossing almost every road and by-path, forming parks for the preservation of deer, gives us the no less familiar Gates and Yates, Woodgate, &c. The old roadside emblem called sometimes cross, sometimes rood, according to the prevalence of Norman or Saxon in the neighbourhood, served, besides its ordinary functions to pious peasants and passing pilgrims, to hand down the titles of Cross, Crouch, and Rudd. Again, our Denmans and Denyers take their names from the word "den," signifying the dale in which cattle-stalls were erected, and surviving in such village names as Horsden, Cowden, Swinden, Ogden, &c.

The next kind of surname consists in a noun added to the Christian name to explain the rank, title, office, or occupation of the named. Dividing roughly into (1) rank and (2) occupation, and beginning with the former, it is impossible to avoid seeing that rank graduates from king downwards. And we find in plenty Kings, Dukes, Popes, Barons, Bishops. The frequency of these names indeed makes it necessary to account for their possession in some other way than by actual descent from such high personages. It is probable, therefore, that they were gained, in the majority of instances, from nicknames commemorating parts played by the owners in the festal gatherings of the village wake. No such excuses are required for the frequency of names indicating offices less pretentious. The Church furnishes Vicars, Deacon, Clerk, Sexton; the monastery, Prior, Monk or Munn, Friar and Frere; and we may add to the group Pilgrim and Palmer. War and chivalry give, besides Knight, Squire, and Swires, Bannerman, Henchman, and Hinxman. The feudal castle is the source of Porter, Usher, Butler, Carver, Page, and Napier, the last being the holder of the napkin and following the Ewer, who presented the basin for the washing of his lord's hands after dinner. The Law is answerable for such titles as Sarjent, Coroner or Corner, Sumener or Sumner, Bedel and Biddle. Municipal authority furnishes Mayor and Myers, together with Wayte, the mediæval policeman, who, like our Christmas "waits," was armed with an instrument of music capable of making night hideous, and lending him in some places the equivalent sobriquet of Tromper or Trumper. The chase is commemorated in Forester, Forster, Parker, Warrener, Warner, Ranger, &c., while Bailie and Reeves were the trusty stewards who farmed the Baron's land.

Occupations, for want of space, must be dismissed as briefly as possible. Most of the names speak for themselves. Milne, however, and Milner are the same as Miller, being formed from the older miln. Palliser was skilful in the erection of palisading; Crowther was the same as fiddler; Ledbitter hammered small vessels out of lead; Bowyer, Fletcher, and Stringer made the instruments of archery, the second-named being the same as fledger, *i.e.*, the man who affixed the feathers to the arrow; and, lastly, the familiar Walker, Tucker, and Fuller were all engaged in cloth factories, the first treading out the cloth as it issued from the mill, the second storing it, and the last professing to clean it. Chaucer is a conspicuous name in this class, and indicates the humble calling of whiting (chalker) leather breeches. Thackeray's ancestors, too, carried on the useful craft of thatching the cots of rustic householders.

Peculiarities of person, manner, and character were all turned to account in order to supply our directories with a varied stock of names. Most of this group are composed of adjectives, as Brown; the names of birds or animals, as Sparrow; or compound words, as Wagstaffe. Some noted instances are Shakespeare, Cruikshank, Daft (the cricketer), Lilywhite, Swift, Wolfe.

It is necessary perhaps to add that those who dislike the derivations of their names as given here are at perfect liberty to interpret them in another way more to their liking. Those, however, cited here are on good authority.

W. J. BOMFORD, M.A.

BESIDE THE SEA.

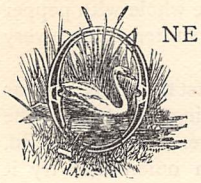
UP on the hill where the odorous heather
Mingles its sweets with the breath of the sea,
Merrily singing and laughing together,
Weaving with flower-bands love's thrice-welcome tether,
In bright summer sunshine, my true love and me.

What did we say in the bright summer weather,
With the bloom on the flower and the light on the sea?
What were the words that we murmured together,
That made her cheeks glow like the flowers in the tether
That bound us together, my true love and me?

HENRY GEORGE MURRAY.

THE ART OF COOKING RICE.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."



ONE of the most constant complaints about English cookery is the want of variety of dishes. We seem to have settled down into fried bacon for breakfast and a joint for dinner, varied perhaps with the English hotel fare of the waiter's everlasting "Chop, steak, cutlet," and after a pause, "Nice fried sole." The fault lies with ourselves and not with our shops and markets. I have been told repeatedly by my friends that the receipts I have from time to time written are "all very good, you know, but then they require such devotion of time." Perfectly true. We never have a variety of dishes, first, because the cook is too idle to put herself out of the way to learn how to make a new dish—her stock of knowledge is limited probably to about twenty; secondly, we are too indolent even to try and teach her, and insist on an attempt even being made. I have had some little experience in trying to explain new dishes to "good plain cooks," the result being, as a rule, that I could have made the dish while they were talking about the difficulty and trouble there would be in doing it.

There is a strange prejudice abroad that any *new* dish is something extravagant. There are many persons who eat plain boiled eggs and bread and butter every morning for breakfast, who would cry out if the same quantity of eggs and butter were made into an omelette. We have plenty of admirable cookery books. The most complete cookery book in the world, viz., "Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery," contains nine thousand different receipts—yes, nine thousand, and yet we complain of a want of variety. Now who is to blame?—undoubtedly ourselves.

The dish I am now about to explain is simply an ornamental border made of rice, hollow like a vol-au-vent, the inside being filled with a variety of nice things. The French call this a "casserole of rice." First, for a large casserole, take, say, a pound of good rice and wash it carefully in several waters, and drain it on a sieve. Next put it in a stewpan (*clean*) with a little water, or still better, stock; it does not matter if the stock is greasy, as a little fat helps to make it better; also add about three ounces of butter, and if possible a slice of raw ham. Let this boil and afterwards simmer gently, till the rice is perfectly tender. In order to avoid the rice browning at the top, it will be as well to cover it with a piece of buttered or oiled paper. Also keep the lid well down. While the rice is boiling, it should be stirred occasionally to avoid the chance of its sticking or burning. When the rice is thoroughly done, put it in a strong basin and mash it with a large wooden spoon till it is quite smooth—in fact, like a thick white paste. The success of the dish very much depends upon the care that is taken in getting this paste quite smooth. Next roll the whole mass into a round ball, and then flatten it so that you get it into the shape you require, which can be either quite round or oval. Next you want to mould the sides so as to make it look pretty. Suppose we take the simplest form and say we want the casserole to be oval and fluted outside. The easiest plan is to make a mould out of some raw vegetable; a potato, turnip, or carrot will do. Cut a carrot like a hollow chisel, or you can cut it so that the hollow only reaches to within an inch of the top. Then shape the rice all round outside after placing the casserole on a piece of buttered paper on a tin. Of course the number of designs for moulding are simply infinite, and if you like you can buy moulds for the purpose. You can cut the carrot a wedge shape and make the outside of the casserole like a star. In any case, when it is moulded, oil a little butter—that is, melt it—in, say, a saucer by putting it in the oven, and with a thin soft brush paint the mould over with the butter. It is best before doing this to let it stand a little while so that the outside gets dry. Then put the whole in the oven and bake it carefully, till it becomes a light golden colour. It should be turned round occasionally and painted again where it turns colour. Then take it out, scoop out the inside with a spoon, cutting round first with a butter-knife, and leave the edge, say, about an inch thick. Plaster the inside carefully with the back of the spoon, and put the mould by till it is wanted. The interior should be filled with some hot prepared meat or curry, and then the casserole, thus filled, should be put back in the oven to be warmed up, but avoid burning it after it is filled; it only requires thoroughly warming through, and as the inside is already hot this will not take long.

Before describing a few "meats" to fill it with, I will remind you that a casserole of rice can be made for sweets, only of course you must use milk sweetened instead of stock. Milk mixed with Swiss milk, the latter being very sweet, will do well.

If you want the casserole to look very rich, you can glaze it in both cases. Get some stock and reduce it. You won't want more than a table-spoonful. Take care it is perfectly bright. Water will do, coloured dark with a little extract of meat and some soy, and thickened with a little corn-flour. At any rate, be sure it is perfectly transparent. When the casserole is *finally* warmed up, paint the outside with this rich brown mahogany-coloured glaze, just before sending it to table. In order to glaze a casserole for sweets, thicken a little sugar and water with corn-flour, and colour it with cochineal.

I will now describe a few ways of filling it. We will buy a tin of preserved prawns. Open the tin, and make a nice curry-sauce, which I will briefly explain by saying—fry an onion, and add a small apple; warm up in a little strong gravy; rub the whole

through a wire sieve, add some curry-paste and curry-powder, and thicken it till it is like a purée. Warm up the prawns in the curry, and fill the casserole. The casserole should be made rather small for this, as a tin of prawns would not fill a large one.

Another excellent cheap method is to take a tin of pilchards, open the tin, and pour the oil into a frying-pan, and put the pilchards in a small stewpan. Next add a little stock or water and some curry-powder to the oil, thicken it with some corn-flour, then pour this over the pilchards; make them hot, and fill the casserole. The pilchards can be halved and the bone removed. This is a very quick and cheap way of dressing tinned pilchards, and both prawns and pilchards make a capital breakfast dish cooked this way without any rice border at all.

Again, suppose you have that common dish left, cod-fish and oyster sauce. Take the remains of the fish and pull it with a fork into flakes; pick out the oysters that are left and stew the fish-bones in the remains of the oyster sauce, and if possible get an extra dozen oysters. Blue-points are cheap and cook, if anything, better than natives. Add the oyster liquor to the sauce but keep the oysters. Then drain off the sauce—adding a little milk and butter, and flour if necessary—make the whole hot, and warm up the fish in it; when *quite* hot take it off the fire, add the oysters, toss it all lightly together, fill the casserole, and warm up in the oven, only avoid making it too hot, as should the mixture turn the boiling point the oysters will be as tough as leather.

Perhaps the most useful method of cooking rice is to boil it plain for curry, as this serves as the basis of a variety of other dishes. Rice for curry should be served so that each grain is separate, and tender, and yet the grains do not stick together. The best way to obtain this end is to get good Carolina rice, and after carefully washing it in several waters, put it into a saucepan with plenty of water and boil it till it is nearly done, but not quite. Then strain it off into a sieve and wash the rice again with plenty of cold water. The grains will now be quite separate. Put the rice back into the saucepan, and put the saucepan, after buttering the bottom, by the side of the fire where the heat is slack, and let the rice gradually warm and dry. This will be sufficient to make it tender.

It is not really economical to throw away the water the rice is boiled in, as this water contains so much nourishment. There is a well-known story told of the devotion to Lord Clive shown by some native troops in a memorable siege during the conquest of India by the British. These natives, when provisions ran short, told their chief that the rice might be given to the English troops, who required solid food, as the water in which the rice was boiled would amply suffice for them. Lord Macaulay quotes this as one of the greatest instances on record of the devotion of troops to a popular commander. It is rather cruel to throw cold water on such a good story, but the natives probably got the best of the bargain.

A very nice Italian way of cooking rice is as follows:—Boil it as above, as though for curry; spread it out and let it dry thoroughly. Then fry it of a light golden colour, only take care not to let it get too dark. Then add some grated Parmesan cheese and some meat or fish shredded. Season the whole with pepper and salt, and moisten with a little butter. Serve very hot.

Rice is so much used in the East that it is just as well to give their method of cooking it a trial. The rice is first boiled for a few minutes and then dried. In the meanwhile you cut up an onion and fry it brown, and then fry the rice in the same butter or fat that you fried the onion in till the rice has turned colour. Then you stew the rice in some soup, coloured yellow with saffron, till it is tender. You thicken the whole with butter and flour, and add some grated Parmesan cheese.

Another Turkish method is to boil the rice, then fry it in some butter, season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and add, when it is tender, a handful of raisins.

In making simple baked rice puddings, the usual fault is to put in too much rice, the result being that the pudding is what is called stodgy. A baked rice pudding can be flavoured with lemon, by rubbing a few lumps of sugar on the outside of a lemon. You should never put in any juice.

A very famous Eastern dish is pilau. This consists of mutton or fowl, cut up and stewed in broth, to which are added some onions, fried in butter, and a fresh mango—where mangoes cannot be obtained some Sultana raisins can be used—as well as some spices freshly ground, such as are used for making curry. In this country, curry-powder can be added. This is allowed to stew till the meat is very tender, then some rice is boiled; the meat is placed on the rice, which is hollowed out, and the gravy poured over the whole.

The best method of boiling rice for pilau is to boil it for a short time, to lightly brown it over a fire in some butter, and then let it stew in some good stock till it is perfectly tender. Indians colour the rice with saffron, and add a good deal of cayenne. Sometimes pilau is garnished with hard-boiled eggs and rings of onions fried brown.

One very simple form of rice, is rice curried. This makes a nice supper-dish and can be done very easily. First take some rice and boil it till it is nearly done, wash it in cold water and warm it up as follows:—Slice an onion and fry it in some butter till it is quite tender and slightly brown—not burnt. Then warm up the washed rice in this butter and onion, after adding a tea-spoonful of curry.powder and another of curry-paste. Here again a little coriander-seed may be added as well as a bay-leaf.

When there is meat or stock in the house this will be found a very nourishing dish. Or the rice can be boiled tender in a little water till it has almost absorbed the water. This can then be added to the fried onion and curry powder and paste, and you by this means get the entire nourishment out of the rice, as you do not waste the water in which it has been boiled. The rice should, however, always be washed first in cold water.

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SQUIRE AT HOME.

MR. MOWBRAY, of Langdale, was one of those restless, fussy men who, like the legendary Old Women in the nursery rhymes of our childhood, can never be quiet. These red-faced, grey-haired, little gentlemen, who seem to possess a fund of vitality that must assert itself somehow, are very apt to be noisily active in some way or other, and to develop into vehement amateur gardeners, irrepressible speakers at public meetings, or violent vestrymen. The squire had hardly scope for the animal vigour that in his case was accompanied by brains of a very mediocre quality. He was a magistrate for the county of York, but Justice Shallow is an impossibility in our hard-and-fast days, when a blundering conviction or a silly sentence brings down a newspaper hailstorm on the head of the luckless Quarter or Petty Sessions that decreed it. The Clerk of the Peace, who was deferential to Sir Magnus the Chairman, and respectful to Admiral Catt, once notorious as a flogging captain, R.N., snubbed Mr. Mowbray, and undervalued his feeble efforts at self-assertion.

The poor squire did not fare much better in his proprietary than in his judicial functions. He had an interest in farming matters, albeit every hind on his estate had taken the measure of his landlord's foot, so to speak, and thought he knew far more of crops and cattle than did the landowner. And yet, though to potter about among small tenants is an amusing pastime to some men, it is awkward to be eternally asked for new barn-roofing, new drain-tiles, piggeries, byres, so that Mr. Mowbray had learned to confine his agricultural efforts to his tiny Home Farm—the bailiff whereof, relatively honest, took care that the profit and loss columns should, in good seasons, be as nearly balanced as possible—and to his kennel, and gardens, and stable, which were not kept up on a prodigal scale of expenditure. There was the squire's cob, and in addition, Mabel's pony, and the young horses for sale, the steady greys for the carriage, and an unfortunate quadruped called the "hack," a sort of four-footed errand-boy in frequent requisition.

It so happened that the squire was in the drawing-room, an imposing apartment which he seldom entered except for a quarter of an hour before dinner, and when he dozed there after the great meal of the day. He was much more at home among the whips and fishing-rods, and the few books of his own so-called study, than in the midst of the somewhat faded finery of the drawing-room; but he had bustled in to say a word to his wife, and now his wife detained him.

"Robert," said Mrs. Mowbray, "I wanted to say something to you."

The squire winced. Very few people, whether in smock-frocks and leather gaiters, or otherwise, spoke to him about wanting anything without his discovering—to his sorrow, for he was a man pressed for money, and with an income more nominal than real—that their wants assumed the practical form of pounds, shillings, pence.

"Is there any hurry, Clorinda? because I've got to see Stokes, before he takes over the colts."

"No hurry, but Stokes can wait, I suppose," returned Mrs. Mowbray; "I wished to speak about dear Mabel, and that young Preston—Frank Preston."

"Not proposed, has he? stolen a march on me, if he has, for I had not the least idea—ahem! my dear!" exclaimed the squire, glancing towards where the figures of the two girls could be dimly distinguished, as they moved to and fro, tending or plucking the flowers in the large conservatory adjoining.

"Mr. Preston has not proposed for Mabel, if you mean that, Robert—not as yet," said the mistress of Langdale, suavely, "but you must have seen yourself that he has a preference for her society, and, indeed, I believe the feeling to be natural, and that if we were only to give a little more opportunity, something would come of it. Now, I have a little project in my head—how annoying!" for at that moment the door was opened, and a liveried servant announced—"Mr. Raeburn, sir; in the library."

It was not because Ralph Raeburn was the visitor that Mrs. Mowbray had declared it annoying to be interrupted just when she was about to unfold her plan for making two estimable young people happy in her own way; it was because of the interruption itself.

To be sure, Ralph was a greater favourite with the squire than he was with the squire's consort, but, let us hasten to add, not because of any lack of esteem for his character. But Mrs. Mowbray had a habit, as some excellent women have, of weighing the unmarried young men in her immediate vicinity in scales matrimonial, and ticketing them, as it were, as eligible or the reverse. In such scales the young lawyer of Woolton, who was not supposed to have any but the

slenderest private means, was light, hopelessly light. Frank, on the other hand, had golden ballast to bring down his balance into creditable proximity to the counter. There, in the eyes of the squiress, lay his merit. Had Ralph been as rich as the owner of Highview, Mrs. Mowbray would sooner have hailed her son-in-law elect by the name of Raeburn than by that of Preston, since Ralph, an excellent commonplace member of society, had, at any rate, no unusual ideas, and might be trusted to spend his money on his family and belongings, whereas poor dear Frank was so very odd.

What nettled Mrs. Mowbray was, that now there would be no securing her husband as a listener to her plan for Mabel's worldly advancement, and she was right, for nothing short of physical force could have prevented the squire from scuttling off to the study where Ralph Raeburn awaited him. To him a lawyer —and especially such a one as Ralph, who considerately kept his growing bill of costs out of sight—was a luxury, and his visits a delight and a distraction in the monotony of a country life unrelieved by any engrossing occupation. Ralph had always been careful to show the best side of his nature to the pudding-headed, estimable gentleman who was a sort of unconscious decoy duck among his clients, never seemed wearied by the squire's prattle, and never allowed Mr. Mowbray to be mortified by his own mistakes being too ostentatiously corrected by his shrewder professional adviser.

"I have come to you to-day, sir," said Ralph Raeburn, "because of our joint trusteeship in the matter of Miss Wilmot's—my cousin Constance's—property. There are, it seems to me," he added, glancing at a closely-written memorandum which, as he spoke, he drew from his breast-pocket, "several things which, in her interest, ought to be done, with as little delay as the law's formalities will allow. Indeed, I have notes here of more than one conversation held with our poor friend, Mr. Wilmot, whose failing health, and growing unwillingness for exertion——"

"Ay! ay! everything tired him, towards the last. I always did tell him he led too sedentary a life!" exclaimed the squire, who was at any rate used to an out-door existence, and had a healthy appetite for his reward.

"You are right, my dear sir, as always," responded Ralph, showing his white teeth, and looking a good deal like a masculine presentment of the wolf that was getting ready to eat little Red Riding Hood. "Had poor Cousin Wilmot but taken your excellent advice, we might have had him with us yet, but as it is we act for a minor, an unprotected, orphaned girl, and that consideration, Mr. Mowbray, of course should, and will, make us feel it our duty to be doubly careful."

"Doubly careful—just so!" repeated the squire, simply, rubbing his plump pink hands together, and trying to look wise, as he put on an air of owlish solemnity. "Poor young thing! We must look sharp on her behalf," he added. Ralph had his facial muscles too much under command to be betrayed into smiling, or sneering, at the credulity of his easily-duped senior. Then he went on to explain. There were, he said, certain investments in which a considerable portion of Miss Wilmot's fortune was embarked, investments good enough when watched by a man of business, but liable to fluctuations, and now on the decline, and not such, therefore, as prudent trustees affect, especially when a helpless orphan girl like Constance was the beneficiary. Government securities, of course, stood on quite another footing, and——"

"Nothing like the three per cents., Raeburn! The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street for my money," cried the squire, slapping his knee, as if congratulating himself on his own perspicacity. "Low interest, but then, look at the security!"

"My dear squire," replied the young solicitor, with what seemed like honest admiration, "it is curious how often your long experience enables you to see a straight way out of a difficulty which has cost me time and thought. It was the very thing I was about to venture to suggest. But you should have been the lawyer, not I."

After this, all went swimmingly for the wire-puller, who by a few dexterous touches made his human puppet dance very much according to his pleasure. The squire, after all, had full confidence in his lawyer, as he had had in "Honest Abel" his father, nor indeed had Raeburn the younger ever wronged Mr. Mowbray of a penny. And he meant to skim over the documents, or hear the cream of them read out to him, before signing, as was fitting; for the puzzle-pated master of Langdale was punctiliously an honourable man, and had a real feeling as to his duty towards fatherless Constance Wilmot, the daughter of a friend from whom he had received more than one kindness in the days that were gone. The idea that he was moulded and manipulated, like so much dough or any other plastic material, between the deft fingers of the cunning Ralph, never occurred to him.

"We must keep you to luncheon, Mrs. Mowbray will insist on it, I know," said the squire, when Ralph had, with a good grace, submitted to be dragged round the Home Farm and had admired pigs, calves, and yearling horses, to say nothing of the fancy poultry. But Ralph would not stay to luncheon, and scarcely lingered long enough to exchange a word or two with the ladies of the family.

"You'll bring over those papers, then, on Tuesday week, did you say? or Wednesday?" asked the squire, as they shook hands at parting.

"Tuesday. I shall not be later," was the cheerful answer of the young solicitor. And off went Ralph, down the long avenue, among the immemorial oaks, on the shady side of which the hoar-frost clung exulting. "So, Miss Constance," thus ran his soliloquy, "I fancy that, ere long, you will have cause to repent your pretty scorn. I shall be rich—no thanks to you; and he—as for him—revenge is sweet!"

But he spoke quite civilly and cheerily to the worthy old Yorkshire-woman who opened the park gate for him, putting on his mask again for the moment, as such men do.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. JENKINS IS NOT PLEASED.

SOME days—a week perhaps, for time runs fast—had elapsed, and Woolton was busy, for it was Wool Market Day, more technically "Woo' Mart," in the vernacular that the bulk of the population really talked, and a faint after-glow of the grand old fair of the Middle Ages had come to enliven the somewhat dreary and decayed old town, which boasted its maternal relation towards its rich and mighty daughter, Briarean Leeds, where the streams run azure and the ditches are of darkest blue, where the very southernwood of the broken suburban hedges seems to have been inoculated with indigo dye, and there is a blueness, or a purpleness, or an inky depth of colour over the finger-tips and the working clothes of those who live by the cloth that has been pulled and teaseled, toked and tented, washed and stained, but not yet, according to the ancient ballad, put "under tailor's hand." Woolton liked to think that it was worth somebody's while yet, as when Plantagenets were our kings, or during the long reign of Queen Bess, to offer the raw material, publicly, in their market-place.

There was the wool, in sacks and bales and pockets, oblong, square, or almost round, as tradition dictated. And a few amateurs of wool, without the slightest intention of buying, and indeed with nothing to do with it if they had bought it, but still interested in wool as wool, went round picking out tiny samples from the open ends of the big bales, scrutinising, ogling, and even tasting the queer little wiry or fluffy tresses they had made prize of. You see these odd, disinterested people everywhere—at Mincing Lane sales, among the tea and spices, and pepper and coffee; at a flour market, where they smell the meal, and sniff the fine wheat flour, and chew the oats, and test the quality of the maize, as though they were about to plunge into tremendous purchasing speculations. But they never buy so much as a split pea, or a nutmeg, and nobody who has got nutmegs or split peas to sell ever dreams that these severe critics, who are probably ex-foremen or dealers in a small way retired from affairs, ever will make a bid for spice or tea, for wool or corn. They merely come to pass an opinion on the present state of the trade.

In Woolton market-place there was on this occasion wool enough, heaped up, to have kept the mills and machinery of that not over-prosperous place busy for a twelvemonth. But only about a third of it, or a fraction more, consisted of new virgin wool, the real article fresh from a sheep's back and the fulling-mill. A great many sacks contained a reddish, brownish, blackish material, that looked wiry in some cases, soft and pulpy in others, and around these the boys of Woolton gathered, derisively bawling out—

"Hoo, shoddy!" "Shoddy, get out!" "We don't make up shoddy here," and sometimes breaking out into a mocking ditty of—

"Dead wool, old wool, don't you coom anigh me!"

But the shoddy sellers, though they did not put as good a face on their calling as the merchants who dealt in the pure article, still knew their public too well to be discouraged by jeering urchins. Four of Frank Preston's six competitors had what were called "mixed wool" mills. One manufactured his pieces entirely out of ancient carpets and clothing worn out. Mr. Jenkins and Frank Preston were the only two who kept to the good tradition that wool should serve but once.

Now Mr. Jenkins was a type of the manufacturer not uncommon in the clothing district—not uncommon, I am afraid, anywhere—who regards his "hands" as the raw material of toil, just as he regards his wool as the raw material of cloth. To him, an operative was what a yellow primrose was to Wordsworth's Peter Bell, and certainly nothing more. To say Mr. Jenkins considered his men and women, his boys and girls, as slaves, would be erroneous, for he had been a mill-worker himself, and knew the sturdy spirit of the rugged North-countryman who works for wages; but he knew, too, how poverty and drink and debt and discouragement sap even the independent spirit of a Yorkshire cloth-hand or Lancashire cottoner. He was himself, as the people said of him, "hard as nails," one of those who ask no mercy, and give none, in the battle of life, paying wages with scrupulous exactness, never stooping to the tricks of "truck" and "tommy"—which still, in spite of Acts of Parliament, are not quite extinct—but quite unsentimental, flinty, resolved to have his pennyworth before he parted with the penny he knew the value of so well. There were reasons, though illogical ones, why Mr. Jenkins should not be very partial to Frank Preston. It had not been quite to his taste that he should have been—he, Jenkins—so utterly distanced in the race by Frank's father, who had thrice his capital, twice his brains, and a larger share of physical power. Also he had been displeased when Frank—the coxcomb, as he called him—had declined to put his three mills at half-time, when the Masters' Association had voted half-time as most convenient to the members of it. Nor was he pleased with the young man for "turning the heads," as he phrased it, of the needier of the labouring class, by his lectures, and spending of money, and distribution of books, blankets, and the like—all encouragements, so Mr. Jenkins thought, to insubordinate idleness.

No, Mr. Jenkins was not pleased; and, moreover, he had communicated to so many persons the fact of his displeasure, along with that of his determination to "have it out with the dandy," and to "take Master Frank down a peg or so," that when he sallied out and marched with a determined air towards the Wool Market, where it was known that Frank Preston would be, many followed him, and others, from curiosity, were waiting to see him arrive, and to observe how he acquitted himself of his voluntary task. The irate mill-owner was half vexed, half gratified, as he felt himself for once a public character, and as he drew near to his unconscious foe. He had a stout stick in his hand. He seldom carried one. Why he carried it now he hardly knew. Scarcely for the purpose

of inflicting personal chastisement, for Mr. Jenkins, though a sturdy man, was in ripe middle age, thirty years older and four inches shorter than Frank Preston; and, when he drew near to his tall enemy, and heard the expectant boys whooping in the rear, he began to wish that he had left the stick along with his umbrellas and great-coats at home. However, Mr. Jenkins was in a great rage, and he spoke his mind.

"Servant, Mr. Preston. I take it very unkind o' you, sir, to have gone tempting and luring my hands away to your own three mills, and be hanged to you for a Jack-a-dandy, there!"

And Mr. Jenkins struck an attitude which offered some faint resemblance, though he knew it not, to the well-known statue of Ajax on his rock, defying the lightning.

"Go it, Jenkins! Tackle un!" bawled the boys, who anticipated an immediate pugilistic encounter. Frank, quite puzzled, responded by a mild word of inquiry. But soft speeches do not always stem the torrent of unreasonable wrath.

"What do I mean, eh?" repeated the bellicose Mr. Jenkins, with a sounding snap of his fingers, and purposely raising his voice to a louder pitch. "*You* know, Mr. Preston, well enough what I mean, my lad. I must have a stop put to underhand practices of this sort, and I'll have it, too, or I'll know the reason why."

By this time quite a crowd—of men and boys mainly, but largely composed of women, some bonneted, some bareheaded, but most with the grey shawl picturesquely draped over their heads, hoodlike—had collected. It was a noisy crowd, and a sarcastic one to boot, Frank's unfortunate unpopularity drawing most of the gibes and jeers upon his unoffending head. Now, under such conditions, to conduct a public controversy of a hostile kind is no pleasant task to impose on the nerves or the temper. Frank's equable temper—for there was a good deal of the hot North-country blood in his veins—was sorely tried, but he was able, as a brave man generally can, to control the animal fierceness that sometimes comes uppermost with the best of us. He tried remonstrance.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "you are very angry with me, but, I assure you, you have no cause for your excitement. Ten minutes' quiet talk——"

"Talk out here! Nothing I've to say to you, Mr. Preston, might not be bawled out by t' town crier!" was the coarse answer of Mr. Jenkins, who was glad to play the bully so cheaply.

"Very well," answered Frank, in his genial way, "let us have it out, then, as the ancient Athenians did in the Forum, and before the crowd. First of all, what is my offence?"

"You're a Jack-o'-dandy—and—and—you're another—" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, whose repertory of the retort courteous or uncourteous was limited, and who, moreover, deemed himself to be insulted by classic allusions, unexplained.

"Go it, Jenkins!" shrieked the boys, who hoped that a bout of fisticuffs would soon enliven the scene.

"You are rude, sir," said Frank, half sternly, "but I can excuse your churlish words by reason of your evident sense—a thoroughly mistaken one—that I have injured you somehow."

"So you have!" growled out the other belligerent, "so you have, you Pharisee! Do ye think, youngster, that such as I believe in your gilt gingerbread and nonsense, and all the stuff that you philanderers (Mr. Jenkins meant philanthropists) choose to talk? You've been tempting away my hands, my buck, and I wish you joy of them, only I've too much white in my eye to care to be cheated. What did you go to Clegg's Place for, t'other day, when that lot was sold up, and pay off their just debts, and make a boast of your money?"

"I have never yet made a boast of any money of mine," replied Frank, reddening and growing pale by turns. "I did a good turn, the other day, when I was passing by accident, to some of our fellow-townsmen; and you, Mr. Jenkins, might have done as much, had you been there."

It was a diplomatic stroke of poor Frank's, an effort to touch the heart of the rough bully opposite to him; but it fell flat, as such efforts often do. The man was of a coarse grain, he had made up his mind for a row, he hated Frank with a complex hatred, and he would not be appeased.

"You've a longer purse than I have, Mr. Preston, and you're a thundering hypocrite!" blurted out Mr. Jenkins. "I'm sick o' ye, and so is Woolton, and, after your shabby conduct, if I were but a younger man, as I once was, I'd not waste words, my young sir, but, with a loundering whack with my stick——"

"Mr. Jenkins," interrupted Frank, half indignant, half sorrowful, "do not make a fool of yourself, if you can help it! Had you and I been of an age, I should still have been so much the bigger man of the two as to make the idea of a personal struggle between us quite absurd. Pray leave off flourishing that stick, which I could wrest out of your hand as easily as I could take away a switch from a school urchin. I merely want you to understand that I never tempted, or in any way induced, one of your men to leave his employer. On the contrary, such few applicants as have addressed themselves to me, being then in your employment, I have refused."

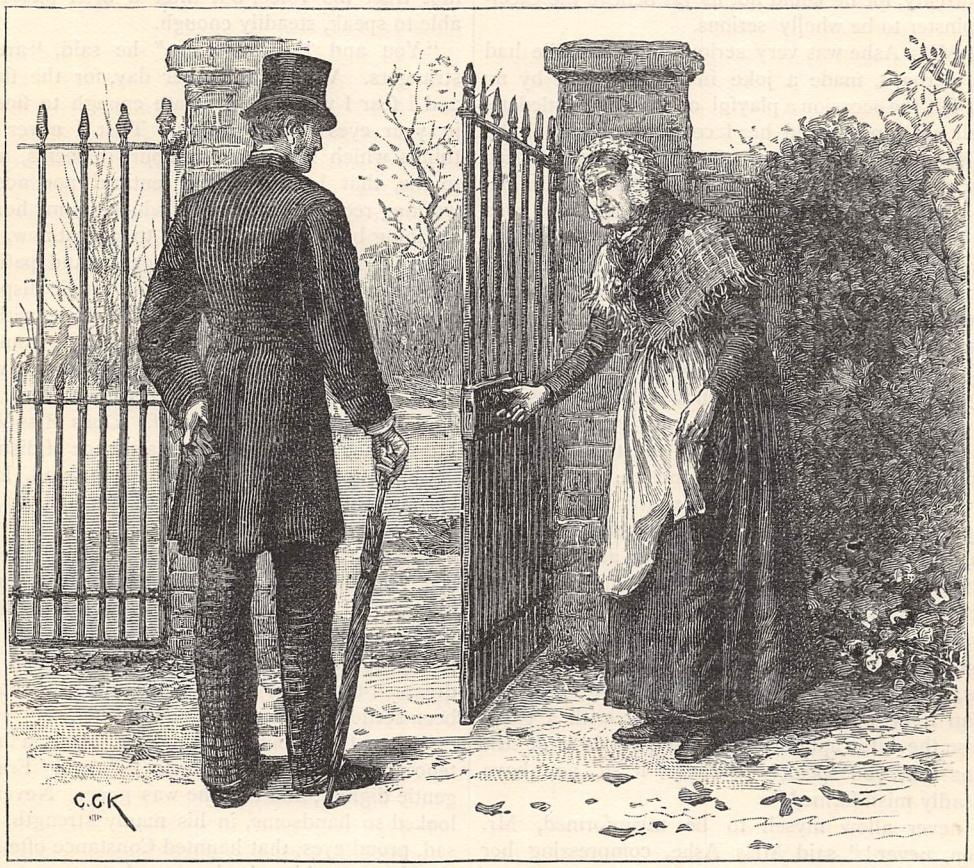
"That young Dick Clarke—he was one, I know; I gave him the sack for it—let him and his mealy-mouthed young wife get their living how they may—" bawled irate Mr. Jenkins, precisely when his nephew and his head clerk came up, alarmed, to put their arms into his and, by mingled force and persuasion, lead the furious old man away.

"Then you have been unjust, Mr. Jenkins. I refused Dick Clarke, and refused too every mill-hand of yours who wished to change from your factory to mine," answered Frank, steadily but with a quivering lip. "When you reflect, and come to your better self——"

"Yah, you're a shabby fellow!" retorted Mr. Jenkins, as they dragged him off; and, as Frank walked about the Wool Market, and on his way from it, yells of "Who was mean?" "Shabbiness!"

"Cheated old Jenkins!" and so forth, pursued him as he went.

Ralph Raeburn had been busy, behind the scenes, in misrepresenting Mr. Preston's motives as to that kindly action in Clegg's Place that had almost won him the hearts of all Woolton folk. The Standing Committee at the "Angel" had given their verdict against Frank. That he should have been publicly assailed and accused by a brother manufacturer, even though the latter might be hard old Jenkins, was held to blacken his character irreparably. There were tears in Frank's eyes that day as he rode back to Highview.



"HE SPOKE QUITE CIVILLY AND CHEERILY TO THE WORTHY OLD YORKSHIRE-WOMAN" (*p.* 162).

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

CONSTANCE THINKS IT HAD BETTER BE SO.

ILL news, the proverb tells us, flies fast. It is certain that slander does. Let a slur, no matter howsoever trivial or unjust, dim the brightness of the noblest reputation, and see how swiftly the canker will spread, and how soon the vague report will be wafted from lip to lip, absorbed, credited, by all. Mankind cannot fairly be called ill-natured; but there is a terrible unsatisfied craving for excitement, for wonder, for amusement, that lurks in the hearts of the best of us, and that explains why, in our own generation, the mob thickened so blackly and densely around the grim debtor's door of Newgate when a man was to be hanged—explains, too, why the rabble swarmed, as to a holiday spectacle, when the grim bone-breaking wheel of torture was to revolve on the old French Place de Grêve, or on the Spanish Plaza, at Madrid, when the ghastly glare of the tar-barrels blazed smokily up for the roasting of Jew and heretic, relapsed Moor, and suspected Christian. At the games of Rome, the same spirit prevailed, as when there was a bull-ring in England—the same hankering after mischief to something or somebody, that the pain of the hunted or baited prey may furnish the diversion of the lookers-on. Ill news had flown fast, with reference to Frank Preston, and Woodleigh was astir with it.

"I hope—I do hope," said Frank Preston, when he paid his next call at Woodleigh, and found Constance silent and dejected, and her aunt all abristle, like a moral porcupine, and when his frigid reception had begun to tell upon him—"that there is nothing wrong—that I——"

He was going to say that he trusted he had not unwittingly offended, but Miss Ashe dropped down in sledge-hammer style on the hesitating thread of his discourse.

"That depends, Mr. Preston, on what you may consider wrong. Your standard, sir, I am afraid, may be a different one from that which I have been accustomed to see upheld and respected throughout my life," said the lady from Leeds, very severely.

"Pray be merciful, Miss Ashe, and tell me my fault," answered the young man, in a light tone of half-entreaty, for he could not as yet believe the excellent spinster to be wholly serious.

But Miss Ashe was very serious indeed. She had never, perhaps, made a joke in her life, and by no means felt the occasion a playful one. She bristled up, and all her lappets and her laces and ribbons shook in unison, like a mute peal of bells. Frank glanced at Constance. The sweet young face was pale, marble-white would be the better word. The dear blue eyes were bent downwards, as if counting the threads in the pretty Tournay carpet. Miss Wilmot seemed to be waiting for something, sadly indeed, but with the air of one whose mind is made up. Miss Ashe it was who spoke freezingly.

"Mr. Preston," she said, "I am not your judge, nor is my niece; but you will allow that my position towards Constance is one fraught with very great responsibility, and that it is my duty to stand between my poor sister's only child and—and any companionship which those who know the world see cause to disapprove of. You, sir, have chosen your own path in life, and if you find it convenient or advantageous to pursue it, why, then of course you are your own master, within the limits of the law. We ladies lead a retired life here at Woodleigh, but we have heard of the public scandal and barefaced brawl, in the public streets, with an elderly gentleman who——"

"Can it be possible—" asked Frank, with a gasp, "excuse the interruption, Miss Ashe, but is it of Mr. Jenkins that you speak? Because, if so, you have been sadly misinformed."

"I never allow myself to be misinformed, Mr. Preston, never!" said Miss Ashe, compressing her lips tightly. "This Mr. Jenkins is no acquaintance of mine, but when a young man bullies one old enough to be his father, and when a master manufacturer forgets what he owes to his order, and what is right between man and man—why," went on Miss Ashe, suddenly becoming tearful, "he imposes a very disagreeable necessity upon one in my position. It would have been more seemly, sir, if you had stayed away, now that your name has become more notorious than ever."

"If you mean, madam, that I am unpopular," faltered out Frank, "I am afraid that the truth is only too patent to all."

"And there is seldom smoke without fire, as I have heard *my* mother say," triumphantly retorted Miss Ashe. "To try to monopolise the trade of a town, and to entice away the men who work in other gentlemen's mills, was never thought, when I was young, the right sort of thing, Mr. Preston; and if my poor brother-in-law Wilmot—don't cry, Constance—in short, Mr. Preston, I think I must ask you to discontinue your visits to us here at Woodleigh."

"You mean, Miss Ashe——" began Frank, flushing crimson, and half incredulous.

"I consider, sir, that your visits had better cease," said the spinster sharply, but trembling very much. Never in her life had she spoken so harshly to a man. Frank rose from his chair. He felt ashamed of his flushed, indignant face, and could not at the first trust his voice, but after a brief pause he was able to speak, steadily enough.

"You and I, Miss Ashe," he said, "are almost strangers. We met the other day, for the first time, and I fear I was not fortunate enough to find favour in your eyes from the first. That I never did the things which ill-natured rumour, it seems, attributes to me, that I have neither enticed nor accepted a working recruit for the mills, which, on my honour, are anything but a source of profit to me just now, and that, as regards Mr. Jenkins, I was gentle and patient with the violent old man who forced a public dispute upon me, will, I am afraid, avail me but little with one so prejudiced against me. My exclusion from Woodleigh, though, is painful, very painful to me, who from a boy have been used to meet with a kind welcome here, beneath this friendly roof. Does Miss Wilmot—Miss Constance—confirm my sentence of dismissal?"

Constance looked down at the ground, looked at her aunt, at the glowing coals of the fire, at anything but Frank Preston's face.

"I—I—think it had—better—be so," she said at last, very slowly, and in a low, distinct voice, still looking down. She had to struggle hard that she might not break out into a sob, for what she had to say was painful to her, more painful in the doing than she had dreamed that it would be when first the subject had been settled between her aunt and her.

"Then I can but bow, and go. It is a hard sentence, but I must submit to it," said Frank with gentle dignity, and then he was gone. Never had he looked so handsome, in his manly strength, with his sad, proud eyes, that haunted Constance often enough, sleeping or waking, in the time that was to come.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A MERE MATTER OF FORM.

"HERE, sir, are the necessary papers. It has taken time, and toil, and care, to get them ready by the day appointed"—Ralph Raeburn was the speaker—"and mine, as you know, Mr. Mowbray, is but a weak-handed office—a one-horse office, as our American cousins would say—but, with a little extra clerk-power, we have got the deeds ready for signature. Here, in the first place, is the will of our lamented friend, my cousin, poor Mr. Wilmot. You are, I know, squire, already acquainted with its principal provisions, but it would be perhaps more satisfactory that you should read it over in its entirety, or—" he added, as he saw the squire make a wry face like that of a recalcitrant

child invited to swallow some nauseous medicine—"that I should read it over to you, that of course is the same thing."

"Yes, yes, the same thing, to be sure," assented the squire. No one could be more conscientious, more determined, in a single-minded way, to do his duty, than was the owner of Langdale Park; but his very soul within him abhorred the verbiage of those long, wordy, legal documents on paper or parchment, engrossed with such distressing regularity, and which seem to have been turned out of a machine for the confusion and bewilderment of lay humanity. Ralph did not even smile. He quietly selected from the heavy bundle of neatly-tied papers, one, which was duly docketed and secured by a dark green ribbon, and then unfolded it, and prepared to read it aloud.

"The witnesses, squire, whom I mentioned—two will be wanted in some cases, one will be enough in others—you have them in readiness?" inquired Ralph blandly, before he commenced his reading of the will.

"Yes, yes, to be sure, to be sure!" responded the squire, who had not lost the trick he had learned from his father, who had learned it from one of the many imitators of "Great George, Our King," at the time when that amiable monarch was still in fashion, and still inflicting his unconscious repetitions on loyal listeners; "I've got Willing, my butler, and Towers the gardener—very steady man, and writes an excellent hand—ready to come when I ring. So, now, my young friend, if you're ready, so am I. Business must be attended to."

Then Ralph began. There are readers and readers, and perhaps there are few arts more difficult than that of reading aloud, if you neither wish to provoke your hearers by staccato effects and a jerky delivery, nor to send them to sleep by a monotonous drone. The young lawyer, had he chosen, could have read very well indeed, had read, in fact, prose and poetry with no slight pathos and power; but, just then, he knew what he wanted better than to give such a treat to his auditor. So he went on in a clear, steady voice, with the formal sing-song that appeared to suit the subject. Presently the squire's brains began to succumb to the inevitable effect of "heirs, executors, administrators and assigns," of "good and lawful money of Great Britain," "real and personal estate," "Whereas," "and whereas," "but in trust, always," "shall stand possessed," and so forth, reiterated until the unhappy listener began to feel as though he were hearkening to the hideous incantations of some malignant necromancer. When his victim was on the confines of stupefaction, Ralph adroitly left off, "skipping," it may be, a few paragraphs of legal redundancy of diction.

"That's plain, at any rate," said this worthy young man, as he sorted and sifted the papers that lay heaped up before him on the squire's study table. "These things are tiresome, Mr. Mowbray," he added, with a smile, "but then we cannot do without them. I have prepared here a list of the securities in which the trust funds—apart from the small Woodleigh estate, which, as real property, stands apart—are invested, with a memorandum of the Government securities into which, it seems to me, Miss Wilmot's stock and preference shares might advantageously be transferred. Here, too, are the bonds, in which, as you are aware, much of my late client's fortune is locked up. These are the deeds—hum, hum! May I read the whole of them over to you, squire, or would you—who are quite as much of a man of business as myself, once out of my own groove—prefer to run your eye over them and see that all is, as I hope, correct?"

The squire's ears were nauseated with the dull jargon and interminable repetitions of the law's language. He very naturally chose the latter alternative. He very seldom wore spectacles, boasting that his eyes were as good at sixty as those of any man's of similar age in the West Riding. But then the squire's eyes had, as a rule, easy work. Beyond skimming a newspaper or poring over a bill, he gave them nothing, in a literary point of view, to do, and he could spy out a rabbit's tall ears among the fern yet, or discern between a weed and a flower, as well as the sharpest-sighted of his own gardeners or gamekeepers. For those unwelcome occasions when much study was necessary, he had a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles by which he set much store. There they lay, beside the great silver inkstand, their glasses rubbed to sparkling brightness; and when Mr. Mowbray had put them on and adjusted them to their proper focus, he took, one by one, the documents which Ralph politely handed to him, and did his best to form a mental excerpt of their contents. Ralph Raeburn could have found it in his heart to laugh as he watched the squire, gravely and perseveringly turning over page after page of the dazzling penmanship, and trying to pick out some crumbs of fact from the desert of wordy lore that lay spread before him. The thing was hopeless. Such of us as have not the happiness to be lawyers may indeed pick the marrow out of a dry legal bone of this sort, but it needs sharper eyes and a clearer brain than those of poor puzzle-witted Squire Mowbray to effect it. "It seems satisfactory, very!" he said at last.

"We might, perhaps, proceed," said clever Ralph, dexterously giving the cue to the other and simpler actor in the little play—a drama, though, serious enough, as will be presently seen—which was in course of being enacted in the squire's study.

"To be sure, to be sure!" responded the squire, jumping out of his chair, ringing the bell, with twice as vigorous a pull as the occasion demanded, and bustling and fussing with the papers, the pens and ink, and blotting-pad—in short, enacting the man of business, as he considered that the part ought to be played—while Ralph eyed him as the angler eyes a fish that swims up through the shallow water, nearer and nearer to the bait. In came, in answer to their master's ring, those very substantial Slaves of the Ring, Willing the butler, black-coated and sleek, and the head gardener Towers, a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, who understood flowers, but not Latin, and whose life was darkened by envy of the good fortune of those learned

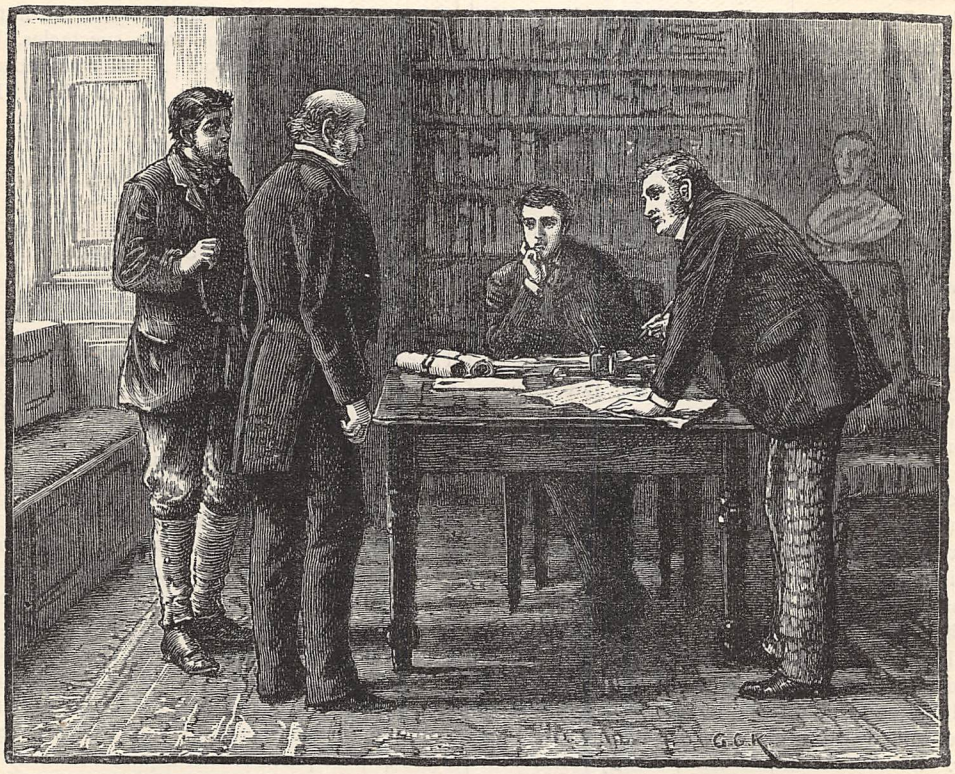
Scottish floriculturists who know all about botanical Latin and Linnæan classification. The squire, very naturally, took upon himself the direction of his own stipendiary subordinates.

"Willing," he said, in perfect good faith, "you must be careful, careful, for this is of importance. Towers, pay attention. I sign here, near the wafers, where you see the pencilled signature. Mr. Raeburn, as co-trustee of Miss Wilmot's property, signs just below me, where you see *his* name pencilled. You two men have to put your names, as witnesses, you understand, below our signatures, to the left, where your names are pencilled too. Now, don't let us have a mistake, for these papers are of consequence—" and so on, and so on. Ralph Raeburn smiled a grim smile as he saw how very deftly his bear was dancing to the tune that he had piped. Then there was a rustling of stiff, crackly parchment, and the squire signed his name, with a broad-nibbed quill pen, that he always used, and that spluttered, on this occasion, sadly. Then Ralph signed, and then, as witnesses, Willing and Towers. More papers had then to be spread out, and the pens, in due order of precedence, had to be used again.

This sort of thing, the smoothing out of obstinate documents that resent interference with their thick folds, the looking out for pencil-marks, the laying of finger-tips—for the squire, like all dull men, was very punctilious—on the mystic red wafers, distinctly repeating, as if it were a wizard's spell, "I deliver this as my act and deed!"—these things lead to satiety at last.

"All finished!" said Ralph cheerily—"no, no—I forgot—there's one more. It won't take us long, this little thing. One witness."

"Only one witness—ahum! Towers, that's all. You won't be wanted. Willing, you can sign," said Mr. Mowbray. He was too proud to ask, especially before his servant, what this, the sixth document, was. Ralph Raeburn read his thoughts as clearly as though they had been printed in the largest type and displayed before him. "This," he said, in a half careless tone, "is a little legal formality, which a Master in Chancery must endorse, concerning the trust—a mere matter of form. It will not occupy us long."



"THE SQUIRE . . . TOOK UPON HIMSELF THE DIRECTION OF HIS SUBORDINATES."

"You'll lunch with us to-day, Raeburn, of course?" said the squire, having completed the "formality." And, this time, Mr. Ralph Raeburn, in excellent spirits, did consent to avail himself of the squire's hospitality, and was very talkative, and won golden opinions for himself from the ladies of the Mowbray family.

"Foolish, blind old man!" he muttered to himself, as, flushed with wine and food, and fevered with success, he stepped into his hired carriage and rumbled off to Woolton; "a mere matter of form, indeed—but the game is won now."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A FEW WORDS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

KINDNESS to animals seems to be a specialty of man, and of man in his highest state of Christian civilisation. A dark and mysterious side of nature exhibits a vast amount of suffering, which, if not inexplicable, has hitherto not been explained to us. We have only to look at the teeth of a pike, or watch a cat playing with a terrified mouse, or hear the shrill buzz of pain when a spider catches and deliberately sucks the life out of a fly, to perceive that a vein of agony runs through the whole of nature, and thrills the world of insignificance. When we magnify and examine even a drop of water we may see its minute population obviously exposed to terror and distress, as some stronger atom of life preys upon the weaker.

Moreover, among the larger animals, beyond the maternal impulse, which makes the bear robbed of its whelps to be dangerous, and sets the hen not only to gather her chickens under her wings if the hawk is seen in the air, but to defend them with self-sacrificing vehemence, we may perceive an utter absence of what we understand by sympathy and consideration. The sick beast is butted from the herd and left to die. The ox loosened from the yoke will munch in perfect unconcern though its fellow be goaded to extremity, or driven to death before its eyes. There is no compassion among those whose conduct has given a special significance to the words "brutal" and "inhuman." It is reserved for man to show kindness. When he does he is aptly called "humane." At present, he seems to be the one channel through which any tenderness, beyond the maternal instinct, is shown in the animal world. In him alone is seen the working of a spirit which produces unselfishness and regard for the feelings of others. This is his divine inheritance, and to this all the efforts which are made to promote kindness to animals appeal. As he is touched with the mystic contagion of Christianity, learning to love his neighbour as himself, and do as he would be done by; as he realises the sacredness of human life, so he comes to be tender, not merely to his peers, not merely to his kin, but to the beast of the field, and the dumb companions of his busy and domestic hours.

It has, indeed, struck me, in the small but still significant experience which I have had of the East, that where human life is cheap, and people are accustomed to cruel phases of human punishment, the dumb animal is proportionately ill-used. Last spring, when I was in Egypt, I was told that the hippopotamus-whip had till quite lately been in constant use by the magistrate, even for minor offences; the offender being flogged on the feet with this terrible instrument. On more than one occasion, too, we found that the accidental death of a native was sneered at as a small concern, not worth inquiring into. Cairo surgeons have little difficulty in getting "subjects." Here were people who, though in divers respects they showed what was estimable in human conduct, had been familiar with open magisterial cruelty and held life cheap. And one result seemed to show itself in the treatment of their animals. The way in which donkeys especially were beaten was truly horrible. Even the best-kept—those which were let for hire to residents and travellers in Cairo—were deliberately provided with a "raw," into which the drivers thrust their pointed sticks. In some instances, in consequence of the remonstrance of English tourists, the donkey-boys, seemingly incapable of perceiving that the protests were made against cruelty to the animal, and not merely because of the feelings of the riders, had scooped out the conventional raw under the broad breeching which the animals wore. Then they hit them on the spot where the sore was concealed.

Much the same indifference to brute feeling was perceptible in the ill-governed, suffering Palestine, where herdsmen and shepherds might frequently be seen driving cattle, sheep, and goats with no mere pebbles, but hard and heavy stones, viciously thrown. Of course the poor homeless, owner-less dog of the East suffers still more. He is a perpetual target, and as every field, road, and path in a great part of Palestine is an inexhaustible arsenal of missiles, the dogs live in a shower of them. I tried hard to tame one there, giving him scraps and good words, but our Syrian attendants could not be kept from incessantly pelting him. Poor dog! he tried to do us a good turn by sleeping outside our tents and barking at suspicious-looking humans, but he lived a sadly checkered life for a week while in our company, and at last lost all faith in the influence of my good intentions, and carried his battered carcase away. So much for cruelty to animals in the "sacred" East. Let us look to the West.

It seems to me that regard for human life and susceptibilities precedes and produces that for the feelings of lower animals, and that thus cruelty can be radically checked or done away with only by the promotion of Christian charity. We must use the highest motives to produce the lowest results, and appeal to the divine inheritance of man if we would see kindness shown to the dumb brutes associated with our life.

No doubt if people would think more, even without, perhaps, consciously bringing to bear the greater motives which lie at the root of all kindness, they would see opportunities for its exercise and be glad to use them. They would detect a want of consideration which they had previously failed in from sheer inadvertence. For instance, the cruelty shown by children,

especially boys, arises I believe mostly from mere thoughtlessness, and it is an excellent plan to give prizes in schools for essays on kindness to animals. This may well open many a lad's eyes to the cruelty of acts which he does, not from any radically bad disposition, but because he has not thought about the matter at all. Still, it is to the conscious spread of the Christian spirit that we must look for that temper of consideration which leads us to act mercifully towards all animals, including those which we are compelled to destroy because they are noxious, and in the killing of those which are afterwards used for food.

Perhaps it is in the case of such as are domesticated, or, as they might call it, enslaved, where the use of natural instinct is in some measure checked, or even occasionally prohibited, that the greatest concern should be shown. There are people, however, kind enough in their way, who have never realised the enforced attitude of indifference to toil which the bearing-rein gives to the horse. When they get into the carriage waiting at the door, they see the noble beasts tossing their heads and champing their bits as if with a reserve of energy. The fact is that they are uncomfortable, not zealous. They are protesting to the best of their power against the strap which hinders the natural position of the neck, and which is to them what a stiff and enormously high stock is to a man. It makes them hold their heads up, no doubt, and look courageous, but they are in truth grievously distressed, and moreover, especially when going up hill, or at any time in dragging a heavy load, an undue strain is then put upon the muscles of their legs, which suffer in consequence. The short bearing-rein is an instrument of domestic torture. Even pets sometimes suffer from unkind thoughtlessness. It is better to keep one or two kittens of a litter, and have them disposed of afterwards, than expose perhaps a favourite cat to the keen physical distress which follows when they are all drowned at once, and she has none to feed. Her pain, when deprived of all, is not mental but bodily. The thirst of a house-dog, too, is sometimes intense when the filling of the water-pan has been carelessly forgotten. Perhaps canaries inherit an aptitude for slavery, but the obvious discomfort indicated by the gestures of wild birds which have been caught and imprisoned should, methinks, be reckoned pathetic. They have not the sense to resent their imprisonment by silence. They that lead them away captive require of them then a song, and melody in their heaviness; and, unlike the Jews, they sing. But, to me, the song of a caged lark is more like a prayer to heaven for freedom than an acceptance of captivity. I fancy that many pets, if they could only make themselves understood, would be found to take a very rebellious estimate of the fondness which is bestowed upon them.

How many people, too, when they want to catch a troublesome rat, fail to think of the prolonged laceration inflicted by the toothed trap, or when they carve a joint of veal forget that its whiteness is caused by the artificially prolonged decease of the calf! This, moreover, renders the meat less wholesome than it would be if the animal were killed outright.

In respect to the shooting of game which is afterwards used for food, it seems almost needless to say that the aim of the sportsman should be to kill his game "clean"—not, *i.e.*, fire into a covey for the chance of getting one or two while several others are wounded. Out of pure consideration, too, he should refuse long shots, whereby the bird is often hit, though not struck down.

I must mention, however, one point in respect to fishing. It is idle to suppose that worms do not feel when threaded on a hook. The strength of their struggles is then astonishing, and the prolonged heaving and writhing of a worm's free head and tail while the rest of its body is impaled is a proof of the continued agony which it feels, the commencement of which is indicated by the thrill which goes through it when first pricked with the barb. I have in my time been very fond of fishing, but I have killed my worms first. This is done literally in the fraction of a second, by dropping them into scalding water. The worm dies so instantaneously as not to move in the least. If it is dropped in while curled up, it does not even straighten itself; and it is not spoiled as bait by its death. On several occasions I have fished with worms thus killed, while another has been fishing with live ones under precisely similar conditions in respect to the water and the locality, and caught more fish. Indeed, the hook can be covered better with a dead worm than with a live one. I imagine, moreover, that some way might be discovered whereby worms might be preserved in air-tight bottles or tins, and kept so that the fisherman would be sure to be able to take suitable bait with him, and not be dependent upon digging, which is very uncertain at some times. I wish some enterprising tackle-shop proprietor would try whether he could not keep a store of preserved worms, and thus prevent a vast amount of small but acute misery. Anyhow, I know from considerable experience that dead worms are, for bait, as good as, if not better than, live ones—*i.e.*, if they are killed in the way I have mentioned. I may add that they had better first be kept in damp moss for some time. They are then subsequently very much "tougher" than when killed directly after being dug up, though in this latter case their death is also instantaneous.

Bird's-nesting, as sometimes pursued, has rightfully been counted among cruel pursuits. There is something specially pitiless in the taking of a whole nest. It is the sacking of a home in the very crisis of home life, and the distress of the parents is conspicuously pathetic. Still, the collection of eggs has a great charm for a boy, and thereby he certainly may gain much desirable knowledge in one branch of natural history. But he may gratify this taste without cruelty to the bird. One or two eggs taken from a nest are soon replaced by the mother. The collector gets his specimens, and the feathered family is no worse for the tax he has levied on it. The taking of the living callow brood really serves no purpose, except in the eyes of those ignorant people who do not realise the great use of small birds in destroying mischievous grubs and insects. I do not know a more pitiful sight of its

kind than that of a nest of gaping fledglings in the hands of a heedless boy.

The deliberate cruelty of killing birds, especially with poisoned grain, in the breeding season, is almost inconceivable in one who thinks at all. While the pleasant spring day passes, and all nature is returning to fresh life, one pictures the full warm nest, high up in the newly-budded tree, with the slow torture of its helpless family, till every little expectant bill is shut at last, and all is dead and cold.

But I must have done. I said at first that no compassion is shown by the lower animals amongst themselves. Perhaps I ought to make some exception in the case of dogs. I have known a dog spontaneously and tenderly take a litter of orphaned kittens under its charge. Almost anything, however, may be expected of dogs. We all know the story of the discriminating political dog which was used to fetch a certain "daily" every morning, and on another paper once being offered to him, flatly refused to be the bearer of it. I should not be surprised to hear of such a dog promoting the circulation of the publications of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by bringing a bundle of them home to his master.

HARRY JONES.

GARDENING IN FEBRUARY.

A WALK round the garden in February will show us that its early gaiety is once more beginning to delight us in the shape of the simple crocus and snowdrop. Unpretending as these flowers are, their undeniable popularity lies, we suppose, in the fact of their being almost the first to display their colours after the severity of a long and dreary winter, the worst of which they would fain bid us hope is now over. Perhaps a very few words about them may, therefore, not be out of place at this season of the year. First, then, as to the crocus. No one, at the outset, requires to be told that the crocus is very hardy. It is certainly marvellously independent of cold weather. How often have we not, when an influenza is keeping us on the fire side of our window-pane, gazed out at its merry yellow head thrusting itself rudely through the white background of the surrounding snow, and almost watched it expanding its petals the very moment that it catches sight of the rays of the sun! And then a little later on in the year, in the month of March perhaps, we notice that our flower is beginning to look very straggling, ragged, and disorderly. The florescence indeed is simply jagged and spoilt, and bears every trace of having fallen a victim to a depredator of some sort. With a little more observation, that depredator we soon discover to be the sparrow. Notice three or four of these fellows at work among your crocuses and having a meal off them. They are paying, in fact, a morning visit to their dispensary, for we recollect that one of the medicinal properties of the crocus is that it is a stimulant. We recollect also that we put saffron in the water that we give to our moulting canaries, so that we wonder the less that the sparrows persist in spoiling our crocuses, when we know that the saffron of our shops is nothing more than the dried and prepared stigmas of the *Crocus sativus*—those long reddish-orange drooping stigmas with which some of us are familiar. But it is with the horticultural rather than with the medicinal properties of the crocus that we have to deal. The crocus, then, prefers in the way of soil a light sandy loam, and if we are putting in our bulbs with a view of growing for increase, we are careful to select the finest bulbs, and plant them some six inches apart and four deep; and, at any rate, have a good three inches of soil above the crown. Now this bulb-planting generally takes place about October, the month indeed for putting in the generality of bulbs. Some have recommended that the soil be enriched by the addition of a little cow-dung or some rotted turf. In the autumn, seed-pods can be gathered from those that have been well established, or whose florescence you have remarked as particularly fine, but we shall speak presently of raising from seed. The bulbs themselves should not be disturbed until the leaves have well decayed. Sometimes, however, we certainly find it necessary to lift our bulbs carefully in the month of May or June, when we are bedding out, in order to make room for our geraniums and calceolarias, &c.; but we have before frequently given a caution against the fatal and absurd practice of lopping off the bulb foliage for this purpose, and leaving the bulb in the ground. Of course the longer the bulbs remain in the earth, the greater perfection will they attain. The crocus requires no protection and is well able to look after himself. Indeed he gives less trouble than almost any other flower we could name. Now in order to raise crocuses from seed, it is best to sow them immediately after being gathered. This would be about the month of October. As the majority if not all of the seeds may be relied upon to vegetate, sow only thinly and in light dry earth, either in a prepared bed or in large pots or pans or boxes, of course due precaution being taken to drain in the usual manner with holes and potsherds. Carefully rake the seed in so as to cover it, or better still, sift some of your compost through a fine sieve so as to get from a quarter to half an inch of fine soil over your seed. If you have sown in boxes you need not be particular to place them in sheltered situations, and

yet of course you must bear in mind that those violent autumnal rain-storms are liable to wash your seeds away altogether, so that this at all events must somehow be avoided. Perhaps, then, the best thing we can do with our boxes is to put them now under an old garden frame, but at all other times give them plenty of fresh air. By the end of the year, or in the early spring, you will see the little green leaf above the ground, and knowing how wonderfully hardy the crocus is, your boxes now will bear exposure even in frosty weather. The next operation, and a pretty frequent one too, will be a careful weeding by hand. But this must be done when your seedlings are quite young, or they will be robbed by the weeds of all the nourishment on which their successful rearing depends. This weeding, then, will have to go on through the year, as if once the roots of the weeds get entangled round the small crocus-bulbs, they are liable to be dragged out of the soil. The next season—that is to say, a twelvemonth from the date of your sowing—put half an inch of good soil (similar, of course, to that in which they were originally planted) over your young plants, while at the end of the second season your bulbs may be taken up and planted out in the ordinary way in fresh soil. Indeed some have advocated allowing the seedlings to remain undisturbed for a third season.

Little need be said as to the mode of treatment of so ordinary a flower as the snowdrop. The bulbs should be taken up about Midsummer, and stored away in a dry place until the planting time comes. They are hardy little flowers, like the crocus, and very often we leave them entirely to their fate.

In our green-house in February we are still being quite as watchful against damp as we are against frost, the one being quite as harmful if not more so than

the other; and many a busy day we have this month under our glass in shifting and repotting a large number of our plants. In doing this take care that your plant is not sunk deeper in the new pot than it was in the old one, and see also that the compost is properly mixed up first of all, and that it uniformly surrounds the ball of earth when you have taken it from the old pot and put it in the new and larger one.

In our kitchen and fruit garden we are getting, of course, daily more and more busy now that the heaviest winter months have passed; but we shall be only general this time in our directions concerning them, as we are wishing to give a few hints as to window-gardening; for although this is not a particularly or unusually busy month in this respect, yet each month undeniably calls for some sort of notice of the attention that must be paid to our window-plants, if we wish to see them flourishing.

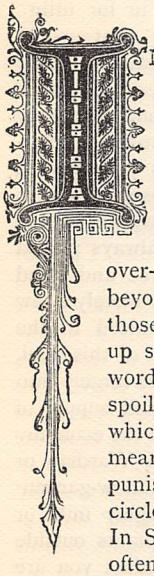
We may begin, then, our successional pea-sowing—successional, we think, in preference to those two or three large and general sowings which some thoughtlessly prefer to make. A little common sense in the matter will surely obviate the causes of that regret which is too familiar to us, that a garden does not answer because very often for a large part of the year we are almost wholly without green vegetable, except perhaps in the best of the summer months, when everything comes in, we say, at once, and we suddenly find ourselves in possession of enough vegetables to satisfy the craving of a Board school. It is, however, a little too early in the year to begin getting in our other crops, such as our onions, carrots and turnips, &c. But your old cabbage-stumps may be got away and put in close together for the sake of the sprouts. The ground that these old stumps have occupied can then be trenched.

And pruning in the fruit-garden that has been unhappily delayed till now should be forthwith attended to without any further loss of time. Go over the currants and gooseberries, and cut out all their little weakly wood. The gooseberries especially should never be allowed to grow into a thick tangled and unmanageable prickly mass, through which neither air nor sun can penetrate. Take off, too, the tops of the raspberry-canes, making them on a level with their stakes, and have the ground between the plants forked over. Among the strawberry-plants get off all dead leaves, and fork in the manure that ought to have been put round them in the autumn, nor is it too late to manure them now if it were not done then.

As we hinted just now, not much progress can be made as yet in our window-gardening—assuming, that is, that we have no green-house to fall back upon, from which to keep up our supply of plants for our room or window. Fern-cases, or, as we used perhaps to call them some years ago, or things very like them, Wardian cases, afford great pleasure and amusement. The expense of these sort of cases, of course, varies immensely, but if we are content to go in for utility rather than for ornament, something that would answer the purpose might surely be made to order by any ordinary glazier. Wardian cases used to be made quite plainly, with a span top. Sometimes they were quite closed, and some had their covers removable. The advantage of these cases is that dust is kept from your plants, and a moist atmosphere also is retained, as is evident from the appearance of the glass. Of course your case must be always placed in a light situation, nor should any free and rapid growing plants be put in your case, but merely a few well-chosen ferns, cacti, or orchids. Indeed in the arrangement and management of cases of this kind, taste, ingenuity, and common sense come largely into play. Miniature flower-pots with a small supply of soil tend, of course, to check growth, and the economy of space is a very important thing in a Wardian or fern-case. But in the more ordinary window-gardening, let us add that whenever a thoroughly mild or early spring day comes, put all of your plants outside your window that you possibly can. Unless you are exposed to positive frost, air must be had daily, and even on a cold and bad day have in some air during the best of it. Your bulbs will be assisted by placing them in stands, and a little moss around them too will give a finish to their appearance; hyacinths that are in water might have a small piece of charcoal put in the water. This, it is thought, keeps the water fresh and does away a good deal with the otherwise repeated necessity of changing it. Your cacti will just now require no water, but they want the warmest and the lightest part of the room. Camellias ought now, of course, to be in their perfection of bloom; do not deluge them, but only give them a little water. Cinerarias are a popular February plant; they too want air and to be kept cool, but unhappily they are very liable to be troubled by the green-fly, and some objections would reasonably be raised against the fumigation of the drawing-room with tobacco-smoke, and for this purpose we must remove them for twenty-four hours to the nursery of some good-natured florist. It is really worth while, for the gaiety and popularity of these bright flowers are notorious. All fading leaves should be removed from evergreens. Myrtles, by the way, should not have much water, and they will be improved by the removal of the old soil from the roots and the addition of fresh soil in its place. And this when we are busy outside repotting is more readily attainable. But indeed, in this the first spring month, everything is clamorous for our attention at once, and the more there is to do, the more we gardener enthusiasts enjoy ourselves.

HOW TO TRAIN A CHILD MENTALLY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



IN a former paper I spoke of the physical development of children, and if my memory serves me aright, I condemned in measured terms what I call the hot-house plan of rearing children. I may here just add that while as a rule the offspring of the middle classes in England are over-daintily fed and over-coddled, those children that are born beyond the silvery Tweed, and especially those who live in the far North, are brought up somewhat too much on the hard. The words of the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," are construed in a way which I feel sure that wisest of men never meant them to be, and consequently corporal punishment, both at schools and in family circles, is carried out to the verge of cruelty. In Scotland both parents and teachers are often more feared than loved, and I do not wonder at it, for the punishment meted out to a poor child is often out of all proportion to the fault that has been committed. And not only is this the case, but children are very often punished, and that, too, severely, for what was no fault, but simply a misfortune.

Let us now ask ourselves what are the qualities that we feel ourselves justified in trying to develop in the minds of our children. As I have already said, they are those that will be found most useful to them and to the world at large, when they go forth all alone and unaided to take their rank and position in the great battle of life. But we must remember at the very outset that if a child is mismanaged *corporeally*, he will have but little chance of ever becoming a man *mentally*—a man and a gentleman. You can never make a man of a milksop, and a child that is over-pampered, luxuriously fed, indulged in every whim and fancy, and never permitted to rough it in the least, will grow up selfish in the extreme, and mayhap a bully and a coward, and altogether useless in this brave, bustling, work-a-day world of ours. Be ever careful of the health of a child; and to be this you must yourself know something about the common laws of health, and the benefits to be derived from fresh air, exercise, sunshine, temperance in food, and —listen, pray—temperance in dress, for over-clothing means over-coddling, and over-coddling kills. Coddling not only kills the individual, but it undermines the strength of nations; it is the axe that lies at the root of its manhood. Remember that the Romans were the most glorious people in the world until they took to effeminate habits and self-coddling. Then they went down-hill gradually but surely.

To children as to us all, but to children especially, is example better than precept. What a good thing for both ourselves and them if we could always bear this in mind, and order our actions and our lives as we would have them order theirs! Their eyes are ever on their parents, not to criticise, not to censure or blame, but to try to imitate. To a child, whatever is, is right, if father or mother does it; and he will grow up, not acting as you have told him to act, but, in a very great measure, the same as he has seen you act. What a beautiful trait in a child's character, for instance, is candour and truthfulness! How poor a figure a sneaky child, who has made some excuse, or even told a lie, to hide a fault, looks beside the bold little fellow who at once admits a wrong action! And yet the child is just what the mother makes him. Can she expect her child to be truthful if she herself be not so—if she is heard to lie before him, even in little matters, or to force into a breach a lame excuse, where the truth would have acted better and more boldly? Women themselves do not nor cannot be expected to know the amount of misery and wretchedness that untruthfulness and want of candour cause in this world. But men could tell them. Among the poorer classes, I am sorry to say, truth does not shine as a virtue; but in middle-class life, that life with which we have most to do, it ought to and does, and a man who has been found untruthful cannot, if he possesses a spark of feeling, hold his face up before the sun of society. Untruthfulness has blighted many a life, and broken many a friendship 'twixt man and man. Now, we should not only be most truthful in our conversation before children, but we should be truthful towards them. We should never, on any account, deceive them, nor make promises to them which we do not mean sacredly to fulfil—even if it be the promise of punishment. This latter is sometimes necessary, though but seldom; yet the habit of threatening a child with no intention of fulfilling such threat is greatly to be deprecated.

Never teach a child to be vain. Vanity is ruinous to young girls, and it leads to boastfulness in young men, and this again to untruth. A girl is rendered vain of her looks and in matters of dress; a boy generally of his deeds or acquirements. A boy who is made to believe he is clever very often becomes insufferably rude and impertinent, and will grow up a vulgar man.

From truthfulness to bravery or courage, the transition is easy. What bravery really is in the abstract, however, or whether it be almost entirely an attribute of the mind, or dependent more on physical development, I must not stop to inquire. Sufficient to say that it is something which we like to see a child evince signs of possessing, sufficient to believe and know that it is something which can be largely developed wherever the germ already exists. Then comes the question, "How?" You cannot beat bravery into the brains of a child, that is certain; but you can beat it out of him. If, even when learning to walk, you run

to pick him up, with coddling words and frightened looks, instead of laughing at him, and letting him raise himself if he can, you are assuredly guilty of quenching the flame of courage which otherwise would burn up in his heart. Given two boys, No. 1 and No. 2: No. 1 gets a nasty tumble; his mother, much as she feels for him, pretends it is nothing, and laughingly encourages him to rise, and though his little face is red with pain, his little lips compressed, and a big swelling on his brow, he will be romping and screaming five minutes after. No. 2 gets down, and nurse and mother run; he is pitied and petted, and put to bed with lollipops. Ah! mothers, depend upon it, No. 1 will be No. 1 all his days, and No. 2 always in the rear of the battle of life.

Do not, though, let your child be foolhardy; a brave man, or a brave boy either, *knows* his danger, but does not shrink from it. And a brave boy is never unkind to those he can rule. Laugh at a boy for such apparently trivial acts as beating his nurse or behaving roughly to a cat, and you will very likely make him a bully.

Kindness to the lower animals should always be inculcated—more, mind you, by example than precept. A child cannot have a better playmate than a dog or a cat; but he should be taught to love it, taught that it has feeling and feelings, and can hunger and thirst, and suffer, and love, and be grateful. Nay, but I am wrong in speaking of teaching children to love animals; you do not require to do this; you need only let them have their companionship—the animals themselves will do all the teaching.

What is true of animate is true of inanimate nature. Let your child be as much as possible among plants and flowers. They have a language of their own, a language which cannot be taught, but which may be learned, and the tongue with which they speak is divine.

The mind of a child is cultivated by the reading of well-chosen books, or by being read to before he himself is able to read. What kind of books are the best? In my opinion, books to make your boy laugh and think and imagine, but not think too deeply. Nursery rhymes and stories by the dozen, if you choose, but pray do not let there be anything of the dismal or horrible about them. Encourage the love of music. Do not bother them with instruments, however, until their fingers gather sufficient strength. Better they should listen to others playing, listen and listen, listen and learn, until something within them makes them exclaim mentally, "Oh! I feel sure that I, too, could play." But as to singing, that is another thing. Let them sing from their babyhood.

The exercises of both writing and drawing enlarge the mind and conceptions. And when a child is old enough, and can write tolerably distinctly, let him or her begin to cultivate descriptive powers. Thus, suppose you ask a child to write down the description of a walk he has had, if only in a garden, or of some incident which he has witnessed, though the task be hard at first, it is wonderful how soon it becomes both easy and pleasurable to him. But discourage all attempts at high or flowing language; let him write only what he sees and feels, and that in the simplest language of his every-day life.

Children think much more deeply than we imagine; we should, therefore, answer their questions to the best of our ability, unless evidently asked in a spirit of frivolity, and try to explain to them reasons for things they see occurring around them, and for the acts which you yourself perform. But gain their confidence in every way in your power. A mother should be more of a monitor than a teacher, or rather she ought to be both combined.

You like to see your boy clever, doubtless, but do not make a show-child of him. Do not even let him know you think him clever, and discourage all pertness in conversation, for this too often borders on impertinence. Never permit him to contradict you. If he contradicts his mother, may he not, when old enough to go out, be guilty at table of very great rudeness? At the same time, mothers should never deserve contradiction. When you have occasion to reprove, beware of doing so angrily. It is far better to speak gently, and make the child feel ashamed of himself, because shame breeds sorrow and contrition, and this in its turn the desire to behave far better in the time to come.

The love of duty cannot be too early instilled into the mind of a child. The sacred nature of duty requires, however, to be fully appreciated by parents themselves before they can teach it to their children.

Teach your child to be courteous and obliging. This you can do in the nursery by precept; but you can also point out to him when abroad the courteousness of other gentlemanly boys, and show him how much you admire it.

An unselfish and non-self-indulgent boy will generally grow up a gentleman in manners; at all events, the converse is true.

Teach your child to be honest and honourable, in all his doings and dealings with his brothers and sisters; and teach him, too, that rare virtue, charity, which ever follows at the heels of truth.

Order and regulation are no mean acquirements. If they be not taught early they will never be learned. A child should be made to put his toys away each in its proper place, and even to know where he puts his clothes, so that he could find them in the dark. So will he be tidy in his person, tidy in the apartment he occupies, and orderly and tidy in life.

I need not tell you to teach your child to pray, nor remind you how religion softens one's path through this world, and lengthens life itself by giving hope and calm in the hour of peril or sickness.

And now I am at the end of my space, and the feeling uppermost in my mind is that the Family Doctor has said so little where he meant to have said so much. I shall have done some good, however, if any single sentence I have penned causes some mother to think.

Sailing Home through the Storm.

Words by CHARLES JOHNS. *Music by* FRANCIS EDWARD GLADSTONE.

VOICE. PIANO.

f Con spirito.

1. Homeward the fish - er - man steers his bark, With shore - ward belly-ing sail; For the
lit - tle cares he for the ris - ing sea, And lit - tle he heeds the blast; No! he
3. Loud - er and strong - er blows the wind, And high - er runs the sea; But he

p *cres.* *f*

waves run high, and the night is dark, And the fierce wind blows a gale,..... the
thinks of his wife and chil - dren three, While he holds the til - ler fast,..... he
heeds not the waves that seethe be - hind, Or that keep him com - pa - ny,..... that

p *cres.* *f*

fierce wind blows a gale. No stars to-night, No moon to light The
holds the til - ler fast. No storm could make *His* stout heart quake, No
keep him com - pa - (*For continuation of 3rd verse see next page.*)

mf

⊕ *For continuation of 3rd verse see next page.*

mf

p *cres.*

fish - er to his home,— No! the sky is black, As the toss - ing smack Speeds swift-ly o - ver the
dan - ger make him quail; But well he knows The fears of those At home when storms pre -

p *cres.*

f ⊕ *3rd verse continued.* *meno mosso.* *p*

foam, Speeds swift - ly o - ver the foam.
- - vail, At home when storms pre - vail. - ny. The shore in sight! A

f ⊕ *p meno mosso.*

cres. *accel.* *p* *cres. tempo primo.*

light! a light! An o - pen cot-tage door! "Is that you, dear?" "Yes,

cres. *p accel.* *cres. tempo primo.*

f *sf* *sf* *rall. ff*

lass, I'm here! Thank God! Thank God, once more! Thank God! I'm here once more!"

f *sf* *sf* *rall. ff* *a tempo.*

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the preceding Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker," consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION III.—ARE EARLY MARRIAGES UNTHRIFTY?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

Probably, Sir, few questions are of so general an interest in the family as that of the advisability of early marriages; and few subjects, I take it, are so frequently discussed. No doubt there is much to be said on both sides of such a question, but the arguments for and against will as a rule be found to fall under one or other of two heads, according as to whether early marriages are considered from the aspect of morality or of worldly well-being. It is this last—the "thrift" point of view—which I wish to bring forward, and I hope to prove that early marriages are not only unthrifty to the individual, but are conducive to much of the want and pauperism in the country at large.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to premise that this statement does not apply in any way to marriages among the wealthier classes of the community—those who are fully assured both as to the present and the future. These can well afford to overlook the question of thrift when they enter upon wedded life. But not so with those who are less amply provided with this world's goods: not so with the labouring and manufacturing classes; the shop-keepers and clerks; the men of business with fluctuating incomes; the professional men, whose earnings are commensurate with, and dependent upon, their own stores of mental and bodily energy! In the case of each of these, the arguments against early marriages—on the score of their unthriftiness—are very cogent.

In the first place, early marriages are unthrifty because they are usually entered upon when the income is but just sufficient to keep two people in a position even humbler than that to which they have previously been accustomed, and because they bring about increased annual expenditure far in excess of the average yearly augmentation of income. When husband and wife have a family growing up around them—children to be fed, and clothed, and educated—the household expenses grow in a marvellous way, and unfortunately the income in many cases does not increase at all, in most instances it does not increase in anything like a fair proportion. There are few greater fallacies than that embodied in the saying, "What is enough for one is enough for two." And how much more forcibly, Sir, must we recognise all the harm in the saying when we see what was enough for one forced to provide for half a dozen!

Again, early marriages are unthrifty because they are too often ushered in by debt. A young man who is entirely dependent upon his own exertions, finds it impossible to save much in the first years of his career in the world, and if he marry in those early years one of two things must happen. Either the parents on one side or the other assist him in setting up house-keeping, or he runs into debt. In the first case, money is often advanced to the injury of the parents' younger children, and with the result of making such younger children of less value in the world; in the second case, the amount owing is rarely if ever cleared off, and he who began his married life in arrears leaves a heavy legacy of debt, when, worn out in a vain struggle for the necessaries of existence, he is called away to the land where "the weary are at rest."

I have drawn attention, Sir, to the evil consequences attending early marriages when the young husband and wife are content to begin in a humbler sphere than that to which they have been accustomed. But how seldom is this the case, and how common is it for young couples to attempt to live in the same style—whatever it may be—as their fathers who, by long lives of care and diligence, have found not only comfort, but a measure of luxury in their declining years! And, in the majority of instances, what must the end be to such a beginning!

Again, Sir, early marriages are unthrifty because young people are seldom sufficiently experienced in "ways and means" to make the most of their income—an income too often which, even if well and ably expended, would barely provide the absolute necessaries of life. The result of all this we see around us: happiness lost; homes broken up; families left desolate, forced to live upon private charity, or upon the meagre provision granted by the State!

This brings me to my last argument, the burden to the country entailed by early marriages, which by the very fact of their being early marriages are also improvident. Those who through ill-health are unable to provide for the wants of their families, or who die leaving wives and children without any means of sustenance, tax the State and deprive their fellow-countrymen of a portion of the capital which might otherwise have been invested remuneratively and for the good of the nation. Those who marry young, without being well provided against all risks, *wilfully* make a bid for their countrymen's charity, either for themselves or for their families.

From every point of view then, Sir, I take it that early marriages are decidedly unthrifty, and therefore greatly to be reprehended.

END OF OPENER'S ARGUMENT.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

It appears to me that the opener of this discussion makes a mistake in regarding a possible balance at the banker's as the only capital the possession of which entitles thrifty young people to marry. May I suggest that thrift consists in making the most of the resources at our disposal? Now, strange as it may seem to one who looks at life through a medium of pounds, shillings, and pence only, there are such things in the world as energy, ability, common sense, hope, trust, courage, determination, faith, and love!

I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot deny that many of those who contemplate matrimony neither value nor possess wealth of the kind of which I have spoken. These indigent ones look upon marriage as a bargain or convenience. The ladies among them follow it as a profession, the gentlemen regard it as a leap in the dark. A young man who has wasted the best years of his life in self-indulgence, wonders whether it would not be wise for him to sober down and become a steady and respectable member of society. A girl who cares only for dress, show, and appearance, wants to be "settled:" to have an establishment and a well-appointed table. Judging from the tone of his remarks, my opponent appears to know only of characters such as these, and accordingly the question to his mind bears a somewhat one-sided form. The following seems to be the problem as stated by him:—Is a young man of limited income and no ability, who is possessed by the delusion that what is enough for one is enough for five or six, who is determined to live at any rate as luxuriously after marriage as he did when he had only himself to provide for—displaying thrift when he allies himself with a damsel of extremely expensive tastes and unlimited capacity for running up milliners' bills? To such a question only one answer could be given. A union between two such persons would be most ill-advised. Let them wait by all means until the gentleman's income is large enough to meet the demands made upon it. But let these persons take warning—marriage with them will never be a success. There is no possibility of a true marriage, a union of hearts and lives, being made out of such sorry materials. The husband will gradually assume the position of "relieving officer" to his wife and family, the aim of the wife will be to get out of him as much as he can be made to yield. The probabilities are that, when a few years have passed, the once prudent bridegroom will wonder that he could ever have been so foolish as to sacrifice himself for so little, and the once prudent bride will confess to herself that her anticipations have come to nought.

Let us turn from this painful picture. Take the case of a young couple possessing very little money, but rich in love, health, strength, energy, and common sense. Would the lady be wise in determining to spend the best years of her life at home in comparative idleness, leaving her lover to toil alone up the steep ascent to fortune, unaided by her encouragement, love, and sympathy? Would her lover be prudent in refusing to avail himself of the stimulus to energy and exertion which her sweet companionship would give him? In my opinion, Sir, both parties would make a mistake if they arrived at any such decision. Let them join hands, and while practising careful economy, making a firm stand against debt and extravagance, bravely fight the battle of life together side by side. They will be happier, and may look forward to a useful and honourable future with more confidence than would have been possible had they yielded to the more selfish and so-called prudent feeling. Moreover, they would be more thrifty in arriving at this conclusion. Nothing brings out the best of a man, nothing stimulates him to action so much as does the knowledge that loved ones are dependent upon him.

My opponent declares that young people begin life in debt; try to live in the style their fathers did; do not consider ways and means, and laugh at the necessity for providing for unforeseen expenses: therefore, early marriages are unthrifty. Does he not rather mean that such conduct is unthrifty? If that is his opinion, I entirely agree with him, and, moreover, I maintain that people who could behave in such an improvident manner under any circumstances would get into difficulties no matter what their position. Married people become united in thought, purpose, and feeling not through fellowship in pleasure and ease, but through fellowship in work, endeavour, and, it may be, suffering. Young people are unthrifty in the broadest sense when from motives of false prudence they fling away their chances of making their marriage a blessed union, for they run the risk of wasting life and happiness for the sake of that which is most excellent when regarded as a means to something beyond, but which is worthless as an end in itself—a good income.

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the April Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of 'Cassell's Family Magazine,' La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than February 10.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best letter on either side of the Question;* no letter to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

HOME LIFE *v.* PUBLIC LIFE FOR GIRLS.

(*Debate Continued.*)

J. TAYLOR, after speaking in favour of home life, concludes: Bachelors will tell you how difficult it is to secure the services of an efficient housekeeper, and I have heard many men say, "I should like to be married, but I can't afford it," well knowing the unnecessary expense of female dress in the present day. No doubt much of it is owing to the fondness of public life as against home life in girls. As the influence of woman in the home ceases, so the misery of this country will increase.

A. L. O. D.—It has been stated in Parliament that there are 700,000 more women than men in our kingdom. In view of this fact, our girls have only the chance, and not the certainty, of possessing that best of earthly prizes—a husband. Yet it is a curious and well-authenticated fact that a girl's chances are increased, and not lessened, by public employment. The

reason is obvious: they are brought, naturally, into contact with those of the opposite sex. The mutual interest in the same employment leads on to more personal intercourse. From experience I could tell of many a happy marriage resulting from the choice made by the girl of public instead of private business.

J. A. ARCHER.—Opponent concludes by asking what the vast number of girls are to do for a livelihood. This question he intends to act as a moral extinguisher. But it must have been made of the wrong material, for the case of the Opener still exists and thrives. I would point out that this is not the question at stake. It may be that home life and employment cannot be found for all, but where possible it should be adopted as far preferable to a public life, and this is what we have endeavoured to prove it to be.

W. KING, speaking as to occupation in home or public life being the more lucrative, says: "I am inclined to believe public work has generally the advantage in this respect, though I think home life—generally, of course—compensates for this deficiency in other ways. The statements of Opponent, however, are perhaps capable of some modification. For instance, he says that sempstresses and tailoresses work till midnight at home for fourpence or sixpence per day. Will it cause surprise when I say that there are tailoresses here—I write from a University town—who earn £1 16s. per week, working ordinary hours? I do not say this is general, but you will at once perceive the contrast between this state of things and that cited by Opponent.

MANSEL BLANDFORD.—There is room for both the home worker and the public worker, and need for both. Let not, then, the more enterprising sisters despise the quiet "keepers at home," or these latter look upon those whom domestic occupations fail to satisfy as unwomanly and ungentle.

REV. J. HANSON.—It seems to me that my friend the Honourable Member for Home Life has utterly failed to make out his case. We must, of course, take it for granted that many of our English maidens will never enter upon the responsibility of wedded life; does this affect the main question of girl culture? It must be obvious that the training which anticipates possible wifehood and motherhood will greatly ornament a lifelong maidenhood . . . . Sir, one word on the question of a woman's salary. Her labour is entitled to the common and honest market price. Free Trade for the woman as well as for the man! It enhances her self-respect, it increases her modest womanly power, when the recompense of her industry is returned in full and righteous "cash." It is her own. She appropriates it with womanly wisdom and with womanly independence, and thus attains a nobility of character which would be all but impossible in a servile position, where a moiety of her honorarium would be conferred in daily rations, in the character and cost of which she could have no privilege of choice.

DR. KEEGAN (as regards the tendency to bodily health): It is surely true neither of these modes of living is in any way conducive to it. The real question here is, which of these modes of life has the lesser deteriorating effect upon the bodily health? Now this is a question very difficult to answer. So much of the effect is due to the previous bodily constitution of the individual, that that treatment which would surely kill, or seriously debilitate, one person, would have very little effect upon another person. And then as regards the third and fourth arguments, it is I think, unquestionable that home life is very superior to work in the world as to its effect in developing those inestimable domestic qualities which every housewife ought to display.

REV. J. M. MATHER.—I think, Sir, the hon. member who introduced the question of "Home Life *v.* Public Life for Girls," and argued so ably in favour of the former, has omitted to deal with a most important question, which, when considered, will make materially against many of the positions he has advanced. The question I refer to is this—Does not public life need those refining influences which are so largely bestowed upon it through the services of woman in the public sphere? None hold more firmly than I that home needs motherhood; yet I cannot overlook the fact that the world needs womanhood. Just as woman tempers the asperities in the domestic sphere with her gentleness and joy, so in the public sphere man's selfishness and brutality have been lessened by his contact with those employed in female labour.

J. DUNBAR says that, after having carefully read and considered both speeches on the above question, he is forced to admit that Home Life, as defined by the Opener, is best suited for girls. The sphere which a female is called upon to fill is the domestic one, and therefore every means of training her for this home work ought to be encouraged. If all our girls were to rush into public situations, what would our nation come to? Where would be man's refuge from the corroding cares of life and thought, if all our girls were women of business? Woman's office is to teach the heart, and when she aspires to intellectual or commercial superiority, she quits a higher throne than ever she can win.

J. H. G., speaking from experience as an employer of a considerable amount of female labour, declares himself in favour of public life for girls: What can girls of fourteen or sixteen, who have just left school, do? I should hope Opener would not recommend all to be domestic servants, and I am very doubtful whether a literary or artistic employment of girls of that age would prove a very remunerative occupation. Girls in my employ are earning from 5s. to £2 10s. per week, and I very much doubt whether any of them would make half that amount in their own homes.

REV. J. VAILE.—There is only a shade of difference between some whom the Opener calls "home-helpers," and such as the factory-girl, who is spoken of as leading a "public life." The factory-girl may have (if the surroundings of her home conduce to such a result) a better opportunity of enjoying and profiting by home life than some home-helpers who work from morning to night in a home, but not "*at* home."

Speeches in favour of Home Life received from:—Edwin Taylor, F. W. Stingnell, Annie, J. J. Smith, C. E. Taylor, "There is no place like home," Patience White, M. E. K. Strange, J. Williamson, junr., J. T. K., E. Painter, E. C. Wade, J. Y. Campbell, K. B., Hattie, A. Godfrey, L. A. Friend, A. W. B., G. Dunmore, J. Cole, J. H., "A Young Reader," R. Barber, H. A. Highley, Jessie Houston, Juvenis, F. Leighfield, J. A. Story, C. P. M., Alice A. Truer, A. Beckett, R. B., E. M. Adams, W. B. Woollam, E. Mortimer, M. K. Attwater, A. Dickson, L. Crabtree, Annie Stephenson, James Payne, M. E. Cox, F. H. Farquharson, Isabella Elliott, Anon. (Windsor), Epsilon, L. Kearney, H. S., G. E. Foot, A. A. Murdoch, T. K., A. Isaac Moon, J. M. James, Ramsey Dinnis, F.J.S., H. K. Clements, Amy Redden, M. D. Kirkland, *and others.*

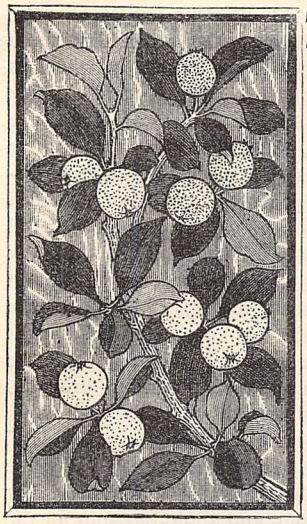
Speeches in favour of Public Life received from:—Maggie Todd, T. Baker, Alexis, Rick, Emily M. Pinel, E. E. Proctor, J. Eaton Fearn, Emma Fraser, J. C. M., John Trewavas, T. H. Sheridan, M. G., Thistle, Public Worker, Publico, Jean M. Brown, E. S. A. Wright, C. A. Watson, S. C. H., T. Speed, A. H. Curtis, Etheldreda, E. Turner, Frank Tebbs, W. H. Mill, H. W. Hughes, Annie Vivian, M. M. D., "One who Knows," M., "Yorkshire Lassie," J. P. Ellerington, A. Pennington, Verena, Beatrice, H. J. Brumwell, Eliza Alice Smith, S. William Beck, Mary Gardner, A. Steele, "A Little Business Woman," Annie Young, Robert Brown, "Hughenden," E. Heptenstall, "A Mother," Kate Lee, Maria Turner, Marian Rogers, Ishmael Diogenes, M. K., C. T. Doorly, Edith Harper, A. Z., S. Herrman, Marie Tate, M. A. Y., M. A., Matilda Freeston, M. A. S., Margaret Heritage, J. Wilson, *and others.*

The Honorarium of One Guinea is equally divided between CHARLES F. BENNETT, 38, Regina Road, Tollington Park, London, N., and ELIZABETH EVANS MACGILVRAY, Canaan Grove, Morningside, Edinburgh, whose speeches, together with the opener's reply, will be printed next month; but no further speeches on this Question (Home Life *versus* Public Life) can now be received.

SOME HINTS ON LUSTRA-PAINTING.

(IN TWO PAPERS.)

FIRST PAPER.

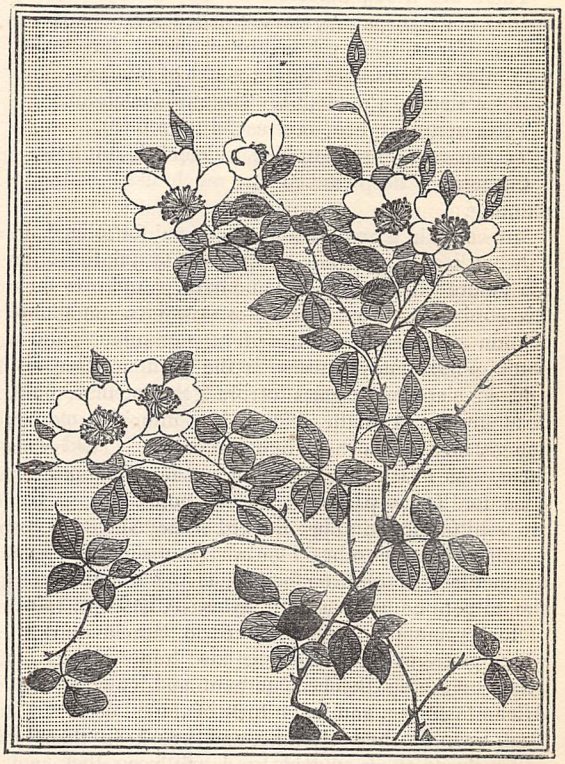


DESIGN FOR LUSTRA-PAINTING.

THE Victorian epoch has seen the development of a new period in art, a renaissance in the true meaning of the word, as great as the Italian Renaissance of the sixteenth century. A complete revolution has taken place in our ideas since the days of the Georges, when our grandmothers' taste in furniture and interior decoration was hardly superior to the lodging-house keeper's of the present day. The drawing-room with its brilliant carpet, its yellow-green table-cover, with the inevitable wool-work border, the blue-green curtains, and the red velvet chairs arranged stiffly round the room, could hardly be considered conducive to that ease and grace which is an essential element in a room devoted to conversation and the fine arts. In place of the ugly house with its uglier furniture, we have substituted the Early English, the Elizabethan, and the Queen Anne styles. The artistic element has prevailed, and has influenced not only the style of our architecture and our furniture, but even the decoration of our houses, and our persons. Its influence is felt from the palace to the cottage, from Millais' last beautiful painting down to the new tea-service in the labourer's home. Let us hope that much has been done to refine and elevate the public taste, and that the sublime love of the beautiful has penetrated even into the cottager's lowly home.

There is something about art which, like music and poetry, creates enthusiasm; and, thanks to a few enthusiastic spirits, that enthusiasm has been caught by others. From the earliest ages, from the grotesque Lombard, the pre-Raphaelite, the mystic mediæval, down to the realistic school of the present day, art has had, and always will have, its votaries—men inspired by their art, who when they have accomplished one masterpiece, not satisfied with that, see their ideal before them, beckoning them on to a perfection they can never attain. Art is exacting in its laws, and one of its dictates is, that the greater the artist, the greater is his dissatisfaction with his work. The better he paints, the more he sees his defects. There is the perfection of beauty beyond, but it is unattainable. Phantom-like it ever urges him onwards with greater zeal, with stronger impulse. The fire of the seraphic Fra Angelico, who painted on his knees, has descended to the painters of all ages, and of all schools, even to that school which is most strongly opposed to mediæval mysticism, the modern realistic school of the present day. With the increasing love of the beautiful, amateurs as well as professionals have turned their attention to the decoration of the walls, the ceiling, the doors—in a word, the general ornamentation of our dwelling-houses. Old styles of painting have been resuscitated, and new ones brought to life. Lustra-painting is one of the newest, and as such deserves to be mentioned. First of all we will describe what it is.

Lustrous means shining, and these colours shine with different shades of gold, silver, bronze, &c. They can be applied to wood, terra-cotta, paper, or silk. In their application to wood, I should recommend them to be used for figure-painting, or for back-



DESIGN FOR LUSTRA-PAINTING.

grounds to flowers or birds painted in oils. Sprays of honeysuckle or apple-blossom, painted with ordinary oil paints, and filled in with gold lustra, have a very good effect for door-panels, or cabinets. We will now imagine that you wish to paint the panels of your doors. From Messrs. Stacey's, Sloane Street, procure thin panels of wood specially prepared for that purpose, and varying in price according to the size.

You will require a box of oil paints, another of lustra colours, a bottle of medium, a bottle of turpentine, two oval-shaped wooden palettes with a hole for the thumb, a palette knife, a dipper, a sheet of tracing paper and another of transfer paper, a sharp pencil, an ivory stylus, and a clean linen rag.

The oil paints are bought in tubes ready prepared for using; the tubes vary in size according to the value of the paints—thus you get a small tube of carmine or cadmium for eighteenpence, and a large tube of flake-white or burnt sienna for fourpence.

The paints that you will find necessary are contained in the following list:—

Opaque—Flake-white, a dead white, necessary for high lights, and for mixing with other colours.

Chrome yellow, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, varying in colour from a clear yellow to a deep orange.

Cobalt, a bright blue, useful for flowers and birds, and for mixing with chrome yellow, for making a bright green.

Naples yellow is used for flowers, birds, and for mixing with other colours.

There are a few colours that are neither entirely opaque nor transparent, but are called semi-opaque.

Raw sienna is a yellow-brown, useful for mixing with other colours, and for the stems of foliage.

Burnt sienna, a reddish-brown, used for glazing.

Terra verte, a green, very useful for foliage.

Transparent—Prussian blue, a deep brilliant blue.

Carmine, a deep rose-colour, much used in flower-painting.

Brown-pink, a greenish-brown, useful for foliage.

A bottle of Roberson's medium is useful to soften the paints with, if they become hard. And now for a few words about your box of lustra paints. It should contain at least nine bottles of powder colours, and a bottle of medium, to mix with the paints. They are sold in sixpenny bottles of old gold, modern gold, dead silver, and bright silver, red, bronze, blue, mauve, and green. A bottle of liquid medium is sold with them, with which they are to be mixed. The brushes used for lustra-painting are the same as those that are used for oil-painting; the red sable, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, will be enough to begin with. They should be kept distinct from those used for oils, as the same brushes should not be used for both styles. A bottle of spirits of turpentine is necessary to wash the brushes in, which you should be careful to do immediately after using, otherwise they become hard and unfit for use. After washing them in turpentine, dry them on a clean linen rag, and add a little of the oil of nuts; this will prevent their splitting, and will keep them soft and flexible. It should be carefully washed out of them before using. Of the oval-shaped wooden palettes, one is for the oil paints, and one for the lustra colours. They should be carefully scraped with a palette knife before being put away, and rubbed over with a piece of rag saturated in turpentine. The uses of the palette knife are to mix the colours, and to scrape the palette preparatory to cleaning it. The tin dipper is used for the turpentine, after it has been poured out of the bottle. The tracing paper is sold in sheets; it is put over the design you wish to trace; and the transfer paper is to transfer the design from the copy to the material on which you are about to paint.

Having arranged your materials, seat yourself with due regard to the light. It is impossible to see which way the shadows fall if you sit far from the window, or with the light falling at different angles on your drawing. I was shown only the other day some drawings which had been done by a lady who has been having lessons during the last five years. They were carefully worked up, the form was good, the colouring excellent, but, alas! there was no shadow; positively there was a vase looking perfectly flat, without any attempt at a due proportion of light and shade! Even although the form of the vase was correct, it did not look so, from the utter absence of shadow. It seems extraordinary that people observe form and colouring, but do not seem to see which way the shadow falls. Sit near the window, and let the light fall from one window on your left side; if there are other windows in opposite parts of the room, draw the blind down that the light may fall on one side only.

Now let us set to work. Something graceful and climbing is most suitable for a door. We will imagine you have decided on the Japanese honeysuckle for the right-hand centre panel, and apple-blossom for the left-hand panel. On an inclined board or desk, place your branch of honeysuckle, with a piece of white paper behind it, in order to throw up the shadows.

The light comes in on the left side, the shadows therefore fall on the right; this you will clearly see on the white paper. Carefully draw your design, following nature as closely as possible—draw each leaf *as you see it*, leaving nothing to chance or to memory to fill in. Note the leaves that are turned over, the delicacy of the veins, the petals of the flowers, and the formation of the stamen; let nothing escape you. After you have satisfied yourself that you have sketched your spray to the best of your ability, stand back a little, and judge of the effect. You will then be able to compare it with the original. Be sure you do not get it too stiff; look at Nature, with her graceful curves, without one unbroken line, or harsh delineation. Avoid niggling, make your design clear and bold, that you may not only see the effect of your outline, but when you begin to paint you will have something definite to paint from. After you have drawn the outline, it is a good plan, but not a necessary one, to wash in the design in water-colours. By this means you will gradually accumulate a stock of designs, which you will find useful should you wish to paint a similar panel when the flowers are no longer in bloom; and you will also find that if they are coloured they are much easier to trace through. Place a sheet of tracing paper over the design, and trace it through with a finely-pointed pencil. After you have finished your tracing take your wooden panel, and on it place a sheet of red transfer paper, then the tracing, and with an ivory stylus, or a hard pencil, carefully mark over the tracing. This process will transfer the design which you are going to paint. Remove the paper, and you will see your tracing clear and distinct,

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FEBRUARY is as yet too early to give any decided indications of what coming spring fashions are to be; and, indeed, in our treacherous climate, it is far too soon to make any change in wearing apparel, though what we have appeared in during dark days has an uncomfortable habit of looking suddenly shabby. It is always best to start out with the older dresses at the commencement of winter, taking the better ones into daily wear as the year advances.

I have during the past months described the new woollen materials, the new silks, indeed all the stuffs now fashionable, and the mode of making up the same; also the novelties which fashion dictates in stockings, gloves, millinery, and mantles; likewise laces, underclothing, and tea-gowns, together with children's fashions. Now I have a few more odds-and-ends under the head of knicknacks of dress, and I will dwell a little on evening dress, for by this time, during a very gay winter, the modes have developed themselves. Unfortunately I cannot report that there has been any attempt at economy; stuffs are costly, dressmakers' bills are on the increase, and it would seem that saving is the last thing people dream of.

Collars and cuffs of linen are nearly if not quite given up, and in their place a variety of ruffs and frills are employed, the Toby frill still finding favour. You know how to make this—a double row of box-plaited lace turning downwards. Very large lace collars, just what were worn sixty years ago, only fastened as often at the back as in front, have usurped nearly all other styles in Paris, where the Stuart collars are revived by a few *élégantes*. If you are travelling about, and do not care to take much luggage, let me recommend you to have a square muslin handkerchief edged with lace, and to study putting it on. It makes a pretty addition to an out-door dress in summer, a high dress or a low one for evening, and a dressy addition to a high bodice, which can or cannot be turned in at the throat, at the pleasure of the wearer. Fold it cornerwise, put a plait or so at the back of the neck, and knot it as daintily as you can in front. There is scarcely a figure, thin or stout, that it does not show off. The daintiest of little bows of ribbon, in all colours, and made with true French nattiness, are being sold for a franc apiece; such, fastened at the side or front of a bodice, or in the hair, are a wonderful addition. Plush is used for collarettes, and a good deal of a very charming material called Mousseline de Paris, which is almost as silky as Mousseline de Soie, and yet is made of thread. The ruffs in graduated rows of kilted lace have this merit, that they keep in order well; but French people certainly show a preference for black instead of white, which is all very well in lace, but is too suggestive of mourning in lisse. Still, if little trouble and economy are an object, commend me to black lace tuckers and cuffs. Neckties, or rather I should say scarves, are only trimmed on one side now, and are wound about the neck or tied carelessly. A bird sometimes nestles in the midst, or sometimes a flower. Scarves wide enough for the shoulders are again worn just plaited at the back and the ends flowing, as they did when Dickens was a youth.

Swiss belts have come in again. You know what I mean—those having a double-pointed piece, the points turning upwards and downwards, back and front. These front and back pieces are generally much embroidered, similar embroidery being introduced on the small satchel-bags attached to the side. Though our skirts are fuller, we have not yet got over the difficulty of where to put pockets in our dresses, and these additions are certainly useful, though possibly not secure enough for the guarding of purses or keys. For out-door wear nothing seems so safe as the pockets in muffs, which, though invisible, hold a great deal—card-case, purse, and handkerchief.

For evening wear Spanish mantillas appear to be thrown gracefully about the head, not only as a permanent head-dress, but for going to and fro. I have just seen a capital dress-bonnet made of plaited velvet, very soft, and incapable of disarranging either hair or flowers, to which, falling on the shoulders, a Spanish mantilla was attached. The prettiest opera-mantles this year, and the newest, are shaped scarves with capes of plush; occasionally lace is used for trimming, but people have got much into the way of wearing thick fur cloaks and dolmans, such as they don in the daytime, on such occasions, and they are so handsome that they look well on all occasions.

In gloves for evening wear, nothing is really so fashionable as the exceedingly long untanned ones, the bracelet worn over them. I went through a glove factory the other day, and, though somewhat prepared, was astonished at the amount of labour required to produce one pair. The factory was heated by steam and lighted by gas, and divided into some 37 distinct work-rooms. There are 24 different operations in

tawing or preparing the skin alone, when first received with the hair on; and then there is the dyeing, cutting out, sewing, putting together in dozens, and packing up. In one of the 24 manipulations necessary to prepare the skin, it passes through 11 different hands; and in making, 56. A skin in the process of dressing undergoes 138 manipulations; for dyeing, 18; cutting out, 34; sewing, 17; putting in dozens and packing, 12; and from the state of the skin with the hair on, till the glove is finished, 219. The sewing of a woman's small glove comprises 2,500 stitches, and the dressing and dyeing together take 1,250,000 yolks of eggs—the yolks being employed in dressing the skins and dyeing. Figures are for the most part uninteresting, but I am tempted to give you a few more, so that you may in a measure realise that a glove, though a minor adjunct of dress, is not a thing to be despised. In this particular establishment of which I am speaking, 5,360 hands are employed — including dressers, dyers, glovers, clerks, and sempstresses. 740,000 skins are dressed annually and cut out.

Now I will explain to you exactly how a fashionable party-dress should be cut. The width of the skirt at the lower edge should be three yards; at the back it should be slightly rounded. The front breadth is twenty-one inches; on either side is one gore twenty-one inches wide; the back breadth has a gore on either side, each thirteen inches wide. But the great secret of the proper hanging of skirts for party-dresses is what I am now going to tell you. The back breadth and the gores on either side next it (one on each side) are tied back with three sets of strings, the lowest thirteen inches from the bottom, the strings

being attached to two inches of wide cotton elastic sewn to the seams, so that they give at every movement and avoid the display of limbs, and the decided tied-back appearance such dresses have had of late. And within this tying, coming from the waist, is a muslin petticoat cut to the shape of the back breadth, but twelve inches narrower, and on this petticoat is sewn a single plaited flounce edged with lace, of coarse stiff muslin, each plait being two inches wide. There is a lace-edged frilling below this, and the same lace-edged frill is sewn inside the skirt all round, so that the lace just peeps beneath the skirt. The art of "petticoating" it is essential to understand if you would be well dressed, and the particulars I have given may be thoroughly depended on, as I have taken the measurement from one of the prettiest dresses recently worn at a notable entertainment, and made by one of our leading dressmakers.

Now as to the arrangement of such skirts. The back and front are quite distinct, the back being an indefinable drapery of tulle—a mere diaphonous cloud falling over a couple of inch-wide kilted flounces. These same kilted flounces (say five) go up the front and meet a scarf of tulle, and over that, one to match the bodice of velvet, satin, brocade, or, what is more fashionable just now, watered silk, or gold and silver brocade, mixed with satin or silk. These scarves are either carried down the back in plaits, or form a very long sash tied in a bow at the back, but the bow is generally attached to the bodice. The bodices are cut in various ways, but mostly very decidedly low, a low square back and front, lace being draped from the shoulders round the bodice. The sleeves are very short—a mere puff, often a mere strap, in which case there is a sort of scalloped sleeve under the arm, kept in its place in front by

rows of beads and straps of ribbon. The ugly fashion prevails of tying a piece of ribbon with a bow in front, just where it would appear to be placed to hide the vaccination marks. There are generally six seams at the back, the bodice rounded or pointed, and coming well down in front, very short on the hips, the basque at back describing two points divided by a large sash bow, or the double points being each looped up as a festoon.

Now, while it is quite true that black and cream are in the ascendant, that at every entertainment fifty per cent. of the women favour cream, and thirty-five black, the few only colours, still in those colours there is a startling revolution. Imagine a light blue tulle skirt with a violet velvet bodice and violet pointed tunic, bordered with artificial flowers of every hue; or a red tulle skirt with a velvet bodice slightly darker, outlined with bead passementerie of every iridescent colour. I wonder whether, when I say passementerie, it brings to your mind the real thing—I mean thick gimp composed entirely of beads, with no foundation showing at all. It is rather costly, but is not really difficult to make. Draw out a suitable pattern on thick white paper—in England you can procure such ready drawn at almost any Berlin wool shop—on this tack thick coarse net. You will see the paper through it; work the beads, closely set, on it, then cut away the net beyond. I have seen this in jet and in iridescent beads, worked for perhaps 1s.; the trimming to buy being from 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., to 15s. a yard.

I have selected models of dresses for illustration, which, besides representing current modes, will be found full of suggestions for renovating half-worn costumes, for the demi-saison always brings with it a certain amount of necessary furbishing, be the wardrobe in question ever so costly. Let us turn to the group of five attired for out-door exercise. The first figure is that of a young lady of seventeen, wearing a grey cashmere dress trimmed with soft chenille fringe of the same colour. The skirt is gathered and arranged with loose puffs, and the scarf tunic is knotted at the back, the bodice being gathered at the top (to simulate a cape) and again at the waist; so that as warmer days approach, and no mantles are required, this style of costume will look sufficiently trimmed to dispense with an additional covering. The long wrinkled Suède gloves are worn outside the narrow sleeves.

The second costume is for a more matronly wearer, and here we have a pretty combination of watered silk, satin, and chenille, all of rich claret colour. The moire is visible in the scarf tunic, in the back drapery, and in two box-plaits in front of the skirt, also on the cuffs. The strings to the bonnet are also watered ribbon. The third figure (a lady of twenty) wears a combination of two shades of brown—chamois and seal—in soft Indian silk and cashmere. The trimming is silk embroidered in eyelets and festoons with the darker colour. The rows of gathers below the waist and indicating the points both front and back are still a feature in the make of costumes. The fourth and highest figure shows a broché and satin dress, and the popular full ruche round the edge of the skirt. The broché is tawny gold, the satin olive-green; the former material shows in the tablier and plastrons. The bonnet is trimmed with shaded plumes of the two colours. The girl of twelve (who closes the group) has a costume of soft Umritzur and plush—terra-cotta and deep red—and her hat also combines the two colours. The baggy plaits in front in lieu of a waistcoat are very popular, but are only suited to slight figures.

The evening dresses represented in the group of four can be made up in either nun's veiling, Surah, or rich brocaded velvet, according to the age and style of the wearer. For young people, soft sprigged muslin over Sicilienne (both creamy white) and enlivened with either shrimp-pink or marigold ribbons make charming dresses. For matrons, rich satin brochés, combined with plain satins and trimmed with beaded passementeries, are more appropriate. Ball-dresses are lavishly trimmed with lace; Spanish blonde, Duchesse, Round Point, Aurillac, Breton, Mauresque, Carrickmacross, and Greek laces are all pressed into the service. The two children must not be forgotten, for children's party-dresses are often difficult to design, and these are specially successful. The little boy's suit is dark ruby-red velvet with point lace ruffles, if *old* point so much the better. The small maiden's frock is of pale pink muslin, Valenciennes lace, and pink satin ribbon. The silk stockings also match the muslin. Sateen and lace are often now combined for dancing-frocks for girls from twelve to sixteen.

In the outlined figures we have a girl's school costume in dark green serge and deep red silk, and a rich dinner-dress of plush and broché, the plush being steel-blue with chenille fringe to match. Plush by reason of its long pile thickens the figure, but its beautiful *reflets* fully compensate and outweigh this drawback.

"THEY PLOD WITH PATIENT FOOTSTEPS UP THE HILL."

"LIFE-FURROWS" (page 187).

LIFE-FURROWS: A SONNET.

TWO horses, harnessed to a plough, stand still,
Waiting the voice whose words they've learned to know:
Then, at the ploughman's signal, proudly slow
They plod with patient footsteps up the hill;
And since with sturdy hand and steady will
The keen-edged share is driven to and fro,
Up-hill and down alike the furrows go
True as a line, unturned by any ill.
Are not our lives just like the ploughman's share?
The Providence that rules them may decree
That we plough up the hill through toilsome days,
And obstacles may meet us everywhere;
Yet if our hands be true in all our ways,
The furrows will be straight and fair to see.

G. WEATHERLY.

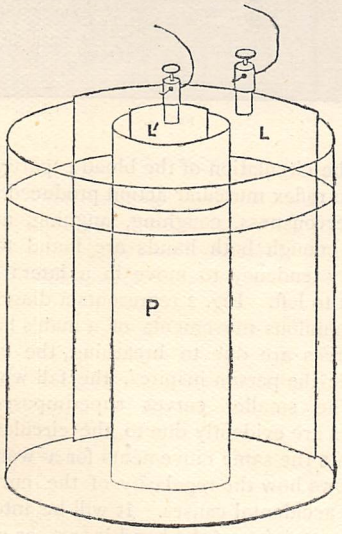
THE GATHERER.

A New Art Decoration.

A new method for reproducing oil-paintings has been invented by Mynheer Bogaerts, a native of Holland, who has opened an exhibition of imitations of the Flemish masters in London. The specimens are remarkable for their fidelity to the originals, and copy even the marks of the painter's brush. The cost of the process is also low, a picture measuring 30 inches by 40 inches being producible for fifteen shillings either on canvas or panel. In the decoration of walls and panels, the "Peinture-Bogaerts" is, therefore, likely to find its own field.

Aniline Dyes by Electricity.

The beautiful dyes which chemists obtain from coal-tar, thus making one of the ugliest of substances yield the colours of the rainbow, are now prepared by electricity from certain aniline solutions. The method



is due to M. Goppelsroeder, of Mulhouse, in Switzerland, who exhibited a number of his products in the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition, together with pieces of silk richly dyed in them. The apparatus for carrying on the process of manufacture consists of a glass vessel or cell, V, containing a large plate of platinum, L; a cylindrical pot of porous clay, P; and within the latter a second smaller plate of platinum, L'. The vessel is also partly filled with water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, and having in solution the organic salt which yields the dye under the influence of oxygen or hydrogen which has just been set free from combination with another body. The plate, L, is connected to the negative pole of a battery of sixteen or twenty bichromate of potash cells; and the plate, L', is connected to the other pole, while both plates are separated by the porous pot. With this arrangement the current from the battery decomposes the water, and oxygen is liberated at one pole, while hydrogen escapes at the other. The nascent gases acting on the aniline salt reduce the aniline colours, which deposit on the plates, sometimes on that connected to the negative pole of the battery, and sometimes on that joined to the positive pole.

Illuminating Tile for Cellars.

Underground cellars and vaults are found in connection with so many shops and warehouses that a notice of an improved means of illuminating them from the pavement cannot be without interest to our readers. The engravings represent a new method which has been devised for the express purpose of introducing as much light as possible into the cellar. It consists of an illuminating lens made of crown-glass, and of the shape of a semi-prism, with a very large reflecting surface, and is shown in the woodcuts as attached to a pavement plate or frame. Its upper portion has a raised centre and radiating grooves, with bevelled sides (which being depressed are protected from fracture) so as to increase the extent of surface. The downward part of the lens is a semi-prism bearing an

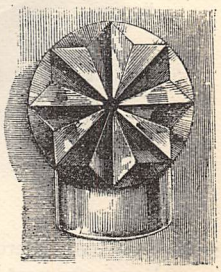


FIG. 1.

inclined flat reflecting surface and an inclined back face that may be flat, or nearly so, concave or convex. In the middle of the cone or peak of the upper part a

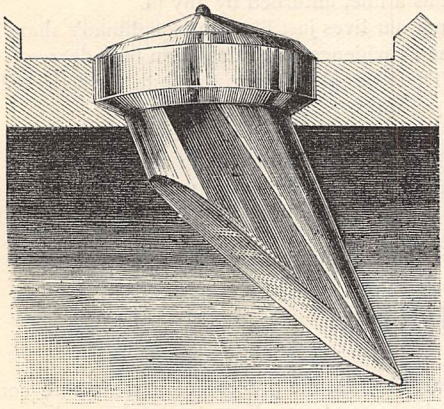


FIG. 2.

metal spur projects to protect the lens, and the iron frame in which it is set carries knobs between the tiles, so that passers-by are prevented both from slipping and from injuring the lens.

Bent Spokes for Wheels.

To mitigate the shock on carriage-wheels, Herr Nordmann, of Dresden, gives the spokes a curving shape, so as to make them exert a certain resillience or resistant spring. After being cut the straight ash-wood spokes are steamed and bent while hot in iron presses, then dried at a moderate temperature. The curvature is proportioned to the load and kind of carriage for which they are designed.

The Kyrograph.

If we try to keep the hand quite steady for some time, small tremulous movements begin, over which we have no control. These have been experimentally

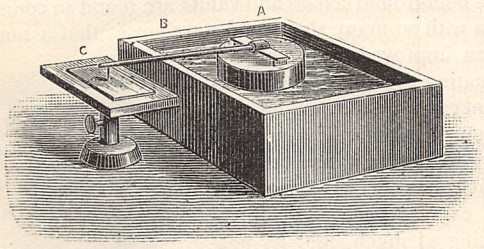


FIG. 1.

studied by Mr. Percy R. Wilde, M.B., who has invented an instrument for the purpose, termed a kyrograph, which we illustrate in Fig. 1. It consists of a flat tin float, A, about 5 inches in diameter, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, made in the form of a box. Across its top is placed a support for the hand, which carries at its centre a socket. Into this is placed one end of a rod of vulcanite, B, 10 inches long, which serves as an indicator and is fitted at its outer end with a marking-point or needle. The needle traces a fine line on a square of smoked glass, C, which is raised to a convenient height on a movable platform. The float is

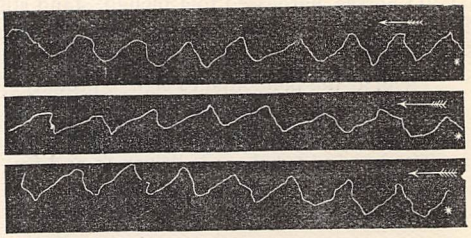


FIG. 2.

placed in a trough containing water, and the hand or hands are lightly rested on the float. Their involuntary motions are then traced on the pane of smoked

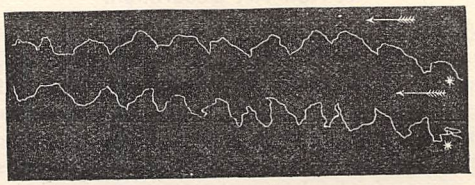


FIG. 3.

glass. By means of these diagrams Mr. Wilde has discovered that the tremulous motions of the hand are partly regular and due to the rhythm of the respira-

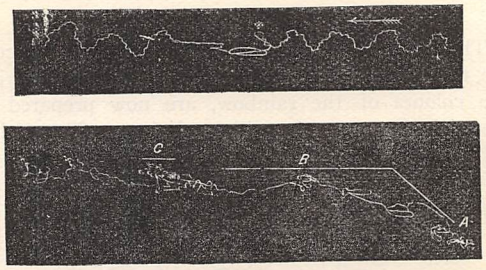
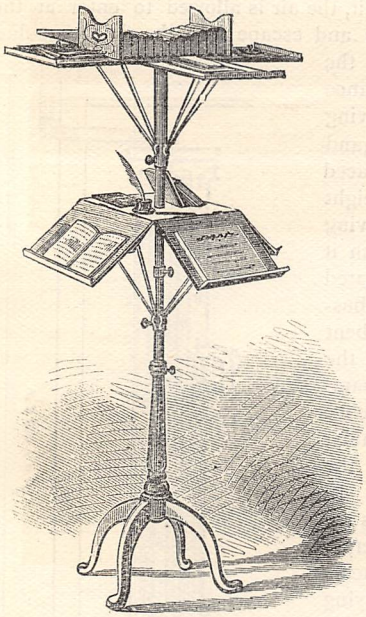


FIG. 4.

tion and the circulation of the blood; partly irregular and due to reflex muscular action produced by sudden shocks, nervousness, coughing, laughing, and so on. Curiously enough both hands are found to have an involuntary tendency to move in a lateral direction, from right to left. Fig. 2 represents a diagram of the regular tremulous movements of a man's hand. The larger curves are due to breathing, the rise taking place while the person inspires, the fall while he expires. The smaller curves superimposed on the larger ones are evidently due to the circulation. Fig. 3 represents the same movements for a woman; and Fig. 4 shows how the regularity of the curve is disturbed by accidental causes. It will be interesting to see how far training of the hand in art or mechanical skill affects these movements, and in this regard the kyrograph may prove a useful instrument, as well as in the diagnosis of certain diseases, especially those affecting the nervous system.

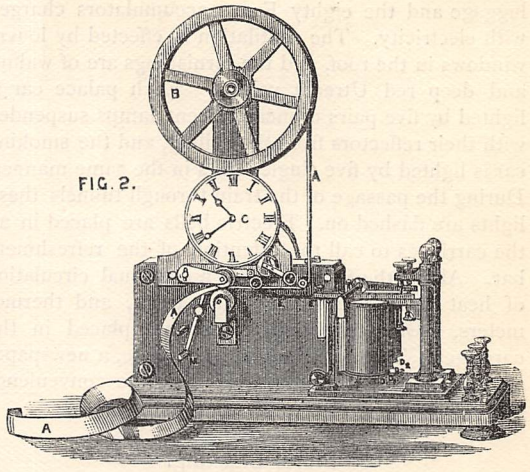
A Handy Book-Rest.

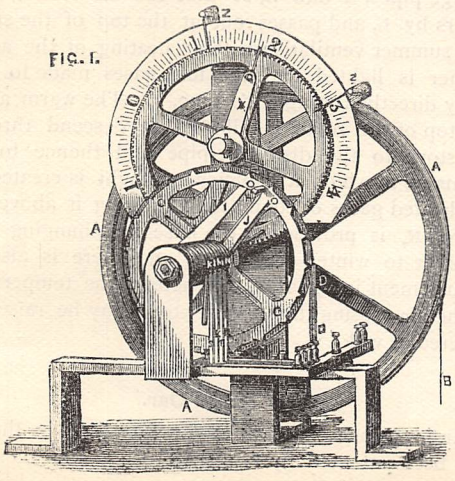
The annexed woodcut represents a new book-rest which has several useful features. The fixed hollow standard is of iron, and the movable rod fitted to it carries one or two tables or rests, composed of four leaves hinged to a central board. Perhaps the most convenient point about this stand is that the rest may either be kept flat—when the books are wanted for show rather than for use—or inclined by means of brass rods pivoted to the adjustable sleeve on the standard, in which position the books are comfortably placed for reading purposes. Each of the folding leaves is furnished with a spring clip to prevent the books or papers from slipping off. The rest may easily be carried to any part of a room, and it also turns upon its standard, so that it may be used with the smallest amount of trouble.



A Flood Recorder.

An ingenious apparatus for self-registering the variations of level in a river or dam was exhibited by the Seine Conservancy Board at the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition. It is termed Morquet's Fluviograph, after the inventor M. Morquet, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. It consists of a float of hard wood, which is free to rise or fall inside a metal cylinder with the level of the stream. This float is connected to a fine wire, B, which passes round a pulley, A, as shown in Fig. 1. The fall of the float turns this pulley from left to right, and its rise from right to left. On the shaft of this pulley is fixed a toothed wheel, C, whose teeth make contact in succession with the spring, D, as the wheel revolves. At each contact a current of electricity is sent to the registering part of the apparatus, which may be at a distant place, and as the teeth are placed at equal spaces apart, the degree of rise (or fall) of the water-level can thereby be recorded. Moreover, by means of a small toothed pinion on the shaft of the pulley, the toothed wheel, W, can be rotated to right or left; and the pointer, X, which it carries can be moved to right or left along the graduated limb of the dial, O. By means of two contact-pieces, Z Z, which can be set at any part of the dial representing a dangerous level of the water, an alarm-bell can be sounded when that level is reached; for the contact-pieces are in connection with an electric bell, and the pointer, X, is in circuit with a voltaic battery. The recording part of the fluviograph is simply a Morse telegraph instrument fitted with two sets of electro-magnets, D_1 D_1, D_2 D_2, and two inking wheels. When the level sinks one electro-magnet comes into play, and blue marks are made on the strip of moving paper, A, which is carried by the wheel, B. When the level rises, the other electro-magnet by the attraction of its iron armature presses its inking wheel against the paper and makes red marks. One of these marks is made for every two inches of rise or fall as the case may be.





The Electric Light in Trains.

The new Pullman express running from London to Brighton, which is said to be the best-equipped train in the world, has been fitted with Edison's incandescent electric lights, fed with electricity from the accumulators or electric reservoirs of M. Faure. The

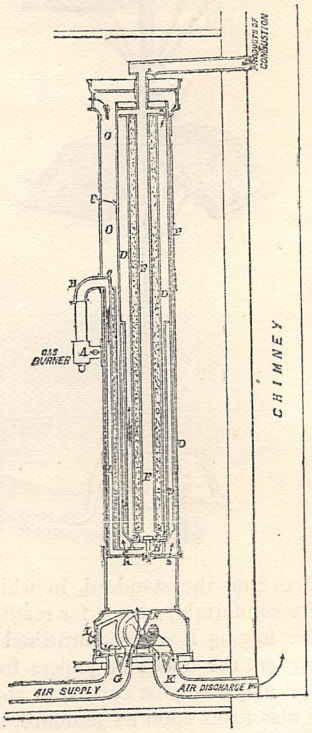
train consists of four Pullman cars, each 58 feet in length, and providing a continuous passage from end to end of 232 feet. That next the engine is a parlour car, and is divided into three compartments having seats and tables, lavatory and dressing-room. The second carriage is furnished like a drawing-room, and has at one end a ladies' boudoir, and at the other a storeroom and locker. It is reserved for ladies travelling alone or accompanied by gentlemen. The third car is for refreshments, and the fourth is for smoking in. Part of the latter car contains the luggage and the eighty Faure accumulators charged with electricity. The ventilation is effected by louvre windows in the roof, and the furnishings are of walnut and deep red Utrecht velvet. Each palace car is lighted by five pairs of incandescent lamps suspended with their reflectors from the ceiling, and the smoking car is lighted by five single lights in the same manner. During the passage of the train through tunnels these lights are flashed on. Electric bells are placed in all the carriages to call the attention of the refreshment bar. Along the floor there is a continual circulation of heat by means of hot-water pipes, and thermometers, barometers, and clocks are placed in the carriages. To make the train complete, a newspaper stand and letter-box are provided for the convenience of passengers.

Floral Blacking.

In Mexico there is a tree which absorbs water vapour from the air and exudes it in the form of water from its trunk and branches in so great a quantity that the ground underneath is literally soaked with it. Indeed, some recent explorers in one of the arid Mexican deserts came upon a forest of these trees which had turned the dry soil into something like a morass; and the attention of botanists has been directed to it as a substitute for the eucalyptus in desert tracts of country, such as the pampas of South America, the sands of the Sahara, or the plains of Cyprus. In Australia, however, they have a greater curiosity in the shape of a plant with flowers possessing the singular property of giving to boots all the lustrous qualities of Day and Martin's best blacking, by simply rubbing the flower upon the leather. The plant in question is a species of hibiscus *(H. Rosa sinenus)* which grows in New South Wales; and four or five of the flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are sufficient for each boot. They yield a gummy juice which gives a glossy skin to the leather.

A Sanitary Stove.

One of the novelties of the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington is the Sanitary Gas Stove of Mr. Schönheyder, of which the figure is a sectional view. In this stove the noxious gases formed by the burning of the coal-gas are never allowed to come into contact with the air of the room. Pure air from outside the building is passed through the heated stove before it enters the room, and then escapes by a flue or chimney. If it is desired merely to warm the air of a room without changing it, the supply-pipe leading outside is closed and the air of the room allowed to circulate through the stove. Again, if it is desired to ventilate the room without further warming it, the air is allowed to enter at the top of the stove and escape into the discharge-flue. The stove has the outward appearance of a column, having one or more Argand gas-burners, A, placed at a convenient height as shown, and giving light to the room if need be. The heated products of combustion pass by the bent tube, B, through the pipe, C, to the chamber, E, and thence through the annular space, D D, to the vent at the top. In doing so it heats the sides of a cylinder, P, which in turn heats the air for supplying the room. This air is admitted to the stove by the supply-pipe, G, and ascends through the space, O, where it is heated by contact with P, then escapes into the room at the top of the stove through holes as shown by the curved arrow. On entering the room it is cooled by contact with the ceiling and walls, and therefore sinks until it escapes into the chimney through openings in the base of the stove and the air discharge-pipe, K. To heat the air in the room without ventilating it, the door, L, at the base is opened, when the slide, M, closes both the supply and discharge pipes, G and K, so that the air of the room enters by L, and passes out at the top of the stove. For summer ventilation without heating of the air, a burner is lighted and the foul gases made to pass away directly through the pipe, F. The warm air at the top of the room is allowed to descend through the stove to the discharge-pipe and thence to the chimney, in which a sufficient draught is created by the heated gases of combustion entering it above. A valve, N, is provided at the base for changing from summer to winter ventilation, and there is also an arrangement in the box, E, whereby the temperature of the air passing through the stove may be raised or lowered at will.



An Aërial Car.

An ingenious contrivance for travelling in the air has been patented by Monsignor Capel and the Re

A. de la Pauze. It consists of a light car of bamboo or steel tubing, covered with oiled silk or waterproofing, and having stretched above it, on a mast, a level awning of oiled silk or coated canvas. This plane surface aids the buoyany of the car by reason of its large surface pressing on the air below. It can be inclined either upwards or downwards at will, so as to direct the rising or sinking of the vehicle. Stays extend from the mast to the ends of the car, and carry bearings on which are mounted universal joints, to which a fan or propeller is attached. These are driven by motive-power contained in the car, either in the form of electricity or compressed air. The vessel is mounted on light wheels, and in order to start it is run along the ground, while the awning is inclined, so as to gradually lift it into the air. On the other hand, in descending the awning is inclined in the opposite direction.

Tar-dipped Hurdles.

Wattled hurdles are sometimes used for sheltering plants, as well as penning sheep, and though inexpensive in themselves, the fact that they only last two or three years owing to decay at the roots is a drawback to their use. Mr. G. F. Wilson, of Weybridge, has however found it a good plan to dip the whole hurdle in tar. Thus treated they are weatherproof, and have the appearance of being black-varnished. The idea has been acted on at the Walton-on-Thames Gas Works, where hurdles are now regularly dipped in tar for farmers. The preservative material in the tar is creosote, which is now so largely used in preserving wooden telegraph-poles. The oil of creosote is forced into the pores of the wood under pressure. Since the decay chiefly takes place at the part in and near the ground, however, it is a waste of money to soak the whole post, and hence M. Mirandolle, of Amsterdam, has recently introduced the method of impregnating only the lower part of the pole. As the hurdles, too, give way mainly at the parts which enter the ground, perhaps a saving might be effected by simply dipping the lower part in tar.

Film Flowers.

A very pretty pastime, imagined by M. Plateau, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Belgium, consists in making artificial flowers out of fine wire filled in with soap-bubble films, which take an iridescent aspect when seen by light reflected from their surfaces. The flowers of M. Plateau were made by taking fine iron wire about half a millimètre in diameter, and bending it into the shape of the desired flower. The woodcuts illustrate one of these figures in plan, side view, and perspective. On forming the shape the wire is lightly oxidised by keeping it a few seconds in feeble nitric acid, and after being washed, it is immersed face downwards in liquid glycerine, to a very slight depth in order to avoid any film in the fork of the stem. On holding the flower at a window in such a position that the sky is reflected in the films filling up the spaces between the contour of the wire, the films soon begin to grow iridescent and discover the most lovely tints. The glycerine is prepared for yielding the films by dissolving in forty parts of hot distilled water one part of good Marseilles soap newly bought and cut up small. If the solution on cooling is turbid, it should be filtered until clear. Three volumes of this liquid are then to be mixed with two volumes of Price's glycerine and well agitated, then allowed to settle until all the bubbles are expelled. This liquid will last for several days and will be found to produce very good soap-films.

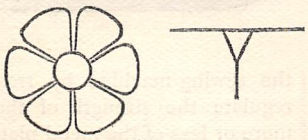


FIG. 1.

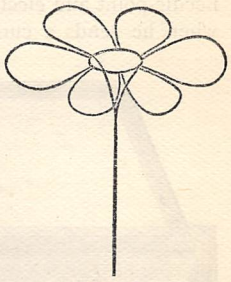


FIG. 2.

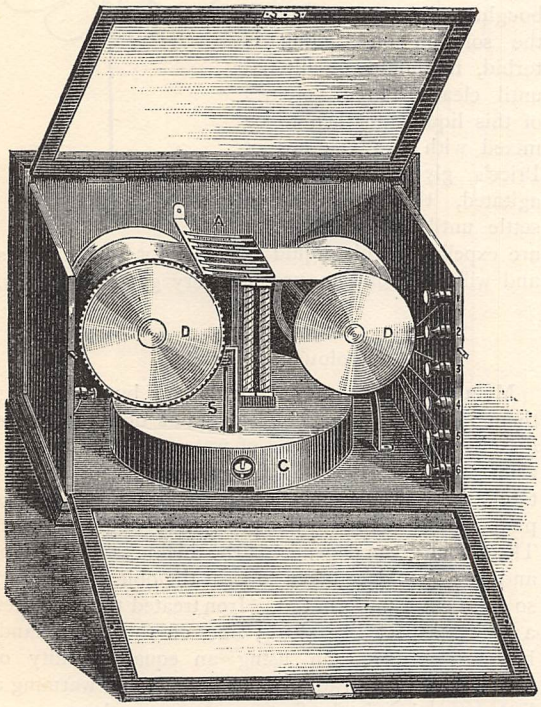
Colouring Metals.

Metallic objects may be coloured by immersing them in a bath formed of 640 grains of lead acetate dissolved in 3,450 grains of water, and warmed to from 38° to 90° Fahr. This mixture gives a precipitate of lead in black flakes, and when the object is plunged into the bath the precipitate deposits on it. The colour given depends on the thickness of the skin, and care should be taken to treat the object gradually, so as to get a uniform tint. Iron treated thus acquires a bluish aspect like steel; zinc, on the other hand, becomes brown. On using an equal quantity of sulphuric acid instead of lead acetate, and warming a little more than in the first case, common bronze may be coloured red or green with a very durable skin. Imitations of marble are obtained by covering bronze objects warmed to 100° Fahr. with a solution of lead thickened with gum tragacanth, and afterwards submitting them to the action of the above-mentioned precipitate of lead.

A Tell-tale for Watchmen.

It is reassuring to the owner of property to know that the watchman he employs is trustworthy and regularly goes his rounds, and the little apparatus illustrated herewith is devised to put an end to all doubts on this score. It has been designed by Messrs. Elliott, of London, and has been satisfactorily tested during several months. Generally the watchman in a large factory has to visit every part of the premises periodically during the course of the night, and hence every such part is connected electrically to the central indicator shown in the figure. A press-button like that of an electric bell is provided at each point, and when the watchman arrives there, he presses the button and sends a current to the indicator. This is contained in a glass case, which is kept locked so as not to be tampered with. It consists of two drums, D, carrying a band of paper which passes

under a series of needle-points, A, attached to as many armatures of electro-magnets placed below. These drums are moved together through the action of the pinion, S, by clockwork contained in the box, C, and as the paper unrolls off one drum it rolls on the other. For every stage on the watchman's beat there is a needle-point and electro-magnet in the indicator, and when he sends a current from any stage, the corre-



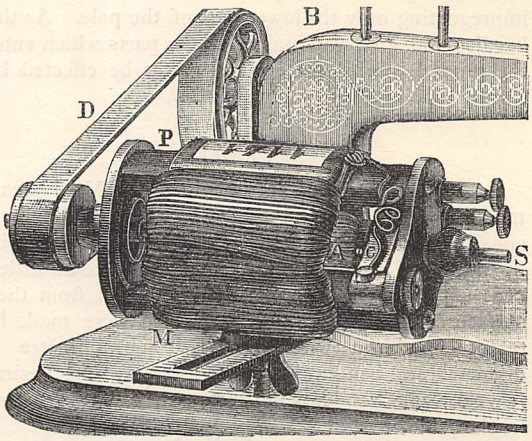
sponding needle is caused by the electro-magnet to perforate the band of paper. An examination of the latter shows whether the watchman has faithfully visited all his posts in the night, and by ruling the paper with cross-lines, and by regulating the clock-work, the times at which the visits were made can be determined; but this measure is usually needless.

Mica Masks.

Masks of mica are now made by Herr Raphael, of Breslau, for protecting the faces of workmen exposed to intense heat, dust, or the fumes of noxious chemicals. Such for example are metal-workers, stone-masons, and glass-melters. The mask is formed of arched plates of mica, which are quite transparent, and fitted to a metal frame covered with asbestos to render it unattackable by heat or acids. The space between the arched mica and the eyes allows the workman to wear spectacles if his eyesight is bad, or coloured shades if the light is strong, without fear of breakage, since mica is a poor conductor of heat. When the mask has to be worn a long time, fresh air can be supplied to the head by means of an india-rubber tube which passes out to the shoulders, and has a funnel-shaped end closed by a moistened sponge.

Griscom's Electric Motor.

One of the neatest little electric motors yet invented is that of Mr. Griscom, of the Electro-Dynamic Company of Philadelphia, seen at the Electrical Exhibition in the Crystal Palace. As shown in the illustration, it consists of an electro-magnet, M, made in the form of a flat iron ring, having two opposite sections wound with insulated wire, which when traversed by a current turn the remaining bare portions above and below into magnetic poles of opposite kind. One of these poles—the positive—is shown at P; the other, or negative, is hidden, but is directly opposite to P. Between these two poles a bobbin of wire, A, made after the pattern of the revolving bobbin in a Siemens dynamo-electric machine, is mounted on a shaft, S, which carries at its other end a driving pulley. A commutator, C, like that used in dynamo-electric machines, conveys the current from a voltaic battery both to the coils of the bobbin and to those of the electro-magnet round it. The magnet being thereby excited, the movable bobbin begins to revolve on its shaft, and communicates its motion to the driving belt, D, which in turn rotates the fly-wheel of a sewing-machine, B, or other apparatus it is desired to work. The commutator interrupts the current at every revolution of the bobbin in such a way as to produce continuous rotation of the latter, and consequent steady movement of the sewing-machine. The total weight of this little motor is only two and a half pounds, and when excited by the current from six cells of the kind supplied with it, it is capable of performing 1,000 foot-pounds of mechanical work per minute, or in other words, it is said to be able to lift one pound to a height of 1,000 feet. The battery is enclosed in a box, to which a pedal is attached, so that the person working



the sewing-machine by treading on the pedal can regulate the strength of the current, on immersing more or less of the metal plates in the exciting liquid. The maximum speed of a sewing-machine in good order when driven by Griscom's motor is about 900 revolutions per minute.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

MRS. DEAN BETRAYS A SECRET.

ALTHOUGH not accustomed to rise with the lark, Beatrice Rossiter was usually downstairs in the morning before any of the rest of the family. It formed, in fact, one of her many duties to give out the tea for breakfast, and to see that the ham was cooked to her father's liking. She was not exactly a modern Cinderella, this little woman, but so far as a household drudge was needed in the establishment of a busy medical practitioner, where only two young and inefficient maids were kept, she certainly constituted one. But if in any respect she could remind us of that charming friend of our nursery days, it was not, at all events, in that she looked either ragged or dirty. On the contrary, as she tripped towards the kitchen on this morning, after the occurrence of that singular series of events which had led to Mr. Frank Rossiter's detention in the house, she presented a perfect picture of dainty neatness. Moreover, there was a soft radiance in her aspect, a beaming light in her grey eyes, to which the tear-accustomed orbs of the little cinder-maid must have been a stranger—at least, until after she had met with her prince.

A hum of conversation greeted Beatrice's ear as she approached the kitchen, but on her entrance it ceased abruptly, and there was a curiously conscious expression in each of the three faces that were turned upon her.

"Good mornin' to 'ee, miss," observed Mrs. Dean, a woman of placid exterior, who spoke her native dialect more broadly than we may express it here; "I do be just snatchin' a bit o' breakfast, 'ee see, ma'am."

"That is right. I hope you are getting it comfortably," responded Beatrice. "How is Mr. Rossiter—I mean your charge—this morning, Mrs. Dean?"

"Lor! Then, 'tis so? Do 'ee tell, now!" exclaimed the nurse, setting down the coffee-cup, which had been half-way to her lips, whilst Jane and Mary exchanged glances and interjections of surprise, and then burst into a simultaneous giggle. Beatrice drew herself up, and the colour rushed into her face. "What is the matter?" she demanded, "Why are you standing here, Jane, when the table is not set for breakfast? And what is the meaning of this mysterious behaviour?"

"L', miss! 'tisn't nothing of any consequence," put in Mrs. Dean; "but girls they do laugh at naught. Be off to your work, do 'ee now, you lazy huzzy," she went on, addressing her daughter. "You didn't ought to be idlin' here, nor Mary neither—did she, miss?" And, by a significant gesture, Mrs. Dean indicated to the latter a desire that she should retire out of earshot.

Taking up her tray, Jane, who held her mild-looking mother in wholesome dread, departed instantly for the dining-room, whilst the cook, obeying her suggestion more deliberately, passed into the back kitchen, and made an ostentatious rattle of the bread-knife and board.

"Well?" said Beatrice, directing an anxious and questioning glance at Mrs. Dean.

"Yes, miss, to be sure. I beg pardon—I didn't answer the question 'ee axed. The young gentleman do be sleepin' now like a lamb; and a sweet young gentleman he are, to be zure. But he have had rather a bad night."

"How? Has he been in much pain, nurse?"

"Wull, I dun know about that, but he have been ramblin' in 's head off and on all night, miss, in a bit of a fever like. But this nice sleep 'll set he all right, I don't doubt," replied the good woman. "And lor, miss! he did say some queer things."

"But you ought not to listen to what people say, Mrs. Dean, when they are unconscious," expostulated Beatrice; "at all events, you ought not to repeat it."

"No, miss, that's true. In a general way I didn't ought, and in course I *don't*. But, you see, 'twas all about *you*, miss, as that fine handsome young man was a-ravin' the blessed night through."

"About me?"

"Ay—leastways, if you be his cousin? And you did say, miss, as his name was Rossiter—didn't 'ee?"

"Yes, he—he is a distant relation of ours," stammered Beatrice.

"Wull, miss, I do wish 'ee joy from th' bottom of my heart, I do that! You have bin a good daughter, miss; and, if 'ee'll excuse me saying so, 'ee be deservin' of a nice beau, so 'ee be!"

"Oh, Mrs. Dean! he is not anything of that kind!" protested Beatrice, turning crimson to the roots of her hair. "Why do you talk so?"

"Good sakes! Miss Beatrice, my dear, I be an old 'ooman as have know'd 'ee all your life, and you don't need to be shy o' me. But what puzzled me when I did hear him talkin' for everlastin' about

'Cousin Beatrice, Cousin Beatrice,' was that I'd never heard afore as 'ee did own any kinsfolk."

"Was he really speaking about me? Oh, Mrs. Dean! I don't think you ought to tell me, but——" an eager longing glance supplied the rest.

"Bless us, my dear! why not? Sure 'ee do know better 'n I can tell 'ee, how he do love 'ee. 'Twas 'Dear little Beatrice!' 'Sweet little Cousin Beatrice!' and 'Oh, Martin! I cannot bear never to see her again! How I do love her! 'Tis only now, when I fear I have lost her for ever, that I seem to understand how charming she is.' There, miss, they be his very own words, for he did say 'em over and over so often, as I got 'em off like larnin' a lesson."

"Oh! I cannot listen any longer," cried Beatrice; "I ought not to have let you tell me this. Please, Mrs. Dean, do not mention the subject again. I am afraid you have repeated all this to Mary and Jane?"

"Lor bless 'ee, miss, no!"

"I am so glad!" said Beatrice, who never doubted any one's word. "And will you promise me not to do so?"

"'Deed, then, don't 'ee trouble. What 'd I tell they idle huzzies for?" returned Mrs. Dean with amiable shiftiness. "But eh, Miss Beatrice dear, I warrant he'll make a good husband to 'ee!" she added, rising to return to her patient, but pausing on her way upstairs to whisper a brief, but imperious, caution in her daughter's ear.

Having put out the tea, Beatrice left the rest of the matutinal meal to the undirected management of her incompetent domestics, and mechanically taking up her key-basket, ran back to her own room, and actually locked the door. To be alone for a short time was, she felt, an absolute necessity. She had managed to preserve an appearance of outward composure whilst listening to Mrs. Dean's startling tidings, but the happiness wherewith those tidings had filled her was almost more than she could bear. Her whole being thrilled with delicious excitement. She sat down on the window-seat, and tried to realise this wonderful thing that had befallen her. Could it really be true that he loved her?—he, the handsomest, the truest, the best, the noblest young fellow in the whole world! How was it possible? What could he have seen in her to make him love her? Yet it *must* be so; it *must* be true! Mrs. Dean's evidence was of too positive a nature to admit of question. All she could do was to marvel and tremble with joy as she softly repeated to herself the words in which he had made that unconscious confession of love, until they seemed to chime sweet changes in her ear, and to echo themselves in her innermost heart. The blissful emotion swelled and swelled until it seemed almost to suffocate her. She rose, and opened the window. The morning was lovely, and Beatrice leaned forth, letting the soft balmy air play upon her smooth cheeks.

How perfect, in the first flush of it, was this new joy! No thought of the future troubled it. For the present, the abstract fact that she was loved sufficed, if only she could grasp more fully that astounding truth. And now that she knew he loved her, she need no longer hide from herself how much she loved him. Deep in the recesses of her heart the little woman had buried her secret, trying to cover it up even from her own sight. Not, however, that she was ashamed of it. How could she be ashamed of loving what was beautiful and good?—and Frank Rossiter formed her ideal of manly virtue and beauty. It seemed to Beatrice, now that she had divined the nobility of his nature at the first glance into his honest, dark blue eyes, that her affections had gone out to him at the first sound of his cheery, pleasant voice. Still her love had brought her pain, and it had only been through the pain that she had discovered the existence of the love. She had known her brave, bright hero, only to lose him by a separation which she had supposed to be complete and inevitable. She had been forbidden ever to speak with him again, and she had believed it more than possible that she might never even see him again. It had seemed better, therefore, to embalm his memory and to put it away—not to be forgotten, but to be looked at only when this could be done without futile regret and suffering. Moreover, the awakening of womanly instinct had taught the unsophisticated child reticence with regard to this love, which had been given unwittingly and unasked for. She had felt that it would be derogatory to her dignity to confess it to any one, even to her beloved sister, from whom no other feeling of her heart was hidden. Now, however, she resolved that she would tell Cecilia everything. How pleasant it would be to pour forth her past sorrows and her present joy in a sympathising ear! What a sweet and loving confidante her dear sister would make! How great a relief it would be to have no longer any secrets from her! And what a secret this was! How surprised Cissy would be! How she would wonder, like herself, at the strange, mysterious, overwhelming happiness that had come to her!

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AN UNSYMPATHETIC SISTER.

THE ringing of a bell used to announce meals startled Beatrice at length from her blissful reverie, and hastening down-stairs, she found her father and sister already seated at the breakfast-table.

"Good morning, my dear. This is something out of the common for you to be down last," observed her father.

"But lying in bed evidently agrees with her, papa," remarked Cecilia. "Why, Bee, how pretty you look this morning! Your eyes are so bright, and you have quite a lovely colour."

"Have I?" laughed Beatrice. "How is mamma this morning, papa?" she inquired, taking her seat. "Do you think she would like her breakfast at once?"

"No, no. I left her asleep," rejoined the doctor. "She has had a very disturbed night, which I am afraid was partly my fault, for I was restless, and did not sleep well myself. Let her alone at present." There was a slight scowl on Dr. Rossiter's brow as he spoke, and an impatient accent in his voice. Cecilia

passed him an egg, and took a look at his plate with filial attention to see if there was anything else he required. But neither she nor Beatrice ventured to ask the cause of his sleeplessness, and for several minutes there was silence in the room.

Then clearing his throat, and introducing the subject with evident effort, Dr. Rossiter observed—"By the way, girls, I should prefer that you did not mention the real name of our invalid up-stairs to your mother to-day. She is not well enough to bear any excitement, and he will not be able to leave his room at present."

"But he is not seriously ill, I hope, papa?" said Cecilia, putting into words the question which Beatrice asked only with her eager, dilated eyes. "You expect him to recover?"

"Recover? Dear me! yes," said her father. "The wound is bad enough, certainly, for the arm has been cut right through to the bone, which is slightly splintered. Still, a young man with a capital constitution like his will soon get over it. The weakness and fever he is suffering from now are principally, as I think I told you before, the consequence of a tremendous loss of blood, which took place before the hurt could be attended to. He will be down-stairs in a day or two."

"And will he stay here then, papa?" queried Cissy, "or go back at once to Clumbar Court?"

"I don't know, my dear. I should like to watch the arm carefully till it begins to heal, and I shall probably ask him to remain in the house a short time longer. I owe him at least my best surgical attention, for he saved my life. At the same time, I must own that it has been a terrible shock to me to find that he is the son of that man whom I have such good reason to abhor. He is a fine fellow himself, however. There is nothing of his father in him, either in appearance, manner, or nature—at any rate, so far as I can judge. But I wish to forget the contaminating association whilst he is beneath my roof altogether, if I can. Therefore I beg, girls, that neither of you will make any allusion to the question of our relationship, and that you will speak of him only as Mr. Francis. You understand?"

Both the girls signified assent, and Cecilia, guessing that her father would rather not pursue it, then turned the subject with her usual tact, and during the remainder of the meal Dr. Rossiter and she kept up a lively dialogue, under cover of which Beatrice's silence passed unnoticed.

Breakfast was scarcely over—indeed, they had not yet risen from table—when Mr. Trevor came in. He had called, he said, to give Dr. Rossiter an account of his visit to Clumbar Court on the previous evening, and was evidently glad of the excuse so afforded. Thanking him rather curtly, Dr. Rossiter motioned him to a chair, and the young man then proceeded—feasting his eyes the while on Cecilia's beauty—to relate how he had found Sir John and Lady Rutherford in a state of extreme uneasiness on account of the mysterious disappearance of their guest, and how, on explaining the position of affairs, he had had the greatest difficulty in preventing Sir John from rushing off incontinently to see him. "You may depend upon it, he will be here betimes this morning," he added. "He appears to be very much attached to the young fellow—who, by the way, as I suppose you will have discovered by this time, doctor, is a Mr. Frank Rossiter, a connection of your own. I fancied you could not have known it last evening, as you spoke of him only as Mr. Francis."

"Thank you. I am quite aware of the fact."

"Sir John told me, doctor," pursued Mr. Trevor, "that he had understood you were not on friendly terms with young Rossiter's father, and that you objected to his visiting you. Curious thing, sir, wasn't it, that he should have happened to be the same man to come to your assistance under the circumstances?"

"Very; but I must ask you, Trevor, to oblige me by forgetting that I have the slightest acquaintance with the father of the gentleman up-stairs. But I will speak to you again on that point."

"Is Sir John Rutherford young or old, Mr. Trevor?" put in Cecilia.

"He is not *very* young, Miss Rossiter, but certainly not old," replied the young man, colouring with pleasure at her direct address. "I should say he was a man of about thirty-five. His wife looks considerably younger, and I believe they have not been long married. They met Mr. Frank Rossiter abroad last summer for the first time, so they said, and struck up quite a friendship with him."

"You called at Blake's cottage, I suppose, Trevor? How did you find him? And what about the wife—was she coming round well?"

"Yes, I think so, though she had a violent attack of hysteria when she attempted to tell me what had occurred. Poor woman! she had evidently been almost frightened to death. As to the man, his case seems to me a bad one, doctor. I don't think he can pull through."

"Not the least chance of it. But I must look in on him again this morning, although, I confess, the thought of the fellow makes me shudder," said the doctor, rising and taking out his watch. "Shall you require the mare, Trevor? I will take the gig and Jack."

In obedience to this very palpable hint at dismissal, Mr. Trevor rose to his feet and began to make his blushing adieus to the ladies. Whilst he was still engaged in the act, Sir John Rutherford was announced. Waiting only to see his assistant out of the room, Dr. Rossiter joined the baronet, who had been shown into the drawing-room.

The sisters being thus left alone, Cecilia immediately began to rally Beatrice again upon her changed aspect.

"You look as radiant, you dear little mouse," she said, regarding her curiously, "as though you had unexpectedly come into a fortune—ten thousand a year at the very least."

"I don't know that *that* would make me look particularly radiant, Cissy," laughed Beatrice.

"Would it not? Well, it would make *me* look very

particularly so. I do long to be rich! What can it be, then? Ha! here comes Jane to clear away the breakfast-things. You'll have to explain another time."

"Yes, I will. I will tell you everything," whispered Beatrice. "Oh, Cissy darling, I am so very, very happy!"

"Missis has just rung her bell, Miss Beatrice," said Jane. "And Mary wants to know, please, if she be to boil an egg for her breakfast."

"Jane, have you seen your mother this morning?" asked Miss Rossiter, so soon as her sister had departed. "What does she say about the sick gentleman?"

Jane's expression became mysterious. "Lor, miss! don't you know? Then Miss Beatrice haven't told you what mother——There! she said I wasn't to say a word about it, mother did."

"Oh! I think you have left the door open, Jane. Please to shut it," said Cecilia sweetly. The housemaid obeyed, and recommenced collecting cups and plates. But it was a good while before she carried her tray back to the kitchen.

Meanwhile Beatrice, having taken her mother's breakfast up-stairs, found the gentle invalid rather discomposingly interested about the young stranger whom she knew to be lying in the adjoining chamber, and of whom her husband had merely told her that he had been hurt whilst helping him to obtain mastery over a sufferer from delirium tremens, without adverting to the peril in which his own life had stood. Though not given to be effusive of her confidence outside her family, Beatrice had always been perfectly open with her parents, and she naturally longed now to tell her mother *who* it was that was in the next room, how he had saved her father's life, and what she had learned respecting his feelings towards herself. But her lips were sealed by Dr. Rossiter's command, and also by the sight of her mother's pallid face. As Beatrice was aware, poor Mrs. Rossiter was afflicted with heart disease, and it was necessary to use every precaution to avoid sudden shocks or undue excitement, especially when, as in the present case, she was suffering from one of the enfeebling attacks to which she was subject.

Striving, therefore, to divert her attention from the one thing which filled her own thoughts, Beatrice chattered on, scarcely knowing what she said, about all kinds of indifferent topics, whilst she helped her mother to perform her slow toilette. And all the while her heart kept singing for joy—a song with one delicious unwearying refrain, "He loves me! He loves me!"

With the happy optimism of youth and innocence, the little woman saw no evils ahead. Her faith in the future almost equalled her wondering delight in the present. By a miracle—it seemed to her nothing less—Frank, when all further communication appeared to have been rendered impossible, had been brought again into association with her family. At this moment he was actually under the same roof, and her father was going to ask him to remain for some time—her father who had brought her mother and herself away from Headport, in order that they might not sit at the same table with him! And, better still, all the doctor's prejudices against him personally had vanished. His bitterness against the father remained, but for the son he had expressed a sincere admiration. Moreover, towards the latter he had fallen under the highest of all obligations. To deny him his own friendship or that of his family had become, Beatrice thought, an utter impossibility; and since things had righted themselves so far, how could she doubt but that everything would come straight? As for herself, the poor little woman was beginning to feel almost ashamed of her happiness—it was so great, so overwhelming. That *she* should love Frank seemed only natural, for who could help loving him? But that *he* should love her—a plain, insignificant, unattractive girl—this was inexplicable! Yet it was true, really, really true! Reviewing the history of their brief intercourse at Headport in the light of Mrs. Dean's revelation, she found much confirmatory evidence of what was so sweet to believe. Glances and tones which had hitherto appeared to her only those of kindness were invested, as she now recalled them, with a deeper meaning. But the curious thing, as it seemed to Beatrice, was that the very knowledge that he returned her affection had quickened her own into tenfold its former strength.

When Mrs. Rossiter was at length dressed, Beatrice assisted her down-stairs and made her comfortable in the drawing-room with her books and work. After that, the busy little housekeeper found several small matters of domestic economy which demanded attention, and which kept her occupied for an hour or so. But at last she was free to seek her sister, and to redeem the promise she had made of telling her all.

Of late it had become a custom with Cecilia to carry her violin out to the orchard at the back of the house on a fine morning, in order that she might practise without disturbing any one. Learning that she was there now, Beatrice took up her garden-hat, and ran out to join her. Passing across the stable-yard she listened for a moment at a little gate that led into the thickly-planted orchard. But she could hear no sound of music, and calling Cecilia's name, she began to ascend a winding path. About half-way up this path she caught sight of Cecilia, seated on a rustic bench among the trees. At the same moment she saw her snatch up the violin which had lain by her side, and begin to play.

Nodding her head as Beatrice came up, but without stopping in her playing, she said, in a tone which for her was unwontedly sharp and peevish—

"Well, Bee, what is it you want, dear? Please don't disturb me just now. I do so want to practise."

Beatrice opened her eyes wide with astonishment. Her sister had not been practising a minute ago. Was it possible that she made use of this excuse to be rid of her company? The affectionate girl could not credit the suspicion.

"Don't you remember, Cissy," she asked timidly, "that I promised to tell you something?"

"Did you?" said Cissy, scraping away at her in-

strument. "Well, never mind just now, there's a dear girl. It will do as well another time, will it not?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Beatrice. And turning away in blank surprise and disappointment, she went back to the house. As was indicated by her short upper lip and mobile mouth, the little woman had a highly sensitive nature (against which, however, her practical good sense served as a corrective), and she felt deeply wounded by her sister's conduct. She had told Cissy in the morning that she was "very, very happy," and had offered to explain to her the cause; and Cissy had not cared to listen to her confidence, had apparently felt no curiosity or interest respecting it. What a strange, unaccountable thing! Beatrice could not understand it. One thing, however, she resolved upon, as she wiped away the tears which injured feeling had drawn from her eyes, that until Cecilia asked for it, she would not again proffer to tell her happy secret. And Cecilia did not ask for it; on the contrary, it seemed to Beatrice that she sedulously avoided when they were alone any reference to subjects that might draw it forth, and also that she tried to be as little alone with her as possible.

"SHE LISTENED FOR A MOMENT AT A LITTLE GATE" (*p.* 196).

So passed two days—halcyon days for Beatrice—brightened through all their hours by the blissful knowledge that she loved and was beloved, and crowded with sweet fancies and delicious anticipations. Only one discord jarred with the melody which filled her heart. Cissy was never unkind to her, nor wanting in

demonstrations of affection, yet Beatrice felt that a wall of reserve had risen up between them, that her sister had somehow grown changed and cold. She could almost have fancied that she was displeased with her. But though these impressions marred her perfect felicity, the little woman's cup of joy was too full to be embittered by one acrid drop. She was too sanguine, besides, at the moment, to believe in the permanence of anything disagreeable or painful. Frank was to come down-stairs on the morrow. Cissy must soon learn the truth in other ways than from her own lips; and when she did learn it, she would rejoice with her in generous sisterly love. Then the trouble, whatever it might be, would vanish, and all would come right between them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"TO DESCRIBE HER WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE."

THAT longed-for morrow came—a bright, warm June day. Beatrice had decorated the old-fashioned drawing-room with flowers from the little strip of garden in front of the house, and she now stood surveying it with critical complacency.

"The room looks quite pretty this afternoon, doesn't it, mother?" she remarked to Mrs. Rossiter, who sat knitting in her invalid-chair. "But I think I had better close that window behind the couch. He might feel the draught."

"Yes, it would perhaps be wiser," rejoined her mother. "And then, will you come and take up this stitch for me, Beaty?"

Mrs. Rossiter had by this time not only rallied from her attack, but she was looking, and she declared feeling, stronger than she had done since her return from Headport. It was only this morning, however, that her husband had ventured to give her the correct version of what had occurred in Blake's cottage, or to tell her whom she must be prepared to see to-day. Though greatly surprised, Mrs. Rossiter had at first taken the disclosure very quietly; but now, as she sat with Beatrice waiting for Mr. Frank Rossiter's appearance, she began to feel not at all sure that she was pleased at the thought of renewing her acquaintance with this young man. Studying with furtive anxiety the sweet young face that was bending over her knitting, she observed—

"You like the idea of meeting young Rossiter again, Bee?"

"Why, of course! Surely *you* do too, mamma?"

"Yes. But if I were you, dear, I would try not to—to think too highly of him," hesitated her mother. "After what he has done for papa—and his getting wounded, and all that—one is apt to look on him as a kind of hero."

"He *is* a hero!" cried Beatrice, laughing and blushing. "And oh, mamma, if you only knew! I have something to tell you some time," she went on, stooping to kiss her; "but——"

"Hush, dear! Listen! they are coming," said Mrs. Rossiter uneasily; and in another moment the door unclosed, and Frank entered, leaning on Dr. Rossiter's arm, his left hand in a sling.

"My dear, this is Mr. Francis," said the doctor, going through an unnecessary form of introduction—"the good friend whom you have to thank for saving you from premature widowhood."

"How do you do, Mrs. Rossiter? I am delighted to see you again," exclaimed Frank heartily, tendering his uninjured hand. "I ought to apologise for becoming your guest without invitation, oughtn't I? But, you see, I couldn't help it."

"Oh! pray don't talk like that. I am distressed to see you looking so thin," returned Mrs. Rossiter, closing both hands over his. "And how am I to thank you for what my husband speaks of?"

"You are not to thank me at all," he protested. "Doctor Rossiter makes a great deal too much of the matter. I should have been able to help him without any danger to myself, only that, unfortunately, the poor maniac held him in such a position that to save the blow I was obliged to draw the arm towards myself, and so I got this little cut from his axe."

"Which in another second would have cloven my skull," put in the doctor.

"Oh, Ernest!" ejaculated his wife, turning pale, and sinking back into her chair. "Please do not say such dreadful things."

"I beg your pardon, Mary; it was very thoughtless of me," began the doctor; and under cover of the conjugal dialogue, Frank turned to Beatrice.

So far as words were concerned, the greeting between the two was commonplace enough; but it was accompanied on the young man's part by a warm, lingering clasp of the hand and a lighting up of his whole face with glad contentment, and on the girl's by a blush and a smile, which brought out her pretty dimples, and which made Frank tell himself that her face was even sweeter in reality than had been the sweet memory of it upon which he had been dwelling with so much regret.

"Now, Francis, my dear fellow, you must lie down," said the doctor, "and I must run off to my other patients. Come to this couch. My wife and daughter will excuse you."

"All right, doctor. I intend to keep up the *rôle* of invalid as long as I can," laughed the young man. "I don't want you to turn me out of the house just yet."

"I should like to see some further improvement in that arm before you leave us," returned Dr. Rossiter gravely. "Now rest it on this pillow. Is that quite comfortable?"

"Quite, thanks," answered Frank, repressing a groan, and concluding that the sensation he experienced in his arm when moved was something like having the bone sawed at with a red-hot saw.

"I am afraid you are in pain," said Beatrice, approaching him softly when her father, with a valedictory direction to him to lie still, had hurried from the room.

"No, not very much now," murmured Frank. "And if you would only sit in that chair, Cousin Beatrice, close by me, I have a conviction that it would have a wonderfully soothing effect on my unfortunate limb."

"Do you think so? We will try it, then," rejoined

the happy little woman, seating herself in the chair indicated. "But I doubt the efficacy of the remedy."

"You needn't. There, it is just as I expected: a gentle mesmeric influence quieting every nerve. Oh, Cousin Beatrice, how glad I am to see you again!" he added, turning his head so that he could see her the better. "I was afraid it was all up with that project of ours for setting matters straight between our respective parents—weren't you? But I see now some gleams of hope."

"I don't remember our arranging any very definite plans for carrying out the project," said Beatrice, smiling.

"What are you talking about?" broke in Mrs. Rossiter, who began to think that the young people were rather forgetting her presence, which she did not deem it desirable that they should do. "Beaty dear, will you draw my chair a little nearer?"

Beatrice sprang to obey the request, whilst Frank murmured an apology for not being in a condition to render the little service himself; and when she had resumed her seat, Mrs. Rossiter said to the latter—

"Will you excuse me, please. I am so grieved that it should be necessary, but I must ask you not to call Beatrice 'cousin.' My husband is intensely grateful to you, and speaks quite enthusiastically of the impression you have personally made upon him, but, as you perhaps know, there are reasons why he wishes to forget the fact of there being any connection between us. Indeed, I am so sorry," she repeated; "but he has even asked us all to speak of you only as Mr. Francis."

"Oh, yes, I know all about it, Mrs. Rossiter," replied Frank cheerfully, "and I'll be very careful before the doctor. What a good fellow he is! I beg your pardon; but really, I can't help liking him, you know, and I am certain that all that is needed to make him cast aside the preposterous notion he has taken up about my father is that the two of them should meet, and have a talk over their grievance, whatever it may be. Of course, if I believed that there were any actual grounds for the quarrel," pursued the young man, with a slight flush, "I should hesitate about accepting Dr. Rossiter's hospitality. But then I don't. I believe, Mrs. Rossiter, that everything will come right."

Mrs. Rossiter sighed and shook her head doubtfully. "I wish it might," she said. "I suppose your father and mother are still in America?"

"Yes. We scarcely expect them to return for another fortnight or so. It is a good thing, as they need know nothing about my accident until I am all right again. Even my sisters have not been told anything of it. Rutherford wanted to send for them at first; but when I saw that it was going to prove such a trifling matter, I persuaded him not to disturb them. What a kind old nurse that was you were so good as to find for me, Mrs. Rossiter!"

"Mrs. Dean? Yes; my husband considers her a very excellent nurse," returned Mrs. Rossiter. "But since I have known who you were I have been feeling quite distressed to think that I was not able to give you any personal attention. Until yesterday, however, I have been on the sick list myself."

Frank expressed his sympathy and the conversation turned for awhile upon the subject of Mrs. Rossiter's health. It then drifted to other topics.

Keeping her place by his side, Beatrice found herself constantly addressed by the young man, and constantly meeting, when she looked up from her work, the glance of his handsome dark blue eyes. And, interpreted by the secret knowledge which had come into her possession, each of those glances seemed to her a confession of love—each of his words, however ordinary, seemed by tone and manner to be invested with a subtle meaning. The innocent little maiden was in a dream of bliss—the bliss of first young love: pure, romantic, utterly unselfish love: love that could have no kinship with coquetry on the one hand or prudery on the other. Entertaining no doubt (for how could she, after what Mrs. Dean had told her?) that Frank loved her, and deeply satisfied not only that she loved him, but that he was worthy of all the love she could give him, the girl's heart was possessed by an ineffable peace as she sat by his side listening to his pleasant voice, and she wished vaguely that this warm June afternoon could ast for ever. But already it was nearly over. Happening to glance towards a time-piece which stood on the mantel-shelf, Beatrice uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"Why, mamma, it is close upon six!" she exclaimed. "I did not think it was four yet. And Cissy has not come back. I wonder why she is so long. She must have called somewhere else besides the Rectory."

"Cissy? That is your sister," cried Frank. "Do you know, I had actually forgotten about your having a sister?"

"You won't forget her when once you have seen her," said Beatrice, smiling. "But I don't want to describe her to you, because——Well, never mind why. I wish she would come," she went on, glancing through the window near which she sat, and which commanded the garden gate and path up to the house.

But the gate was fast closed, and as it was in the habit of creaking loudly when opened, Beatrice felt satisfied that her sister could not have entered unperceived. Yet behold, when she turned round Cissy stood in the doorway.

"Cissy! Why, how did you come in, and when?" she inquired.

"I came in through the orchard, dear, about ten minutes ago," answered Cissy, with a charming smile and in her sweetly modulated voice; and whilst she was speaking, Beatrice had time to notice that her sister had made a very careful toilette, and that she wore a dress which she had never seen before. The dress was of black grenadine, very prettily made, and trimmed with bows of amber satin, which set off to perfection Cecilia's soft creamy complexion.

About Cecilia's wardrobe, which was extensive and handsome, Beatrice had often been somewhat exercised in her mind, for although she knew that Mrs. Ettrick had provided her favourite niece with a liberal allow-

ance for dress, she could not understand how it had been made to compass so much. And here was yet another gown of which she had not known! The present, however, was no time for any remark upon the subject. Mrs. Rossiter was introducing Frank to her elder daughter, and Beatrice turned to the former, to observe the effect which Cecilia's appearance made upon him. Poor child! she had innocently wished that he should be taken by surprise with her sister's beauty, and she now looked on, enjoying the manifestation of an astonishment fully equal to that she had anticipated.

The young man, in fact, had been positively startled by the vision of loveliness thus unexpectedly presented to him, and he could not prevent his colour from rising, and a gleam of intense admiration coming into his eyes, as he took the hand which Cecilia—with a graceful allusion to the service he had rendered her father—offered him. Having travelled much for his age, young Rossiter had seen many beautiful women, both in his own country and abroad, but never in the course of his life, he now told himself, had he seen any one half so beautiful as this girl. She had a face, he thought, which Titian would have gloried to render immortal. How exquisite were the curves of her oval-shaped cheeks, and delicate chin, and arched eyebrows! How magnificent were her dark lustrous eyes! and what a rich glow of colour showed through the clear creamy skin—a colour which, without looking high, effectually paled and dulled that of any other woman in whose presence she might be!

"I don't wonder that you should have made no attempt to describe your sister," he whispered to Beatrice, when Cecilia was busy at the further end of the room in searching a work-table drawer for a piece of artistic needle-work upon which she occasionally employed her fingers. "To describe her would be impossible!"

"Yes; is she not lovely? I knew you would be surprised," rejoined Beatrice, with a pleased smile. Then rising quietly, she slipped out of the room to see whether the chickens were being nicely roasted, and if everything else was well in progress for the high tea she had prepared in honour of Frank's first appearance below-stairs.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

PROPHETIC UNEASINESS.

WHEN Beatrice returned to the drawing-room, it was in the company of her father, who had just come in from his afternoon rounds. Almost immediately afterwards Jane appeared to announce tea; and then the doctor gave Mr. Francis his arm to the dining-room. But notwithstanding the tempting nature of the repast set before him, the young man displayed but little appetite. He was very silent too throughout the meal, although during the afternoon he had been talkative enough, and most of the conversation was carried on by Cecilia and her father. Upon the conclusion of the meal an adjournment again took place, and Mr. Francis was once more established upon his couch in the drawing-room. In compliance, moreover, with a low-breathed request on his part, Beatrice resumed her former place by his side, whilst Cecilia seated herself at some little distance, but just where the soft light from a moderator lamp would fall most advantageously upon her beauty. Mrs. Rossiter, as a matter of course, was accommodated with her own particular chair, but the doctor did not seat himself at all. For some ten minutes he stood on the hearth-rug, making a few disjointed remarks; then, explaining that he was very busy just now, and apologising to his guest for being obliged again to leave him, he went away to visit his patients, promising, however, to return as speedily as possible.

Her father being gone, Cecilia did not appear to think it worth while to exert any longer the conversational power which she evidently possessed. At all events, she now said very little, but busied herself with her needle-work, sitting full in the light, and only raising her head now and then to smile sweetly upon her companions, or perhaps to answer a remark addressed specially to herself. Frank, on the other hand, seemed now to have recovered his natural flow of language. He chatted away in his pleasant voice, introducing subjects and repeating anecdotes calculated to amuse the ladies. Yet in his manner Beatrice felt—though she did not analyse the perception—that there was a subtle change.

The ease and spontaneity, the freshness and brightness which had marked his conversation and bearing in the afternoon, had given place to effort, to self-consciousness, and even to a suspicion of anxiety. He directed, she furthermore noticed, all his observations to her mother and herself, ignoring Cecilia almost pointedly—an act of impoliteness which Beatrice could not understand, and which she felt sure was quite foreign to his nature. Still, it began to strike her presently that although he did not talk to Cecilia, he looked at her a great deal; indeed, as the evening wore on the fact was put beyond a question. Whenever she raised her eyes, at length, it was to find young Rossiter's gaze riveted upon her sister's downcast countenance, and it seemed to her that it grew to require something like an effort to remove that gaze even when speaking to herself. Apparently, however, Cissy was serenely unconscious of the observation she was attracting. No shadow of embarrassment rested on her face or disturbed the natural play of her features.

She was evidently very much interested in her work, and not at all disposed to lay herself out to attract this young man, who paid her in words so little attention. She even declined to bring down her violin when urged to do so, excusing herself from compliance with this request, which Frank had joined in pressing, on the plea that it would "not be good for him" to be disturbed or excited by music in his invalid state. Something else, however, if not music, appeared to have proved "not good" for the young man; for when, shortly after nine, Dr. Rossiter returned home, he ex-

pressed himself quite shocked with his patient's appearance.

"My dear fellow, what have you been about?" he complained. "You are flushed and feverish, and your pulse is as quick again as it ought to be. You must go to bed at once, and I'll make you up a prescription. Perhaps you had better not rise to-morrow."

"Nonsense, doctor!" protested Frank. "I'll obey orders now, and say good night with edifying promptitude; but I'm not going to be kept in bed to-morrow, sir, I can promise you."

"Well, well, we shall see," returned the physician, helping him to rise, and afterwards accompanying him up-stairs. Dr. Rossiter was certainly not lacking either in kindness or attention to his guest.

Very thankful was Beatrice when, little more than an hour later—her usual time for retiring—she found herself alone in her own room.

Once or twice in the course of the evening, when she had noted the eagerness wherewith Frank's admiring gaze had dwelt upon her sister, a terrible misgiving had risen up within her—a sudden doubt, which for the moment had turned her sick and cold with dismay.

She had, however, striven instantly to banish the suggestion as one that did wrong to her lover. Frank Rossiter, if those stories she had been told of him were correct, if her own intuitions respecting his character were to be relied on, was no fickle, inconstant weakling.

"IF SHE IS YOUR COUSIN, I SUPPOSE I AM TOO" (p. 204).

If he had ever really loved her—and surely, surely it must be so (for had he not avowed it plainly, though, it was true, unconsciously?)—then he must continue to love her. He might admire Cissy's loveliness—who could help doing so? But admiration was not love. She it was who possessed that infinitely more valuable treasure. Yet, though she sought proudly to reassure herself of this fact, Beatrice could not quite get rid of a certain secret mistrust—a prophetic uneasiness. Standing before the glass, she subjected her features to an anxious scrutiny. Alas! they were, she was forced to acknowledge it, irregular. It was a sweet young face that her mirror gave back, pleasant, thoughtful, intelligent, and possessed of a certain piquant attractiveness. In her sister's absence she had more than once been pronounced decidedly pretty. But now, with the impression of Cecilia's contrasted beauty fully upon her, she told herself sadly that she was *not* pretty. Poor little woman! how she wished this evening that she were. What a power there was in beauty! Did she not feel it herself, both in Cecilia's case and in that of Frank? For Frank was handsome too—*very* handsome, Beatrice considered. But was it for his good looks that she loved him? No, she knew that it was not. These, of course, gave her pleasure to regard, but it was for his true self, his inner being, his noble nature that she admired and valued him. So if he loved her, it must also be for herself, a love independent of outward appearance, because fixed upon something beyond it. But *if*, *if*—how pertinaciously that wretched, tormenting little monosyllable kept obtruding itself upon her! Beatrice resolved to let it trouble her no more. She recalled the warmth of Frank's greeting, the fervour with which he had pressed her hand, the tone in which he had begged her to sit near his couch, the fact that it had been *her* face on which, in the afternoon, his gaze, full it had seemed to her of a tender meaning, had lingered. And revolving these things in her mind, she went to rest comforted.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

WAS THAT LOVE—OR IS THIS?

It is true that Frank Rossiter was, as Beatrice had concluded respecting him, neither weak nor fickle by nature. At any rate, these traits had not hitherto manifested themselves in his character. To every friendship he had formed in his life (they had not been numerous) he had proved constant as a rock. In all his undertakings and pursuits he had displayed perseverance and fidelity. His opinions had been taken up carefully, but adhered to strictly, and even in his tastes he had shown no signs of wavering or instability. Nevertheless, as he betook himself to bed after this first evening spent in Dr. Rossiter's family circle, the young man told himself that he *was* a weakling, and began to wonder whether he were not also a fool.

Until this evening he had firmly believed himself to be in love with Beatrice—and to be in love for the first time in his life. For weeks past his heart had been full of her. He had thought of her by day and dreamt of her at night. He had suffered severely at the parting which had taken place between them. At the thought of meeting with her again he had been almost overjoyed; and when he did meet her, there had been no disappointment of his anticipations nor cooling of his ardour. Yet, lo! in the space of a few brief hours all was changed. By a shock as of an internal earthquake, his mind had been thrown into a whirl of confusion and bewilderment. He felt that he had been seized upon—against his will, and despite his efforts to prevent it—with a love for Cecilia, by the side of which that inspired by Beatrice had grown pale and cold. And of this love he felt ashamed, not only on account of its suddenness, but also because he could not hide from himself that it had been excited chiefly, if not entirely, by Cecilia's personal appearance. In the case of Beatrice it had been different. With her he had had sufficient intercourse to learn, or to fancy that he had learned, something of her character, and it was that character that had won his heart. With Cecilia he had not exchanged half a dozen sentences, and though he had observed her closely, he certainly could not feel that he knew her. Then was *that* love, or was *this?* He put the question to himself with angry, almost bitter, self-contempt. But it was impossible to doubt of the answer—impossible, at all events, to mistake which sentiment dominated him for the present. Cecilia had utterly fascinated him. He had been carried away by the power of her beauty against his judgment and without his volition; but it had been as vain to battle with that overmastering influence as for a man caught in the current of a river at flood-time to struggle against the force that is bearing him along.

And yet he had considered himself to be a young man of some strength of character and stability of purpose. Now, in indignant self-condemnation, he told himself that his affections could be of little worth when they could veer about like a weather-cock with every wind of fancy. Still, it was some consolation to him to reflect that although he had always liked the society of ladies, he had never, until he met with Beatrice, fancied himself, even for a passing moment, in love with any one. Was he then really so inconstant, so changeable as it appeared? Or did there exist in his regard some curious fatality about these two sisters—these daughters of his father's cousin? Surely it would have been better, since he had fallen in love with both, that he had never met with either. The wisest thing for him to do now, he decided, would be to go away at once, to leave the house to-morrow, and to see whether in absence from Cecilia he could not recover his sanity. On this course he had almost resolved when the sedative administered to him by Dr. Rossiter began to take effect in sending him to sleep.

In the morning, however, the young fellow found his mental attitude somewhat changed, a phenomenon with which we are all sufficiently familiar. To fly from this new experience no longer seemed to him advisable. The most sensible course, he now reasoned, was to wait, and test the effect of further association with Cecilia. Perhaps the impression

produced on him by her beauty would be weakened by custom. Perhaps he would discover in her some fault of character that might counterbalance her physical attractions, and then the glamour that she had thrown over him would vanish, and his heart would faithfully revert to his first love. Did he wish that it should be so? He thought that he did; for beneath all the enthralment of his admiration for Cecilia, he was conscious of a tender leaning of his higher nature towards Beatrice.

Forbidden by the doctor to rise until afternoon, Frank found the hours pass slowly until Mrs. Dean came to assist him to dress. His toilette was complete—the good nurse followed him down-stairs, and showed him to the drawing-room, remarking that he would find the "missus" there and the young ladies. On entering, however, Frank perceived that the room contained only one occupant, and that one Cecilia. Seated in a corner of the room, before a small table-easel, Miss Rossiter was engaged in painting; but hastily laying down her palette and brush, she advanced to meet him with out-stretched hand and a cordial smile of greeting.

"Good afternoon. I am so pleased to see you looking so much better than you did yesterday," she exclaimed, in her low musical voice. "And papa says that the arm is progressing nicely."

"Thank you; yes, I am coming round famously," stammered the young man, colouring as he touched her hand, and conscious that his heart was beating fast.

In the broad daylight Cecilia looked even more lovely than she had done on the previous evening. At the bare sight of her, the wild passion of admiration that had seized upon him then rushed back with tenfold force.

"Now, you must lie down again on the couch," proceeded Cissy, with a pretty air of command, "and I will arrange the cushions for your arm just as they were yesterday."

"No, no; indeed, I shall not lie down," protested Frank. "I am quite strong to-day. I couldn't think of such a thing in your presence."

Cissy smiled coquettishly. "You were in my presence last night, were you not?" she said. "I am afraid, then, that I must bring mamma to you. Poor mamma has a little headache this afternoon, and she asked me to beg you to excuse her for a short time. She is lying down in her own room." (Cecilia did not add that this indulgence was yielded to at her own urgent persuasion.) "Beatrice, too, is out just now; she has gone to take a French lesson. I am very sorry, therefore, but there is no one to look after you at present but myself."

"*I* am not sorry for that," rejoined young Rossiter, with a fervent glance, "although I certainly don't require any looking after. You are painting, I see. May I look?"

"No," said Cecilia, stepping between him and her work, "not until you are comfortably established either on the sofa or, if you would prefer it, on this lounging-chair of mamma's."

"Then I will take the chair," replied Frank, dropping into it. "But you are far too good to trouble yourself so much about me."

"You must let me trouble myself a little more, however," laughed Cecilia, passing over to the sofa, and returning laden with cushions. "I am going to place these cushions so that your arm can rest on them."

Again Frank thanked her, scarcely able to command his voice, and resisting with difficulty an impulse to go down on his knees, as the only suitable way of expressing the profound gratitude wherewith the flattering kindness of this fair ministering angel inspired him. But he offered no objection to her proposal, and very carefully and deftly Cecilia proceeded to carry it out, arranging the supporting pillows with much skill.

"And now you will show me your painting?" he asked, watching her re-cross the room to put straight a sofa-blanket she had disarranged, and thinking that no music could be sweeter than her voice, no poetry could surpass in rhythmical grace the movements of her tall, lithe figure. "Now you will show me your painting?"

"Oh, I don't know," she hesitated. "I had quite forgotten. My sister told me that you were an artist. I scarcely like to show you my poor little daub."

"Then I shall jump up and disturb all this comfortable arrangement," he threatened. "You have got me into the chair under false pretences."

"No; pray don't move. I *will* show it you. It was only a passing sentiment of vanity which made me shrink from exhibiting my work to a critical eye. Indeed, I shall be glad to let you look at it, and very grateful if you will point out any defects you may see, or give me any hints or suggestions;" and with this charmingly modest and delicately flattering speech, she placed the canvas in his hand. "It is a view I am enlarging and colouring from a little pencil sketch I took at Interlaken," she continued.

"Ah, I recognise it!" exclaimed Frank. "That is the Jungfraublick and the entrance to the Lauterbrunnen Valley, with the Jungfrau in the distance, and the Great and Little Rugen to the right. Miss Rossiter, it is a beautiful picture, most faithful in representation, and almost perfect in execution. How *could* you pretend to be ashamed of showing it? And how clever you must be," pursued the enraptured youth, "to be both a painter and a musician!"

"Nonsense!" said Cecilia, brightening (for adulation and sense-worship were dear to her as the breath of life). "It is not fair of you to flatter me, when I know quite well you can't mean it. And I was hoping that as a connoisseur you would kindly give me a little instruction on one or two points. For instance, don't you think I have got too purple a shadow on these distant mountains? You see, I am putting in my colours from memory."

Protesting that he was not so good an artist as herself, Frank was nevertheless very willing to linger over Cecilia's painting, and under pretence of making tender little criticisms and suggestions, to

keep the beautiful girl close by his side. Indeed, to have her there seated in a chair which she had drawn to his uninjured right hand, and holding one side of the painting over which they were bending together, induced in him such an intoxication of rapture that it is to be doubted when he might have found power to let the canvas go, had not the happy thought struck him of asking Cecilia if she had not some other paintings to show him. Diffidently admitting that she had a portfolio of sketches and unframed pictures up-stairs in her own room, she was induced, with a little pressing, to fetch them. Then in the examination of these, and in talking about the objects and scenes represented—most of them foreign—the swift moments glided by.

And so it came about that as Cecilia chatted away to him this afternoon, showing such fine appreciation of all that was grand and beautiful in nature, and betraying by an occasional simple and casual remark concerning her family or friends the depths of an ardent and affectionate nature, Frank believed that he had obtained a glimpse of a mind and heart pure and noble, fit jewels to be enshrined in so fair a casket. All his misgivings of the previous evening melted away, and he decided that to blame himself for his apparent fickleness had been unjust. He had *not* been fickle, for he had only loved in Beatrice what he now found in a more perfect degree in Cecilia. The childlike freedom from affectation, the guileless innocence, united with the sweet womanly dignity, which had charmed him in the younger, existed also in the elder and more beautiful sister.

So persuading himself, the poor boy ceased to struggle against the whirlpool in which he had been caught, and which in ever-narrowing circles was swiftly drawing him nearer to its vortex.

"I wonder why you always speak of me as Miss Rossiter, whilst you call my sister Cousin Beatrice?" smilingly observed Cissy, as she took up the last of the sketches left in her portfolio. "If *she* is your cousin, I suppose *I* am too, am I not?"

"No; I don't think I want *you* for a cousin. I don't care to call you cousin. I would rather call you——" He hesitated for a moment; then dropping his voice almost to a whisper, murmured—"*Cecilia*," and suddenly stooping, pressed his lips to her hand.

At this moment the garden gate creaked. Cecilia sprang up, with a heightened colour in her cheeks, and exclaiming, "There is dear little Bee!" began hastily to collect all her sketches and restore them to the portfolio.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE SISTERS' CHOICE: A SONNET.

"HE whom I love," cries sunny thoughtless Rose,
"Must be a hero, dauntless in the fight,
Fair as Apollo, gifted with the might
Of Ajax, triumphing where'er he goes."
Madge looks up from her book with face that glows:
"He rather shall be precious in my sight
Who has the strength to choose and do the right,
Who's kind and gentle both to friends and foes."

So speak the sisters, each as she deems best,
Each with a bright ideal of her own:
Yet who can tell what lot to each may fall?
Love is a kindly master after all,
And buries the ideals we have known,
That present bliss may bring us joy and rest.

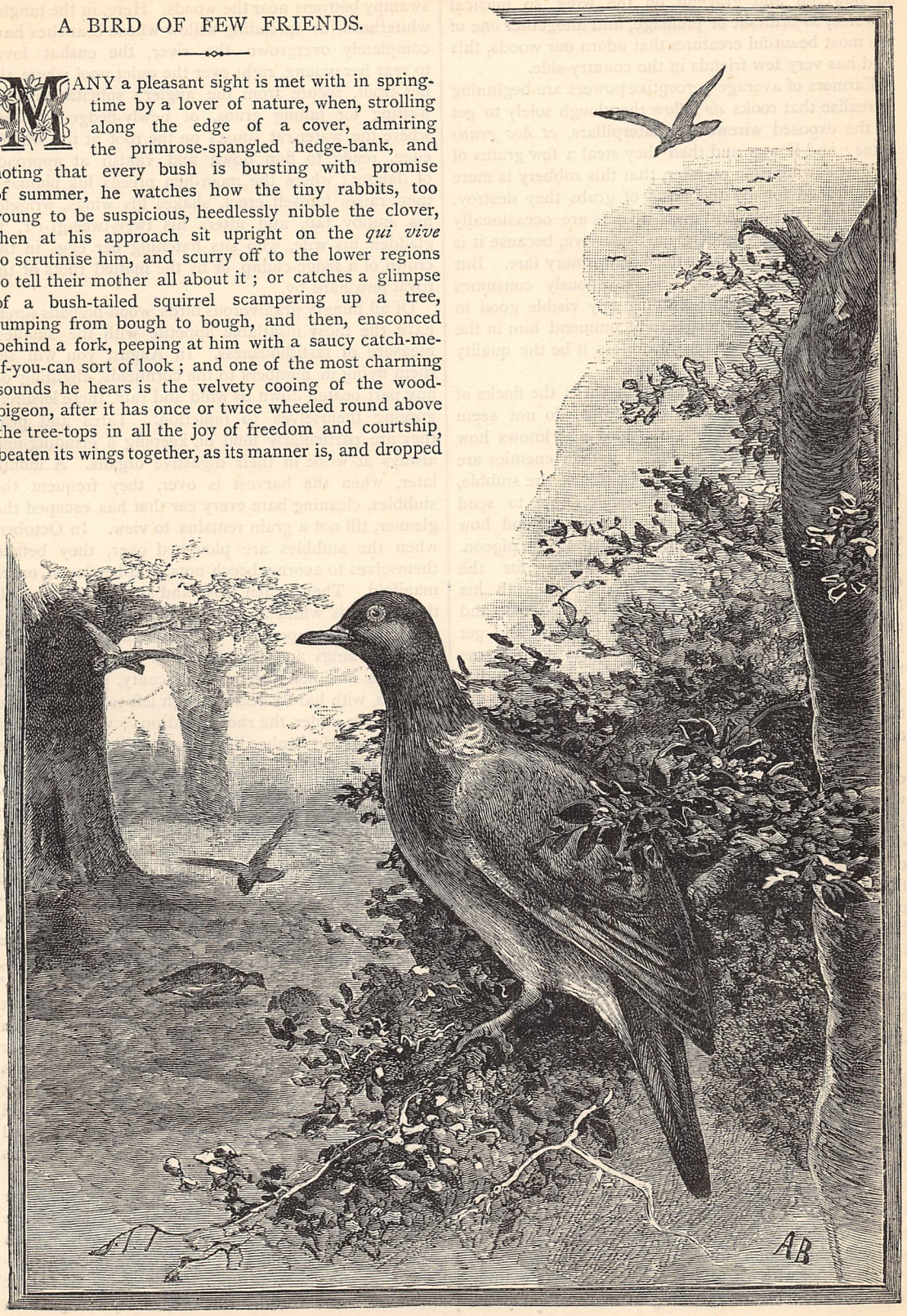
G. WEATHERLY.

"MADGE LOOKS UP FROM HER BOOK WITH FACE THAT GLOWS."

"THE SISTERS' CHOICE (*page* 204).

A BIRD OF FEW FRIENDS.

MANY a pleasant sight is met with in spring-time by a lover of nature, when, strolling along the edge of a cover, admiring the primrose-spangled hedge-bank, and noting that every bush is bursting with promise of summer, he watches how the tiny rabbits, too young to be suspicious, heedlessly nibble the clover, then at his approach sit upright on the *qui vive* to scrutinise him, and scurry off to the lower regions to tell their mother all about it; or catches a glimpse of a bush-tailed squirrel scampering up a tree, jumping from bough to bough, and then, ensconced behind a fork, peeping at him with a saucy catch-me-if-you-can sort of look; and one of the most charming sounds he hears is the velvety cooing of the wood-pigeon, after it has once or twice wheeled round above the tree-tops in all the joy of freedom and courtship, beaten its wings together, as its manner is, and dropped



down into shelter to join its mate. But though so powerful and graceful on the wing, so musical of voice, so brilliant of plumage, and altogether one of the most beautiful creatures that adorn our woods, this bird has very few friends in the country-side.

Farmers of average perceptive powers are beginning to realise that rooks *do* follow the plough solely to get at the exposed wireworms, caterpillars, *et hoc genus omne;* and if now and then they steal a few grains of corn at sowing-time or after, that this robbery is more than atoned for by the hosts of grubs they destroy. Owls, too, kestrels, and even weasels are occasionally allowed by preservers of game to survive, because it is now known they *do* prefer mice as ordinary fare. But as for the wild pigeon, who ravenously consumes all kinds of grain without doing any visible good in return, *he* has little enough to recommend him in the eyes of land-owner or tenant, unless it be the quality of his flesh, when carefully stewed.

In spite of this unpopularity, however, the flocks of these birds, so universally distributed, do not seem to diminish; for if there is one bird who knows how to take care of his life as far as human enemies are concerned, how to feed in the middle of the stubble, where surprise is almost impossible, how to send scouts in advance to the roosting-place, and how to sleep with one eye open, that bird is the pigeon. When Master Tom, home from Eton for the Christmas holidays, and recently entrusted with his father's gun, marks one into an ivy-covered oak, and thinks he is going to stalk it so cleverly, and get a shot as it flies out from its retreat, he soon learns that the bird is as wide awake as himself, and knows very well how to slip out on the other side, keeping the tree between himself and his enemy in the most annoying way imaginable.

Moreover, the balance of nature is now placed much out of equilibrium by a generation of gamekeepers who think scarcely any bird, except pheasants and partridges, has a right to a place in creation, and consequently trap with merciless pole-gin all kinds of birds of prey. A pigeon has neither courage, beak, nor claw fitted to cope with the *Raptores;* the peregrine, justly called noble because, scorning to torture its quarry, it kills it at one blow, looks on the wood-dove as its legitimate prey—fit birds to be pursuer and pursued, each in his way a consummate master of the art of wingmanship. And now that most of the larger hawk family are almost extinct, the pigeons have an easy time of it, and multiply rather than decrease.

They are far from being over-scrupulous about a site for their nest, any tree or tall shrub, furnishing a tolerable screen from prying eyes, being readily selected, provided the eggs are not placed too high from the ground. The stately cedar of Lebanon, deodar, or ivied ilex on the lawn is frequently chosen for this purpose. Like many others of their race, they lay aside much of their shyness at the breeding season, and if aware their nests will be protected, seem rather to court than shun the dwelling of man. A very favourite spot with them, where this paper is written, is in the thick bushes growing in undisturbed peace along the banks of the streams, which run through the swampy bottoms near the woods. Here, in the tangled whitethorn, or spreading willow whose branches have completely overgrown the river, the cushat loves to rear her young, right over the quiet pool where the big trout, secure from the angler's solicitations, lies waiting for falling grubs, or newly-fledged moths; where the water-rat squats on the root at the water's edge, ready to flop down and vanish at approach of danger; where the moor-hen preens his plumage, then raises himself erect, shakes his wings, wriggles his stubby tail, and utters his twee-twee-gr-r-r, to gladden his wife, who sits hatching her eggs in the crown of a sedge-clump, or by the matted roots of the royal fern hard by.

Of all hungry granivorous birds, wood-pigeons surely have the most insatiable appetite with the smallest measure of fastidiousness. In August you will see them flying in numbers to the cornfields, alighting on any part beaten down by wind and rain, there leisurely gorging themselves to repletion. Tares and peas they are particularly fond of, keeping a grinding-mill always at work in their digestive organs. A month later, when the harvest is over, they frequent the stubbles, cleaning bare every ear that has escaped the gleaner, till not a grain remains to view. In October, when the stubbles are ploughed over, they betake themselves to acorns, beech-nuts, and berries of order manifold. Then, when frost and snow come, and all the ground is white and hard, and seeds are buried; when the newspapers bid us "Remember the birds;" when redwings and thrushes, now that may-berries are gone and holly-berries are scanty, puff out their feathers, with hardly heart enough left to turn over the dead leaves under the rhododendrons; when the poor robins, starved to unheeding tameness, flutter along the hedge from twig to twig, with head on one side, if haply a worm may be sighted in some sheltered nook —even at this time the pigeons do not mean to starve themselves, or earn any pauper pity. They merely make their way into the nearest turnip-field, strut about over the snow with a pompous air, snipping a piece out of a leaf here, digging their beaks into a succulent turnip there, until they have bored a deep hole where the water may get in, freeze, and rot the whole bulb—for what do they care about bad crops, foreign competition, or other of the agriculturists' grievances? Nothing whatever. By-and-by, if frost continues, and they begin to tire of too much green food, don't they know to an inch where the keeper spreads the feed of Indian corn to keep his pheasants from straying? and are they not equally aware that maize is a fattening and warming diet this cold weather? So that when the rest of the feathered world is at its wits' end for a livelihood, the pigeons remain plump and proud as ever.

But does Master Tom really want a few of them for a pie, or to show his incredulous sisters that he *can* shoot something better worth powder than field-fares and starlings? Let him creep into the home plantation where the clump of firs is growing, one fine quiet afternoon, stand with his back to a tree, in a position

where he can keep watch on the firs, taking care the while that his gun is clear of all branches and ready for instant use, and listen. Presently he will hear a faint whistling somewhere overhead, and a flutter, and see nothing. This is the scout coming in advance to the roost. If he fumbles about in nervous anxiety to find out where it has settled, that is the surest way to frighten away the forerunner (who will warn its companions), and so *not* to have any sport. But if he keeps quiet, cautious not to step on a rotten stick, expose the gun-barrel, or make any noise, others will soon drop in, and then he may have several shots as they flutter about the branches before alighting, until the evening air is thick with the smoke of powder. Then let him pick up his trophies, carry them home, and ask the cook to take out the crops *at once*—a request which, though busy about preparations for dinner, she will no doubt be glad to grant, as it is holiday-time. To remove the crops at once is essential, as the pigeons are thereby prevented from having an unpleasant turnipy flavour when they make their appearance later on at the luncheon-table.

Another way he may try—if he has patience—with probable success. Let him shoot a wood-dove, or procure one stuffed, and take it to any wheat-stubble which the birds are known to frequent, then place it on the ground about forty yards from the hedge, propping up its neck with a short Y-shaped stick, so that it may appear in an easy attitude of feeding. He will also do well, before taking up his position under the shade of a tree up in the hedge, to be sure that no loose feathers or blood be visible anywhere about his decoy, and that it has a *natural* appearance, not looking, which is possible, as if in the agonies of an apoplectic seizure. If all is well arranged, before long the birds flying about will see their comrade, as they suppose, feeding, and fearlessly join him; not suspecting the fraud until they hear the reports which rob them of perhaps two of their number.

This, however, is a stratagem which no one should disgrace himself by adopting; for it is ungenerous to employ a mean method of compassing the death of these elegant creatures, who, with all their marauding ways, contribute so largely, in the halcyon days of summer, to give grace, charm, and beauty to our fairest woodland scenes.

A. H. MALAN, M.A.

SOME HINTS ON LUSTRA-PAINTING.

(IN TWO PAPERS.)

SECOND PAPER.

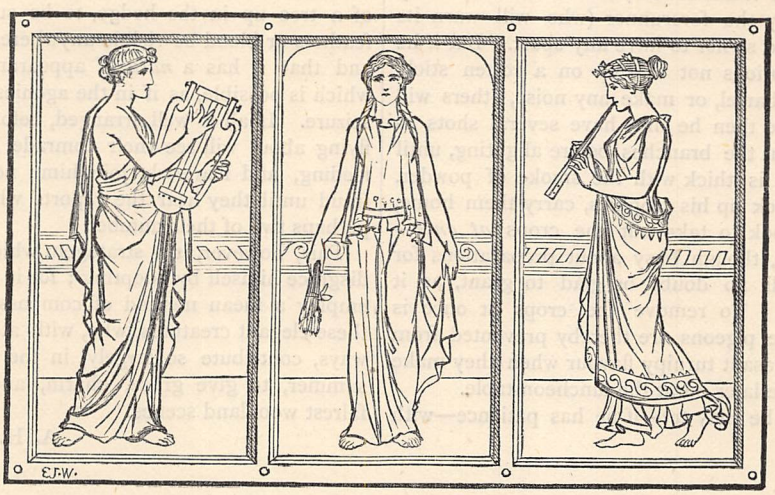
WE now continue the instructions given in our first paper. Take your oil-tubes, squeeze out from the bottom of the tubes some flake-white, carmine, terra verte, yellow chrome, and burnt sienna. Dip your brush in turpentine, mix the flake-white and the carmine together till you get a pale pink, and begin painting the flowers; working in, while still wet, pure carmine for the dark parts, and a little cobalt mixed with carmine for the shadows. Use chrome No. 1 for the stamens, and chrome No. 3 for the pistils. Begin the leaves working downwards from the middle of the leaf, working the way of the veins of the leaf to give them a rounded appearance rather than a flat one, which would be the consequence of your putting on a flat coat all over the leaf. Use yellow chrome and terra verte mixed together for the leaves on the left-hand side of your drawing where the light falls, making the tints as varied as you can; for the leaves in shadow, use terra verte, cobalt, and yellow chrome, and brown-pink or a little burnt sienna for the after-glaze. As you are sitting with the light falling on your left side, the leaves on the right side will be in shadow, as well as all those leaves which are overshadowed either by the flowers or by other leaves. Do not use a great deal of turpentine, and put your colours on thin, with the exception of the high lights, which must be thick.

After you have got in the flowers and leaves, put in the stem of the spray with terra verte and yellow chrome at the top, and the rest of it with flake-white and raw sienna.

Having put on the first coat, cover it up carefully to prevent the dust sticking to it; for this purpose many artists turn their paintings with their faces to the wall, but if you want to keep it entirely free from dust, it is a better plan to place a lath of wood or some books at the edges of the painting, and cover it up with a piece of paper. When dry put on the glaze, that is, use the transparent colours, touching up the flowers with a little carmine, and the stem and leaves with burnt sienna and brown-pink. Do not use any flake-white or any opaque colours. You will easily see the difference between transparent and not transparent colours; for instance, the stem was painted with opaque colours, flake-white and raw sienna (the addition of flake-white makes any paint opaque), and to-day you have glazed it with burnt sienna, which gives it a far richer colour than would have been possible without the undercoat of opaque. After it is quite dry, varnish it with pure copal varnish. Your design is now ready for the background of gold lustra.

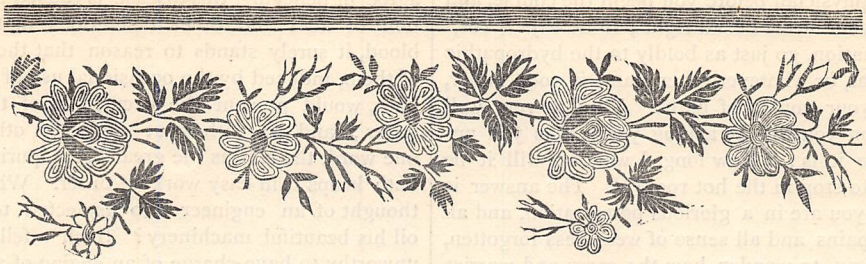
Put away all your oil paints, and take your box of lustra colours. Take your palette and pour out on it some of the gold powder, then mix with it a few drops of the medium, using your palette knife; mix till it is of the consistency of cream. Take your sable

brush No. 4, and begin your background. Paint downwards from the top, beginning at the left-hand corner. Use the paint sufficiently thick and fill in all the interstices between the leaves. The gold lustra applied in this way as a background is much less expensive than gold-leaf, and it requires far less trouble. Follow the same directions for the left-hand panel, particularly remembering to copy nature as faithfully as possible. The lower panels would look best as continuations of the centre ones, but if you prefer it you might paint them as "Autumn" and "Winter," calling the two upper ones "Spring" and "Summer." A branch of purple-red plums, or a vine-branch with clusters of grapes hanging to it, would be suitable for "Autumn;" and a branch of winter apples with the fruit growing on them would do for "Winter." If you choose fruit to represent autumn, you must have it for winter as well; but if you happen to have any good pictures of birds, either British or foreign, you will find them much easier to do, and on the whole I think they would be more satisfactory. In the decoration of houses, effect is what is desired, not minute working up, therefore it is a pity to work up a panel in the way you would a picture. The variously coloured humming-birds flying over a pool, with light feathery grasses growing round it, would look well for one panel, and the other might be treated in a very similar manner, with a humming-bird's nest in the foreground. The top panels of the door should be the same as the centre panels.



Cabinets can be decorated in this way; graceful Grecian figures filled in with gold lustra would have a good effect.

Having finished your door, we will now imagine that you wish to turn your attention to ornamenting your mantelpiece. For this purpose we should propose your buying some terra-cotta; if you are able to get it from the works in Devonshire, so much the better. Of the three kinds of terra-cotta, I should recommend black, as the most uncommon; the red and the cream-colour are also very popular. Black makes an excellent background, and it is by no means difficult to paint on. There is an old-fashioned book by Thomas Hope, called "Costumes of the Ancients," which is a most valuable work, and will furnish you with plenty of ideas. Perseus driving his chariot, the Graces dancing, Ceres with corn in one hand and a laurel-wreath in the other, Minerva clothed in armour, would be in character with the antique. Having

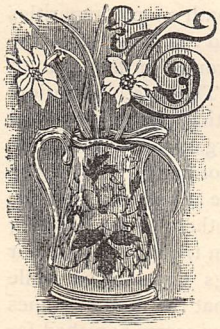


traced and transferred your subject according to the directions given above, mix your lustra colours and begin painting. Use only lustra colours, without any unlustrous ones. For figure-painting I should recommend the æsthetic colours now so much in vogue. Thus you might have a dull gold, a greyish-green, a brick-red, burnishing the edges of the vase with gold.

Having mixed your paints, fill the brush with colour, prepare it for working by a succession of slight strokes on the palette (do not attempt to twist it to a point), and begin painting on the outer edge of the drapery, working downwards. If you are painting on black terra-cotta, paint the face, neck, arms, and feet, a dull red; if on cream-coloured or red, leave them their natural colour. For instance, in a representation of the Graces, paint their drapery, their hair, and their instruments of music, in the most artistic colouring, remembering that the Greeks studied beauty of colour no less than beauty of form.

THE BENEFITS OF TURKISH BATHING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THE reader may remember that in previous articles I have explained the nature of all other kinds of bath—cold, tepid, warm, hot, soap, shower, and sea baths; it remains now for me to explain the nature and uses of what is undoubtedly the most beneficial of all systems of bathing.

Although it is usual, and to a certain extent correct, to designate the hot-air bath by the title of "Turkish," nevertheless it was known and employed as a health-agent long before Turkey was a nation of any standing. It is no part of my present purpose, however, to adduce proof of the great antiquity of this bath; the reader must take this for granted, and the very fact that it has been in use in various parts of the world, from the earliest ages, shows that its great utility in preserving health, inducing comfort, alleviating suffering, and keeping sickness at bay, has been pretty generally admitted. But although the Romans themselves, at the time they held possession of England, built baths, the remains of which are still to be seen in many parts of the country, it is only of recent years that the Turkish bath has become a regular institution in our cities and towns.

The British are not pre-eminently a bathing race—would they were so!—we are terribly conservative, conservative even of our ancient ignorance, and slow and reluctant to open the windows of our intellect to admit the glad, pure light of science. But there is this to be said in our behalf: once convinced of the utility of anything novel, we are not slow in adopting it.

"Oh! dear," I heard a gentleman once observe after having gone through, and been greatly benefited by, a course of Turkish baths, "here have been health and happiness lying before my very door, all these weary years that I have been suffering, and I never knew it."

This gentleman's case is not an isolated one, I could adduce hundreds resembling it, did time and space allow me, for not only does the bath prevent illnesses, but there are many classes of chronic ailments which yield to its use. Indeed I might go further and say that there are very few cases of complaints of long standing, which might not be benefited by a course of hot-air bathing. The Turkish bath, too, assists the action of the remedies being employed for the cure of the particular kind of ailment a patient may be suffering from. I am so convinced of this, that I conclude this paper with a hint or two about the kind of life one should lead, while taking a course of Turkish baths.

And we now stand face to face with the question, Who should and who should not use this prince of baths? I am happy to say that those who are debarred from its use, from some physical or constitutional cause, form a very small minority indeed. But, nevertheless, if you have the slightest fear that the Turkish

bath may be other than beneficial to you, go boldly to your family physician before you begin the course, and ask him if your heart be all right; if he says "Yes," after examination, go just as boldly to the hydropathic establishment, or whatever other name it goes under, and begin your course of baths. I know very well what question you will be asking yourself as you undress. Here it is: "How long, I wonder, will it be safe for me to stop in the hot room?" The answer is this: Until you are in a glorious perspiration, and all aches and pains and all sense of weariness forgotten, and you begin to wonder how the cares and worries of the out-door world ever had the effect of annoying you in the slightest. Then, whilst still in the midst of this pleasant dream, it will be time for you to break the spell and deliver yourself over to the hands of the shampooer, for remember that not even of the waters of Lethe must one drink too deep a draught. It will be best, therefore, that the first Turkish bath should not be a very prolonged one. But, as you walk away from the place, so light and buoyant and happy will you feel, that you will naturally long for the time when you may take another bath. You will have broken the ice, and can no longer have any doubts about the safety and beneficialness of the hot-air bath.

If, on the other hand, you are actually suffering from some malady or other—lung, kidney, liver, or skin complaint—it is a matter of necessity that you should consult a medical man as to the advisability of employing this bath, and by all means go by what he tells you.

Let me now say a few words about what I may call the philosophy of the bath; and, first, let me remind you that the skin has certain actions to perform, certain duties to fulfil, which causes it to rank as high in the economy of life as the liver or the kidney itself. It is one of the greatest emunctories of the system, carrying off from the body—when in a state of health—far more deleterious matter than the kidney itself. Indeed, with its extensive vascular and nervous supply, its myriads of sudoriferous and sebaceous glands, it is a system in itself; so important, too, that if but a portion of it be destroyed—as in the case of accidents by fire—death even may speedily ensue. If the skin be not maintained in proper working order, if the pores be dammed by dust or dry scarf-skin, matters are retained in the blood and system which are not only injurious to health, but positively poisonous. A person whose skin is not soft and clean and pliant, and able to give free vent to sensible and insensible perspiration, may imagine he lives, but he deceives himself—he merely exists. Nor can he hope even to exist so long as he might otherwise do, for an inactive skin gives additional work to the internal organs of the body, and they age and wear out all the sooner in consequence. What a dreadful and fatal disease is that called "Bright's kidney," and I feel sure that a judicious use of the Turkish bath would keep it at bay, although it may not be able to cure it when it has once commenced. Again, we all know how much suffering and pain, and danger to life itself is caused by rheumatism; but if, as most medical men agree in believing, this disease is caused by the retention of acid and other deleterious matters in the blood, it surely stands to reason that the elimination of them, induced by the occasional use of the Turkish bath, would prevent the occurrence of this dire disorder; and so with gout and 150 others, for, in one word, the skin is the great blood purifier, and the bath keeps it in easy working order. What would be thought of an engineer who neglected to clean and oil his beautiful machinery? Such a fellow would be unworthy to have charge of an engine of any kind.

Well, now, I shall take it for granted that the reader acknowledges the vast importance of a healthy skin; the question arises: How does the employment of the Turkish bath insure so great a desideratum? Here is the action of this bath on the system, so that you may answer the question for yourself. On the exposure of the surface of the body, then, to an elevated temperature, the blood finds its way in larger quantities to the bloodvessels spread out in the skin, and perspiration is the result; this takes place more slowly in those but little used to the bath, but speedily and more freely in the habitual bather, showing that the pores are in good working order—that, in other words, the safety-valves of the great living machine are patent and not clogged. This perspiration if analysed would be found to vary in its constituent parts in different bathers, for those who bathe frequently perspire almost pure water, showing that the blood is in a state of health, whereas in the sweat of those unused to the Turkish bath many impurities will be found; and that these do not come from the surface altogether, is evident from the fact that it contains much saline matter. The first operation, then, of the bath is the purification of the blood, by the abstraction therefrom of organic and inorganic impurities, and the relief of the dormancy, if I may so call it, of the internal organs, while at the same time the dermal nerves are rested and soothed, to say nothing of the strain that is taken off from the whole muscular system. No wonder the feelings experienced while enjoying the bath are pleasant, that the mind becomes tranquil or even cheerful, and ennui seems banished for ever and a day. It is while still in a state of free perspiration that what is called shampooing is performed, either by an attendant or less effectually by the bather himself, a process of rubbing upwards of the muscles of the limbs and body, accompanied by a kind of kneading movement, whereby the joints are rendered more supple, and the muscles more healthy, for the lagging blood in the veins is thus sent on its way to the heart.

But next the expelled impurities and the useless portion of the scarf skin have to be washed off; this takes place in the soaping down and warm bath that follow. Then comes the cooling down part of the Turkish bath, whereby the skin is braced and tightened and the opened pores re-closed. It is this process that many think dangerous. It is so little so, that the colder the water the better and more pleasant is it.

I dismiss the bugbear "cold" in a single line. No

person ever did or could catch cold from the effects of the bath we are discussing, except through downright carelessness.

How often should the Turkish bath be taken by those in health? As a rule one bath a week is sufficient, and two are to be preferred. It is a pity, by the way, that this bath should be so expensive a luxury as to quite debar the working man from partaking of its benefits. I am of opinion that a benevolent society, having for its object the establishment of Turkish baths for the people at a nominal price, would be an incalculable boon to millions.

I am in the habit of recommending the use of the portable Turkish bath in private practice. It costs but a few shillings, and it may be used either wholly instead of the real bath, as an accessory thereto, or in preparing the timid and nervous—acclimatising them, I had almost said—for the enjoyment thereof.

I should want to study a nosological table in order to give the reader the names of the many ailments that may be either cured or alleviated by Turkish bathing. I shall not leave the table before me, but merely mention, among other complaints, inactive liver, indigestion, nervousness, rheumatic gout, chronic rheumatism, incipient colds, ennui, depression of spirits and weariness, chronic lung complaints, all the diseases of sedentary life, adiposity, and all the ailments, fanciful or otherwise, of fashionable life. By the use of the Turkish bath, health is regained, sickness prevented, the nervous system calmed, the appetite increased, and a greater ability engendered of combating the trials and ills of life.

In most bathing establishments that I have visited the system is good on the whole, everything judiciously arranged, and the attendants well up to their work. I need, therefore, lay down no rules for the guidance of the amateur Turkish bather; all he has to do is to submit himself cheerfully to the hands of the bath-man. Do not, however, go to the bath with a full stomach; the best time of the day is that I recommend for sea-bathing. Take a book to read if you choose, but do not chat, and above all banish exciting thoughts, for this reason—they send the blood brainwards, and there is precisely where we do not want it. Thinking interferes with the perfect enjoyment of the Turkish bath, in exactly the same way as it interferes with sleep, and for the same reasons. Drink water freely in the bath; and after you have gone into the cooling room, get if you can a cup of good coffee, and sip it slowly but not too hot.

In conclusion, those who really wish good to come from a course of this more than excellent mode of bathing must live plainly, avoid stimulants, and take plenty of exercise in the open air. To the vast majority of dwellers in cities, to the toilers and moilers in the weariest pathways of life, the Turkish bath is indeed a blessing; but God forbid it should ever become in this land, as it did in ancient Rome, a mere accessory to fast and vicious living!

SO BLUE!

A STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL.

"My child, you have more than fulfilled every hope I ever formed of you. I knew when I sent you to Girton that you could not fail to acquit yourself well, but I did not look for this."

Magdalen Foster blushed with pleasure at her father's words, as well she might, for the letter in her hand announced that the papers sent up by her at the recent Classical tripos entitled her to the ninth place in the First Class. The fact of her womanhood stood in the way of the B.A. degree being actually conferred upon her, but that was a matter of no consequence whatever to a girl who had worked solely for the love of knowledge implanted and fostered in her by a scholarly father.

"Well, Magdalen, I'm sure I congratulate you heartily," said her sister Nora; "and all the more so because now at last I suppose you will consider yourself blue enough."

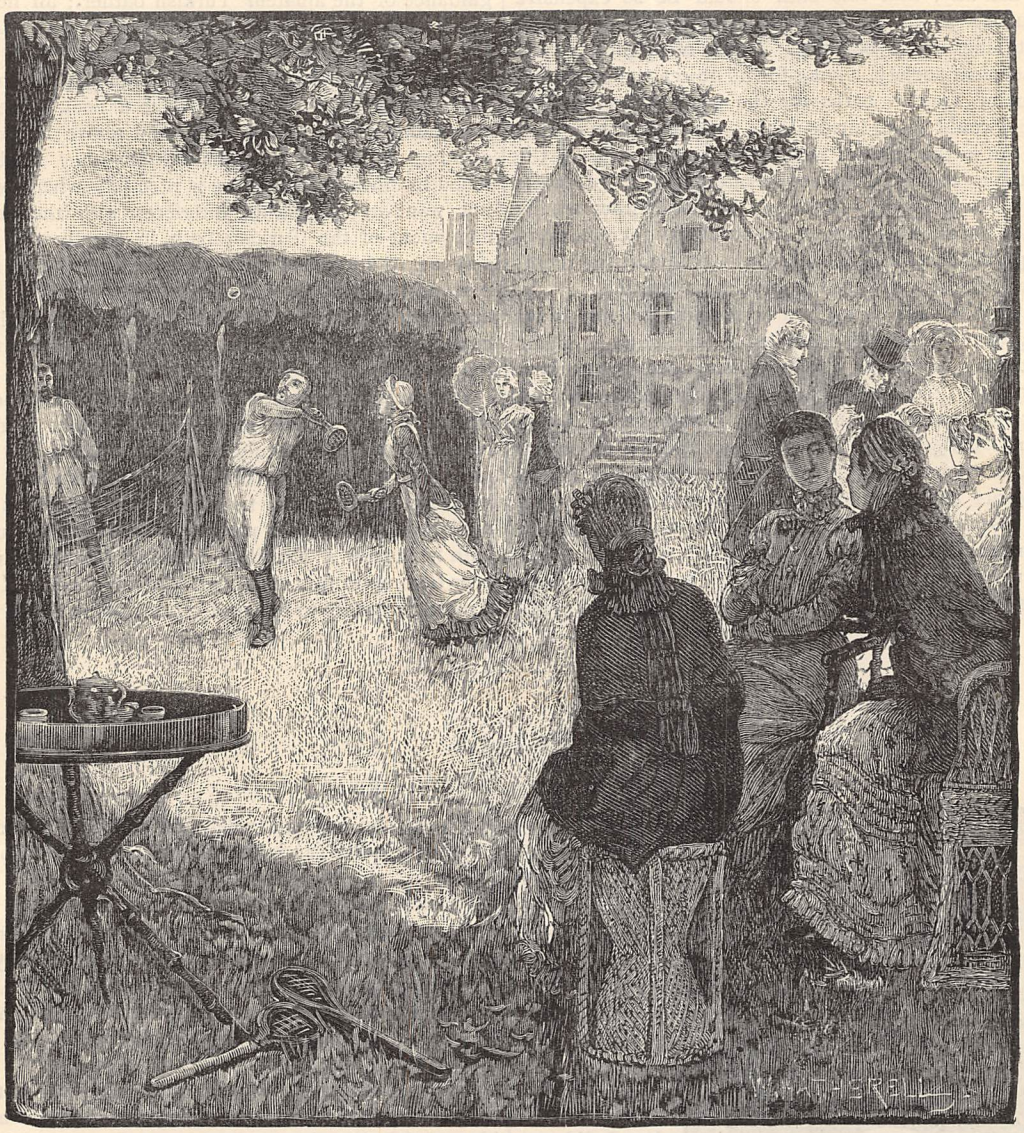
The blush of pleasure now faded from Magdalen's cheeks. "I never wanted to be blue," she said nervously.

"Then I'm afraid you have succeeded without the wanting," laughed Nora. "Why, my dear, you are a blue of the very deepest dye; and you not only are it, but you look it. You don't go about in cap and gown, or with spectacles and inky fingers, but there is no mistaking in you the model of a 'sweet girl graduate.'"

There was a certain amount of truth in this. Magdalen, especially by the side of the pretty if rather dollish-featured Nora, was studious-looking, to say the least. She was tall and stooped slightly, her complexion though clear was colourless, and she had the reflective, *full* look that is not unfrequently the sign of habitual study. Yet her face was singularly sweet in expression, the open, tranquil brow seemed

incapable of frowning, the brown eyes might be dreamy but never irate.

"Magdalen," asked her father after awhile, "are you still quite willing to become my amanuensis?"



"'DEPEND UPON IT, THEY WILL BE PARTNERS IN EARNEST'" (*p.* 214).

"Oh! papa," returned the girl eagerly, "I shall be so proud if you will let me."

Mr. Foster was an eminent student of the classics, and it had always been Magdalen's great ambition to help him in the preparation of his valuable works.

She did not foresee all the results of her college achievements, and of this new relation to her father. It did not occur to the simple-minded girl that there was anything in what she had done to alienate her from her old acquaintances. Yet so it was. Quite unconsciously she awed her contemporaries, who, girls and young men alike, fought shy of so distinguished a "blue-stocking." Married women, again, found her ignorant of their domestic interests, while she was too timid to open out to elder men. Children alone, unable to comprehend the talk about her learning, were guided by the simple sweetness of her face, and fearlessly made a plaything of her. With them she could be happy, but in the midst of people who insisted upon paying her compliments and treating her with deference, her manner became stiff and distant for very shyness. Society became distasteful

to her, and gradually people left off inviting her, under the mistaken impression that she was above caring for any entertainment they could offer. She remained Miss Foster only in name; to all intents and purposes Nora was the elder sister. While Magdalen had been poring over her books, Nora had studied the art of making herself agreeable, and assiduously cultivated various useful gifts. She was musical and clever with her pencil, could ride, and play tennis well; also she had the bright attractive beauty that trebles the value of all such social accomplishments. And above all she knew exactly how to turn every one of her good points to the best possible account. It will thus be seen how easy it was for her to keep Magdalen in the background, and by skilful insinuations throw her own good qualities into greater relief than ever.

One evening they were taken by surprise by the unexpected arrival of Will Fairbairn, an old friend and playfellow. Dinner was just being served, and the young man took his seat among them, laughing and putting up his hands as if to petition against the volley of questions and exclamations with which he was saluted.

"I haven't distinguished a single word any one has said," he declared at last. "But I imagine you are asking where I spring from and what I've come about. Briefly, then, I'm off to the Cape in a month's time, and have come to bid you all a long farewell."

"Farewell! The Cape!" exclaimed the Fosters. "What do you mean?"

"I've had £5,000 left me by an aunt," Will proceeded to explain; "and a friend has strongly advised me to invest it in ostriches. He says they pay tremendously and the life is delightful. I have consulted every possible authority and really don't see that I could do better. I hate office work, I haven't the brains to take up a profession, and farming in England is no go. And I consider I am rather cut out for a colonist."

He ended in a tone of modest self-appreciation, which was not unwarranted, for he was a man of splendid physique. Besides which, all his tastes fitted him for an occupation demanding physical rather than mental ability. He had never cared for study. So long as he could scrape on at school and college without disgracing himself he was content, and devoted his heartiest energies to the athletic sports in which his soul delighted.

Dinner over, Mr. Foster rose almost immediately from the table.

"Can you spare me an extra hour this evening, Magdalen?" he asked.

"Certainly, papa, I will come at once."

"Magdalen is a good deal changed," remarked Will, as he and Nora strolled out into the garden together. Nora offered her own explanation, taking care to speak in the most affectionate, sisterly tone.

"Yes," she said; "you are right. You see ever since Magdalen returned from Girton she has been encouraged in her devotion to study. People express the greatest admiration for her talents; then papa has made her his secretary, and so, without being in the least conceited, she naturally feels that she is superior to the girls she ordinarily meets. You know, Will, I can't help thinking it was a mistake to let her grow so very learned. I think it is a woman's part to be helpful and domestic, to take interest in the good management of small matters, and in the welfare of those about her."

"Why can't Magdalen be domestic as well as intellectual?" demanded Will moodily. "I don't see the incompatibility."

Nora did not choose to tell him that Magdalen had begged to be allowed to take part in household affairs, and that she herself had opposed the suggestion. She had gained a character for domesticity, and did not wish to have her supremacy shared.

"I dare say there is no actual incompatibility," she admitted gently, "but Magdalen is so wrapped up in her work for papa that we never think of occupying her mind with matters which I am quite willing to see after myself. Why should she be bothered? She is not the girl to marry, unless indeed"—Nora laughed gaily—"she could find a man who was all intellect and had no bodily needs to be ministered to."

Poor Will! Magdalen joined them in the garden later on, but for his own sake he held aloof from her. The girl was greatly hurt, as of old she had been his special friend. Too shy to complain, however, she shrank into herself, and with a pang of regret saw Will fall into the way of the world—treat her, namely, with distant respect, and Nora with familiar friendliness. He had not been at Foster's many days before his name was coupled with Nora's by all the matchmakers in the neighbourhood. The good people were much mistaken. Will might walk, ride, and play tennis with Nora, or even constitute himself her cavalier and escort on every possible occasion, but secretly his heart went out towards Magdalen. Yet how, after Nora's words, could he dream of betraying his devotion? How could he, a man whose only attainments were those of physical strength and agility, hope to please a girl thrown both by training and natural bent into the midst of purely intellectual interests? Sadly he told himself that she was not for him.

And Magdalen as sadly told herself that somehow she had forfeited Will's friendship, by which, had he only known it, she set great store. He seemed to her the perfection of a gentleman, and perhaps his want of learning was the thing she liked best about him; so cordially did she hold her own blueness in abhorrence.

Thus were the two kept apart by a phantom barrier raised between them by Nora, who, without caring for Will herself, resented his preference for Magdalen. She was under no misapprehensions as to his feelings, and yet a petty jealousy debarred her from doing what lay in her power towards bringing about a better understanding between him and her sister.

Will's last day arrived. A large tennis party was to take place at Foster's in the afternoon, as a sort of farewell entertainment for him, and he did his best to throw off the despondency which oppressed him.

"Will you play to-day, Magdalen?" he asked very hesitatingly in the morning.

Magdalen shook her head.

"No," she said shyly, "I don't play tennis."

"Of course not," laughed Nora. "Will, what an extraordinary idea! As if you didn't know Magdalen was above tennis."

"It is not that," said Magdalen, colouring; "but that tennis is above me. I tried it again and again at Girton, but it was never any good. I only spoil every set I play in."

"Oh, well, you can't play or you won't," said Nora impatiently; "it's all the same."

Nora's sudden ill-temper seemed very uncalled-for, but she was irritated by the disappointment on Will's face. Presently, however, her equanimity was restored, and she said, putting out her hand—

"Forgive me, Magdalen; I am talking a heap of cross nonsense. Of course you need not play, but you shall talk to the people—that is, if papa can spare us his walking Dictionary of Antiquities."

Another allusion to her blueness! Magdalen gave her sister an appealing look and left the room. Will fell into a brown study.

During the afternoon he played a great deal with Nora as his partner, and the two proved an invincible couple. As Nora was fully occupied with the game, Magdalen was called upon for once to do her share in receiving and talking to the guests. They were more than ever impressed with her intense blueness, for the poor girl had the heart-ache, and found it strangely hard to look bright and smiling. Many were the remarks made to her about Will and Nora, who certainly played admirably together. In the middle of one exciting set, a young married lady, who was sitting next to Magdalen, whispered confidentially, "Those two are made for one another, aren't they? Depend upon it they will be partners in earnest before Mr. Fairbairn leaves."

Magdalen went a little pale as she answered, evasively, "Every one likes to have Nora for a partner."

"Yes, yes, I know; but not in the sense I mean. What a loss she will be to us all! Now, tell me, do you think Mr. Foster will let her go out with him, or will they have to wait?"

This was going too far, Magdalen thought.

"The question has not been discussed yet," she replied distantly; and, awed by her manner, the young lady subsided into silence.

Magdalen went up to her room, when the party was over, in a very miserable frame of mind. As she cast a retrospect over her life of late, it seemed to her that her success at Cambridge had cost her everything she most cared about. She did not know how much her three years at Girton had done for her. She was not in a position to realise the all-important difference between her habit of mind and that of Nora's, between her unworldliness and Nora's worldliness. It is worthy of note that these so-called Girton and Newnham "blues" are, for the most part, especially *simple* girls.

The twilight deepened, and at last Will could delay the inevitable leave-taking no longer. Magdalen kept out of the room. Will's going was the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, and she would rather not say good-bye to him at all, than have to do it carelessly before them all.

"Where is Magdalen?" asked Will presently.

"She was looking out something in Herodotus for me just now," said Mr. Foster. "Eva, go and call her; tell her Will is waiting to say good-bye."

Poor Will! It was a bitter thought that she could not leave her Greek of her own accord, even to bid him farewell.

"Magdalen is not in the study, papa," said the child, returning. "Jane says she saw her go down the garden and into the copse."

"I will go to her there," said Will hastily.

The copse referred to was a small preserve just outside Mr. Foster's garden, and it was not many minutes before Will found Magdalen. She was lying on the ground in the dusk, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaken by violent sobs. In a moment he was kneeling beside her.

"Magdalen," he exclaimed anxiously, "what is it?"

At the sound of his voice Magdalen rose, and checked her tears. "Nothing, Will," she said, with quivering lips.

"Don't say nothing when you mean something," said Will. "Maggie, tell me, what is the matter?"

He was the only person who ever called her Maggie, and now the old pet name, used for the first time this visit, renewed the confidence that had existed between them as children.

"I'm so unhappy," said Magdalen. "I'm so dull, and blue, and stupid. I'm no good to any one, and nobody cares for me."

"Now, Maggie," said Will, "you have told at least half a dozen fibs. You are not dull, you are not stupid, you are not bl——at least, if you are blue, blueness is particularly charming; you are good for a great deal, and everybody cares for you."

Magdalen shook her head.

"Don't be unreasonable," remonstrated Will—"what about me? Don't *I* care for you?"

His voice was full of a tenderness which Magdalen shyly ignored.

"You *used* to," she said.

It was all over with Will; no power on earth could have held him back now from pouring out his confession to her.

"Magdalen," he said, "if I tell you I love you, worship you, think of nothing but you night and day, could you answer anything but that you don't care a straw whether I do or not?"

It was out now. Magdalen stood and gazed, as if she could not believe her ears, at the hand that had grasped hers. At last a smile of wonderful happiness stole about her lips.

"Why, Will," she said, raising her eyes to his, "it was just you I minded most of all about; but you don't, you can't really mean——"

Will did not find it very difficult to satisfy her that he could and did mean all and more than he had said. Great was the amazement of the Fosters when presently they re-entered the sitting-room together, and Will announced that he never meant to say good-bye to Magdalen at all.

Mr. Foster's consent given, he changed all his plans, invested his capital in England after all, and eventually settled down on a large farm near the Fosters, as happy a husband, with as happy a wife, as was to be found in the United Kingdom.

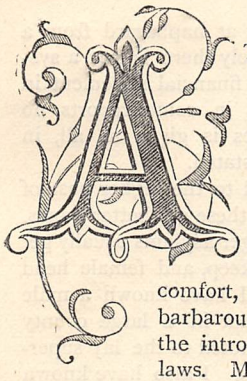
Is that possible? Could they live for long together without the difference between them becoming a discord?

Yes; for, as the wise professor at the breakfast-table points out to us, "It takes a very *true* man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, but not a very great one."

H. L.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS AS A LABOUR FIELD.

BY J. A. CAMPBELL, M.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



AT different times and in different journals space has been given to the consideration of Lunatic Asylums and their inmates, to the improvements introduced into the forms of treatment, and to the success which has followed treatment by liberty, kindness, and comfort, as distinguished from the old barbarous treatment in vogue prior to the introduction of the existing lunacy laws. Most of our readers must know that these lunacy laws are the result of the early and active interference of the now venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, the Chairman of the Commission of Lunacy in England.

The mode in which asylums are now conducted is most creditable to the managing directors, and also to the medical heads of such institutions. During the last twenty years some of the best students of their year at the several Universities and schools have gone into this department of medicine; and, what is far more to the point, many have used their opportunities to add greatly to the knowledge of the pathology, treatment, and causation of the fell disease insanity, a disease which at once breaks up a family, which, for a time at least, cuts the sufferer off from contact with the world, and frequently leaves a stain difficult to eradicate both on the individual and his family. The advances in treatment, the systematic and careful manner in which all that has to do with the subject is dealt with, the Psychological Society, with its discussions and its quarterly journal, keep medical interest alive, encourage the youthful observer, and prevent the development of a do-nothing school of asylum managers, in whom the medical element is dormant. We trust that ere long combined and diffused knowledge will enable such perfect treatment to be pursued that few, *if any*, curable cases will fail to recover. We are glad to see that the objectionable habit, at one time rather freely indulged in, of narrating stories, which bordered on the horrible, in some annual reports of asylums, is becoming rapidly a thing of the past. Still, with all the proper publicity that exists, there is on the part of some of the public a craving for sensational matter in anything connected with insanity, and literature on the subject is by some read with a mixture of interest and abhorrence.

The subject of this paper, however, deals more with the caretakers than the insane inmates, and its object is mainly to point out what a good field for intelligent workers there now exists in the asylum service of the country, giving a slight sketch of the real work, touching on the remuneration, and quoting examples of the latter from recently published reports of Scotch and English asylums.

There are in Scotland seven Royal Asylums which were started early in the history of the treatment of insanity. They exist by Royal Charter, and the directors have powers to grant pensions after a given period of service to any of their employés. There are besides eleven district asylums, built after the passing of the Scotch Lunacy Act in 1857, and a peculiar and rather inexplicable anomaly exists as regards these asylums, viz., that their committees have no power under the Act to grant pensions, while the Lunacy Commission which came into existence under the same Act has the matter quite comfortably arranged for its paid members.

In England there are fifty-one county asylums, ten borough asylums, and thirteen hospitals.

Though I know of no return that gives the proportion of attendants to patients, yet, if we estimate at one attendant to fifteen patients, we shall certainly be under, not over the mark. From the Returns there are 55,525 lunatics under asylum treatment, so there must be more than 3,000 attendants employed in their care.

Papers have been written upon attendants and their training by asylum physicians of experience; and, what is much more to the point, within the last few years much has been done to make the position of attendant more agreeable; but attendants, like poets, must be born; every one is not alike fitted for such a post. The chief requisites are good physique, good temper, intelligence, a willing mind, and a sympathising manner when required. Many people exist who

would be in their element in assisting in the care of the insane, and frequently a want of knowledge of the work, and of the nature of asylum life, prevents many from seeking to enter this service, as their ignorance surrounds such occupation with unknown horrors. Yet in asylum service they probably would be more comfortable, better paid, and in age, or failing health, in the enjoyment of a sufficient pension, earned with no greater risk than in many services and employments that are more sought after.

The usual duties of attendants are, to take care of a given number of patients, to work with them, and to enter into their amusements. A short sketch of the day's work of a female attendant may not be out of place. To be up and dressed at six in the morning; to get the patients up; to do up the beds and rooms, ordinary housemaid's work; then to prepare her own breakfast; afterwards preside over the patients' breakfast, which is usually set out by the kitchen staff, in a common dining-hall (in some asylums morning prayers are an institution); then a country walk; employment in knitting or sewing; the patients' dinner. Then the attendants dine in two parties, half of each sex at a dinner. This must be the most cheerful feature of the day: the diet good, the number large enough not to be monotonous. The afternoon is taken up by outdoor exercise and the usual female avocations. The patients and attendants assist in making the clothes, &c. One night a week at least is given to some amusement, such as a dance, concert, or theatricals. As the asylum is constituted for private or public patients, so usually does work or amusement predominate; and the opinion of many attendants who have tried both is that, of the two, work is least hard. Most private patients who have any glimmerings of reason still left, prefer being in a large mixed asylum to being in a small private asylum, the dulness of the one being a strong contrast to the stir and bustle of life in the other. The question of private asylums will probably soon have to be considered. In the opinion of many, houses for the detention of the insane, where the profits go directly into the pocket of the detainer, are an anomaly which should not exist in the present day. Except on amusement nights, the day attendants are relieved from duty at 8 o'clock, and are free till bed-time. And now-a-days, in nearly all asylums, the attendants have comfortable bed-rooms; at one time, in many asylums, they had to sleep among the patients, a hardship which must have prevented the discharge of their day duties.

The male attendants have similar hours and similar duties, except that work on the farm and garden takes the place of sewing and knitting. Both sexes get in most asylums a week's holiday in the year, a half-day in the week, and every third Sunday. Regularity, strict attention to rules, are of course exacted. In all large institutions the most rigorous discipline is a necessity, and this is, no doubt, one of the most irksome features to a newly-engaged attendant.

The following, taken from recent reports, are the wages given in the undermentioned asylums:—

Name of Asylum.		Males. Maximum.	Males. Minimum.	Females. Maximum.	Females. Minimum.
		£ s.	£ s.	£ s.	£ s.
	Royal Edinburgh	50 0	27 10	35 0	15 0
	Royal Perth ...	50 0	not given	25 0	not given
	Royal Montrose ...	41 0	28 0	20 0	14 0
	Sterling District ...	37 10	31 10	23 0	18 0
Cumberland and Westmoreland.	Carlisle	45 0	30 0	23 0	18 0
Lancashire County Asylums.	Lancaster	40 0	29 0	24 0	16 0
	Rainhill	50 0	33 0	27 0	18 0
	Prestwich	55 0	30 0	30 0	18 0
	Beverley, Yorkshire	36 0	26 0	22 0	16 0
Surrey County.	Brookwood ...	40 0	28 0	26 0	16 0
	Wandsworth ...	36 0	28 0	24 0	18 0

These are just taken rather at haphazard from a bundle of reports. Unfortunately there is not a systematic manner of issuing the financial statement in asylum reports, and therefore in some reports no account of salaries and wages is given at all, in others merely the gross sum is stated.

Attendants may be promoted to the higher post of chief attendant, and, of course, these get better wages. Male chief attendants in the larger asylums usually get from £50 to £80 a year with keep, and female head attendants from £30 to £40. I have known a male attendant become head attendant in a large county asylum, and afterwards be promoted to the lay superintendentship of a small asylum. I also have known a female attendant become a head attendant, and succeed to the matronship of a large asylum. So that there is quite a possibility of getting on, provided that education, suitable appearance, and manners combined with the other requisite sterling qualities are united.

In some private asylums, and one county asylum, ladies are taken as attendants; and provided they choose to enter heart and soul into the work, they should do it well. But even in the higher posts it is difficult to keep ladies from thinking that anything more than supervision is beneath them. All candidates for matronship should act for a short time as ordinary attendants, then they might know a little about the duties, and be able to teach subordinates.

The commissariat department of an asylum also affords a good field for a certain class. In nearly every asylum there is a steward, or a clerk and steward combined, and in the larger asylums an assistant clerk, or storekeeper. The duties of the office of steward are clearly defined: the keeping of certain books, the paying of accounts, the getting in and issuing of supplies. The principal qualifications necessary for the office are good character, steadiness, arithmetical accuracy, the power of writing legibly, combined with the knowledge required as a shopman in a general store. I have known an asylum attendant rise to the position of a steward, and also to that of master of a small workhouse; but there are now so many assistant offices connected with the department, that in the future probably promotion from a lower office will be the rule.

The following are the rates of pay given in the named asylums :—

ASYLUM.	NO. OF PATIENTS.	PAY AND ALLOWANCES OF A STEWARD.
Royal Edinburgh...	821	£200, with board and lodging for himself.
Royal Montrose ...	481	£90, lodged and boarded.
Stirling District ...	312	£90, free house, coal and gas.
Carlisle	447	£200, part board and washing.
Lancaster	1,055	£250, with unfurnished house and gas.
Brookwood, Surrey	1,061	£302, furnished apartments, light, fuel, washing, farm and garden produce.
Prestwich	1,186	£180, with apartments and board.
Beverley, Yorkshire	261	£120, board, furnished apartments, and attendance.

In some asylums the steward enjoys the privilege of living away from the asylum, and having regular business hours. If a steward can between 9 and 5 daily do his work, and take his two principal meals, enjoy from Saturday till Monday at home, a period of six weeks in the year, undisturbed by any cares or anxieties about his work, and have, say, a fortnight's holidays, he should esteem himself fortunate.

In conclusion, pensions to the extent of two-thirds of salary and allowances can be awarded by the Directors of the Royal Asylums in Scotland, and the Committees of the County and Boroughs Asylums in England, after a service of fifteen years, if the employed be broken down in health, or over fifty years of age. In many instances, as properly should be the case, pensions commensurate with the value of the official have been granted. I believe committees take (and rightly so) into account whether the nature of the office has peculiar disadvantages, such as those dealing with patients, or those whose office has little or nothing to do with cares, anxieties, or heavy responsibilities, of taking care of human life, and award pensions accordingly.

PASSAGES IN GIRL-LIFE.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE SCHOOL-GIRL.

DURING the week which elapsed between the Saturday on which the girls and I had our first talk and the Saturday on which we were to hold our first meeting, I noticed that a good deal of discussion went on whenever my young friends had a little leisure for talking. It is true that these occasions were not over-frequent. I have already said that these young ladies had plenty to do. They all attended the same school, and that was one of the large high-class schools which are so usual now-a-days, but which were unknown a few years ago. They were receiving a thoroughly good education, and I think I may say that they appreciated their advantages in this respect, and were desirous of making the most of their time. On the whole, they prepared their lessons carefully, and were industrious and attentive, though it is scarcely necessary to say that there were degrees of excellence amongst them. For example, Dorothea worked almost too hard; Blanche scarcely worked hard enough. It had happened that I had often heard of the difficulties they got into at school, and I fully intended to lead our conversation round to school subjects, so that we might have a little talk about them.

When the time for our meeting arrived, and I entered the room, I found all the girls assembled. Maud at once threw down the gauntlet. She began—

"Auntie said last time we talked together, 'Deserve a good character, and you will have it.' Now I think a girl's character at school depends upon the beginning she makes. For instance, if she has had a sister who was a pupil before her, her character depends on her sister."

"I entirely agree with Maud," said Blanche. "Think of Dorothea's little sister Mabel, now. She is going to school next term. Dorothea has always been good and virtuous, so the teachers will expect Mabel to be good and virtuous too. And they will treat her as if she were good and virtuous before she has done anything either way."

"Don't you think, then," said I, "that it follows from what you say that you should try to get a good character for the sake of those who come after you?"

"Now, Blanche," said Ethel, "why don't you try to get a good character for Gracie's sake?"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Blanche. "If I work for a good character, it will be for my own sake. I have had to fight my way for myself, and I don't see why my sister should not do the same."

"But if a girl really does her best, she gets over having a giddy sister," said Dorothea. "Ada Thorpe is younger than Alice Thorpe, and went to school later. Yet she is in advance of her sister, and is very highly thought of by the teachers, though she began under disadvantages, because her sister had been so careless. Oh, no, Maud, you cannot bring forward the 'sister theory' to prove that auntie is mistaken. It only shows that you do not step into your true position all at once; you have to allow a little time to pass before people know what you are."

"That is exactly the reply I should have made, Dora," said I. "Of course, we must allow time for, character to manifest itself."

"Do you know," remarked Dorothea, "I am half afraid that the hard workers among school-girls—in large schools, at any rate—are inclined to be exclusive. They form themselves into cliques, and each clique looks askance on every other clique, and so——"

"Dorothea, you are most strange," broke in Blanche. "You are one of the worst girls in the school for that kind of thing! You make friends with the cleverest girls in 'the sixth,' and then look down with scorn upon everybody else. You and your set will have nothing to do with Maud Johnson, and girls of that sort."

"I don't think we are at all scornful," said Dorothea. "We do not go with Maud Johnson because we cannot afford to do so. She behaves badly, and neglects her lessons; we want to get on with ours."

"Is it not a case of birds of a feather flocking together?" said I.

"Of course it is," said Maud. "Girls who want to work make friends with girls who want to work, and girls who like to get into mischief make friends with girls who like to get into mischief, and gain the character of belonging to a giddy set."

"Does not that go to prove my statement?" said I. "'Deserve a good character, and you will have it.' For if you are in earnest, you make friends with girls who are in earnest, and the very fact that you have such friends is an assistance to you."

"So, as usual," said Blanche, "we come round to our ordinary moral; in all things imitate Dorothea and her friends."

"Indeed, I would not urge you to do that," said I. "You will be astonished to hear me say it, but at the present time, of all the girls I know, the hard workers appear to me the ones who are the most in danger of making a mistake."

"How so, dear auntie?" said Dorothea.

"I will tell you, if you will answer me two or three questions. Speaking plainly, and without any attempt to flatter, what should you say was the chief difficulty Blanche had to contend with at school?"

The girls looked at Blanche, and laughed. After a minute's silence that young lady herself said—

"I know what you are all ready to declare, so I will spare you the trouble—it is my carelessness."

"What hinders Maud?"

"I am inclined to be idle," said Maud.

"What stands in Ethel's way?"

"Ethel allows herself to be led away by the last speaker."

"We will call that impulsiveness. Then, what has Dorothea to contend with?"

"Headache," answered all Dorothea's companions in one voice.

"Which trouble do you think is most easily conquered: carelessness, laziness, impulsiveness, or headache which has once got thoroughly hold of a girl?"

"I fancy Dorothea has the worst of it, there," said Maud.

"I think so also. The rest of you need only to see that you are making a mistake, and to call up a little determination and energy to your aid, and you will soon conquer your faults; but if Dorothea injures her health, no amount of learning will make up for it."

"My dear unsophisticated auntie," said Blanche, "don't you know that Dorothea is quite an exception? There are very few girls indeed who are in danger of working too hard. The difficulty is to make them work enough."

"I don't want her to be an exception in her energy and industry, but only so far as her headaches are concerned. Don't you see that women are just beginning to get a chance? The majority of them have been very poorly educated in past times: now education has been opened to them; but, unfortunately, those who avail themselves of the opportunity overdo it, make themselves ill, and give the folks who like women to be dolls and nothing else a strong handle in argument. Of course they say at once, 'See the poor weak women: they are not fitted physically for study. Look at these poor broken-down students: let them go back to their anti-macassars. Needlework is the only work suited to them.'"

"What would you have us do, auntie?" inquired Dorothea.

"I would have you do things reasonably. Study hard, by all means, but don't neglect health for study. Make up your minds that if you intend to preserve health you must have plenty of good food, plenty of exercise, and plenty of rest. What exercise do you have, Dorothea?"

"I have a long walk every day, auntie," said Dorothea in an injured tone. "I walk to and from school—that is a mile each way—and if it is pleasant weather I frequently take a short walk later."

"That is very well as far as it goes, but it is not enough, and walking is not sufficient exercise. How different boys are to girls in this respect! Girls when they walk go quietly along, and behave correctly. Boys

of the same age run or play at 'touch,' continually go backwards and forwards, dive under and leap over obstacles, and so bring every muscle into play. They play at cricket also, and that is fine exercise."

"Do we understand that you advise Dorothea to play cricket and to indulge in 'touch' in the street?" said Blanche in a solemn tone.

"Certainly not; but I advise her to take exercise which will be equivalent to it. Why not join a gymnasium? If she had half an hour's gymnastics every day, she would find that she could study more easily, and I believe her headaches would disappear."

"Very few girls have the opportunity of joining a gymnasium," said Maud.

"That is true. Yet, if people saw the necessity for it, many girls could arrange to have sufficient exercise in their own houses. Why should not girls have a trapèze put up in their bed-rooms, or in a spare room, and practise on that? It could be very easily done. All that would be necessary would be to have two very strong hooks put into the beam across the ceiling, and to fasten ropes with a horizontal bar attached to these, and there would be all that was wanted. If you girls will promise to use a trapèze of that kind, I will take care to have one put up for you."

"I know the kind of trapèze you mean," said Ethel. "Alice Grey, a friend of mine, has something of the sort in her bed-room, and she performs most astonishing feats on it."

"That showed that you needed the exercise. Who put the trapèze up for her, do you know?"

"The carpenter. She told me that it cost seven shillings. When first it was proposed that she should have it, her father objected, because, he said, modern houses were not constructed to bear things of the kind; but Alice's mother spoke to a builder, and he said that even modern houses would take no harm if the hooks were, as you say, screwed securely into the beam, and if only young girls used the trapèze. So Mr. Grey gave way."

"I will call at the carpenter's to-morrow," said I.

"I will promise to use the trapèze regularly if it is put up," said Blanche. "I should enjoy it."

"Will you use it, Dorothea?"

"I shall be only too glad to use it, auntie," said Dorothea. "I wish we had thought of it earlier."

"Supposing, however, we could not have the trapèze, there would be no occasion for you to dispense with exercise. Why should you not play at battledore and shuttle-cock? That, too, is capital exercise. You might hang a rope across a spare room, or even across the school-room, and improvise a sort of badminton court. I don't say that this would be the same thing as if you had all the proper appliances, but I do say that you could have a great deal of fun and very good exercise in a very small space. In summer time you could play out of doors; but in summer there is not the same difficulty. You have chiefly to provide exercise for rainy weather in winter."

"It is very easy to talk," said Dorothea, "but where are the lessons to come in, with all this play?"

"I am very glad you said that, Dorothea," said I; "I wanted to speak on that point. You should take exercise for one hour at the least *after* you come home from school, and *before* you begin to prepare lessons."

"That is not in accordance with your usual advice, auntie: 'Work first, and play afterwards,'" said Blanche.

"I should certainly have thought that it would be well to take recreation after we had finished lessons," said Dorothea.

"And so set to work at home lessons when your brain is already weary with school lessons? No; let your brain have a little rest and change, and you will do your lessons as easily again, and I believe in a shorter time than if you followed the other plan. If, after you have used the brain for awhile, you let it have rest, and take exercise, it will be fresh and strong when you use it again."

"You must remember one thing, auntie. If we take exercise before doing home work, we shall have to work later in the evening."

"Well, even that is to be preferred to your beginning work at once after leaving school, Dora," said I. "But whether lessons get done or not, you must take exercise; and more than that, you must go to bed in good time, for growing girls need plenty of rest for both body and mind. I do not think ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four is at all too much for you."

"To get that we should have to be in bed by nine, as we have to rise at seven," said Blanche. "I for one don't admire auntie's ideas."

"I am convinced that you would benefit if you carried them out, for all that," said I.

"Should we be able to practise on the trapèze in our ordinary dress?" said Maud.

"No; you would need a loose kind of costume for the purpose. But that each one of you could make for herself with very little trouble. It need not cost more than three or four shillings, and should be made of flannel serge, and very much like a bathing costume."

"I know," said Ethel. "Alice Grey has a dress of the kind. She has a jacket and knickerbockers, and the knickerbockers are buttoned to the jacket, so that there are no bands round the waist. You can do anything in a dress like that."

"Well, auntie, I will follow your advice, for one," said Dorothea, after a short pause.

"That is right, dear. I am sure you will be glad of it. When you are strong and hearty physically, you can learn lessons more quickly, more easily, and more successfully than when you are feeling weak and ailing. If you want to pass well in 'exams.' it is as important that you should attend to health as it is that you should master your declensions. More than that: with good health you may live honoured and useful lives, even though you never opened a Latin grammar; but with poor health your lives would be a burden to yourselves and a source of anxiety to others, even though you were entitled to write the whole alphabet after your names."

The Arrow and the Song.

(Awarded the Prize of Five Pounds offered by the Proprietors of this Magazine for the best Musical Setting of this Song.)

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW. *Music by* BLANCHE GORE.

PIANO.

Andante con moto.

I shot an ar - row in - to the air: It fell to earth, I knew not where;..... For so swift - ly it flew,..... the sight..... Could not fol - low it, Could not fol - low it, Could not fol - low it

in..... its flight. I breathed a song in - to the

air: It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For who has sight so keen and strong That it can

fol - low the flight of song?

Long, long af - ter - ward, in..... an oak,

I found the ar - row, still un - broke; And the song, from be-

- gin - ning to end, I found a - gain in the heart of a

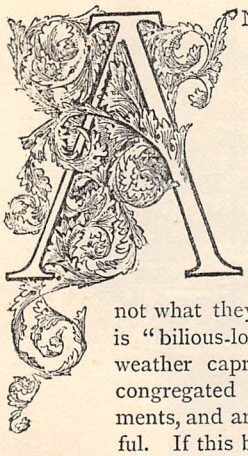
friend; And the song, from be - gin - ning to end,.....

cres. *f*

..... I found a - gain in the heart of a friend.

rall. *a tempo.*

IN AND ABOUT BANGOR.

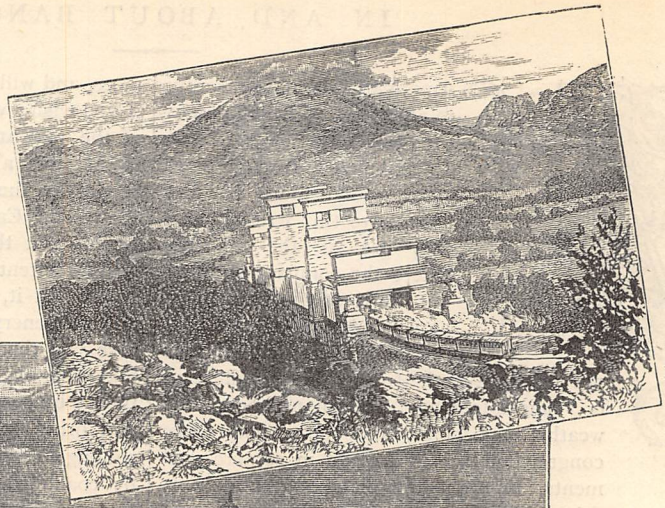


AN American writer has recently re-affirmed with emphasis the well-worn saying that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly—more particularly, says this writer, when they are at the sea-side. There the company is either too select or too mixed, the amusements of a low order, the bathing accommodations not what they might be. The architecture is "bilious-looking" and monotonous, the weather capricious, and the people there congregated are ill-dressed in sombre garments, and are neither picturesque nor cheerful. If this be so, O reader—if you are only a miserable man seeking relief in being miserable in a fresh place—if, even while you fancy you are enjoying yourself, your soul is racked by the company of dismal strangers, and your sight vexed by "rows of semi-classic buildings with stuccoed and pilastered fronts," try Bangor. If trippers annoy you and ancient fish-eyed dowagers glare at you from out of Bath chairs, try Bangor. If you have only tried a joint-stock, brand-new, extensively advertised watering-place where everything, from the waiters to the Marina, is in an unfinished state, or one which gives you an uneasy sense of having dropped into the last century, try Bangor. Or if you have suffered from a course of sea-side places where the sea is really river and the shore a stretch of muddy sand, where the only attractions are a thin pier and a brass band, try Bangor.

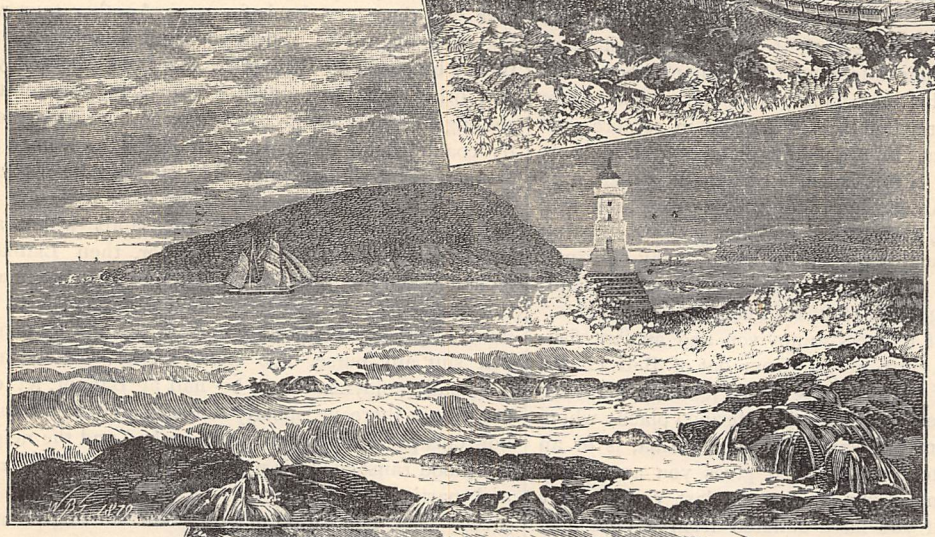
If, on the other hand, you are a brisk, blithe-hearted youth, with legs much longer than your purse, or even if you are as merry, but older, with several incentives to economy growing up around you—if you are a lover of beautiful hills, or know no delight like that of climbing them—if you are fond of widely diversified scenery, and can be content with simple but satisfying pleasures—if, in short, you can dare to be unfashionable for the sake of comfort and economy, still try Bangor. There, on the one hand, you have all Snowdonia open to you; on the other, all the sweets the sea can give. You are, from a railway point of view, within a shilling of Carnarvon and the finest ruined castle in the kingdom, within two shillings of Llandudno and Great Orme's Head, or for the same price can be set down at the foot of Snowdon at Llanberis. You are, from a waterman's point of view, within threepence of Anglesey; or can go for a few shillings, according to the time taken, down the Menai Straits, under the Suspension and Tubular Bridges, and as far as you please; or in the opposite direction to Puffin Island, and try to find the white rabbits and white rats for which—and for which alone—it is noted. A steamer will take you to Beaumaris for eightpence, or to Llandudno for tenpence more, and will be open to take you as far as Liverpool if you wish; while if you would awake the memories of the past and enjoy what is perhaps the poetry of locomotion, a coach will take you through the wild scenery of the Pass of Nant Francon, past Carnedd Llewellyn, Carnedd Dafydd, Glyder Fawr, Glyder Fach, past the grim-looking Ogwen Lake with its anglers intent only upon catching the trout which abound in it, down to Capel Curig, and on through lovely scenery to Bettws-y-coed for six shillings, or take you there and back for ten, Another tour will take you by rail to Carnarvon and Llanberis, and thence by coach to Beddgelert for Pont Aberglaslyn, and bring you back again by the same way for ten shillings, or you may go to Carnarvon, and from there by coach round the base of Snowdon and back to Bangor, for a similar sum. If you *must* be fashionable, or if you have little ones who must be indulged in castle-building on the sands which are so conspicuously absent at Bangor, then Llanfairfechan is only tenpence from you, and Penmaenmawr thirteenpence. In every direction excursions can be made at prices which, ranging from pounds to pence, will suit any purse. To show more precisely how effectually enjoyment may be had at Bangor, let our experience there be soberly related; and to set forth how cheaply the place may be reached and the neighbourhood ransacked for points of interest, a full, true, and particular account of our expenditure shall be given. For calculation of outlay our starting-point—Nottingham, the centre of the Midland counties—is very handy; and, to commence our confidences, let it be set down that the return third-class tourist tickets to Bangor for our little party of three cost £2 18s. 6d.

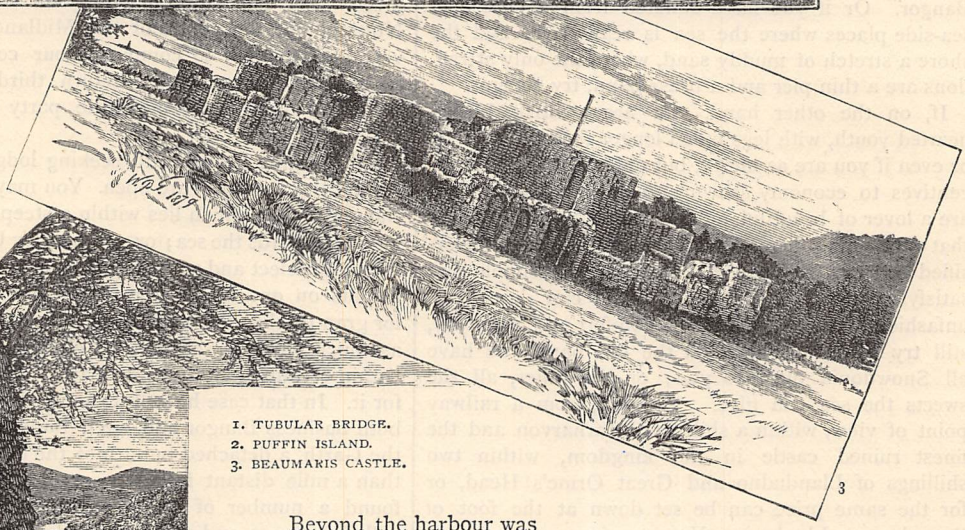
On reaching Bangor and seeking lodgings, the proverbial three courses are open. You may look through Bangor proper, which lies within a steep valley widening out towards the sea; or you may try Upper Bangor, the more select and expensive quarter, which skirts the heights on one side of the valley; but we will take it for granted that the reader goes to Bangor, desiring as much fresh air as can be obtained, and hoping, within certain limitations, to pay as little as possible for it. In that case he will do as we did, and ignoring both business Bangor and swell Bangor, will go on to the Garth, a detached suburb of the city, rather more than a mile distant from the station. There will be found a number of pretty houses, too large to be called cottages and not large enough to aspire to be villas, where landladies appear to be moderate in their charges, and in habits all that landladies can be desired. We obtained there a small sitting-room and bed-room *en suite* on the ground floor, with a smaller bed-room up-stairs for a friend, at an inclusive rent of 32s. per week, and our good landlady almost apologised for charging the only extra—1s. per week for gas. From our window we looked across the road over the har-

bour, its few ships languidly loading slates at the stone quays when the tides were high, or when the sea had gone out, and ships and boats alike were stranded, and the blanched ribs of a weather-beaten wreck lay high and dry, upon busy flocks of screaming gulls or solitary searchers after bait.

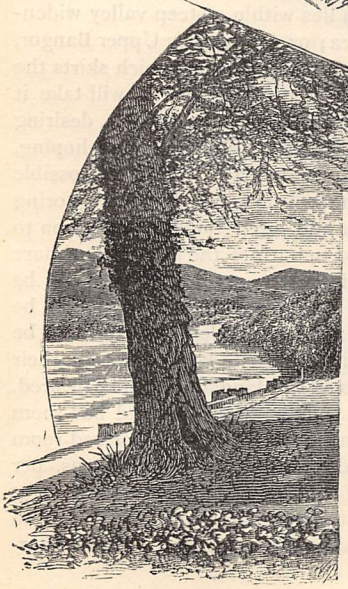


1



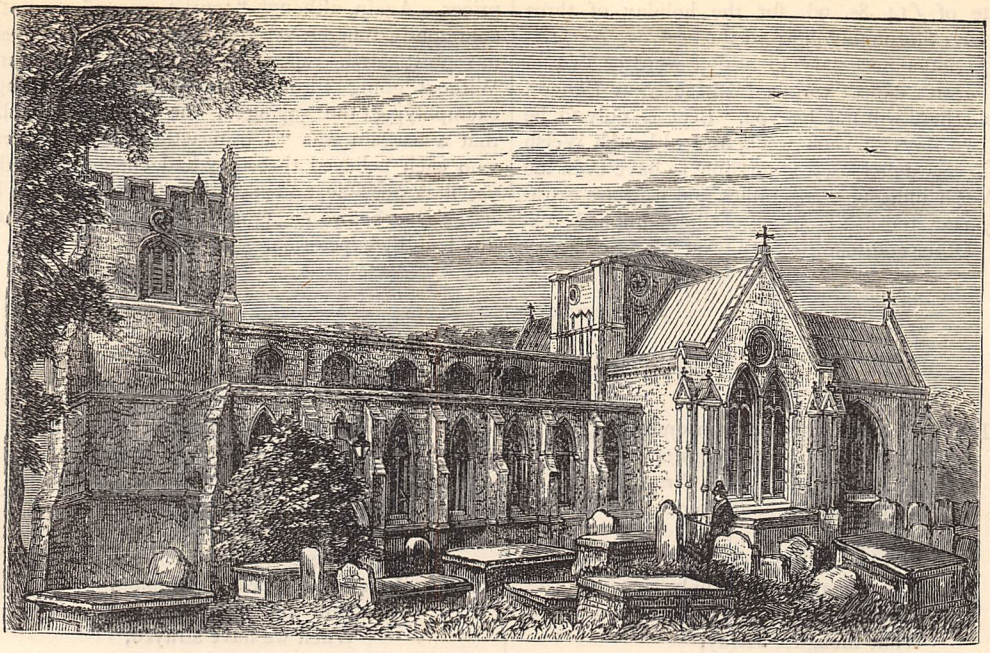


3



1. TUBULAR BRIDGE.
2. PUFFIN ISLAND.
3. BEAUMARIS CASTLE.

Beyond the harbour was a long low promontory, wooded to the water's edge, crowned by the grey stone keep of Penrhyn Castle, and farther still a background of noble hills which ended in the precipitous heights of Penmaenmawr, and made there a dip in the sky-line of the coast, which continued in sight to the extremity of Great Orme's Head. Close at hand, within fifty yards of our door, was the ferry to Anglesey; and by the shelving quay from which passengers



BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

started, a little platform from which could be seen the opposite shores as far as Beaumaris and Puffin Island on one hand, and on the other almost to Menai Bridge. Opposite were moored the training-ship *Clio* (open to visitors on any day) and a little fleet of yachts and boats which are at your service for fishing at 1s. per hour, or for more idle and less exciting pleasures at double that rate. Here, too, were to be found those sorts and conditions of seafaring men in whose company the inquiring mind can always find solace, with the general proviso in this instance that the inquirer can speak Welsh. Certainly, "dull hole" as Bangor is generally styled, there is sufficient change within it to make even a long holiday pass without tedium. Beautiful walks extend on every side. Five minutes would take us to the Normal College overlooking the Straits, and then along a road which, till it terminates at the graceful Suspension Bridge of Telfourd's, constantly affords fresh views of the channel beneath, and of the beautiful residences which show here and there through the woods on the opposite shore. Turn we in the other direction, and we may in ten minutes be in the centre of a marine and (it must be admitted) rather unsavoury neighbourhood, or in the streets of the quiet old town with its sleepy shops, plain old cathedral, and unpretending market; but beyond this can be found a pretty walk, dignified with the title of Recreation Ground, which winds up the side of a hill until it reaches a point from which, on a very clear day, a view of Snowdon is sometimes vouchsafed.

So much for our surroundings: now for our excursions. These shall be shown as concisely as possible, and include in each case the expenses of three persons :—

August 31.—Sail by yacht to the Suspension Bridge and back (3s. 6d.). In the afternoon, rail to Aber, to see the well-known Falls, and return (3s. 6d).

September 1.—Yacht to Beaumaris (2s.), drive to Suspension Bridge (4s.), walk across (tolls, 3d.) and back to Bangor. Afternoon: Rail to Penmaenmawr for L. and the writer to climb the hill and see the quarries (6s. 6d.).

September 2.—Circular tour by rail. First to Bettws-y-coed; stay there to walk to the Fairy Glen—a lovely spot; on again by rail through Glyn Lledr—where everybody wants to be on both sides of the carriage at once—with Moel Siabod, a magnificent mountain 2,865 feet high, constantly in view—on to Blaenau Festiniog. There change on to the narrow-gauge toy railway, and enjoy a ride which for novelty and delightful prospects beggars description. By this to Portmadoc, change there for Cambrian Railway to Afonwen, change again to London and North-Western Railway to Carnarvon and Bangor (£1 4s. 9d.).

September 3.—Rail to Aber, walk to Llanfairfechan for lounge on the sands, and return (3s. 6d.).

September 4 (Sunday).—Cathedral services.

September 5.—Drive through the model village of Llandegai to Penrhyn slate quarries (the largest in the world) and back (9s.; toll, 6d.; guide, 1s.).

September 6.—Rail to Penmaenmawr and back (6s. 6d.), from there by omnibus to Dwygyfylchi—*Anglicè*, something like Doegevulshi—to walk up Sychnant Pass, and clamber up another beautiful Fairy Glen, and return to Penmaenmawr by 'bus (3s.).

September 7.—Drive to Beaumaris and back (7s. 6d.; tolls, 1s. 6d.).

September 8.—Drive by waggonette through Llandegai, Bethesda, Capel Curig, Pen-y-gwryd, Llanberis, to Carnarvon—stop to see the Castle—and back to Bangor (£1 6s.; tolls, 3s. 2d.).

So ended our stay. These items make a total for travelling expenses of £5 6s. 2d. Our bills for what L. facetiously termed "wear and tear" amounted for this period to £6 4s. 1d. Add to this the cost of tourist tickets, £2 18s. 6d., and there appears an

aggregate of £14 8s. 9d. for the holiday of three persons who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It is perhaps necessary to add a word or two of advice. Don't expect to live luxuriously at Bangor, for people there will not let you. Beef is only to be had on two days in each week, and although Welsh mutton is very delicious, it is possible to have even too much Welsh mutton. Vegetables and fruit are extravagantly dear, and fish is not so cheap as might be expected. Other commodities range at about ordinary prices. Again, although "tourist prices" are not yet common in Bangor, yet the people are not altogether unsophisticated, especially the hackney coachmen. Without going through an Oriental wrangling or exemplifying the saying of the man who declared that a bargain was "a transaction between persons who each believed that they had cheated the other," yet it is possible, and altogether wise, to do a little bargaining before engaging a carriage or a boat for any lengthy expedition.

AMID THE GAY AND AFTER.

WHEN Pleasure sings her winsome song,
And sets the tune to laughter,
How many smile amid the throng,
Who turn to weeping after!
When eyes are bright,
And hearts are light,
When love commands us only,
What words we say,
What thoughts betray,
To grieve us when we're lonely!

The light that shimmers o'er the gay,
And gleams in broken splendour,
How cold it grows in memory's ray,
So pure, so still, so tender!
Those patient eyes
Where sorrow lies
Like stars in beauty steeping,
How they upbraid
When we have strayed,
And melt us with their weeping!

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

MRS. MOWBRAY PLANS A PARTY.

"I THINK, my dear, that we really ought. We have dined at Barelands, you remember, twice, and have been asked to Sir John's, at the Court, at least three times since the Hawtreys came back from Paris. But *we* have invited nobody, and I fear that Langdale is getting a sad reputation for hospitality, or inhospitality, in the county. We must consider the dear girls, Robert. And, Lord Witherby being at home just now——"

"Ah, well! I suppose we must fix a day, Clorinda—Tuesday week, say, or Thursday week," replied Mr. Mowbray, with a grunt of reluctant acquiescence.

"Thursday, decidedly Thursday," rejoined his wife, mindful of the unpunctuality of dressmakers and milliners, and with her maternal intellect absorbed in consideration of the somewhat slender, somewhat antiquated wardrobes of those long-descended damsels, her daughters. Mrs. Mowbray was not herself long descended. When the squire's ancestors had ridden to battle against the White Rose, or the French and Scottish kings, or had flown their falcons and cheered on their beagles in the time of peace, those of the high-nosed Clorinda had probably been more usefully if less romantically employed as vintners, tanners, or woolcombers—possibly in ploughing. Mrs. Mowbray was more perceptibly a lady than the rough squire was a gentleman. Mrs. Mowbray had been the favourite daughter of a dean. The dean had left her a little money, and the money had long ago made itself wings. Mr. Mowbray of Langdale, J.P., and *custos rotulorum*, was poor—poorer than even his wife thought he was—and dreaded expensive entertainments.

There had been two bad harvests. Rents were not fully or punctually paid. And a grand dinner meant a costly professed cook summoned from Leeds or Manchester, meant hothouse fruit from Covent Garden, waiters to aid the superannuated butler and the raw footman, new dresses for the ladies, a blaze of new-bought flowers to decorate

the conservatory, and, in fact, a large outlay. It was all very well for Sir John and Lady Hawtrey to give sumptuous dinners at Hawtrey Court. Young Lady Hawtrey had been a Demarara heiress, and her colonial sugar-canes paid for all. Sir Simon Gaunt had a large estate.

Mrs. Mowbray was, after all, not an extravagant wife to a gentleman of narrowed income. She was careful, and even parsimonious, in ordinary household expenditure. But when her daughters' matrimonial chances were at stake Mrs. Mowbray grew lavish, and almost reckless. Twice she had cajoled the groaning squire to give them what she called the advantage of a season in London. The master of Langdale never forgot those seasons—the ruinously dear, cramped, comfortless furnished houses, one in Curzon Street, one in Clarges Street, the heavy bills, the crush on the stairs, the heat in the crowded rooms, of those London parties for which all was endured, and whence Maud and Mabel came home fancy free, without any eligible bachelors having proposed anything more serious than a song or a cup of tea.

But now Mrs. Mowbray, who knew that Lord Witherby was at his Yorkshire residence, and knew, too, that Frank Preston was somehow under a cloud, so far as his visits to Woodleigh and Constance Wilmot were concerned, had planned a great double triumph. She would give a dinner that should equal those at Hawtrey Court and beat the solemn feasts of Barelands together. Maud, who was tall and handsome, and had been set apart to marry "title," should fascinate, by taking him unawares, that very shy, golden-plumaged, wary old bird, the Right Hon. the Earl of Witherby, who had eluded springes in every hunting-ground in Europe. Mabel should bring Frank Preston to her feet—Frank, who was rich, too, and young, and an excellent husband, the squiress felt assured, once he should be taught to disregard his philanthropic Quixotism, and spend his income as a man ought, on those of his own household.

The dinner at Langdale, in itself, was a success. The Gaunts had no engagement. There was nothing wrong in the Hawtrey nursery. Frank accepted. So did the earl. So did the smaller fry of the invited. So did the cook, at five guineas and travelling expenses from Manchester. The cook, a most portentous personage, whose name was Antonio Drogomachi, and who was a Greek—as some of the wealthiest and most enterprising of Cottonshire merchants are Greeks—was by no means disposed to acknowledge national and technical inferiority to the French man-cook in the permanent employ of rich Sir John Hawtrey.

"Those French cookmen," he would say—sending a flash of his dark eyes from end to end of the kitchen where the English subordinates were only too ready to fly and fetch and carry in obedience to orders—"those French cookmen think to carry the world before them, but it is all words, words. They boast their hot butter. They vaunt their horrible onions. All their cooking is in the curious 'consommé,' and the abominable 'russe.' I could spike the lot of them!" And really Mr. Drogomachi, in his fiery mood, and grasping his spit, did seem as though he were capable of spiking, or skewering, several of his Gallic rivals.

Frank Preston, so it was managed, with infinite skill, by the worthy "house-mother," to quote a German idiom, went in to dinner with Mabel Mowbray's big, pinkish, well-shaped hand resting on his coat-sleeve. It was inevitable that the earl should give his arm to Mrs. Mowbray, but then it had been arranged that tall, fair Maud, who was predestined to wed with title, should be seated within easy range of Lord Witherby's little, blinking, dark eyes. The great feature of the dinner was Lord Witherby. Anybody can buy enormous pineapples and grapes at ever so much a pound, and stupendous strawberries and precocious apricots, in Covent Garden. But everybody cannot catch that remarkably shy fish, Right Hon. George Augustus, Earl of Witherby; and it was out of old regard for the Mowbrays of Langdale that he was there. He spent half his life, and perhaps a good part of his revenues, at Monte Carlo, but he was known too at Nice, Trouville, Spa, and every place of Continental resort, as the typical Milor Anglais. He had a hundred thousand a year at the least, and, through the golden haze that his money and his ancient title spread around him, perhaps his white teeth and his black wig did not seem to young ladies so very false or so very unreal. His manner was brisk and pleasant. He was quite the young man, though six years older than the squire. Perhaps he never quite understood that he was expected to clap a coronet on the head of Maud Mowbray.

Mrs. Mowbray, with—as a hostess must do on such occasions—half her thoughts devoted to the possible catastrophes of the kitchen and the shortcomings of the service, still kept the other half engaged upon her guests and her children. Maud made no way with the earl. Lord Witherby, but for the title and prestige of his position, which made him an ornamental appendage to the dinner-table, was, from a mother-in-law's point of view, quite a mistake. His little black eyes, round as those of a guinea-pig, peered timidly at tall young Maud, as though he were afraid, after his lengthy bachelorhood, that he should at last be cornered, caught, and married against his will. He was very silent. He was very anxious about the set of his glossy wig, and put up his shaky little hand, repeatedly, to ascertain whether, through the blundering of his stupid new Swiss valet, it did not tilt up, in tell-tale fashion, above the right ear. Lord Witherby was always miserable except in queer cosmopolitan company. All his anecdotes or allusions concerned Paris and Monaco, of which the county neighbours knew no more than they did of Capetown and Timbuctoo.

But Frank Preston—ah! that was different. Frank was behaving very well. He talked, actually talked, to Mabel Mowbray, whereas Lord Witherby declined to answer Miss Maud with anything more expansive than "No," or "Don't think so." Mabel did her best. She saw that Frank was handsome, and knew that he was eligible, and was almost sorry that he should look so sad, though he did his best to smile and keep up

the ball of conversation, not wishing to be a killjoy at the feast. So she tried to please him, and he was thankful to her for her notice and her sympathy, as we all are when we have been wounded and wearied in life's battle, and a woman is good enough to give us soft words and gentle looks.

But what a long interval there is between this mere friendly meeting, this touch of evanescent gratitude, and the deep, strong heart-beat of a love that is to last for ever! A fond mother, however, laudably anxious that her dear girls should be comfortably settled down with moneyed husbands, cannot quite see things in such a sober light. And the squiress, in particular, like other ladies who lead but a retired life, was a little too prone to publish, in strict privacy, the banns of marriage between one or other of her daughters and some masculine acquaintance whose thoughts did not run upon wedding-rings, at all events in connection with the Misses Mowbray.

After dinner, and when the mellow twilight and the delicious air of balmy June came stealing in at the open windows, there was coffee, and there was music, in the spacious drawing-room that overlooked the smooth green lawn, and the rose-bushes heavy with their odorous weight of sweet bright blossoms. Maud could never be taught to sing. She was a fine girl to look upon, but her voice was harsh, and her feet clumsy. The younger sister could sing, and so could Frank Preston, and those two went through a duet in Italian, and another in English, so well that Lord Witherby's muttered "Bravo! bravo!" was sincerely uttered, and Mrs. Mowbray surveyed the young people with delighted approval, and felt as if the hooking of Frank Preston compensated for all the cost and worry of the big dinner-party, and for all her disappointment in seeing that magnificent, but shy fish, the Earl of Witherby, slip off unsecured by the angler. She might have been less sanguine had she heard the sigh or noted the lingering glance that Frank, as he drove homewards through the perfumed air of the June night, turned towards Woodleigh—Woodleigh, where Constance dwelt—slumbering under the moonbeams, or known the contrast which he drew between the girls he had met and her whose image remained enshrined in his heart—a heart sad enough, in other respects.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A PEEP INTO RALPH'S LIFE.

THE fast train from the North was getting very near to London now, and to its goal, and as the chain of linked carriages whisked at slackening speed past a wilderness of suburban brick and mortar, passengers began to fold up their newspapers, to drag light luggage from beneath the seats, and to lift down rolled-up rugs and parcels from the rack overhead, so as to be ready when the terminus should be reached, and the scramble for cabs begun. Among these was a slightly-built, dark-eyed man, whose handsome face already wore a strangely haggard, careworn look, for indeed Ralph Raeburn had aged perceptibly in the course of the last six or seven months. He was often up in London now, and so much of his time was spent there that his local practice began to fall off, and that grumbling farmers reined up their gigs at the doors of other solicitors, now that "Young Lawyer Raeburn" had taken to neglecting his Woolton business. Even when he was at home in the body, Ralph in the spirit seemed to be far away. He received and despatched many letters, and perhaps even more telegrams, while in Yorkshire, and was sure in the course of a few days to rush up once more to London. Clearly the modern Babylon had for him some very potent attraction, the nature of which remained a mystery.

The terminus was gained at last, and Ralph, lynx-eyed and active, was among the first to jump into a cab, which rattled briskly out of the station, bearing him, his black carpet-bag, and a little shiny valise or dwarf portmanteau, which constituted his luggage. He drove to Arundel Street, Strand, or if not to that W.C. thoroughfare, if it may be so called, then to one of the sister streets hard by and impinging on the river. His cab stopped in front of a dingy private hotel, where a dingy waiter, well used to receive anxious-eyed customers with black bags, and who were always in a desperate hurry, and always bent on getting their shilling's-worth of dingy accommodation for every shilling they disbursed in London, came forward with a demi-grin of recognition to hail Ralph Raeburn.

"Anything for me, James?" asked the Woolton solicitor.

"Lots!" responded sodden James, who looked as though he did not get enough sleep, enough fresh air, enough of all things wholesome, jerking his thumb towards the wired cage, in a darkling corner of the murky passage, where letters and telegrams remained in durance vile, awaiting their lawful proprietors. "Wired for rooms, eh? Your old uns are empty. Here's the missis."

The "missis," a portentous, corpulent matron, with gaudy flowers starring her black net cap, and mingling their artificial redness with her very wig, came out of her den, and gave a lukewarm sort of greeting to Ralph. But he got his old rooms, had his luggage carried up-stairs, made some hurried alteration in his toilet, and then out he went, in hot haste, jumping into an omnibus bound Citywards, at the corner of his by-street, be it Surrey, Norfolk, Howard, Arundel, or even Northumberland, impinging on the Thames.

The landlady, sitting in her unsavoury den at the bottom of the gloomy stairs, shook her beflowered head as he went out.

"Never ordered dinner after his journey," was her soliloquy; "how are rates and taxes, and wages and rent, to come out of that, I wish to know?"

She much preferred the fresh, stout, country couples, agricultural, clerical, or nondescript, who came up to see London sights and be present at meetings and monster concerts, and who had healthy appetites and liked to dine. But Ralph had forgotten his dinner. Later on, he might demolish a hasty chop with potatoes as sodden as James the waiter. Just

then, dining or eating in any shape was alien to his thoughts. He had pulled a little bottle out of a nook in his valise, had poured out a good many drops, heedfully, of a black liquid, into a tiny glass, and had gulped down the dose with a deftness that told of practice. The little bottle was labelled "Laudanum." Opium finds more votaries in the manufacturing North than in the rural South of England. Cunning Ralph knew that wine and brandy loosen the tongue and set free prisoned thoughts. He dreaded alcohol and the incautious talk it leads to, and so, to steady his nerves, he had taken to the poppy-juice that is a deadly rival to the juice of the vine.

When Ralph Raeburn alighted from his omnibus, within the ancient confines of King Lud, there was a dull, booming sound in his ears, and a benumbed sensation in his brain; but he shook off both, after a few paces in the street, by an effort of the nervous energy that worked yet at its master's call, and was able to thread his way, unjostled, through the narrow lanes and into the choked and crowded court, black with men, all in a hurry, and all intent on business, whither his steps were bound. In at a low-browed door above which was engaved in stone the escutcheon of some bygone alderman who, two or three hundred years ago, had been proud in his new riches to remember that his forefathers had been poor gentry of Dorset, Wilts, Gloucester, or Norfolk—up broad, shallow, oaken stairs that seemed to defy time—and then Ralph tapped at a well-remembered door, and anticipated the sharp, "Come in!" of a boy-clerk.

"Governor's in, sir," said the pert lad, with his mock jewellery and his bright-coloured necktie, and who obviously knew Ralph quite well. "He'd have been gone, though, before long, if you hadn't dropped in," he added, with a glance at the clock. Ralph passed on, through the red-baize door, into the inner office. On a long bench in that narrow den two women—two ladies—neither of them young, evidently strangers to one another, sat bolt upright, persistent, expectant, each with a grim, set face, each with a bundle of papers, each with a small bag, such as are sold in bazaars, fastened by a steel snap.

Great pity is due to women in adversity. Poor things, they suffer so much! They are more hopeful, and also more completely miserable, than ever men

"DIDN'T I TELL YOU, SIR, IT WAS RISKY?" (*p.* 230).

are when the luck goes the wrong way. These two poor ladies sat, in their shabby clothes, mindful always of stinted children and rents unpaid, attending till the Magician of Finance, in the innermost parlour, should be at leisure to listen to their complaints.

"They two—one with her Egyptians and her Truxillos; the other, she in the crape, with her Turks—blockade the governor, but he's short with them," whispered the young clerk.

Ralph Raeburn did not take the joke. What was it to him that two respectable mothers of families, allured by high interest—that Jack o' Lantern that dances before the eyes of needy people with a few hundreds a year—were eager to get back their money from the great gulf of speculation into which they had flung it broadcast?

Ralph, who was privileged, pushed on, past the two despairing women, rapped at the inner door, and then went in, to find himself in the presence of Signor Tuschi.

The stout, elderly, hook-nosed, purple-faced person of the male sex who answered to the name of Tuschi, and had his offices in Archer Court, E.C., might have been a Greek, might have been a Jew, an American perhaps, a Spaniard possibly, even a German—so many foreigners live among us, and make money, somehow. Mr. Tuschi spoke several languages. By birth he was probably a Dalmatian or a Croat. But he had shed his Austrian skin of nationality, and was now as technically an Englishman—save for his ineligibility for a seat in our House of Lords—as you or I are. Signor, or Mr., or Herr Tuschi nodded a salutation to Ralph Raeburn, and then sat quite still. He was a very big, fleshy man, this pseudo-Briton. He talked our language better than he did French, and perhaps better than he did German or Magyar. He was a kind father to his daughters and his roundabout little son, in their villa at Sydenham. He had a cool, steady way with him that was too much for most people, and that put them always in the wrong.

"How often I tell you not to speculate!" he would thunder out, in his double-bass voice, when such clients as the poor, anxious widows outside remonstrated with him because of the straits they were put to. This queer Slavonian broker was not a rogue. He was a mere agent, who sometimes, as an English or American agent never will, read his hopeful customers a lecture as to the folly of their proceedings. He was not a bad man—as these outlandish people of the Eastern nationalities have often tenderer hearts than ours are—and he asked nobody to trust him beyond the customary deposit.

"It goes badly with you, Raeburn, my boy!" he said, familiarly, as he caught sight of Ralph.

"I know that without you telling me," muttered the young lawyer, bringing out from an inner pocket a number of cuttings from newspapers.

"Then why, Mr. Raeburn, you hold all those shaky things? Why you go in for the outside prices—a rich young man like you, with thousands upon thousands?" demanded the gentleman who had been born at Zara or Cattaro.

"I want the outside prices because I want to realise fast," was Ralph's sullen answer. "The fiend himself must work against me, I think, for I stood to win—let me see—nineteen hundred and odd pounds when last we talked together."

"Didn't I tell you, sir, it was risky, risky, and uncertain?" demanded Mr. Tuschi, almost severely. "Here," and he produced it from a desk, "is your account, Mr. Raeburn. You owe me eleven, four, six."

"That comes of plunging," answered Ralph, with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

"My clients," was the mild response of the plump, purple-faced, foreign-born broker, "do as they like about that. I told you that to go madly into——"

"I didn't come here to listen to a sermon," was Ralph's scowling return. "I tell you, Tuschi, a little more of this and I shall be a broken man. Twenty-three thousand gone since——"

"I told you Rio Brigandes were not safe. I said the Great Ocean Canal was an expensive vagary. If you have confided your cash to the Bey of Tripoli, it was not I who——"

"Yes, yes, all right; you're an angel, Signor," answered Ralph roughly; "and it's all our fault if we adventure our necks into the noose. Mine's pretty well dipped already."

"Ya, ya! si, si! yes!" responded the polyglot broker.

"Is it his mother's money, or his sister's, or his wife's?" demanded mentally of himself the great purple-faced foreign gentleman.

Ralph gave a sort of groan.

"In for a lamb, in for a sheep," he snarled out. "How about those Paraguay preference shares?"

"Here are the quotations. You have probably read them in the money article of your *Times* newspaper," said the other coldly.

"Will they hold? They are high to-day. If our squadron prevents the Brazilian iron-clads from——"

Ralph Raeburn got as far as this when, with a polite wave of his jewelled hand, the stout man cut short his discourse.

"I never discuss politics. They are made, I think, for the ruin of men of business. The clock strikes. It is after hours, and I must go."

But Ralph was not to be shaken off. He had a list of investments, he had cheques, and bank notes in sheaves, in an inner pocket of his coat, and he pressed all these on Mr. Tuschi's notice, urging that a *grand coup* was necessary to redeem his falling fortunes.

"The old lady with the wheel and the blindfolded eyes owes me a good turn," said Ralph half-savagely.

"Ah, but will she pay?" asked the Dalmatian, shaking his head; but he accepted the deposit, and entered the particulars in his books, muttering as he did so, "You, not I."

"What woman's money does this man rob?" he asked himself mentally, as he reclosed his desk. Then he locked the desk and went out. He was very "short," as his clerk had said, with the two feminine applicants for an audience outside.

Then he drove off to the railway station, and Ralph went back to Arundel Street, and his comfortless dinner and his bed of little ease, and his meditations under the glaring gaslight of the musty coffee-room, as he sat, with pencil, paper, and printed price lists before him, trying to make out, as so many have done, that two and two make five.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AT HIS TRICKS AGAIN.

IT was splendid summer weather. Sol, Phœbus, Aftab, the many-named sun, flared golden and arrow-darting in a cloudless blue sky, day after day, actually week after week, as if our English summer climate had suddenly been transmuted into that of Constantinople, where you are laughed at if you make the usual British remark of congratulatory curtness that it "is a fine day." There were a great many fine days. The purple heather of the moors was parched red or baked brown by the incessant heat. Becks and rivulets ran no more, wells dried up, and there were stories of moorland homes where the indwellers ran the risk of dying by thirst, and of farmers who had to send horses, carts, and men for weary miles over the hill-roads, before water could be brought to the half-maddened cows that were tied up to low their discontent because the pond was empty and the grass burned up by fierce sunshine. The corn grew well, but then the root crops suffered, and the only people who thoroughly enjoyed the fineness of the season were the excursionists who poured forth from Leeds, Manchester, Wigan, Ripon, to make holiday wherever a half-crown railway ticket could waft them.

But there was worse than inconvenience abroad: sickness was rife in the land. The sun is terribly impartial, and the same soft kiss that brings out the glory of colour, and lends flowers their tint and their perfume, calls into activity, too, a fell and frightful legion of those tiny foes of which the microscope is gradually teaching us something, though not half enough.

The germs that had slumbered, fraught with evil, had awakened to a malignant vitality under the hot, strong sunshine, and it was a time of great sickness —typhoid fever, scarlet fever, seeming to compete, in ghastly rivalry, for the largest tale of victims. Especially was this the case among the villages and outlying hamlets where dwelt so many of the mill-hands who laboured at the cloth mills of Woolton, and where dull, crass ignorance and sordid greed had combined to turn a deaf ear to every suggestion of improvement. It was among the innocent children—poor, helpless sacrifices offered up to the Moloch of Dirt—that the mischief raged the most. It is always so in scarlet fever, it is so in small-pox, and indeed in the majority of epidemics. Death whets his pitiless scythe the sharpest for tender, young lives.

There was a horrible contrast between the soft splendour of the brilliant weather and the grim dramas that were going on wherever beside a stream poplars towered, and alder and willow grew, and red roofs peered out, and the thin blue smoke from cottage chimneys streaked the translucent air. The undertakers at Woolton, the burial clubs, the board of guardians, had enough to do, and too much; so many little coffins had to be carried down the rugged lanes and upland roads for Christian interment in the dismal new cemetery of Woolton, while in Woolton proper there were many sick, much poverty, and the death-bell always tolling in the grey church-tower, strong and square, and which, when Henry VI. was king, had been dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels.

There was some effort to do battle with the demon of disease. Money was subscribed and was spent, not very judiciously perhaps; but there is a comfort to the consciences of those who have given a brace of guineas or a five-pound note, even if the benefaction be muddled away afterwards by incompetent administrators of the dole. The Officer of Health and the doctors did what they could and what they dared. It was not very much; but a workhouse surgeon must not quarrel with his bread and butter, and, if he did prove too much of a thorn in the side of the union, rely on it that the guardians would soon find a pretext for replacing him by a less scrupulous practitioner. There was a solid phalanx of dogged prejudice and niggardly parsimony that it would have required a Hercules to clear away.

No one fought so gallantly against the common foe as did the most unpopular man in the town—Frank Preston. When Frank's unpopularity is spoken of, it must be owned that it was not universal. There were dark places in Woolton that Frank's kindness had brightened; there were widows' sad hearths that would have been desolate indeed but for him; and there were families in which it was an article of faith that his kind help alone had snatched back the dear wan wife, the large-eyed pallid child, the bread-winner, worn down by fever into the mere shadow and ghost of the strong man he had been, from the very jaws of the grave. There were those who talked of Frank Preston as though he were more than mortal in his untiring goodness and noble sympathy with the suffering, for he never flinched from risk or toil, gave his time, his labour, his care, as well as his money, and would sit for long hours with the fevered hand of a moaning child clinging to his own strong, cool fingers while the wearied mother gained a little rest.

But there were many to whom Frank Preston's name was a subject of hatred, scorn, and sneers. The Standing Committee, consisting, as we know, of Transatlantic Mr. Vamp the delegate, of Head-centre Gregg, and of two genuine mill-workers, disappointed at not having been able to make a tool or a dupe of the wealthiest mill-owner in Woolton, had ordered the Union hands to quit Frank's mills, and had, moreover, posted up placards and bills which described him in language which was not merely offensive, but, as Frank Preston's indignant solicitor assured him, "clearly libellous."

Frank, however, declined to assent to his lawyer's suggestion that he should prosecute the little knot of

spiteful agitators who were professionally busy in blackening his name.

"One day my fellow-townsmen will, perhaps, judge me more fairly," he said in his gentle way. "While as for Vamp and the rest, they are but gnats, that buzz and sting for a time."

Between Sedgebury and the town of Woolton stand—near the Dart, which there is impeded by dams belonging to a flour-mill, a tannery, and a yard where flax is dressed—a row of miserable cottages, which, to the misfortune of their occupants, belonged at that period to Mr. Jenkins himself. There not a crumbling brick could be disturbed, nor a drain built, nor a tainted well made clean, without "Mr. Jenkins's leave:" the permission, that is, of an obstructive old savage, who scoffed at sanitary science, and whose heart was as callous as his pocket was sensitive. It follows that Mr. Jenkins's tenants were not in an enviable position, and that fever rioted at their wretched hearths until the deaths were many, and scarcely a woman could be seen who did not wear a black riband or a scrap of crape—all that the poor souls could afford—in token of fresh sorrow.

To these houses at Pod's End, one lovely day, Frank walked down from his own fine house at Highview. He was almost ashamed that his own house should be so grand, and those of his poor neighbours such polluted fever-dens as they were. But his wealth had been fairly won by the honest toil of the father, and was by the son nobly spent. The young man had resisted the temptation to encase himself in his golden armour—spend his large income on his own personal comforts. Lord Witherby had set him an example of how property can be dissociated from its duties, but Frank was moulded from a different clay, and, in spite of dreary discouragement and cruel insults, stood at his post, as a brave man should.

Slowly, and with as much tenderness for the feelings of his miserable hosts as though he had been beneath the roof of viscounts, earls, or belted knights, instead of poor flax-spinners or cloth-workers, did Frank get through his visits. It was not so easy sometimes to get away, when some anxious little sufferer, better for the quinine, the cooling draughts, the ice, the fruit, of Frank's providing, would rise up in bed to clutch the young man's strong hand, and to say, when the restless little head lay on the tumbled pillow again, "Tell me—tell I—stories all about wonderful things beyond sea, as ye did Tuesday. I be a-longing for more."

And Frank, whom children loved, and who understood them so well, developed unsuspected powers as a story-teller, and talked on in his pleasant, rich voice, till the small listener dropped at last contentedly to sleep. As Frank entered the fourth cottage he met a lady coming out, slender, tall, and young, and dressed in mourning yet. It was Constance Wilmot. She, too, had found her way to Pod's End alone on an errand of mercy.

Frank Preston changed colour, wished to speak, hesitated, then recoiled a step, and took off his hat rather awkwardly. He could not forget that he had received his dismissal when last he paid a visit at Woodleigh, not merely from Miss Ashe, but from the lips of Constance herself. Very sorrowfully, shyly her eyes rested on him—the old friend, estranged—but she bowed more gracefully than he did: for women will always be our superiors in the art of putting a good face on things before the world. Yet Miss Wilmot's heart beat very fast as she passed him, with no word spoken on either side. There was still ringing in her ears, as she went out, what the wearied, worn woman of the house had said, sobbing, to her—"They talk ill of him—the more shame to their lying tongues, miss! Under God's mercy I owe all—husband, bairns, old mither, all their lives, they that were at death's door—to young Mr. Frank, and I and mine would just die for him."

Yet Constance passed her former friend with a mere bow. And just then, as Frank was about to enter another cottage, he recoiled, on hearing a harsh voice that he knew too well ejaculate, "Michaelmas Day—or flit! I'll have no palaver, no rubbish! Pay your rent, or clear out; d'ye hear me, eh?"

It was Mr. Jenkins, come to claim his rent or to give notice; and he was accompanied by his careful head clerk, who was heedfully serving slips of stamped paper in each cottage. As Mr. Jenkins espied Frank, he glared balefully.

"Ha! Measter Preston!" he said, scowling. Then in a loud stage aside, he exclaimed to his clerk, "At his tricks again—I know him—at his tricks again; isn't he, Burns?"

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"I ALWAYS DID—LOVE YOU."

THE sun, which throughout the hot June day had blazed in a pure blue sky, now burned red in the west, and a welcome breeze began to stir the long narrow leaves of the willows that grew beside the river. This was the upper reach of swift, and as yet unpolluted Dart, where a mere bridle-road skirted the stream, and too far from Woolton to be frequented by pipe-smoking loungers or birds'-nest-seeking boys, so that Frank Preston, as he faced the river-bank, with moody brow and downcast eyes, his tall greyhound following at his heels, seemed to have the whole path to himself. The young man's thoughts, like his looks, were sad enough. What had he done that so many enemies and ill-wishers were arrayed against him? Could it be his fault somehow, he wondered, that not merely the rough mill-hands, not merely grasping men of business such as Mr. Jenkins, but even the kind old squire, even narrow but honourable Miss Ashe, even sweet Constance Wilmot, had turned against him? And poor Frank Preston had a lurking conviction that had he but been contented to let ill, not well, alone, no word would ever have been breathed against the master of Highview.

As he drew near to Sedgebury Bridge—a narrow stone structure which had stood its ground since mediæval times because the Middle Age builders did their work so well, and because too it was worth

nobody's while to demolish the ugly, angular old structure that had defied so many winter floods—Frank saw a girlish figure approach him, coming up the Sedgebury road.

Constance—Miss Wilmot; he knew her at a glance. Days had elapsed since their last meeting, but, no doubt, she had been visiting the poor folks of Pod's End. At her heels, or, more correctly, frisking at her side, was a little dog, one of those tiny Maltese lap-dogs, with long hair as white as snow and as fine as floss silk, that serve for mere live playthings, yet are sometimes fond and faithful.

Just below Sedgebury Bridge, between the ancient piers of which the current raced, was Sedgebury Dam, below which was a corn-mill, and there the water deepened. Frank had turned away abruptly. He meant to re-cross Sedgebury Bridge, the shortest route to his own house, and not again to have to exchange a formal cold bow of recognition with Constance. Scarcely had he turned his head before he heard a splashing sound, and then a cry, in accents of sincere distress—

"Oh, Fluff! poor, poor Fluff! dear, poor Fluff!—I am coming."

And Frank turned, and saw Miss Wilmot trying to make her way along the weed-grown, slippery plank at the head of the dam, where the black water swirled, with foam-bells on its turbid surface, and where, in the pool, might be seen a piteous little face looking up, and a draggled white little dog swimming for its bare life.

"Poor Fluff!" exclaimed Constance, sobbing.

It was no time for etiquette and its stiff negations. One bound, and Frank Preston seemed to gain the mill-dam; another, and he was kneeling on the slippery plank and bending over the water, while his strong hand dragged out from among the weeds and foam the little, draggled, panting creature, safe and sound. Matchless gave a bound and a bark.

"CONSTANCE PASSED HER FORMER FRIEND WITH A MERE BOW" (*p.* 232).

"Thank you, Frank—Mr. Preston, I thank you very much!" exclaimed Constance, fondling the rescued little pet as it was given over, trembling, into her hands.

"Poor Fluff! he is not hurt!" answered Frank gently, as the little timid thing licked his hand when he stroked it. Fluff knew him well, as did most children and most dogs near Highview.

Then there was a pause, and both of those two young people had time to think, and Frank remembered that he was in disgrace for no fault of his, and Constance that she had rejected the friendship of the man to whom she owed this recent service. He hung his head; she blushed scarlet.

"Miss Wilmot," he said sadly, "I beg your pardon if I have presumed to speak to you. I will not any longer intrude."

And he lifted his hat and turned away.

"I am sorry—I am very, very sorry!" faltered out Constance, and the words were spoken with an earnestness that evidently came from the heart.

"Why sorry?" asked Frank, with a laugh that had some bitterness in it; "unless it be that Frank Preston, the shunned and ill-spoken of, has had the good luck to render Miss Wilmot a trifling service, which any man in his position would have been glad to do. I was asking myself before I saw you why I was banned and badged as I am, like a leper in mediæval times, because I have done my best when others have let the poor rot and die, when others have let gin and ignorance and thriftless folly take tithe of the poor around me. Why am I alone an object of popular blame? Why——"

"Shall I tell you?" answered Constance suddenly, and with kindling eyes. "I believe it is, Mr. Preston, because you have been right, and we—we—wrong: because—because—oh! I have heard so much good of you in these sad days from the lips of those who speak of you as little less than an angel, that——"

She was fairly weeping now. She held out her two little gloved hands towards him with a quick, impulsive gesture.

"I am no angel, goodness knows!" answered Frank, with a sob in his own deep voice; "but if you would be friends with me once more!"

And he took the little hands between his, and Constance looked coyly down, as if afraid that she had done amiss.

"If you knew—if you could but guess—how I have suffered," he said, after a pause.

"I too have been very, very sad," said Constance; and then, with pardonable feminine tact, added, "I can remember you all my life, and—poor papa—was so fond——"

And then her tears flowed more freely.

"But why," pleaded Frank, "was I dismissed, so cruelly dismissed, from Woodleigh, where I had been welcome? I felt driven from my last refuge when that door was shut against me. If Miss Ashe disliked me——"

"She has been misled, deceived, I fear," said Constance, hesitating, "by——"

"By whom?" demanded Frank. "Alas! rumour alone would——"

"It was not rumour—not mere report," answered Constance, with a girl's impetuousness. "It was my cousin, Mr. Raeburn, who brought to Woodleigh every idle story—stories with no foundation of truth, I feel assured—that might damage you in my aunt's eyes. You, who spend your wealth like water to succour the poor, as I now know—you were called mercenary. You, whose care is all for others, were falsely denounced as a schemer. I have heard since the truth as to what you did in Clegg's Place last winter; the truth, too, as to the quarrel with Mr. Jenkins. Indeed, Mr. Preston, I begin to feel, and have felt for days, that it is I who need to ask your pardon, for I have been unjust to you—terribly unjust to an old friend."

She was sobbing, but there was a music in her broken voice very dear to Frank's ears as they drank it in. Poor Frank Preston! He had need of some soothing sound, after all the harsh discords that had rung in his ears for so long, as he struggled that there might be less of wretchedness, less of sorrow, in the world.

They stood silent for a little time, both hearts fluttering, each unwilling to speak. It is for the man in such a case to speak.

"Darling Constance! love! the only woman I ever should have cared to call my wife," such were the words he said, "may we not be more than friends, you and I? May we not, we two——Ah! Constance, my love, the girl that I have singled from the world, that is all the world to me, will you be my wife? Will you——"

He had released her hands. He took one of them again in his, unresisted.

"Will you not listen to me, Constance darling?" he said as he bent over her.

"I—I—always did—love you!" she answered, in the soft, low, tremulous tone, so dear to a man's ears, that a man never forgets. Then Frank caught her in his arms, and the dear, bright little face looked up with wistful eyes into his.

"I was so sorry, Frank!" she said.

"My wife! my own! my love! Let there be no more shadow between us now," he murmured as he stood looking proudly down upon her.

Then he remembered that she was alone, that the spot was lonely, and that it would but be right that she should go home. "You are agitated, dear Constance," he said. "It would not be right, not like a gentleman, to keep you here with me longer now. Let me see you safe back at Woodleigh."

"No, no," answered Constance; "I am at home here, and feel no fear. I had rather go back by myself. And so, please—but I love you, Frank dear!"

And then there was a sudden clasp, and a kiss, and a word or two of troth-plight, as firm and true, coming as it did from those two honest young English hearts, as any solemn betrothal between German Transparencies or Serenities of the haughty Ebenbürgtig class that excellent George the Third helped to call into being, since, before his time, as in our own Plantagenet days, the sister or the daughter of a sovereign prince could marry a subject of her brother or her father without any marvellous condescension.

"I had rather go alone," Constance had repeated, and Frank did not press his escort upon her, but he went home that evening the happiest man in the West Riding of Yorkshire: he whose heart had been so heavy and so sad when first he sallied out that day. For so it is with us short-sighted mortals; in our gayest moods we may be nearest to the precipice that waits for all, and when things are at the worst the rainbow bridges the stormy sky, and we are saved at last. Frank Preston felt so, at all events.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IT is too soon as yet to speak at all authoritatively of what will be worn when we cast off our winter dresses, and set about the pleasant task of donning fresh spring garments. It is so far certain that rich silks mostly watered or brocaded, as well as watered and moire silks on which brocades are thrown, will be fashionable; that bright colours will assert themselves even more decidedly than they did last season, and that there will be many new things brought out in fine pliable wool of English manufacture, to be made up in combination with moire and watered silk. Gatherings of many kinds will appear alike on bodices and skirts, and I notice as a novelty at one of our leading dressmakers a bodice gathered from the neck to the shoulder, where a frill of the material commences and forms a cape.

The more I study the appearance of really well-dressed women, the more I note that half the success of their toilettes is due to the careful way in which the skirts hang. They fall plain and soft in front, and are sufficiently wide to stand out well at the back, and only at the back, with no indication of crinoline on the hips, which is most unbecoming. And at the back it is so arranged that the slope is gradual from the waist, showing the waist off as small and slim, to the best possible advantage.

The Medicis collar is more and more worn for evening dress, and I consider that it is exceedingly pretty applied to a low square bodice, made of the same material as the dress, beaded and well supported by wire. I suppose you all know what I mean by a Medicis collar, viz., one that is some four to eight inches wide, turning outwards from the neck, distended and supported by wire and rounded over it, starting from the bodice, and so passing round the throat.

The Newmarket coats are such useful wear that it is difficult to supersede them, and there is hardly any style of out-door mantle more fashionable for good figures than a stamped velvet Newmarket coat, with handsome buttons. Occasionally they are bordered with fur, but more often they are quite plain.

A most comfortable over-shoe, useful for slipping over boots in travelling, or over evening shoes when going to parties, may be very easily made. It consists merely of a square of knitting. Cast on forty stitches, begin with a row of pearl, and continue two rows of plain knitting, and one of pearl, till you have fifteen ribs, then make one row of pearl, and cast off. Sew either end together, crochet an edge of loops round the top, and thread elastic through below. When slipped on the foot, there is a good toe and heel. Bone needles should be used, and three ounces of double German wool, black or some dark colour. A bow of ribbon on the toe completes it.

To return to ladies' mantles, however, I ought to tell

you of the Policeman's coat, made of dark blue cloth, very close-fitting, and having a long cape to the waist. This is the newest thing of the kind, and will, there is no doubt, be fashionably worn.

It is absurd in ball-rooms to note how universally black and cream are worn; the few exceptions are tones not hitherto considered fit for ball-dresses—ruby-coloured tulle and velvet, biscuit-coloured tulle and satin, or very dark green; these are seen without any white lace or flowers to relieve them.

Shrimp-pink with white is one of the happiest and latest combinations, and lemon-colour with white is another well-worn mixture. Matrons affect caps made entirely of flowers like a wreath, but hiding the top of the head.

A word as to petticoats. Skirts being still short and not necessarily raised, they are not likely to be seen, but they are on this account none the less ornamental. For evening, people wear chemises and petticoats combined, made of soft silk, and very few other under-garments. For day wear moire and watered silk petticoats are not considered too extravagant, nor are quilted satin skirts cut in battlements, with deep lace plaitings between the slashings.

Diamond-shaped devices on stockings are newer than any other, and for evening these are carried out in beads. One of the Paris *élégantes* has been wearing stockings and shoes trimmed with feathers, but they created merriment rather than admiration. Not so, however, the feather capes which are superseding fur ones for out-door wear. I do not mean ostrich, but the lophophore and raven's shiny plumage. Frenchwomen have certainly more courage with regard to dress than the English, they have taste and aptitude of invention and striking individuality, while our countrywomen like sheep at a gap all run in the same groove. But it is all the more difficult to be a faithful chronicler of French modes, the variety is so great. Happily, it would seem, you are getting sorely tired of faded colours and so-called æsthetic dressing—another name for untidy ungracefulness. Brown and amber are for this early spring one of the favourite combinations. Have any of you ever noticed that black differs according to material? Plush, though

black, is lighter than velvet. Velvet panels on skirts have a good effect, better than stripes, because not so recurrent, but stripes have a place still in fashionable modes.

As this is a month when re-trimming half-worn dresses is often imperative, several hints for so doing can be gathered from the accompanying illustrations.

The single figure at the opening of "Chit-chat" is arrayed for a dinner-party in *crevette* or shrimp-pink moire and satin, for combinations of materials in a single dress are still the rule. Satin appears in the puffed tablier, in the box-plaiting, bordering the train, and does duty partly in the bows. The lace Medicis collar is edged with a row of pearls, and the design on the creamy lace of the dress is outlined with pearls.

In the first group of five. there are examples of evening demi-toilettes which can be carried out in either velvets, brocades and satins, or in the less costly nun's veiling, gauze, and soft Indian silk. Lace sleeves, so much in vogue last season, are disappearing, and black lisse and black lace are fast superseding white for tuckers and ruffles—an economical fashion, but one that demands a fair, fine skin in those who adopt it. The newest lace for evening dresses consists of flowers of white lace on black tulle, and a most effective trimming it proves.

The group of five in out-door costumes testify to the growing popularity of paniers, and if well made and not too bunchy, they certainly add considerably to the style of a short dress, provided its wearer be slim. The first figure appears in willow-green cashmere with broché velvet trimmings of two shades of the same colour. No. 2 is in seal-brown plush and satin; No. 3 wears black moire and satin; No. 4 is in claret Vicuna and Bayadere satin; the small maiden of ten who closes the group wears dark green plush and a paler shade of cashmere skilfully combined.

The remaining figures in outline are two wearing walking costumes, and two home dinner-dresses. In the latter, the open Madeira work embroidered with silk on the material is shown. This fashion is on the increase, and is seen on the richest velvets and satins, as well as on the foulards and cashmeres on which it was first introduced.

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN TIMES OF PEACE.*

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

IN giving a description of a soldier's life, the first thing to do is to show how a lad can most easily join the army, with least trouble to himself, and with the least danger of becoming mixed up with bad characters and making bad friends at the start of his military career. The present time is very opportune in this respect, as great and beneficial alterations have quite recently been made in the methods of enlisting. And here it must be stated that our remarks refer especially to infantry soldiers; although life in barracks is much the same for all branches of the Service as regards style of living and general arrangements. The details of work are of course very different, and the pay varies according to the work to be done; but as there are about five times as many recruits for the infantry as there are for any other branch of the Service, it is thought better to refer in general to the most numerous class.

According to the old system of recruiting, smart-looking soldiers were stationed in the principal towns to pick up or entice lads to join their regiments; this plan of recruiting is indeed still carried on, and is sufficiently well known by the general public to require no further explanation here. But, in addition to that, the following system has been started. In every town and village in the United Kingdom that is of sufficient importance to own a post-office, may be found all the necessary information as regards enlisting. Any lad who takes it into his mind that he would like to "go soldiering" has merely to ask at the nearest post-office, and he will be given first of all a paper setting forth the advantages the army has to offer, and the conditions of the Service in which he thinks of engaging himself. This he can take home with him, and, after due deliberation, he can if he thinks fit pay another visit to the post-office, and there receive a form of "Application to Enlist." This paper, which may be filled in either by the recruit or by the postmaster, must state the exact height and age of the recruit, and whether he wishes to serve in cavalry, artillery, or infantry, and then it will be sent to the officer in the district who has charge of the recruiting. In due course the applicant will have to appear at the depôt of his county, and if he satisfies the authorities as regards his health, strength, and physical powers he will be immediately enlisted as a soldier. The whole of England is divided for military purposes into a number of districts, which comprise one or more counties, or part of a county, or perhaps some large town, and to each of these districts some regiment is assigned, which takes its name and draws its recruits from that special locality, so that every portion of the United Kingdom has some regiment with which it is closely allied. In the majority of cases it may be assumed that the recruit would join the regiment that belongs to his own county, and bears its name, for he will probably meet there chiefly men of his own district; but if he have a preference for another regiment, or for any reason (best known to himself) he should wish to live away from his own county, there will be nothing to prevent his stating on his application paper that he wants to serve in some other corps.

By this beneficial reform many advantages will accrue to the intending recruit. In the first place, there will be no possibility of a lad being enticed into the army on false pretences; he will have ample opportunity of studying at leisure the terms of the service, and of talking it over with his friends; and he will escape the evils of loitering about the public-houses with the recruiting-sergeant, and of being thrown into the society of other recruits (perhaps of low character) at the outset of his career; for he will go straight from his home to the depôt of the regiment.

There will be also another advantage in this system, both to the army itself and to the respectable recruit—that whereas in former days the recruiting-sergeants had to trust chiefly to picking up lads idling about in low parts of towns, or possibly were forced to use all sorts of arguments, and to make exaggerated statements, to get men at all: now a very large field is open, and no village, however quiet, but will have a chance of sending some spirited youth to join in the service of his country. There is another method of enlisting which may be briefly mentioned; for it is, perhaps, the most convenient for any one who can afford it. Supposing a young man to have decided definitely that he wishes to join some particular regiment, let him go straight to the head-quarters or the depôt of that regiment at his own expense, and then asking at the barrack-gate for the recruiting-officer, let him then and there apply to be enlisted. The main advantage of this plan is that it avoids the risk of being kept about for other recruits, or being in any way mixed up with them, until merged in the full tide of barrack life.

It will be apparent, therefore, that under the new regulations enlistment will be in the strictest sense of

* We are no advocates of an unnatural craving for military glory for its own sake, but so long as a suitable provision for the defence of our country and its interests is accounted a necessity, we can only strive to improve the mental and moral standard of the army, by hoping for a better kind of recruits as a wholesome leaven for its ranks.—ED.

the words "purely voluntary;" but even after the act of enlistment has taken place, and after the recruit has pledged himself to serve in the army for a definite number of years, there is still an opportunity allowed him for leaving the Service, in case he finds on a closer acquaintance with its duties that he has mistaken his vocation. For any time during the first three months after his enlistment a recruit can *claim* his discharge and return to his home, provided he or his friends will refund the money that has been spent on his outfit and on his food, &c.; the sum demanded on this score being fixed at present at £10. Even after the first three months there will be the possibility of purchasing a discharge, but it will then be looked on as an indulgence, and a larger sum of money will be demanded; for it is very desirable when once a man has been thoroughly trained, and become a reliable soldier, that he should stay on and finish his engagement. It is obvious that the commencement of the service in the ranks will be the least pleasant, and therefore it is to be hoped that all recruits will make up their minds within the time allowed whether they wish to serve or not.

All the conditions of enlistment and terms of service are stated very plainly in the paper which has been referred to before ("The Advantages of the Army") and which can be had at any post-office.

The principal requirements by the army authorities are that all recruits must be between nineteen and twenty-five years old, and must be at least 5 feet 4 inches in height, and measure 34 inches round the chest.

The ordinary length of service that a recruit must expect to go through is seven years with a regiment, and another year extra if his regiment happens to be out of England when the seven years are over. On the other hand, if the regiment is serving at home, a soldier *may* be allowed to leave before that time if the Service admit of it.

When the recruit has reached the place appointed by the recruiting-officer, he will have to satisfy a doctor as to his health and fitness for a soldier's life, and afterwards he will be formally attested, and have to take the oath of obedience to the Queen, and sign a declaration, from which time he becomes legally bound as a soldier.

When first a lad puts in his appearance in the barracks he is almost sure to feel very strange, and perhaps also rather shy. For the first time in his life probably he will really be a conspicuous object by *not* having on a red coat—and he will certainly long for the time when his uniform will be served out to him—but that will very likely not be done for three or four days, or a week; because before anything is given to him from the army stores, it must be marked with a number to show whom it belongs to. It will be a good plan, therefore, if the recruit takes a few little things with him from home, just to make him comfortable for the first week in barracks—namely, a brush and comb and a bit of soap, and a razor if necessary, an extra shirt, and pair of socks, and a handkerchief or two. It will be no good at all to take extra boots or cloth clothes, because they could not be worn when once the uniform is served out; and, in fact, the clothes he goes in will most likely have to be sold, because a soldier being well supplied with all necessary clothing cannot carry about with him anything else. Also a small supply of needles and thread, and a knife and fork, may be found a convenience, although they could probably be borrowed from some other soldier.

It will be as well also to put the recruit on his guard against being too friendly with his companions just at first—*i.e.*, until he has had time to form some sort of opinion as to their character; because there are sure to be in every regiment some soldiers who will try to make a profit for themselves, by their kindness to the recruit, and will try either to sell him something which they will tell him he will want, or will ask him to lend them a few shillings, or most likely of all try and make him pay for some beer at the canteen. All these events may be to a great extent avoided if the recruit keeps pretty well to himself at starting—but he must at the same time keep his eyes open, and watch everything that goes on in the barrack-room, for the sooner he can get into the habits of the regiment, the more comfortable he will be; and there are lots of little things to be done in some particular way, which can only be learnt by noticing how others do them. Soldiers are very good in helping one another, and so a recruit need never mind asking an older companion to show him the right way to do such things as folding up the bed-clothes, keeping his uniform clean, or making his own part of the room look tidy. Some other things will take a long time to learn to do nicely and quickly, and these can be mastered much better by frequently noticing how older soldiers do them.

It will be as well to mention here what may be a great consolation to some young men thinking of enlisting, namely, that soldiers hardly ever interfere with one another or force their company on any one who shows that he wants to be by himself. Provided a man does his fair share of the general work of keeping the room clean and tidy, and does his duty in other ways without grumbling, he can keep as much to himself and be as quiet as he likes. It would be a bad thing for any soldier, wherever he came from, to give himself airs and think himself too grand to mix with his comrades, but it is quite easy to be friendly enough with them and yet to stay quietly in barracks reading or writing, or even to go out for a walk alone instead of joining in the more jovial parties that most soldiers enjoy.

And now perhaps the intending recruit would like to know what his new home will be like; for he must consider that the barrack-room *will* be his home, for a few years, and he may find it a very comfortable home too, if he will but try and suit himself to his new circumstances. All barrack-rooms are very much alike, and have accommodation for about fourteen to twenty soldiers. The rooms are high, with large windows and plenty of light, the walls white-washed, and wooden floors. In the middle of the room is a long table large enough for all the men to sit down to

at once. Over the table is generally a hanging shelf on which plates and basins are kept, pepper-pots, mustard-pots, salt, and the day's supply of bread.

The beds are arranged all round the room with their heads against the walls, and about four feet or so between them. By each bed there is a rack for a rifle to stand, and immediately over the head of the bed three large hooks on which are kept the knapsacks, great-coats, belts, and bayonets. Above this again runs an iron shelf, and every man uses that part of the shelf nearest to his bed, and keeps there his spare clothes, and boots, helmet, and any books he has with him. A piece of the wall is also at his disposal, so that if he likes he can hang up any small pictures or photographs.

In every room there is also a supply of brooms, mops, and brushes, for keeping it clean and tidy, some large tin cans, and dishes, and a large coal-box, which is always well supplied in winter, so that a good fire can be kept burning all day.

Every soldier has a good straw mattress and pillow, two sheets and two blankets, and a coloured rug or counterpane, with an extra blanket in very cold weather. All the bedding is changed and washed at regular intervals, but the soldier has not to pay for it.

After dark there is a good supply of gas, which is turned off at 10.15. p.m., when all the men are supposed to be in bed.

So much for the room in which a soldier has to live, and which he can call his own, for sleeping, eating, and keeping his things in. But there are many other buildings in the barracks which he will use besides. There is a big room for washing, with a liberal supply of basins and water; and close by some big baths, with hot and cold water laid on. Then there is the kitchen where all the meals are prepared; no cooking being allowed in the barrack-rooms, but the soldiers taking it in turns to serve in the kitchen for a month at a time. The canteen is also somewhere handy; it is a shop where all sorts of things are sold to soldiers very cheap, such as groceries, butter, cheese, and bacon, &c. Besides this general shop, there is almost always a tailor's and a shoemaker's shop, in which a soldier can learn the trade, or work in it and make some extra money if he is a good workman.

The school must not be forgotten. Here a soldier can study as much as he likes in the evenings, in addition to certain hours which are compulsory until he can pass a simple examination.

There is also in every barrack a recreation-room, where newspapers can be seen, books read or borrowed, and a good supply of games, such as draughts, bagatelle, &c. Thus it will be seen that every arrangement is made for the soldier's comfort, and wherever he goes he will find the same state of things, and it may be safely said that hardly in any place where young men live in ordinary employments can they have so many conveniences so easily within reach, and with so little to pay for the use of them, as they will find in barracks.

Soldiers are provided with three meals a day, and the greater part of the food is supplied to them gratis. The hours of the meals are—breakfast about 7.45 a.m., dinner at 1 p.m., and tea at 4.30 p.m. Every day all soldiers are given ¾ lb. of beef or mutton, and 1 lb. of good fresh bread. There is no charge of any sort made for this, and it is entirely extra to their daily pay. The bread is given out in 4 lb. loaves, so that the usual custom is for four men to share a loaf, unless any one prefers to have his portion separate. The meat is given out in joints as nearly as possible according to the number of men in one room; so if there were sixteen men in a room, they would probably get a joint of about 10 lbs. and the exact weight made up by smaller pieces.

Besides this bread and meat, which is called a "free ration," every soldier is obliged to spend about 2½d. or 3d. a day out of his pay for groceries—*i.e.*, for tea, coffee, sugar, milk, vegetables, and some extra bread.

Thus the actual food that is placed before a soldier every day of his life is the following:—At breakfast, a pound of bread, and a large basin of coffee with sugar and milk. At dinner, the meat served out that morning, either stewed, baked, or boiled, or perhaps a thick soup, with plenty of potatoes. At tea, a basin of tea with milk and sugar, and the extra bread bought with the groceries.

If a soldier likes to spend a penny or two besides, he can go to the canteen and buy some butter, cheese, or bacon, to help down the dry bread at breakfast and tea. If he wants a little supper before going to bed, he can go either to the canteen, or to the recreation-room for coffee, and it is quite likely that there may be some bread or perhaps a bit of meat left from dinner. If any one happens to be away from barracks at meal-time his portion is carefully put by for him; or if his duty keeps him away all day, he would be able to take it with him, or his dinner would be sent out to him. Another proof of the interest taken in the soldier's welfare may be quoted, viz., that if a very early drill was ordered, or if any men had to leave barracks much before breakfast-time, they would be given a basin of hot coffee in addition to their regular allowance, without having to pay for it.

Within a few days of enlisting the recruit will probably be gladdened by the sight of his outfit; and although it will very likely give him a good bit of trouble just at first to get the buttons bright, and the straps and belts nice and clean, yet it will be a certain amount of comfort to feel that he is dressed like all those around him, and it is to be hoped he will feel proud of the uniform that marks him as a patriotic servant of his Queen and country; and he may be assured that if he never disgraces his uniform, it will never disgrace him. The outfit, or "kit," given to the recruit when he enlists comprises the following articles:—

A cloth tunic, and a serge tunic; one or two pairs of trousers; a helmet, and glengarry cap; two pairs of boots; two or three coarse flannel shirts; two or three pairs of worsted socks; a pair of thick gloves; a pair of braces; knife, fork, and spoon; razor and shaving-brush, a comb, clothes-brush, boot-brushes and black-

ing, and some little things for cleaning up brass buttons, belts, and accoutrements.

All the smaller articles of kit have to be kept in order, or renewed if worn out, at the soldier's expense, but the more expensive clothes are given to him fresh at regular intervals. Thus he has a new tunic, and one or two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of boots, every year, and it will be only carelessness or great misfortune if the soldier does not make them last the proper time.

In addition to the "kit" mentioned above, of course all soldiers are supplied with the needful implements of war: rifle and bayonet, pouches for ammunition, a knapsack, &c., and those very useful articles of clothing in an English climate, which have not been mentioned before—a pair of gaiters, and a big great-coat.

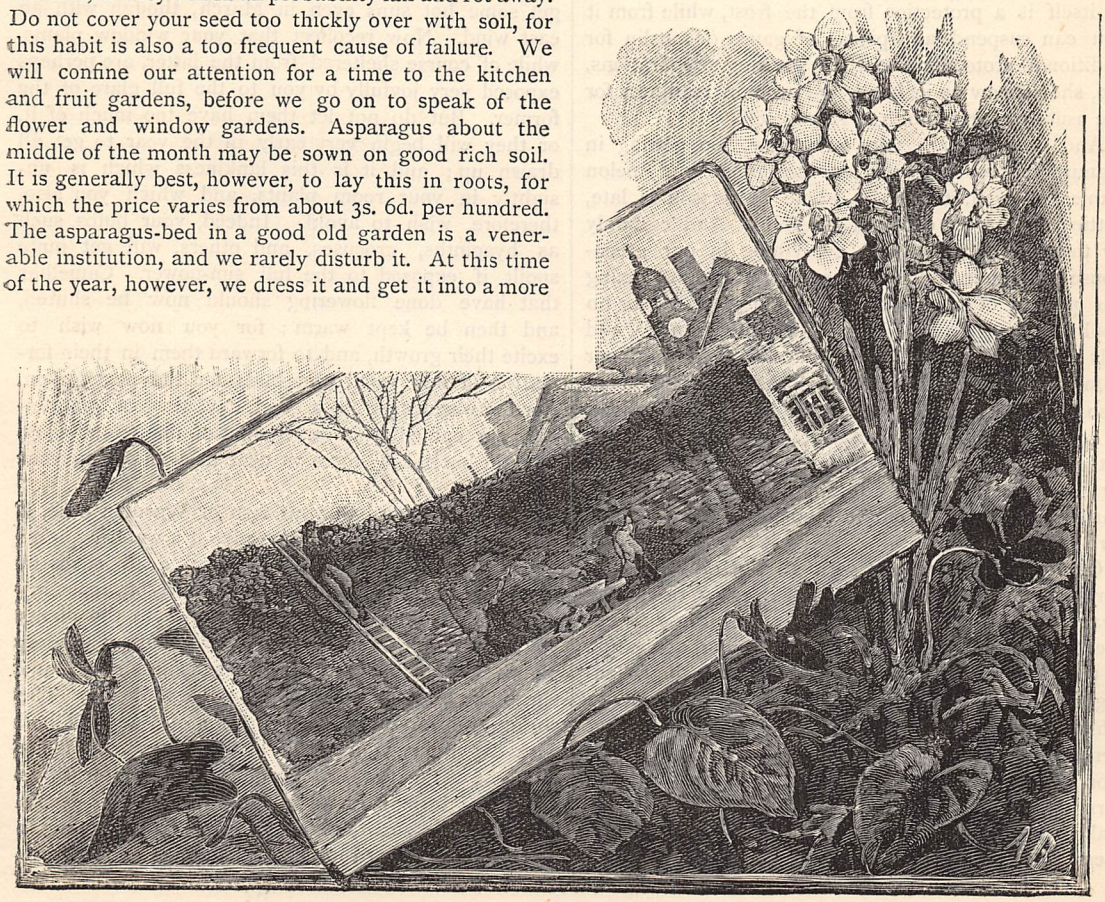
The only other thing to notice here is that if a soldier has to replace any of his outfit, he must get it from the stores of the regiment, and the value of it is deducted from his pay—not necessarily all at once, but a little at a time, so that he may feel the expense as slightly as possible. But as this stoppage of pay for new clothes is one of the most fruitful causes of evil, continually leading men even to desert from the army, the recruit cannot be too strongly urged to take the greatest possible care, so as to avoid what really is a considerable hardship.

GARDENING IN MARCH.

SINCE the beginning of the year, we have been busy, whenever the state of the weather or of the soil admitted of it, in working well upon our land to get it into a condition good enough—friable, as we call it—for the introduction of seed.

Now that the time has come to sow the seeds, care must be taken that they are not sown in wet and cold weather, or they will in all probability fail and rot away. Do not cover your seed too thickly over with soil, for this habit is also a too frequent cause of failure. We will confine our attention for a time to the kitchen and fruit gardens, before we go on to speak of the flower and window gardens. Asparagus about the middle of the month may be sown on good rich soil. It is generally best, however, to lay this in roots, for which the price varies from about 3s. 6d. per hundred. The asparagus-bed in a good old garden is a venerable institution, and we rarely disturb it. At this time of the year, however, we dress it and get it into a more marked and defined shape, for the tendency and action of the winter weather is generally to level it a little with the rest of the beds.

Our important potato crop is got in this month; and begin with those of your seedlings which show a disposition to sprout. They like a dry and but



moderately rich soil, and where this is also in a loose and friable condition, it is evident there is less fear of the frost getting at your crop than if the surrounding soil were in lumps. As soon as the potatoes begin to show above ground, any weeds that are near them should be got away from them, and the earth drawn up a little carefully all round them, to shelter them as far as possible from the east wind and frost.

For the peas it is still best as yet to choose a sheltered spot for sowing; while a little earthing up and staking of any that you may already have up is a great help in protecting them alike from the frost and from the birds. For your onion-bed the soil can scarcely be too rich. Get in the main crop by the end of the month. Your onion-seed should be sown in drills about a foot apart and an inch deep. And, to pass somewhat hurriedly by many other kitchen garden matters, to *all* of which we cannot here advert, although they have just now every claim on our attention, we must say a few words about our fruit garden. At once, then, if not done before, we must quite and carefully finish off all nailing and pruning among our peaches and nectarines. This is a very critical month with them, for they are, or ought to be, in full blossom, and we must use every precaution to protect them from the frost. See if you cannot contrive on the top of your wall a little wood or slate coping which will project nearly a foot. This of itself is a protection from the frost, while from it you can suspend any pieces of gauze or muslin for additional protection. All our grafting preparations, too, should now be in hand, and soon in readiness for the usual grafting month of April itself.

And then we are very busy now, too, getting in manure for our hot-beds, our cucumber and melon frames, or even, it may be, where the season is late, getting manure for our land generally. And certainly by the end of the month everything in our greenhouse will be making a tremendous start, and taxing our powers of contrivance to the uttermost; for no doubt we have found plenty of repotting to do, and this involves, besides a demand upon our time and our money which we may be able to meet, a demand also upon our space for which we find it very difficult to contrive. So we give all air that we can, preferring rather to incur a risk by giving too much of it than by giving too little; for do we not know that the more hardy our plants become the sooner are we able to turn them out?

Our beds, too, are gay with all the old-fashioned spring flowers of which we never grow tired—the hyacinths, early tulips, wall-flowers, and those sweet-scented violets. A few words about the cultivation of the violet will be thoroughly appropriate to gardening in March. Now, there is hardly any soil in which it may be said that it *cannot* grow, but perhaps it prefers a rich, light soil or leaf-mould. For growing in beds, choose first a shady situation; turn up the ground and dress with your leaf-mould. Take up plants that have just flowered, and divide them into pieces, all having good roots, to plant out in your newly-made bed some six inches apart, and water them well. Next season you will find they will completely cover the bed. They are thrown back by cold days, but an actual exposure to the rays of the sun will kill them.

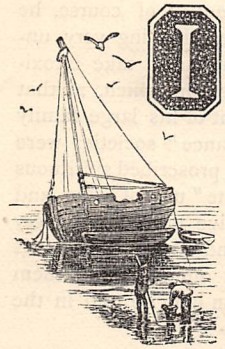
As for the double varieties of the violet, some regard them as only half hardy, and therefore, if you wish to grow them in pots, recollect that the fibres of the roots, which are thought to be the most tender portion of the whole plant, adhere to the side of the pot, and through this the frost, as we know, can very easily penetrate, and your plant—we are supposing it to be standing out in the open—is destroyed. Plunge your pots, then, in this case—and, indeed, we may say any other plants that you may have in pots—up to their rims either in earth, ashes, or sawdust, &c.—in something, in fact, capable of protecting them from the frost; or a garden frame is an admirable thing in which to forward your violets. If you wish, again, to raise violets from seed, sow this month in pans or in boxes, if you cannot afford just now to devote to their use a garden frame. Your violets, next, must not be allowed to grow too thickly; and leave, therefore, three inches between each little plant; and when you thin out, have a bed in some part of your garden already prepared for their reception.

We must, however, have a few words about our window gardening routine this month. Sometimes we get some hot suns even in March, though with an east wind. Now recollect that your window plants, while of course sheltered from the latter, are perhaps exposed very joyfully by you to the full glare of the former. But do not let them have too much of it, or they will begin very early in the year to get all drawn up; and it is this lankiness which is unsightly in your room plants, and which you also, therefore, wish to avoid. Indeed, your bulbs, such as hyacinths, crocuses, and others, will get quite spoilt if exposed to the full sun-power. Camellias that have done flowering should now be shifted, and then be kept warm; for you now wish to excite their growth, and to forward them in their formation of new wood and buds for the next season. For the warmer part of a good day, set your plants—not your camellias, however—out of doors, and when brought back, keep them as near as you can to your glass.

And with regard to your fern or Wardian case, if it has got too dry by this time give it a watering, after having first taken away all dry and dead leaves or plants, and also removing the worn-out soil, replacing it by fresh soil of a character adapted to the plants you are trying to grow. For your room or window plants, always be particular in selecting dwarf and shrub-like ones, and discard the tall and sickly. The spring, whose return once again we one and all hail with delight, calls upon us lustily, however, to make the best of the time in the open air; but for those who have little land on which to labour, or feeble health to do so, if they had, window gardening is always an unfailing source of satisfaction and interest.

THE FATHER OF TEETOTALISM.

BY THE REV. FREDERIC WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.



IT is the privilege of few men to originate well-nigh single-handed a great social reform. Fewer still are permitted to see the movements of which they are the founders attain a position commanding universal respect, if not of almost world-wide adoption. Among the very few thus favoured is the venerable Joseph Livesey, of Preston, who on the 5th of March, 1882, will have completed his eighty-eighth year, and who is thus spared to witness the jubilee of the Temperance or "Teetotal" movement, of which he is admittedly the father and founder. It was in the little village of Walton, on the banks of the Ribble, about a mile and a half from Preston, that Joseph Livesey first drew the breath of life on the 5th of March, 1794. His grandparents were both small farmers in the same parish, and his father, John Livesey, carried on a small business as a weaver, being one of the earliest makers of cotton goods in the district. Joseph lost both parents by death within a few weeks before he had completed his seventh year, and was taken charge of by his paternal grandfather, who gave up his farm to continue the cotton business, assisted by a son. Their knowledge of the trade being limited, three or four years brought the concern to an end; and, his capital being exhausted, the old man, with his son and the orphan boy, were compelled to take shelter in a miserable dwelling, earning a scanty livelihood at the loom. The cellar in which they worked was always damp, being constantly subject to flooding from the river, and there Joseph toiled till he was twenty-one, attributing his escape from an untimely death from rheumatism to the incessant activity of every limb required by his work.

Up to the age mentioned he had had but little "schooling," having learned no more than enabled him to read the New Testament, write a little, and do simple sums. To use his own words, the cellar was his college, the breast-beam of the loom was his desk, and he was his own tutor. In those days there were but few schools, no Mechanics' Institutes, no Free Libraries, no cheap books or publications of any kind; and if there had been the weaver lad could have purchased but few, as his pocket-money was long confined to his "Sunday penny." As he grew older, and procured a few pence by adding "over-time" to his already long hours of toil, he bought a grammar and a few other books, arranging his library on a couple of small shelves suspended by a cord. So proud of his treasures was he, that he could never leave the room in which they were kept without turning back to cast an admiring glance at them. A relative having left Joseph a legacy of £30, payable when he came of age, he then deemed himself rich enough to marry, and found a wife in Miss Williams, daughter of a master-rigger at Liverpool, with whom he lived a happy wedded life for more than fifty years, till death took the beloved mother from the large family of children and grandchildren who had risen up to call her blessed. The wedding took place in May, 1815—the year when the Corn Laws were passed—and in due time the struggling pair received an addition to their responsibilities and cares in the birth of twin boys; so that, what with high prices, low wages, and bad health, the young weaver's prospects were exceedingly gloomy.

It was at this juncture, when things seemed at their worst, that Joseph Livesey was strangely led to enter upon another line of business, in which, in after-years, he attained competence if not great wealth. A doctor having ordered him to eat more food, including some bread and cheese for luncheon, he proceeded to buy a pound of the latter, of very common quality, for which he had to pay 7d. or 8d. It was at the time of the Lancaster cheese fair, and he overheard some one remark the price had fallen to about 50s. a hundredweight. A little mental calculation showed him that the wholesale price was but 5d. a pound, and the idea struck him that if he could purchase a whole cheese, and divide it with his neighbours, he should obtain an advantage. In those days farmers stood in the markets with cheese, and he found one who had just two left unsold, which, to effect a clearance, he was willing to sell for 4¾d. a pound. Having a good reputation, Livesey was able to borrow a sovereign from a tradesman, and carried home his purchase in triumph. Borrowing a pair of scales, he began retailing the cheese among his neighbours at 5½d., carrying a table into the street on Saturday afternoon in order to clear out the remainder. Finding that he had thus made a greater profit than he could have earned by weaving, and the fame of his cheap cheese having brought him many applicants for that article, he continued for awhile at the weaving during the week, taking his cheese into the market on Saturdays, and soon succeeded in retailing two or three hundredweight in a day. After awhile his wife took her stand with the table for the retail business, while the husband gradually extended his operations as a "wholesale" man, selling whole cheeses, and sometimes as much as a hundredweight at a time. Of his wife he says, "She was quite as active, as persevering, and as successful as myself. Winter though it was, we stood out in all weathers, caring little for present comfort in hope of future success." Gradually extending his operations to the neighbouring markets of Blackburn, Wigan, and Chorley, Mr. Livesey abandoned the weaving altogether, making a present of his loom to a poor man; from whom, some years later,

CARTE-DE-VISITE OF JOSEPH LIVESEY.

he bought it, in order that out of its various parts a writing-table might be made. We have seen him, fifty years later, sitting at this table, on which have been written thousands of the letters by which the veteran has sought to promote the principles of temperance, when no longer able, through age and infirmity, to advocate them in other ways. The cheese trade continually expanded, and three or four of Mr. Livesey's numerous sons found occupation in the business when they grew up.

Having felt the pinch of hard times, Mr. Livesey was induced early to take a share in the agitation which eventually culminated in the repeal of the Corn Laws; and years before the Anti-Corn-Law League was fairly at work, he was advocating its principles in a paper which he had started. At first this periodical was printed by other hands, but in 1832 he added the printing business to his other trade, and out of this in 1844 sprang the *Preston Guardian*, now one of the ablest and most widely circulated papers in Lancashire. For nearly five years prior to the triumph of the Free Trade movement, Mr. Livesey aided it by the weekly issue of a halfpenny paper called the *Struggle*, the last number of which appeared the very week that witnessed the Royal assent to the Repeal Bill. Each number contained an illustration, or cartoon, and at one period the circulation reached 15,000 weekly.

The name of Joseph Livesey being so prominently identified with the Temperance movement, it becomes necessary to describe how that connection was brought about. Early in the year 1831, having to transact some business at a house where the whiskey-bottle was placed on the table as a matter of course, he tasted that spirit for the first time. Feeling very unwell after it, he resolved never again to take intoxicating liquor of any kind, a resolution which, at that time, he formed chiefly on account of his large family of boys. At that time "Temperance" societies were being formed, the pledge of which proscribed spirituous liquors, but allowed the "moderate" use of wine and beer. Mr. Livesey took an active part in a society of that kind at Preston. Hundreds of drunkards signed that pledge, but great numbers of them lapsed. What followed thereupon may be told in the veteran abstainer's own words :—

"It was soon discovered that the liberty to take ale and wine in moderation was a fatal source of backsliding. Hence arose a fierce controversy, which lasted for some time, as to the pledge, many who had become thorough abstainers maintaining that all liquors alike containing alcohol should be excluded. I, with many others, felt that there was no safety for our members without this, and we were determined to bring about the change. One Thursday (August 23rd, 1832), John King was passing my shop in Church Street, and I invited him in, and after discussing this question—upon which we were both agreed—I asked him if he would sign a pledge of *total* abstinence? to which he consented. I then went to the desk and wrote one out, the precise words of which I don't remember. He came up to the desk and I said, 'Thee sign it first.' He did so, and I signed after him. This first step led to the rest, for in the course of a few days notice of a special meeting was given, at which this subject was warmly discussed. At the close of the meeting I remember well a group of us gathering together, still further debating the matter, which ended in seven persons signing a new pledge."

Of this interesting document, which is still preserved, and which bears the date of September 1st, 1832, the following is a copy :—

"We agree to abstain from all liquors of any intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicine.

"JOHN GRATREX.
"EDWD. DICKINSON.
"JOHN BROADBELT.
"JNO. SMITH.
"JOSEPH LIVESEY.
"DAVID ANDERTON.
"JNO. KING."

These were the "seven men of Preston," from whose labours emanated that agitation against the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages, which has today assumed such proportions as to command the attention and respect, if not the adhesion, of the entire community.

This sketch would be incomplete without a brief reference to the word by which total abstainers are commonly known. Many explanations have been given of the word "teetotal," but the following is the correct one. Among the early converts was Richard Turner, a hawker of fish, whose speech was fluent if not refined. Richard would coin words to express his meaning when others failed. About twelve months after the above-mentioned pledge was signed, and while the controversy with those who only abstained from spirits was still warm, Richard delivered a fervid speech, in which he spoke against any half-

measures, and declared that "nothing but the te-te-total would do." Mr. Livesey, who was present, at once exclaimed, "That shall be the name!" The meeting cheered, and from that time the word "teetotal" was everywhere applied to entire as contrasted with partial abstinence. The author of the name was a staunch advocate of the cause for many years, and at his death he was followed to the grave by hundreds of teetotalers, the streets being thronged by spectators. An inscription over his grave, in Preston Churchyard, says:—"Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal, as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged 56 years."

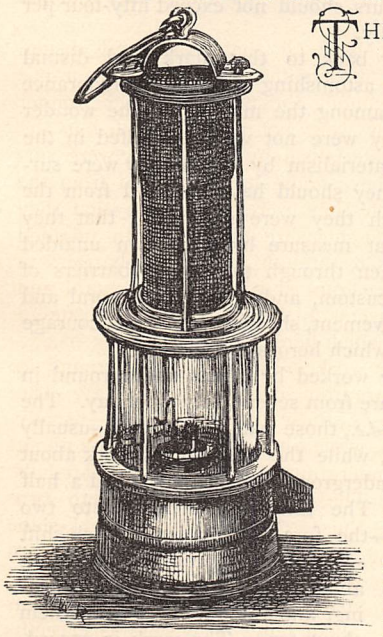
Although the name of Joseph Livesey is, as we have seen, so inseparably and conspicuously associated with the Temperance movement, it would be a great mistake to think or speak of him in any sense as a man wedded to "one idea." In the course of his long residence in Preston he has filled many important public offices, and was a member of the first Town Council elected under the Municipal Reform Bill. As long ago as 1845, he began to organise an annual trip by railway to Southport, Blackpool, or some other sea-side resort, by which "'the halt, the lame, and the blind,' the scavengers, the sweeps, and the workhouse people," were taken from their unpleasant surroundings to breathe a purer air for a few hours. Accustomed always to take an active interest in every effort to relieve distress, he was naturally one of the foremost workers during the long and dreary time known as the "Cotton Famine," devoting almost all his spare hours to the work of the Relief Committee during two years. Soon after his marriage, assisted by his wife he took part in teaching others less educated than himself, and in 1825 he hired a large room in Shepherd Street, Preston, where he started a free Sunday school, "for youth of both sexes from fourteen to twenty-one years of age." Upon all these, and many other useful labours, he can now look back peacefully, as he spends his closing days in the town which knows no name more sincerely venerated than that of Joseph Livesey.

UNDER THE CRUST: THE TYNESIDE COLLIER.

BY THOMAS BURT, M.P.

"Think on us, hinnies, if ye please,
An' it were but te show yor pity;
For a' the toils and tears it gi'es,
Te warm the shins o' Lunnun city."
"THE PITMAN'S PAY."

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



THE first authentic record of the raising of coal for fuel in Great Britain dates as far back as 1239. In that year King Henry III. granted a charter for the purpose of working coal to the inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The valley of the Tyne, which was the cradle of this great industry, is still the centre of the most active and the most productive coal-mining district of the world. The Northern coal trade from small beginnings has developed to enormous proportions. In the year 1704, the Tyne and Wear together shipped off 647,344 tons of coal, while in 1880 Northumberland and Durham produced more than 34,000,000 tons of the same material. To work and raise this coal to the surface more than 76,000 men and boys are now employed. This hardy and industrious population have a character and an individuality of their own—different from anything else to be found in other parts of the world. To the stranger from a distance—especially to the man of education and refinement—there is much that will appear rough and unattractive, if not absolutely repulsive, in the demeanour of the Northern pitman; but he will soon find that under this somewhat coarse exterior are sterling qualities, which will reveal and approve themselves on closer inspection and better acquaintance.

The first thing that will strike any one at all familiar with the past history of the miners in looking at their present condition, is the wonderful progress made by them during the last fifty years.

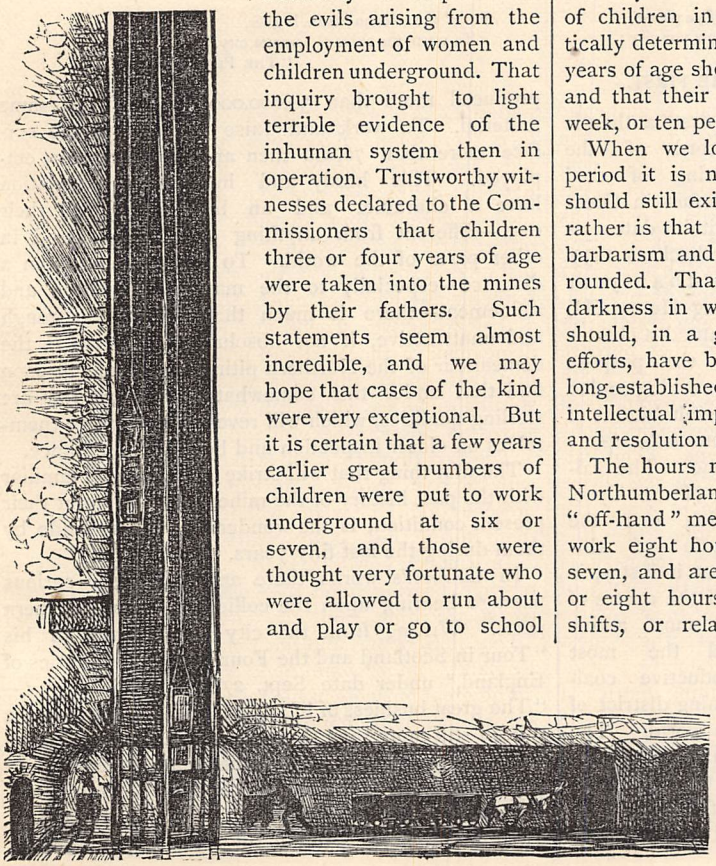
In Cobbett's works there appears a very curious passage bearing upon the colliers of these Northern parts. Writing from the city of Durham, in his "Tour in Scotland and the Four Northern Counties of England," under date Sept. 27th, 1832, he says:—"The great business of life relates to the produce of the subsoil still more than that which comes from the surface. The collieries are the chief part of the property of the county. Sunderland, the two Shieldses and Gateshead, and Newcastle itself have been created by these collieries. Here is the most surprising thing

—thousands of horses continually living underground; children born there, and who sometimes, it is said, seldom see the surface at all, though they live to a considerable age."

With respect to the latter statement some one had, of course, grossly imposed upon the credulity of the sturdy Sussex yeoman. It need scarcely be said that the allegation of children being born underground, and living there for days together without coming to the surface, is wholly mythical. Female labour in mines had ceased in Northumberland and Durham fifty years before Cobbett penned the lines I have quoted. But even until near the end of last century absolute slavery existed in Scotland, the colliers there being bought and sold like horses, with the pits in which they worked.

Though there is no record of anything similar in the North of England, yet the work of the collier here was of the severest and most oppressive kind—often more cruel than slavery itself. Even so late as 1832, when Cobbett wrote, children were taken underground at a very tender age, and they were kept at work many long and dreary hours every day.

The history of those dark days—though within the memory of men still living—now reads like fiction. In 1840 a Royal Commission was appointed, on the motion of Lord Ashley, afterwards better known as the Earl of Shaftesbury—a nobleman who has devoted a long life to the service of humanity—to inquire into the evils arising from the employment of women and children underground. That inquiry brought to light terrible evidence of the inhuman system then in operation. Trustworthy witnesses declared to the Commissioners that children three or four years of age were taken into the mines by their fathers. Such statements seem almost incredible, and we may hope that cases of the kind were very exceptional. But it is certain that a few years earlier great numbers of children were put to work underground at six or seven, and those were thought very fortunate who were allowed to run about and play or go to school until they were eight or nine years of age. There were then no fixed hours of labour, the working time often extending to seventeen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Up to the year 1831 boys were bound to fourteen hours' actual work, not as now "from bank to bank;" but the working-hours, as I have already stated, were generally prolonged far beyond the time agreed upon. The first organised revolt against this hideous and inhuman system occurred in the year mentioned—1831. A strike then took place in Northumberland and Durham, and, fortunately for humanity, it was successful. In the new agreement between employers and workmen, twelve hours were fixed as the full extent of the day's work for boys underground.



Thus the first inroad upon this system of worse than Egyptian bondage was made by the efforts of the miners themselves. A few years afterwards public sympathy was aroused, and attention was directed to the subject, by the speeches of the Earl of Shaftesbury and others in Parliament, and by the thrilling lines of Mrs. Browning, whose "Cry of the Children" appealed as powerfully to the heart of the nation on behalf of the children employed in mines and factories as did Hood's "Song of the Shirt" on behalf of the over-worked and half-starved needlewomen of London.

Legislation has since done much for the miner, and the miner's child; yet it was not until the year 1872 that any limit whatever was put by law to the hours of children in mines. The Act then passed practically determined that, as a rule, boys under twelve years of age should not be allowed to go underground, and that their hours should not exceed fifty-four per week, or ten per day.

When we look back to that dark and dismal period it is not astonishing that much ignorance should still exist among the miners, but the wonder rather is that they were not wholly engulfed in the barbarism and materialism by which they were surrounded. That they should have emerged from the darkness in which they were shrouded; that they should, in a great measure by their own unaided efforts, have broken through the strong barriers of long-established custom, and aspired to moral and intellectual improvement, showed the inborn courage and resolution of which heroes are made.

The hours now worked by adults underground in Northumberland are from seven to eight per day. The "off-hand" men—*i.e.*, those paid by the day—usually work eight hours, while the coal-hewers work about seven, and are underground about seven and a half or eight hours. The latter are divided into two shifts, or relays—the fore-shift and the back-shift—the former going into the pit about three o'clock in the morning, and the latter relieving them about ten. The work is exceedingly hard, especially in the steam-coal district, and any one who has himself hewed coal, and most of those who have seen how the work

is done, will consider the hours quite long enough. The collier works with a will, there is no dallying, every nerve is strained to the utmost, and the whole man, body and soul, is thrown into his labour.

When his work is over the hewer who has been in the fore-shift returns home, washes himself, dines, and retires to bed to recruit his strength after the exhausting toil of the day. On rising, after a short sleep, he makes his "shots" or cartridges, prepares his gear for the next day, and the leisure that is then left to him he uses as fancy or inclination may suggest.

The miner having thus finished his day's work, let us look for a moment into his home, and see him at his own fireside with his wife and children around him. In Northumberland and Durham, the custom from time immemorial has been for the colliery owner to supply a free house to the workman, this being counted as part of his wages. Until recently many of these houses were very inferior, a great number of them consisting of a single room and a garret, often unceiled. At the newer collieries, however, a much better class of house has been built; and during the prosperous times of a few years ago, many of the colliery proprietors spent large sums in improving the house accommodation. In this respect a great stride forward has been made during the last few years, and now many of the colliery houses are really excellent. Yet there are still some which are utterly unfit for human habitation; and in certain cases the workmen have to pay their own rent for very inferior houses.

The Northern pitman is seen at his best at his own fireside. He delights in domestic life, and his lowly roof is generally lighted up and cheered by pure affection.

Some years ago, Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, came to Tyneside as representative of the *Daily News*, to see life in the colliery villages of the North. He wrote a series of very graphic articles to that newspaper, describing what he saw. As Mr. Forbes had not time to visit all the collieries he was wishful to see samples of the best and of the worst houses in the county of Northumberland. At his request I selected two villages, and accompanied him on his visit to them. I took him to some wretched tumble-down houses which it was impossible to enter without stooping very considerably. In some cases there was but one room—without even a garret or lumber-place attached. This room was very small, and had to answer for every purpose—parlour, kitchen, scullery, and bed-room. Mr. Forbes declared that what struck him most forcibly was the courage, the self-respect, and cheerfulness of the pitmen's wives under these depressing surroundings, and their evident determination to make the very best they could of their circumstances. In spite of every drawback and discouragement, all the houses we entered were clean, many of them were neat and tidy, and bore evidence of refinement and taste, too often absent from habitations of greater pretensions. The picture drawn of the good housewife in the "Pitman's Pay," written at the beginning of the century, is true to the life of many at the present time:—

"However poor or plain wor fare,
The better bits come a' te me;
The last o' coffee's Nanny's share,
And mine the hindmost o' the tea.

"And when the warld runs sair agyen us,
When wark is slack and money duin,
When want has a' but ower-tyen us,
She a'ways keeps maw heart abuin.

"Se weel she ettles what aw get,
Se far she a'ways gars it gan,
That nyen can say we are i' debt,
Or want for owther claes or scran."

If a brave man struggling with adversity wins, as we are told he does, "applause from the gods," a brave woman surely is not less deserving of hearty commendation. The Northern pitman's wife affords an excellent example of earnest and well-directed effort to make the very best of adverse circumstances. There exists in many of the colliery villages a wholesome rivalry among the women as to who shall have the best-furnished house, and who shall keep it cleanest and tidiest. Unlike her sister of the Midland counties, where factory work is so commonly the lot of women, and more fortunate than the wives of the hardy fishermen on the coast, who have much of the rough drudgery of life thrown upon them, the pitman's wife devotes all her energies to her household duties. Home is her domain, and there she reigns supreme. But she is a working queen. She scrubs and washes, she knits and darns and sews, she cuts and contrives to make her narrow means go as far as possible. She bakes and cooks, and excellent cooks many of the colliers' wives are, though they have not had the advantage—doubtless a great advantage it would be to them—of receiving lessons in cookery at South Kensington.

During the long and severe depression in the coal trade, her ability to make ends meet has been very strongly tested. Through shortness of work and reductions of wage, the actual money per workman received must have been very little—often for long periods together not more than 12s. or 15s. per week. Yet on going into a colliery village in Northumberland or Durham at the worst time you seldom saw—what is too common a sight at all times in some districts—children running about dirty and ragged, and without shoes and stockings on their feet. The children were generally warmly if coarsely clad, they were neat and clean, and bore evidence of industry, care, and thrift on the part of their mothers. Entering these lowly dwellings you always got a cheerful welcome; you heard no puling or whining; the stern, grim realities of life were met with courage, calmness, and self-possession, and a resolution was apparent to put the best face upon everything that it would bear.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION I.—HOME LIFE *versus* PUBLIC LIFE FOR GIRLS.

CHARLES F. BENNETT:—Sir,—In rising to support the Home life side of the question, and referring to the arguments, or rather to what Opponent contends are arguments, in favour of Public life, I venture to make the bold assertion that he has not advanced a *single* argument in favour of his side of the question. He asserts his "*crowning*" argument to be "expediency and necessity," but what have either expediency or necessity to do with the question? I grant that it is both expedient and necessary that many girls should lead a public life, but we are not discussing this, but whether a public or a private life is the better, and with which expediency and necessity have nothing to do. Opponent may say that we *are* discussing the expediency of a public life as compared with a private one, but if so, still less is this any argument, for it is simply asserting the one side of the question.

Again, Sir, it is no argument in favour of a public life that such a life tends to make girls the better able to withstand temptation, but rather this is an argument in favour of home life, for at what cost is it that girls are thus the better fitted to withstand temptation? Is it not at a cost of being exposed to ten, ay, a hundred times the temptation? And I deny that it is good thus to wilfully run after evil. Do we not in our Lord's Prayer say, "Lead us not into temptation"? And yet Opponent reverses this, and says it is better for girls to run into temptation by living a public life than in a great measure, as he admits, to avoid it by a home life. There is great truth in the saying, "One cannot touch pitch without being defiled," and so we cannot continually be exposed to temptation without being accordingly, to a greater or a lesser degree, defiled; therefore I contend that this argument of Opponent's is rather an argument in favour of home life. Just a few words as to the public life of waitresses. We all know the extra and continual temptation to which girls of this class are exposed, and, considering the miserably inadequate salaries which many of them earn, can we wonder that they so often yield to the greatest sin?

When woman was first created she was declared to be man's helpmeet, and surely, as God Himself has thus declared in favour of a home life, it is not for us to question His divine wisdom and say it is better that a girl should lead a public one.

ELIZ. EVANS MACGILVRAY:—Sir,—Permit me to catch your eye and join in this debate. My maiden speech will be *pro bono publico*.

Public life offers the most opportunities, best appliances, and healthiest conditions. It elevates the work and invigorates the worker, and affords the only true, because the only impartial, gauge of worth and ability. Private work is held socially superior, is less risky and irksome, but is restricted and intermittent, and rarely rises to trade mark: it may be estimated as ideally desirable and practically disadvantageous.

Example being better than precept, I furnish the following:—

I am a girl who went into public life some time ago—*res angusta domi* showing me the door. Liking neither governessship nor lady-helping, and doubtful of climbing the "companion ladder" to competence, I thought I might obtain law-copying, or sewing, or—happy thought!—write a book. Willing to do anything rather than leave home, I found I could not do anything without leaving it—that is, Sir, anything *worth* anything, for writing proved most difficult to procure, and not worth procuring; crewel-work, ditto; and my dear book was—um—"returned with thanks!" Also I tried painting and drawing (had just left school), domestic dressmaking (dress-spoiling!), saving a servant by being one myself (and nearly dying of the entailed hardship, confinement, and superhuman self-denial). To make privacy worth the price, I should have had to pay, in money, or waste and loss, through mistakes and delay, for much more training in those few occupations; whereas by studying one of numerous outside employments and pursuing the same at once, I paid less, by being better paid, and earning more than I saved. This, Sir, is principally the pecuniary view of the subject, but I presume we speak of those who, at home or abroad, work because "needs must."

My case is—must be—that of many. Personally I have known none who tried public life voluntarily return to private existence, nor any become the worse because of their extended experience and larger lot. Not, Sir, considered morally worse since I began to go out, I am bodily benefited by enforced exercise; mentally stimulated and strengthened by punctuality, perseverance, and responsibility; and my company has not hurt whatever refinement I originally possessed. I hope I have not lost any of those "womanly attributes" the honourable Opener speaks so highly (and rightly) of; and I know I am not less fit for "the natural lot of woman," but more, having learnt to think for myself and to calculate ways and means with a care and consistency previously unknown because previously uncalled for.

I think, Sir, I have demonstrated that public life is more physically healthy than private, quite as moral, fully as fitting for matrimony, not necessarily destructive of softness and refinement, and far more free, hopeful, and lucrative.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

Am I assuming too arrogant an attitude, Sir, when I say I am very well satisfied with the result of this, the first discussion in the Family Parliament? and when I add that my belief is stronger than ever in the superiority of Home life over Public life for girls? True it is that my opponent has a slight numerical majority in his favour, but I think that any unprejudiced person who has studied the opinions expressed on either side will be forced to admit that, while the advocates for Home life have been fully convinced that their views of the case are the right ones, and have unhesitatingly expressed their convictions, the defenders of Public life have been to some extent lukewarm, and in numerous instances have admitted, either tacitly or without reserve, that *if it were possible* for all girls to live at home, Home life would after all be best. Something of this was seen when the opponent who first entered the lists against me adopted as his "crowning argument," expediency and necessity, thereby showing the weakness of his case, for as a spokesman whom you, Sir, have especially noticed, has asked—"What have either expediency or necessity to do with the question?"

I am sure, Sir, that we have all heard with much pleasure the personal experiences of one young lady who has sought her vocation in Public life, and who has not only retained all her womanly attributes, but has also acquired new and helpful characteristics.

Thank God, this *is* the case in thousands of instances (I am proud to admit it), but it is not the general rule, as those acquainted with large cities are forced to know, and such pleasant examples are usually the happy result of home influences and education abiding true and strong long after the home has been left.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this: that whether or no Home life be the more conducive to bodily health, whether or no it be as lucrative as Public life (these are matters open to lengthy argument, and after all they must be settled by individual cases), Home life indisputably brings fewer temptations to evil, and is more conducive to moral health; it is, speaking generally, richer in softening and refining influences; and it certainly fits girls for matrimony. Necessity may urge many girls into Public life, but wherever possible Home life is to be preferred.

The following is a summary of the speeches:—In favour of Home Life, 64; in favour of Public Life, 69; neutral, 8. Total, 141.

END OF DEBATE ON QUESTION I.

QUESTION II.—ARE PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS BENEFICIAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE?

(*Debate continued.*)

J. E. SHATTOCK:—Mr. Speaker,—To my mind one great argument in favour of "public examinations being beneficial to young people," has been omitted by the opener of the debate, and that is *their great utility as a supplement*—both in the case of boys and girls—*to a home education;* and by home education, I mean an education conducted either by the parents themselves, or by teachers selected for the purpose. There are numberless cases where girls, in particular, either from motives of economy, or from a desire to give them a thorough home training, extending over a wider range than mere book-learning, are able to have no reliable public test applied to their progress, except through the medium of public examinations.

J. EATON FEARN:—In nine cases out of ten examinations are the means of thwarting study. A young fellow of nervous temperament commences to study for some examination, and so afraid is he that he shall not pass, that he shatters his health by over-exertion, and so sickens himself of study, that the moment his examination is over he flings his books away for ever, considering himself *proficient*.

DR. KEGAN:—As to the effect upon health, I am disposed to think that the candidate who cannot bear the temporary stimulation of the brain, or a little occasional overwork and excitement, is not by nature fitted to fill any chief or responsible position in the world, or to properly discharge any duties that require calmness, courage, or forethought. And, moreover, if only fit and proper subjects and methods of examination be chosen and followed, the effect of the latter upon both parents and teachers will be beneficial rather than otherwise. And, finally, touching the matter of selection, and tests of knowledge, it may be observed that a candidate, in order to be successful at an important and searching examination, absolutely requires a certain amount, not merely of mental power, but of physical energy as well. It is possible indeed for a very diligent student to overtax his bodily strength, and so-wise materially debilitate it; but every collegian knows full well the fact that the stouter in body are almost always the stronger in mind. There is no reason why the body should not be cultivated in conjunction with the mind, and thereby the latter will be enabled to labour with more clearness and thoroughness. A "sound mind in a sound body" ought to be the paramount aim and end of every system of education; and I fail to see in a series of examinations anything that militates against this policy.

MARY ATKINSON:—As one who up to fifteen was the vainest and idlest of girls, and who afterwards learnt, through the Oxford and London University Examinations, that she was not the cleverest of females; and who, first through a spirit of emulation, and distaste for "plucking," and later through a love of knowledge for its sake, acquired a tolerable education, I take this opportunity of offering my tribute of gratitude to public examinations.

EPSILON:—Sir,—The impression conveyed to my mind by the speech of the opener in this debate is, that public examinations are the *cause* of the "higher standard of education common amongst all classes," that to them is "the increase in the educational wealth of the country" due. To this assumption I beg, Sir, to demur, and submit that they are merely the *index* of that growth of learning which is indebted to other influences. The rapidity with which knowledge spread, from the invention and use of the art of printing down to the period when public examinations became general, is a sufficient proof that knowledge will "grow from more to more" without such adventitious aid.

E. ISABEL COX:—It is too generally the case, to my mind, that children do their work with the idea that the sooner finished the sooner to play, thus showing that the craving for knowledge is not inherent in their nature, and to them learning is only a necessary evil. Up to a certain age in either sex, this is irremediable. An aim for work is almost necessary for young people, as we all know idleness is the bane of youth, and to meet this malady we have our grand public examinations, which to a certain degree help to take it out of the system. Public examinations serve as an incentive to work which did not exist in past days. Education was then fixed on a different basis. Study in its highest sense was confined to the clever or gifted few, for whom other pursuits had no charm; consequently, the less gifted let it drift carelessly by, there being no special emulation. Now, in these days of progress, scarcely a school exists (conducted upon modern principles) which does not send in and prepare its pupils for public examinations. No one can fail to notice the healthy active condition of the present system of education contrasted with the comparative deadness of the past.

T. P. GORDON:—While I am not prepared to go as far as the opener, I think his opponent will make few converts. Making due allowance for mere assertion, one might safely follow the negative argument to its conclusion without getting beyond the conviction that the present mode of examination has faults. This fact by no means proves the evil *effects* of examinations, but, in my humble opinion, proves the necessity for reform. That there are weak points in the present system, which, like every other good thing, is closely allied to evil, no reasonable person can doubt. But will the abolition of the good provide a remedy for evil?

W. T. HARRIS:—The examinations, Sir, most strongly to be condemned are, perhaps, those of our Elementary Schools. The injurious effect of these examinations was ably pointed out by the recent deputation to the Education Department. Schoolmasters admit that many children are positively hurt by the preparation; they are obliged to make dull scholars keep pace with the sharp, or their percentage of "passes" suffers—and anybody acquainted with school work knows what that means to the master.

G. S. SELBY:—This question, Sir, cannot and must not be decided upon side issues. A broad, general view of the whole facts of the case must be taken, if a correct judgment is to be formed. Let the question as to whether examinations are baneful or beneficial be decided by the results which they have produced. Is England to-day, educationally, better or worse than she was twenty-five years ago? If better (and I imagine there can be but one opinion about that), then to what extent are examinations responsible for the result? Both the opener and his opponent are agreed that examinations have revo-

lutionised educational processes in this country, so that the only decision at which we can well arrive is that they, mainly, are to be thanked for the progress made.

W. J. RITCHIE, after an argument in favour of examinations, says :—I shall conclude by merely stating the following additional arguments which, I presume, will take up all the space at my disposal. I. Public examinations are the best means for giving the student a real knowledge of his own ability. II. They bring out latent talent, encourage the diffident who set too low a value on their own worth, and they act as a restraint on the self-conceited who have no great ability. III. They train the young to those habits of energetic industry which are most desirable in after-life, and serve the same purpose as the aim which men in mature years make a goal of, to strive for as a help to urge them on.

E. S. PROCTER :—Examinations are a very imperfect test of character: many who have plenty of head knowledge are utterly unfit for positions of trust, it may be from lack of uprightness, from want of discernment in reading the character of others, from inability to impart instruction, or from absence of method—so necessary for insuring harmony. They rather judge of human nature as exhibited in separate qualities, than as a system formed of a combination of virtues.

M. TARBOLTON :—Is it not possible that as public examinations become *more* common, cramming may become *less* common? The preliminary education given in schools is now of such a kind that scholars are ready to pass their first examinations with little extra study, and having a good groundwork to go upon, the examinations in later life may be passed with comparatively slight effort.

EX-SCHOOLBOY :—Mr. Speaker,—Perhaps, as one of the "young people" whose case is being considered, I may be allowed to say a few words as to the beneficial (?) effects of public examinations in my own case. I had the misfortune to be sent to a school—there are many such in England at the present time—whose great glory was the number of honours gained yearly by its pupils in public competitive examinations. It was soon found out that I had a liking and some aptitude for one particular subject—Mathematics; and, as that was a subject which was considered a "strong point" of the school, I was at once set to work at it, and at it alone, with the view to competing for an open University Scholarship. In this one subject I was drilled morning, noon, and night; frequently, in order to complete the amount of work given to me, I was compelled to work—almost uninterruptedly—from 6, or even 5 a.m., to 10 p.m. The consequence of this overwork was that, when the time of examination was close upon me, I was taken ill and compelled to discontinue work. My illness grew serious, and threatened congestion of the brain, of which I had had one attack some years previously. I was ordered to give up work at once, and never again to attempt the study of Mathematics. Thus I am left in a weak state of health to begin all again; the only subject of which I have a fair knowledge is never likely to be of any practical use to me, while of subjects that would be useful I know next to nothing. I may seem to speak bitterly, but I have had bitter cause to feel the truth of my words, my life having been practically ruined by this system.

NOMEN, in defence of public examinations, concludes by saying: —Again, examinations are beneficial to those who fail. What can be more beneficial to a conceited young man than to find that he does *not* know everything; that there is something more for him to learn? and what is more likely to reform him and transform him into an earnest student than failure at an examination?

Other speeches in favour of examinations :—John Carson, A. T. Cufley, H. E. Handsombody, M.A., One Interested, Joshua Good, Ernest Whipple, Edith A. Skemp, Fairfax, Maud H. Foot, M., H. B., J. Kidd Peebles, Anon., Jessie Barrett, M. M. D., K. W., J. Johnston, G. J. Yates, R. A. Ocean Wolfe, Chas. V. Crabb, C. B., F. M. Nelson, Mrs. W. Roberts, J. M., Pendente Lite, J. Newton Harris, E. Ernest Law, W. H. Gibson, Walter Cordwell, H. T. Munday, James Payne, H. Siddons, Juvenis, S. C. H., J. R. Ashworth, E. M. Argles, Megalosaurus, E. A., Henry Rafter, J. L. M., F. E. Russell, Emma Fraser, W. Speakman, F. Parker, J. Twomey, J. C. Simpson, M. G., M. Ritchie, X. I. X., W. Moxon, Francis Beard, K. S. Knox, R. W. Stewart, Alpha, Rev. J. Hanson, James Wilson, G. H. Ely, W. J. E., Ishmael Diogenes, J. S. Boothroyd, W. H., A. J. Shilton, E. H. Hartler, F. J. F., and others.

Other speeches against :—E. A. Smith, Beta, J. Ferguson, Veritas, M. Stobart, jun., May Maldock, Rev. T. K., F. W. Witter, Verena, R. J. Hopgood, Annie Holmes, J. A. Kirk, G. S., F. H. Low, H. Wells, F. S. Fakey, Grainger Tandy.

The Honorarium of One Guinea is awarded to J. A. COMPSTON, Leeds, whose speech will be given in our next, together with the Opener's reply, &c., but no further speeches can be received on Question II.

VOTES OF READERS.

The votes of our readers on Question II. (Are Public Examinations Beneficial to Young People?) may now be sent to the Editor, who will make a return of the numbers on either side in the May Part of the Magazine.

The Voting Paper will be found between the Frontispiece and the first page of this Part. In the form is a dotted line to be filled up by the reader. If the reader be on the side of the opener (*i.e., in favour* of public examinations), the word "Opener" is to be written on the dotted line. If the reader be on the side of the opponent (*i.e., against* public examinations), the word "Opponent" is to be written on the dotted line. **Nothing else is to be written or marked upon the Voting Paper.**

The Voting Paper, when filled up as above directed, should be cut off at the perforated line, and sent to "The Editor of Cassell's Family Magazine, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," with the word "Vote" on the *top left-hand corner* of the envelope or wrapper. The vote may be enclosed in a stamped halfpenny wrapper.

No vote can be counted unless tendered on the printed Voting Paper, and sent in strict accordance with the above directions. The LAST DAY for receiving votes is March 10.

NOTICE.—*The Debate on* "EARLY MARRIAGES," *opened in the previous Part, will be continued in our next: when also an important addition to the general scheme of the Family Parliament will be announced.*

SWEET NATURE.

ALTHOUGH sweet natures we have loved, depart,
And fancy seeks their smile on heaven's shore,
Yet are they present to the human heart,
Imperishable as the love they bore.
While here, it was their spirit that we loved,
Unseen but no less real than their clay:
Beauty intrinsic, that which breathed and moved
Within the circle of life's glaring day,
Still lives, enriching sorrow's darkling night;
And as some rose, the rarest of the year,
Whose blossom drank the morning's crimson light,
Dies, but to live in perfume's airy sphere—
Sweet natures last, though time their dust destroy,
And beauty changes to a sightless joy.

THE GATHERER.

Asbestos Paint.

The calamitous burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna has turned universal attention to the prevention of fire in theatres; and a new paint, held to be fireproof, has been the subject of public experiments in London. The paint is mixed with asbestos, which is an incombustible material, and when woodwork or canvas is coated with it they are rendered uninflammable. It was demonstrated at these trials that flames died out on arriving at the painted surfaces, and pieces of gauze such as is used for theatrical dresses, and curtains, when treated with the paint were thrown on a hot fire without sustaining damage. The invention is likely to be valuable for theatres and public buildings. Moreover, asbestos being a non-conductor of electricity as well as heat, it is likely to be used in the insulation of electric lighting wires, to prevent accidental fires.

The Rain-band.

When a good pocket spectroscope is turned to the sky, say at a point 13° above the horizon, the spectrum of daylight obtained frequently shows a dark shading, or set of fine lines on the red side of the "double D" lines. This is known to spectroscopists as the "rain-band," for it indicates the presence of an excess of moisture in the atmosphere, and hence Professor Piazzi Smythe, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, has found in it a means of foretelling rain. A great number of observations on the rain-band have been made recently by Mr. J. Rand Capron, F.R.A.S., with a McClean's star spectroscope, and the following are some of his results, which may prove useful to amateur meteorologists. The rain-band presages the approach of rain, and the darker it is, the sooner the rain is likely to come, and the greater the downpour. When the rain comes the band frequently becomes very faint. In summer, during a warm wind, the rain will be accompanied by a pronounced rain-band; in winter, during a cold wind, a moderate band will accompany the rain. A long-lasting faint band is pretty sure to be followed by rain; but a faint band seen upon fog does not necessarily presage rain. The ozone test and rain-band are usually in accord, both being weak during cold winds and dry fogs, and both strong during warm winds and warm mists.

An Electric Power Meter.

An exceedingly ingenious and beautiful invention, in the form of a meter for measuring electric power—that is to say, the energy of an electric current—has been invented by Mr. C. Vernon Boys, of South Kensington Museum; and as it is likely to prove highly useful in connection with electric lighting, and the distribution of motive-power by means of electricity, a company is about to be formed to manufacture it. The invention is really a new "integrating machine" for summing up small quantities which may vary continually, and giving the total result at the end of any desired time. Mr. Boys' mechanical integrator belongs to the class known as "tangent" machines, and consists essentially of a small wheel or disc running along the surface of a drum or cylinder. When the wheel runs straight along the drum parallel to its axis there is no rotation of the latter, but when the wheel is inclined to the axis the drum rotates, and the integral or sum for a given time is represented by the amount of rotation. Continuous action of the apparatus is secured by giving the drum a to-and-fro motion along its axis, so that when the wheel has travelled to one end of the cylinder it can travel back again. The new integrator is specially adapted for measuring forces which are either delicate or variable, such as the energy of an electric current. Mr. Boys adapts the apparatus for this purpose by causing the electric current to incline the wheel to the drum. This is done by passing the current through a coil of wire which is hung between two other fixed coils or solenoids, in such a way that the current causes an attraction between the fixed and movable coils. The latter is thus moved up and down according to the strength of the current, and this movement is in turn caused to incline the wheel on the drum. The total motion of the drum measures the energy of the current, and it can either be indicated by a dial or a diagram.

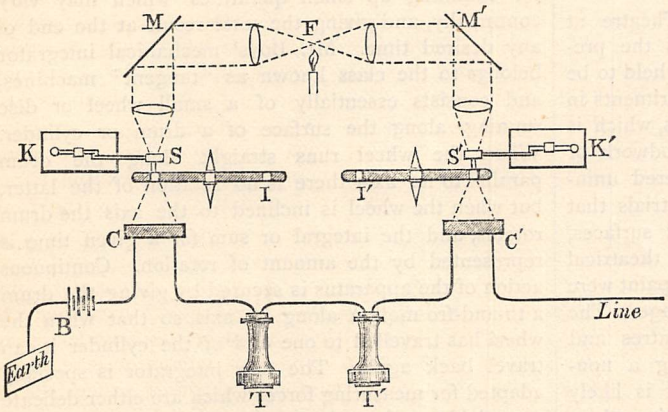
A New Musical Instrument.

A new musical instrument, styled the "Legnophone," has been brought out by Signor Lasina, of Rome. It resembles the *Madera y paya* so common in Spain, and is shaped like a triangle, but consists of forty-five small rods of white poplar-wood, each lying on six short straws standing on a deal plank or board. The performer strikes these rods with two sticks, as if they composed the key-board of a piano, and can, it is said, execute the most difficult piece of music.

The Teleradiophone.

The principle of the photophone has been ingeniously applied by M. Mercadier, the eminent French electrician, to furnish a means of telegraphing several messages along a single wire at once; and the apparatus he has devised is called by him the teleradiophone. The meaning of this name will be obvious when it is remembered that the principle of the photophone consists in allowing a ray of light to fall on a sensitive "selenium cell" in circuit with a voltaic battery and a speaking telephone, and eclipsing the ray at regular short intervals by means of a perforated disc or screen, interposed in the path of the ray, and rotated by a handle. The action of the light on the selenium cell is to increase the electric current flowing through the telephone, and hence if the light

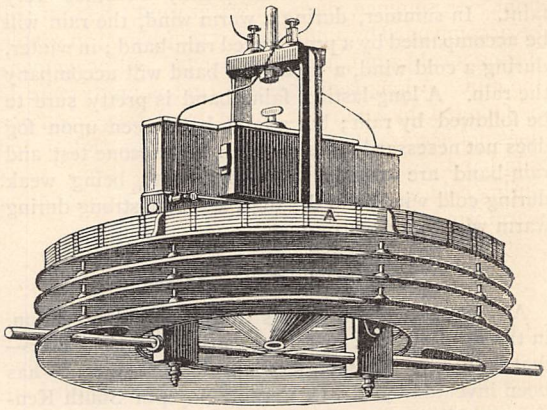
be eclipsed very often per second, the result will be that a pulsating current will flow through the telephone, and cause it to give out a musical note. The pitch of this note will depend on the number of times



per second the ray is interrupted, or in other words, on the speed at which the perforated disc is rotated. This is the photophone, or as M. Mercadier prefers to call it, the radiophone, because the heat-rays also play an important part in affecting sensitive substances like selenium. Now it is clear that the pulsating current set up in the selenium cell can be sent along a telegraph line to a distant place and there received on a telephone, and also that if the intermittent ray be again broken up by a second screen into periods of eclipse and shine, according to the Morse code of "dot and dash" signals, a telegraphic message can be sent along the wire; for in this way the receiving telephone can be made to give out long and short sounds, in the order of the code. These "dot and dash" sounds are interpreted by the clerk, as letters and words, just as the long and short clicks of the ordinary telegraphic "sounder" are thus understood. M. Mercadier's apparatus is represented in the figure, where C is a selenium cell, having one pole joined to the ground through a battery, B, and the other to a telephone, T. A ray of light from a candle or gas flame, F, is passed through a lens and reflected from a mirror, M, through another lens upon the selenium cell, C. In the path of this ray, however, there is interposed a pierced wheel or disc, I, rapidly rotated round an axle; and whenever a hole in the disc passes across the path of the ray, the light falls on the cell, and a pulse of current goes through the telephone into the telegraph "line." The wheel being constantly rotated, a series of rapid pulsations will thus enter the line and flow to the telephone at the distant station, and cause it to emit a note. But when the screen or shutter, S, is also interposed in the track of the ray by the operator sending a message in manipulating the key, K, according to the Morse code, the ray will be shut off altogether, and the note will cease in the telephone. Thus by working the key, K, in the ordinary way a clerk can send a teleradiophonic message. It is clear that there is no advantage in this plan over the ordinary and simpler telegraphs now in use, when it is used for a single message; but it lends itself to multiple telegraphy very easily, that is to say, it enables us to send a number of messages over the same wire simultaneously. For if we add a second mirror, M′, with a signalling key, K′, an eclipsing screen, I′, and a selenium cell, S′, with its telephone, T′, we shall be able to send another succession of pulses into the line, and these may be made to produce a note of different pitch to the other in a second receiving telephone at the distant stations. Thus several radiophonic transmitters may be employed to send separate messages into the line, and these can all be received on separate telephones. There is no fear of the messages confounding one another, for each telephone can be fitted with a resonating-box, which will enhance that particular note for which it is pitched, and no other. Moreover, messages can be sent in opposite directions by the same plan; each end of the line being fitted up with both radiophonic senders and telephonic receivers, as shown in the figure. The resonators sift the sounds, and give to the ear of each clerk the particular notes which form his message.

De Mersanne's Electric Lamp.

The electric lamp of M. de Mersanne, exhibited at the recent Paris Exhibition, and now being tried in the courts of the Tuileries, consists, as shown in the illustration, of two horizontal carbon rods carried by vertical holders. One of these holders is movable, and when the current is too weak in the "arc," and the light too feeble, owing to the points of the carbons being too far apart, the holder is moved so as to bring the carbon it carries nearer to the other. On the other hand, when the light is too strong, owing to the



carbons being too close, the same holder is caused to withdraw the movable carbon a little. This regulating action is effected by means of two electromagnets, one in circuit with the arc, and the other in a

"by-path" circuit derived from that again. The chief novelty in the De Mersanne lamp, however, is the diffusion of the light by means of ring-lenses of glass surrounding the arc. Besides these encircling refractors there is a conical reflector just over the arc, and a very uniform light is the result.

The Melograph.

Musical pieces of great beauty may sometimes be lost to the world for want of being recorded, and those who have a faculty for improvising, but lack the

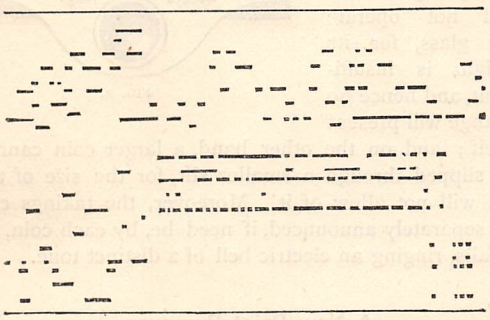


FIG. 1.

power of remembering or of writing their creations may find a desideratum in the "Melograph" or recording piano of M. Charpentier, a young French engineer. It consists of two parts—the piano or harmonium on which the piece is played, and the recording apparatus, which may be placed at any distance from the instrument. The key-board of the piano is made so that on depressing a key an electrical contact is made, and a current sent through a wire to the recorder, where it passes through an electro-magnet, and by attracting an iron armature works a lever, which presses a travelling band of paper against a plate with holes in it, in such a manner that a small revolving knife cuts a slot in the paper, whose length depends on the time the key is held down. There are fifty keys on the key-board, and fifty corresponding electro-magnets with their cutters, so that fifty different notes can be recorded. Fig. 1 is a specimen of the record thus obtained from a melograph exhibited in the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition. It resembles the card of a Jacquard loom, and just as the pattern of a web of cloth is produced from the card, so is the harmony of a piece of music or, in other words, the sound-pattern produced from the melographic roll. This is done by causing the roll to pass over a silver plate, while its upper surface is being traversed by a set of fifty silver brushes in circuit with a battery. When any brush passes a slot in the paper, it makes

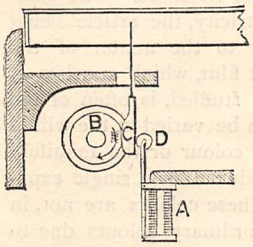


FIG. 2.

contact with the plate beneath and sends an electric current. This current goes to the corresponding one of fifty small electro-magnets placed under the keys of the piano, and by attracting the armature of the magnet, pulls down the key. This is done by means of the device shown in Fig. 2, where A is the small electro-magnet, and D is a little roller carried by one end of the armature. This roller presses against a wooden block, C, fixed under each key, and the block fits into a groove in a long steel cylinder, B, which rotates under the key-board. When the armature is attracted the roller presses the block into the groove, and the rotating cylinder draws it downwards, bringing the key with it, and if the instrument is a harmonium, producing the corresponding note as long as the contact lasts. It will be remembered that there are fifty of these blocks, and grooves in the cylinder, one to every key, and hence the whole of the piece of music on the roll can be played. Ordinary music, also, can be printed in the form of a "melogram," where the different kinds of note can be shown

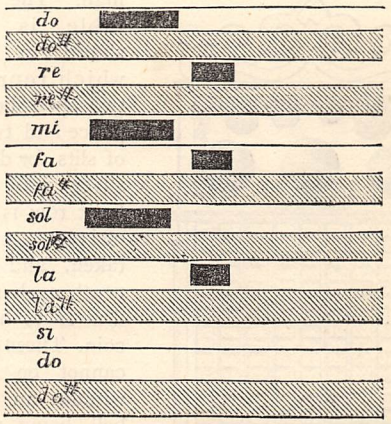


FIG. 3.

in tinted strips, and the melogram holes in black, as shown in Fig. 3, which will be recognised as the two chords, *do*, *mi*, *sol*: *re*, *fa*, *la*, of which the second would be represented by three black, and the first by three white.

Electricity and Porcelain-making.

The whiter sorts of porcelain are often spoiled by coloured spots due to traces of iron in the clay, and attempts have been made from time to time to extract these deleterious particles by means of magnetism, but somehow or other they have hitherto failed. Quite recently, however, MM. Pillivuyt and Co., of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, have adopted a plan which has proved successful at their works and also at the Faïencerie of Creil. This consists in employing two powerful electro-magnets excited by the current from a small Gramme dynamo-electric machine driven by a steam-engine. A thin box is placed between the poles of these powerful magnets, and the porcelain paste in a very fluid state is caused to flow past the sides of

the box, when the magnetic attraction separates out the iron particles, and causes them to adhere to the sides of the box, from which they are washed off twice a day by a jet of water. About a gramme of iron is thus extracted from 12 kilogrammes of paste, and from 500 to 600 kilogrammes of paste may be passed through a box in a day. While upon this subject we may add that porous porcelain is now manufactured by Herr Bucholz, of Charlottenburg, by mixing the clay with matters which burn up when the article is being baked, and leave the spaces they previously filled as empty pores. For this purpose grains of poor corn and thin rods of willow, birch, or hazel, cut up and pounded in a mill, are utilised.

A Check-Till.

A till which is a check upon the errors of cash-takers in a large shop, or store, has been devised by Mr. Hawkins. Fig. 1 is a general view of the till, which is in the form of a cabinet some 22 inches wide by 15 deep, and 5 feet high. The money-table is better shown in Fig. 2, which represents two open bowls for pence and two rows of slits for dropping silver into. The front row is for receiving moneys taken, and underneath each slit is a drawer to hold the coin. These drawers cannot be opened without an electric bell being rung in the manager's room, and hence any attempt to break the till is at once announced. The back row of slits are for receiving coins that have to be changed. The change is contained in small drawers placed in vertical rows above the slits, as shown in Fig. 1, and each drawer in a vertical row contains the required change for the coin it stands over. A narrow plate-glass front covers each vertical tier of drawers, and when the proper coin is dropped into the slit below this front slips down sufficiently to expose one drawer, which the cash-taker opens and relieves of its change. If a second coin of the same sort is dropped into the slit, the front slips down past another drawer, which can in turn be emptied of its change. In this way a complete check is got on the receipts and exchange of the day. If a clerk blunders by putting a smaller coin into the slit of a larger one in order to change it, the coin will not operate the glass, for its weight is insufficient, and hence no change will present itself; and, on the other hand, a larger coin cannot be slipped through a smaller slit, for the size of the slit will not allow of it. Moreover, the takings can be separately announced, if need be, by each coin, as it falls, ringing an electric bell of a distinct tone.

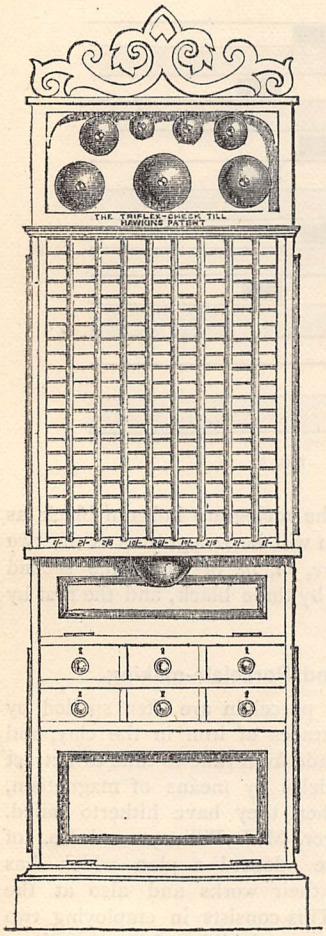


FIG. 1.

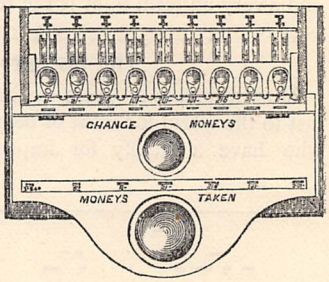


FIG. 2.

A New Paint Remover.

A new caustic preparation, made from potash and soda, for the purpose of removing paint from walls, woodwork, and metal, has been introduced. It is creamy in its nature, and when spread upon the paint saponifies it so rapidly that in a quarter of an hour all trace of the paint is gone. For delicate carvings the compound will prove highly useful, as there is nothing injurious in it. Weaker compositions of the same kind are prepared for simple cleaning purposes, and their cleansing power on greasy cloth is very striking. For cleaning cushions, railway carriages, and stuff seats, these soaps will be convenient, as they do not change the natural colour.

Making Metals Iridescent.

A process for coating all kinds of metal with thin iridescent films of copper has been brought out by M. Weil, who recently exhibited several specimens of his craft at the French Academy of Sciences. The coating is done by means of electricity, the article being exposed for an instant only to the action of the chemical bath. The adherent film, which consists of suboxides of copper, not yet studied, is often of the most beautiful tints, which can be varied at the will of the operator. Either a single colour or the manifold hues of iridescence can be produced by a single exposure to the electric action. These colours are not, in the opinion of M. Weil, the ordinary colours due to "thin plates" as discovered by Newton, but to the molecular texture of the suboxides of copper forming the coat, just as the colours of a bird's plumage may be due to the texture of the feathers. While on this subject we may also state that an excellent method of rendering tin plate crystalline in look is to slightly heat it and place it over a tub of water, then rub its surface

with a sponge which has been dipped in a solution of four parts of aquafortis, and two parts of distilled water holding one part of sal-ammoniac in solution. When the crystalline foliage is clearly brought out, the plate is to be plunged in cold water and gently washed with a feather or soft cotton, so as not to blemish the figures. If, instead of being wholly plunged in water, the plate is sprinkled with water-drops, finely variegated figures will be superposed upon the crystals.

Transporting Frozen Fish.

Tinned salmon is by no means so palatable as the fresh fish, and it is interesting to learn that a ship-load of this delicacy has been brought to London from Hudson's Bay without deterioration of quality. The vessel was the steam-yacht *Diana*, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and she was fitted up with a patent dry-air refrigerator, designed by Mr. J. J. Coleman. The hold is air-tight and contains when full some 35 tons of fish, kept at a temperature of 22° Fahr., or 10° below the freezing point. The fish were caught in Hudson's Bay, near the Fur Trading Factory of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the rate of three tons daily, and placed in the cold-air chamber on arriving at the vessel. On opening the hold, after the ship reached the West India Docks, the salmon is stated to have been found in as good condition as when taken out of the water. The success of this trial-trip will probably open up a new trade between Billingsgate and North America, as well as other parts.

A Regenerative Street-Lamp.

Competition with the electric light has caused gas engineers to improve their street-lamps, and the latest novelty of this kind is the Regenerative gas-lamp of Dr. C. W. Siemens and Herr F. Siemens, of Dresden. Several of these fine lamps are now planted in Holborn, where they give a rich and brilliant light. The improvement consists in heating the gas and air draught before it passes to the flame, and this is done by bringing the heated products of combustion into a chamber in the middle of the flame, which is of a cylindrical form like that of an argand burner. The Siemens burner is shown in Fig. 1, where C is a hollow ring of porcelain surrounded by a circle of holes, from which the gas escapes in jets. These being lighted, the jets curve round the porcelain ring, and bend over its edge, producing an apple-shaped body of flame very pleasant to see. The jets are caused to bend over the edge of the ring by the draught created by the chimney, A, which communicates by a tube, B, with a chamber, D, leading to the ring. The fumes of the flame being led into this chamber, D, heat it up to a temperature of 900° Fahr., and the result is that the fresh gas and air going to supply the flame are heated as they pass outside it. Fig. 2 represents the lamps as erected in Holborn, and C is the burner, surrounded by a glass screen, E, to keep off draughts, and surmounted by the chimney, A. Such a lamp consumes from 22 to 26 cubic feet of gas per hour, and gives a light of from 110 to 130 candle-power. The Regenerative burner can, however, be made of any useful size.

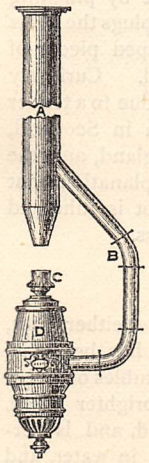


FIG. 1.

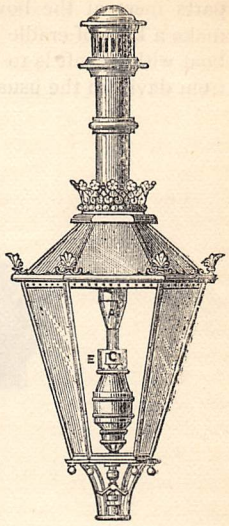


FIG. 2.

Painted Tapestry.

The recent Paris Electrical Exhibition was decorated with numerous objects of art which had nothing to do with electricity, and among them the painted tapestries of M. Letorey elicited much admiration. The ordinary tapestries, such as those of Gobelins, are very expensive owing to the colours being laboriously woven in the fabric, from designs supplied by artists. The new process consists in painting on a cloth or canvas of silk, cotton, or linen yarn with colours of a solid and enduring sort, each mixed with its particular mordant. The colours are fixed by first exposing the tapestry in a damp cellar, in order to give the colours a certain dampness, then they are dried in a stove. This process causes the pigments to permeate the tissues more than they would otherwise do. The tapestry allows of scope for artistic talent, and its price varies with the value of the painting.

Another New Life-Raft.

Though we are unable to offer any opinion upon the practical value of the new life-raft designed by Mr. T. Hall, of Newton, Mass., its construction would seem to indicate that it would be a very useful addition to the equipment of all vessels. It consists of a double float or raft made of cork or other buoyant material, and of such a shape that it may be fitted to the outside of the ordinary ship's boat. The raft is made in two parts, one being fastened on each side of the boat to which it is secured by fixtures and lashings, as shown in Fig. 1, which gives a sectional view of a boat with the raft attached. The curved ends of the

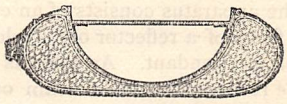


FIG. 1.

parts meet at the bow and stem, and when united make a kind of cradle on which the boat rests. The boat with its raft is to be carried on deck or suspended from davits in the usual manner, and when lowered it will enter the water without capsizing. Besides its own crew, the boat being surrounded with life-lines, it will support a large number of people in the water. Moreover, by cutting the lashings the floats may be detached, and the boat with its human cargo may be rowed to some safe spot—should such be at hand—and having landed the passengers, may then return to the rescue of those who are clinging to the life-lines and floats.

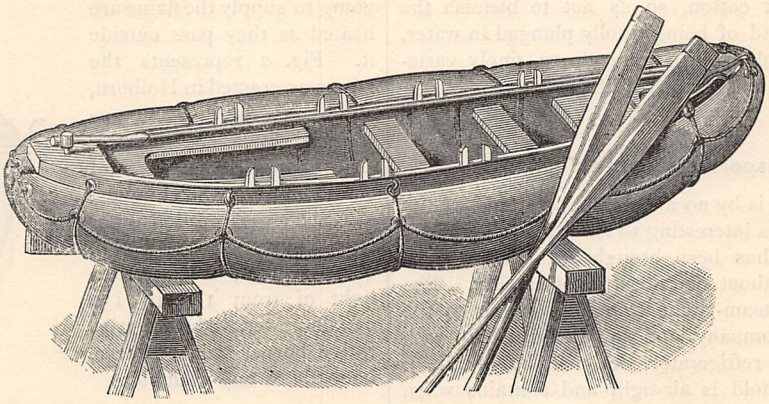


FIG. 2.

The Electric Light Course Indicator.

An ingenious plan for enabling one ship to indicate its course to another by means of the electric light, and thus diminishing the chances of collision at sea, has been invented by Mr. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., late Solicitor-General for Scotland. With the present system of lights on board ship, the great drawback is that although a ship has altered its course, the fact may not be known to an approaching vessel, and thus they may be running into one another without being aware of it until very close. Mr. Macdonald's device prevents this by means of an electric lamp, which projects a beam from the fore-part of the ship to port or starboard according as the helm directs the ship that way. The apparatus consists of an electric lamp placed in the focus of a reflector or "Holophote," and is in charge of an attendant. As long as the helm is amidships, the reflector throws a beam of light from the lamp straight ahead, and an arm attached to the reflector is held fast by means of two pegs or detents, which are themselves operated on by an electric connection with the wheel. When the helm is ported, an electric current frees one of the detents, and allows the attendant to sweep the holophote to starboard, thus directing the beam to the right side of the vessel; and, on the other hand, when the helm is starboarded the other detent is released, and the attendant can sweep the light to port. The sweeping action is repeated several times to indicate the change of course better, and may be afterwards resorted to as often as necessary. Neglect of the attendant is guarded against by the ringing of an electric bell beside the officer on duty whenever the reflector returns to midships. The holophote also answers the purpose of showing those on board whether the sea is clear or not, for the beam can sweep the water for a space of fifteen miles round; and, moreover, it is likely to prove useful in times of fog.

A Preventative for Hay Fever.

A few years ago, Professor Helmholtz, the eminent German physicist, published an account of a remedy which he had found for true hay fever. This was simply to apply to the lining of the nose a solution of sulphate of quinine by means of a small pipette, or pointed glass tube, while lying with the chin held in the air. Since then a preventative has been discovered by Dr. Blakely, and independently by Mr. Hannay, of Cove Castle, Lochhong, N.B. This consists in preventing the hay pollen entering the nose by pinching it with a spring-clip. Mr. Hannay also plugs the ducts of the eyes by means of dumb-bell-shaped pieces of glass, which can be readily removed. Curiously enough, hay fever, which appears to be due to a tender lining of the nostrils, is almost unknown in Scotland, although common in the South of England, and the observation has elicited the curious explanation that the more callous membrane of the Scot is inherited from a long line of snuff-taking ancestors.

A New Glass.

A new variety of glass, containing neither flint, borax, lime, lead, nor soda and potash, has been discovered by a Viennese chemist. It resembles ordinary glass in appearance, but possesses a brighter lustre. It is equally hard, can be finely polished, and is perfectly transparent, while it is insoluble in water, and even in hydrofluoric acid, which is now used to engrave on common glass. This last fact will doubtless render it useful for many technical purposes, as also will its property of being fused to the metals zinc, brass, and iron.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH

THE BLOW FALLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING her resolve to trust in the truth and faithfulness of young Rossiter's love for herself (in which, poor child, she had been led to believe through Mrs. Dean's disclosures), Beatrice had found it impossible entirely to recover her happy confidence in his affection. All day, with the recollection of Mr. Trevor's defection before her, she had been the prey to conflicting hopes and fears; and now, having removed her hat and laid aside her French books, she lingered in her room, dreading to go down and put her doubts to the test which Frank's demeanour would afford. At length, however, she summoned courage to present herself in the drawing-room. Here she found Mrs. Rossiter and Frank alone—the former having just descended, much refreshed by her siesta. Cissy, as a glance informed her, was not in the room; and the eager way in which Frank had looked up on her entrance, the air of embarrassed *empressement* wherewith he advanced to meet her, quite deceived the poor girl. She did not notice that he kept on looking at the door after she was seated, and that, though he exerted himself to converse, it was in a somewhat jerky and inconsequent fashion. But Cecilia, for whose return he was listening and longing, did not again put in an appearance until they were all seated at the tea-table, and then she scarcely spoke to or looked at him. All her dutiful attention was reserved for her father. Frank felt almost jealous of the doctor, yet the sight of his evident admiration for his beautiful daughter stimulated his own to even greater fervour.

On going back to the drawing-room after tea, the doctor, who had announced his intention of remaining at home this evening, asked for some music.

"Unless it would be disagreeable to you, Mr. Francis?" he subjoined politely, turning to his convalescent guest.

With unnecessary emphasis Frank declared that the music would be something the very reverse of disagreeable to him; and Cissy, who had paused with bashful modesty for this assurance, then went in search of her violin, while Beatrice prepared to accompany her sister on the piano.

Half reclining upon the sofa, as a compromise with Dr. Rossiter's instructions to him to lie down, Frank watched his enchantress while she played.

It was the last thing that was needed—if, indeed, anything further had been needed—to complete his subjugation. The witchery of the sweet sounds she produced seemed to blend with the witchery of her beauty and soft sinuous grace of movement with a bewildering and dazzling effect upon their willing victim.

Lost in a paradise of dreamy rapture, he gazed and listened whilst the girls played one selection after another from the choicest works of the old masters, so utterly absorbed and unconscious of what was going on around him, that he did not observe the entrance of a servant, who had brought a note for Dr. Rossiter, even though she had to pass close by him in order to deliver it.

It was only when the music ceased and the doctor spoke that he saw him with the open letter in his hand, and a vexed expression on his face.

"How annoying!" he exclaimed. "I shall be obliged to go out again. If you have yet to choose a profession, Francis (the doctor always ignored any knowledge of Frank's position), let me advise you, my dear fellow, not to become a doctor. It's a terrible annoyance never to have a moment that you can call your own."

"Where have you to go, papa?" asked Beatrice.

"Two miles beyond Maxton, my dear, to old Major Garland's place. Upon my word, it's a dreadful nuisance!"

"Can't you send Mr. Trevor, papa dear?" suggested Cecilia, who was secretly delighted at the summons.

"No, no, darling; I must go myself," rejoined the physician, gently releasing himself from the slim fingers she had laid on his arm. "Come and help me on with my coat, Tiny. And don't you sit up too late, Mary," he whispered, stooping to kiss his wife as he passed. "I may not be back until after ten."

Having seen her father off on foot (for Dr. Rossiter, careful of his horses, both of which had had a good day's work, had decided to walk on his present errand), Beatrice returned to the drawing-room, hoping for a happy evening spent in general conversation, with just a word or a look now and then directed specially to herself, such as her brave young hero had given her yesterday afternoon. She could not avoid, therefore, a chill sense of disappointment when she perceived that during her brief absence Cecilia and Frank had commenced together a game of chess. She had not

known that her sister was acquainted with this game, but it was one wherein she herself possessed considerable skill, and which she knew to be a very absorbing and unsocial one. In the present case, however, it did not appear to be at all absorbing, nor, so far as the combatants were concerned, by any means unsocial. On the contrary, it seemed to Beatrice as though the game were only serving as a pretext or cover for the continuous dialogue which was being carried on in a low tone between the two. With a sickening pang of jealousy, moreover, Beatrice observed the enraptured glances which young Rossiter kept raising to the face of his fair opponent across the little table that had been drawn up close by his couch—glances which Beatrice, still half-blinded by her cherished misconception, only imperfectly understood, but which Cecilia felt to be full of the memory of that unresented kiss. For a little while the poor girl looked on from a distance; then, shocked with herself for the miserable feelings which were taking possession of her in her sister's regard, she turned her back upon the pair, and began to talk to her mother in a rapid, nervous fashion. And gentle Mrs. Rossiter, answering at random, and exhibiting signs of nervous agitation almost equal to her own, strove to engage her younger daughter's attention in various subjects of conversation, whilst with furtive anxiety she kept watch over the couple at the opposite side of the room. Although Beatrice had said nothing to her in words respecting her attachment to her *soi-disant* cousin, nor concerning the very reasonable grounds she had had for believing that attachment to be mutual, Mrs. Rossiter had divined by motherly instinct something of the truth in relation to her child's sentiments. And now her heart was aching for the suffering which she saw Beatrice was enduring—though she little thought that the mischief which caused that suffering had gone so deep, or that the pain would be more than transitory.

So at both ends of the room the talk went on, and Beatrice, glancing at the timepiece, and wondering how long that game would last, saw five minutes after five minutes slowly creeping by till nearly an hour was gone. And in all that time she had never once looked round at the chess-table; and in all that time Frank had never spoken a word to her, though once or twice he had made some discursive remark to her mother, evidently out of a feeling that politeness required it. Could it be possible, then, that he felt utterly indifferent to, or insensible of, her presence? She recollected how yesterday—only yesterday—he had begged her to sit near him, and had declared with lover-like sentimentality that it soothed his pain and quieted his nerves to have her there.

Could any one—especially any one like Frank Rossiter—change so much in so short a time? No, she concluded, it was *not* possible. She was tormenting herself for nothing. She was imagining things that did not exist; and yet, poor child! she began to feel that she could sit still no longer and bear this agony of doubt and suspense.

"Look, Beaty, I have nearly finished my wool," observed her mother, breaking in on these reflections. "Will you bring me another skein, dear? You will find it in the box-ottoman."

Beatrice rose. The article of furniture referred to stood on the opposite side of the room, not a yard from the end of the couch where Frank sat. She crossed over softly, opened the box, and knelt down before it, conscious in all her sick heart that her supposed lover had not noticed her approach.

Whether her sister had done so or not she could not tell, but whilst she was searching for the wool she heard Cissy say—

"It is your turn, you know, to move. Look at your queen. Take care of your queen."

"I *am* looking at my queen!"—the answer was spoken below his breath, but every word of the impassioned utterance reached Beatrice's ear, and in an instant had burnt its meaning upon her brain—"I *am* looking at my queen, the queen of my heart and my life! Cecilia! Cecilia! give me the right to *take care of my queen*."

"Hush! hush!"

It was of course Cecilia who spoke; yet the voice seemed to come from a long distance to poor Beatrice, who knelt at the box, blind and stunned. The room was reeling with her, and everything had grown dark. Was she going to faint, as she had done in the lane at Headport? No, she *would not* faint! She clenched her hand and bit her lip inside till the blood flowed. Then gradually the light came back to her eyes, and she began again to search for the wool. Having found it, she carried it to her mother, and asked—

"Shall I hold the skein, mamma, whilst you wind it?"

At the sound of her voice Mrs. Rossiter looked up sharply. "My darling, you are ill!" she exclaimed. "You are as white as a sheet!"

"Ill! Cousin Beatrice ill?" repeated Frank, who had caught the remark, uttered in a moment of silence; and springing up, he pushed aside the chess-table and came forward with an ejaculation of unaffected distress.

Ten minutes earlier how that kindly anxiety would have set Beatrice's heart leaping with joyous relief! But now self-deception was no longer possible.

The poor child had only one conscious idea in her head, viz., that it was imperatively necessary for her to hide her feelings—to let no evidence appear of the blow she had received.

"Indeed I am quite well—perfectly well," she protested, forcing a smile to her lips, and giving her cheeks a little rub in pretended playfulness. "Am I really pale? You know I have never much colour."

"No, mousie dear, you are *not* pale," affirmed Cecilia, who had come up and passed her arm round her sister's waist. "Mamma, it is too bad of you to raise a false alarm, and frighten us all like this!"

Mrs. Rossiter murmured an apology, and professed to believe that she might have been mistaken, and thereupon they all resumed their seats. But there was no more chess-playing this evening, for although the game had not been finished, Frank did not propose to

return to it; neither did Cecilia, who felt somewhat piqued at his not so proposing. Strange to say, this suggestion regarding Beatrice's illness seemed to have broken for the moment the spell which Cecilia had cast over him, and which, in the intensity of its influence, had rendered the whole universe a blank apart from herself.

It struck the young fellow now that he had been conducting himself rather ill this evening, that he ought not to have allowed himself to become so utterly absorbed in these new overmastering emotions in Cecilia's regard as to neglect gentlemanly attention towards others. He had not, he recollected, addressed a single remark to Beatrice throughout the evening. Dear little Beatrice! how thankful he felt that he had never made any allusion to the sentiments he had supposed himself to entertain for her! Not that he had the vanity to feel at all sure that she would have responded to his affection, even had she known of its existence; but it would have made things very awkward, he reflected, if she *had* known of it—whereas now he hoped that a pleasant fraternal relationship might be established between them. For his part, at any rate, he was ready to give her a very warm brotherly devotion. The well-spring of tenderness which existed in his heart for her was by no means, he found, lost in the stronger current of his love for Cecilia. Thus thinking of her, Frank took pains to draw Beatrice into the conversation that followed, and very frequently, on raising her eyes, it was to encounter his fixed on her face with earnest kindliness. Alas! if he could but have known what agony those brotherly regards were causing the poor little Spartan sufferer! But she bore it all with the strength of a martyr. Her womanly dignity was very dear to this girl, simple-natured though she was, and she clung to it now as to the one rock which supported her in the midst of a bewildering sea of misery. She talked and smiled, once even made a feeble attempt at a laugh. Yet she had only the vaguest notion of what any one was saying. Her one supreme desire was that the fingers of the timepiece would travel more quickly on, that bed-time would come, so that she might find herself alone.

And at length it did. At length she stood within the sanctuary of her own room, whither Cecilia had followed to bid her good night. This the elder sister did with her usual demonstrative affection; but for once the younger could not respond with equal ardour. "Good night, Cissy," she said in a weary tone, holding open the door.

"But you have not kissed me, darling," remonstrated Cissy.

Beatrice offered her lips.

"Oh, what a cold little kiss!" commented Cecilia. "Why, Beaty, you are not offended with me for anything, are you?"

"Offended with you!" echoed Beatrice, with a sudden burst of impatient pain. "Oh, *do* go away! do go away!"

Cecilia paused for a moment, and looked at her sister with an innocently astonished and deeply wounded air. Then repeating her name in acents of reproach, she turned away, too hurt to say more, and left the room.

Beatrice locked the door after her.

Alone at last, the poor girl then threw herself upon her bed, and burying her face in the pillows, gave vent to her pent-up anguish.

"Oh, it is cruel! cruel! cruel!" she moaned, "Why was I allowed to be deceived like this? Did he really *never* love me? Was it all a dream, *all* a dream—even what Mrs. Dean told me? Oh, if I had never thought he loved me, I could have borne it! But now——My heart will break!"

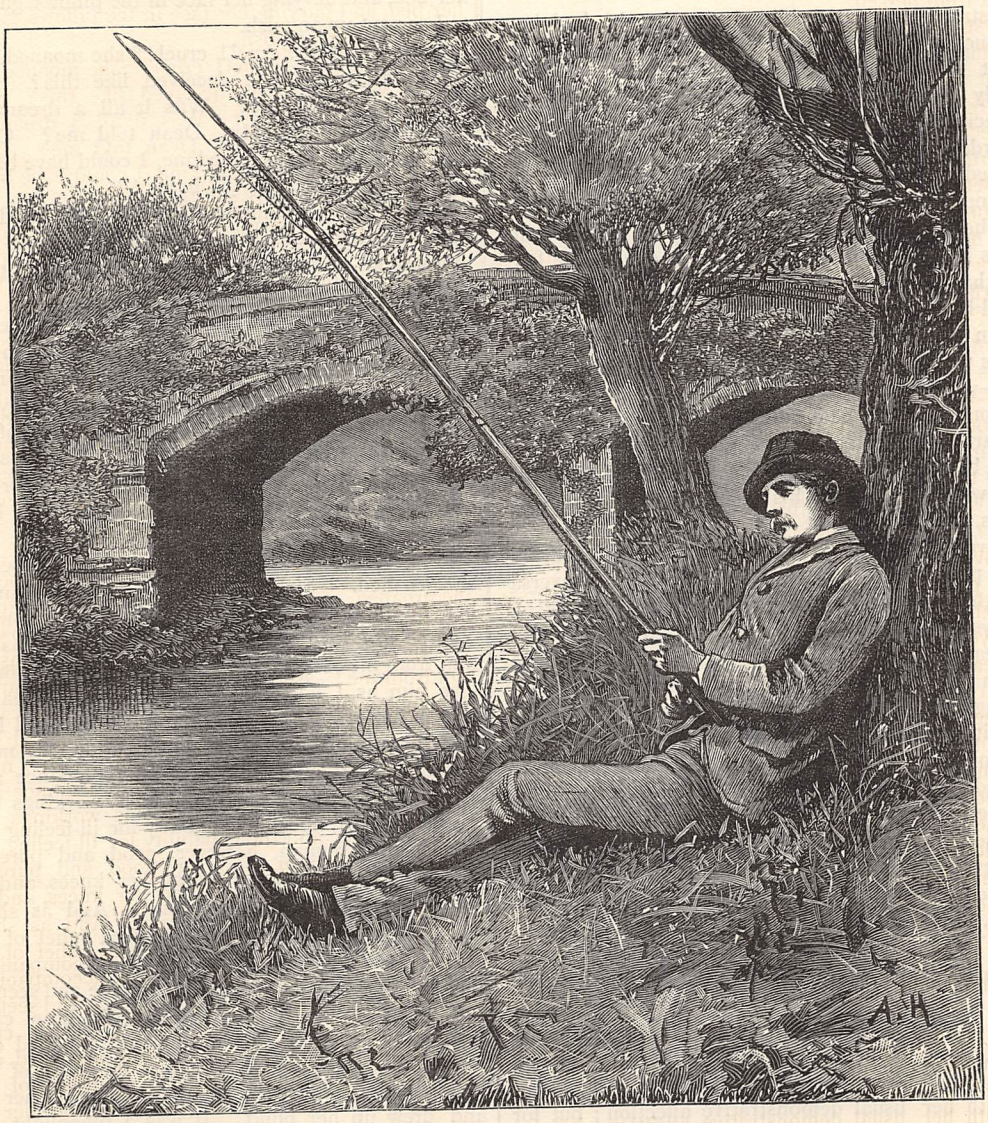
And in these first moments of keen, dry-eyed suffering—suffering such as only a nature at once tender and strong could know—the poor girl really thought that her heart *would* break.

Restless with pain, she rose from the bed, and paced the room to and fro, sitting first on one chair and then on another, but unable to remain long in any attitude or position. And gradually there gathered and swept over her soul a storm of bitter passion—of wild rebellion against the pitiless injustice of this cruel blow, which had destroyed her young life—and, worse still, of jealous anger, almost hatred, of her sister.

"It is all her beauty—her horrible, horrible beauty!" she groaned. "She is like a siren; no one can resist her fascinations. Mr. Trevor first, and now *him*. Yes, he *did* love me, I know it; and she has stolen him from me! And I loved him so. *She* can never love him as I do. She is selfish; she is heartless; she is unfeeling. She—— Oh, how wicked I am! How dreadful of me to feel like this towards my own sister!" And overwhelmed with repentance as she caught a glimpse of the tumultuous workings of her tortured heart, and the capability for ill-feeling which (being only human, however good and pure) she discerned there, Beatrice fell on her knees, and tried to pray for a better frame of mind. And as she did so, there came at length the blessed relief of tears. At first they gushed forth in torrents, accompanied by passionate sobs, which shook her frame and seemed to rend her breast. But by degrees she grew calmer. The gust of passion wore itself away, and died out in long-drawn sighs and inarticulate murmurs of weary hopelessness. Presently she got up, put out her light, and drew up her blind. It was a moonlight night, bright and peaceful. For a short while the poor girl crouched in the window-seat, looking out at the softly illuminated prospect. But she could not long endure the sight of those familiar objects, associated as they were with all her past life—the happy child-life that from this night was over and done with for ever. She returned to her bed-side, again knelt down, and buried her face in the clothes. She had wept so much that she had no more tears to weep; but her slight frame quivered and swayed to and fro as once more the waves and the billows of an almost unbearable agony swept over her head.

The first faint streaks of the early summer dawn had

appeared in the horizon before Beatrice at length sought her pillow; but her long prayers and vigil had not been in vain. She had passed through a conflict which had aged her by years, but she had risen from it victorious. She had solemnly buried her dead hopes, and had resolved that none should ever know the secret of their birth or death. She had put away self—not without a fierce struggle—and determined to rejoice in her sister's joy, to indulge no selfish bewailments over her own grief; and, with the effort to be glad of her sister's happiness (for surely to be loved by Frank must be supreme happiness), all her faith in and love for Cecilia had come back. She had ceased to blame either the one or the other. It was only natural that Cecilia should admire him, and willingly accept his worship; and it was "no wonder! no wonder!" thought the poor little woman, as she surveyed her own pale, woe-begone face in the glass.



"THE YOUNG FELLOW WAS SEATED UPON THE GRASS" (*p.* 264).

When she was dressed, and had smoothed away as well as she could all signs of the mental suffering she had undergone, Beatrice presented herself at her sister's door. Since the tide of her swift repentance towards Cecilia had set in, she had been reproaching herself distressfully on account of the unkindness which she had shown her last evening, and which,

she felt afraid, must have caused Cissy much pain; and she had only waited for morning to come that she might express her sorrow and beg for forgiveness.

A sleepy voice invited her in as she knocked at the door, but in another instant Cissy was wide awake. "Why, Bee, is it time to get up?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; but I want to speak to you first." And leaning her aching head on her sister's shoulder, she poured forth her affectionate distress and her humble plea for pardon.

When she had finished, Cissy looked at her with an expression of puzzled surprise. "Last night?" she repeated. "Why, what did you do, darling? Ah, yes! I recollect! You *were* rather unkind. But never mind, mousie; I didn't think anything more about it, I assure you. I knew you didn't mean to be ill-natured. You had a little headache, or you were tired—I put it all down to that."

A pathetic smile quivered about Beatrice's lips. "A little headache," or a great heartache—was it all the same to Cecilia? She had *thought nothing more* about the way they had parted last night! Poor Beatrice went away with a new pain at her heart.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"CAN YOU GUESS WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

In consequence of a conversation that had taken place between himself and his wife on the preceding evening, Dr. Rossiter made a point this morning of returning to the house about twelve o'clock—at which hour Sir John Rutherford had arranged to pay his daily visit to his friend. And when on this occasion the baronet pressed, as he did each day, to know how soon he might be allowed to have his guest back at Clumbar Court, he received, instead of the usual indefinite reply, one that was at once unexpected and satisfactory. Mr. Francis, the doctor considered, was now quite strong enough to bear the drive of a few miles, and he might be removed at any time Sir John chose to appoint.

Whereupon, with many expressions of pleasure, Sir John declared that he should bring a carriage for him on the afternoon of the following day.

This arrangement Dr. Rossiter communicated to his wife, but he did not think proper to mention it to his daughters. As on the previous days, young Rossiter did not rise until after the early two o'clock dinner; and whilst still at that meal, the doctor invited Cecilia to accompany him this afternoon on his rounds. He had some particular work, he stated, that he wished James to help with in the kitchen-garden, and Cecilia could sit in the gig and hold the reins whilst he paid his brief visits. Now, the request was not at all an unusual one. Since they had been of an age to be trusted with the control of the doctor's very quiet horses, the girls had been accustomed occasionally to drive thus with their father, and it had always been regarded by them in the light of a treat.

Cecilia, however, had not enjoyed the treat since her return from Germany; and from the shadow of disappointment which crossed her face as her father now made his proposal, it was evident that she would willingly have foregone the pleasure to-day. Nevertheless, after a moment of scarcely noticeable hesitation, she amiably acquiesced in the suggestion.

When Cecilia had gone, shortly after dinner, to attire herself for this expedition, and the doctor, who had lingered a little over his cup of coffee and his newspaper, was in the act of laying down the latter, he remarked in a casual manner to Beatrice—

"Oh, by the way, Tiny, I shall ask Trevor to take tea with us this evening."

"Mr. Trevor! Will you, papa?" returned Beatrice in surprise; for it had not escaped her observation that her father had of late used every means short of absolute incivility for keeping Cecilia and the assistant apart, and it was certainly strange, therefore, that he should now propose voluntarily to invite him to his table.

But the fact was that, from what his wife had said to him, the doctor had taken alarm respecting Frank Rossiter. That *he* should fall in love with Cecilia, or she with him, would, the doctor considered, be a dreadful *contretemps*. Better a hundred times Mr. Trevor than this young man. Yet he saw plainly that such a danger was to be apprehended in the case of so beautiful a girl as Cecilia and so attractive a man as Frank, and he blamed himself for not having foreseen the possible catastrophe. Still, he hoped that it would not be too late to avert it; and it was with the idea of preventing any exclusive conversation between the two, or special attention on the young man's part, during this last evening of his stay in the house, that he had resolved upon securing Mr. Trevor's company.

Scarcely had Cecilia and her father driven off, before Beatrice prepared also to go out. She had some shopping to do, which afforded her a good excuse for leaving Mrs. Rossiter to entertain Frank alone—a task to which she declared herself quite equal. Just as Beatrice was about to quit the house, her mother detained her for a moment to impart with a troubled and wistful air the news concerning young Rossiter's speedy departure, and the calm way in which she received the tidings went far to alleviate Mrs. Rossiter's anxiety on her account.

But although she had been able to school herself into an appearance of comparative indifference to it, Mrs. Rossiter's unexpected information furnished the entire subject of Beatrice's reflections during her afternoon's walk. Her first feeling in reference to it, poor girl, was one of intense relief. She was glad that Frank was to go away so soon and so suddenly; she would be spared, at any rate, the pain and torture of witnessing his attentions to her sister. She caught at the fact, and the mitigation it promised of her sufferings, without going beyond it. But only for a very short time. It struck her presently that the arrangement had indeed been very suddenly made, and that there must be some reason for it. That reason was not far to seek. Putting this and that together (her father's return to the house this morning expressly to see Sir John Rutherford, his having

taken Cecilia out to drive this afternoon, his invitation to Mr. Trevor), she understood that it must all be the doctor's doing. He had discovered, or he had been told of, Frank's attachment to Cecilia, and he was resolved upon discouraging it. This was the conclusion to which she came, and which moved her for the space of a few seconds to a fierce satisfaction. But the evil impulse was conquered almost as soon as it had come into existence. Beatrice grappled with it and fought it down, and from the brief struggle she emerged with her sweet unselfish resolutions only the more firmly fixed. She would not—*would* not—she was determined, suffer her own grievous disappointment to lead her into wrong feeling towards Cecilia. And as she went along the quiet streets of the dull little market-town she kept sending up ejaculatory prayers for her sister's happiness—earnest petitions that she might be spared from enduring such agony as she had herself endured last night, and such pain as she was still enduring. Yet, that trouble might be in store for Cecilia she could not but fear. In her own case, she had never thought definitely about the question of marriage, or even of an engagement with Frank. The simple truth that he loved her had been sufficient to absorb all her thoughts and emotions. But since last night she had grown older and wiser. She perceived now that her ideas and sentiments had been very childish —that in the present instance, at all events, the question of love must involve ulterior consequences.

Those impassioned words which she had overheard last evening from young Rossiter's lips would, of necessity, be followed by a proposal of marriage—to which, indeed, they were themselves equivalent. And then, how would her father behave? Would he altogether withhold his sanction? Or was it possible that he might allow his liking and gratitude towards Frank, and his affection and ambition for Cecilia, to counterbalance the repugnance which he must naturally feel to the match? Alas! she feared that it was *not* possible. Either her mental vision was clearer to discern the true aspect of affairs where another was concerned than herself, or else the cloud of sorrow that had darkened her own lot inclined her to take a gloomy view of things in general. Any way, the longer she pondered over matters the more sympathetically uneasy did she become on Cecilia's behalf.

Cecilia, however, to judge from her demeanour during the evening, was troubled by no distressful previsions on her own account. Never had she looked more beautiful, and never apparently had she been in better or brighter spirits. And yet she was now aware that her lover was to leave the house next day, and she had a very shrewd guess also as to why his departure had been hastened. But she felt quite satisfied, on the other hand, that this departure would not prevent his making her an offer of marriage; and whilst she was equally satisfied that her father would, at first, stoutly refuse his consent, she had unbounded faith in her own power over him, in the first place; and in the second, she had a happy confidence in a private mental fetish, which she worshipped under the title of Propitious Fate. It was her intention to marry young Rossiter. The idea that this would be a highly advisable proceeding had occurred to her even before she had seen the young man; and her resolution to carry the idea into effect had been formed in the very first moment that she knew of his presence beneath her father's roof. And despite the disagreeable and rather alarming obstacle of his previous attachment to her sister, she and her "Propitious Fate" together had carried the day without the slightest difficulty. In face of this easy and delightful triumph, Miss Rossiter would have been ashamed to have given way before any adverse or discouraging signs.

Nevertheless, Cecilia was far from feeling so thoroughly at ease this evening as she appeared; Mr. Trevor's presence both embarrassed and annoyed her. Not, however, that she either objected to the young man himself or to his assiduous attentions; on the contrary, as a matter of personal liking, she greatly preferred him to Frank Rossiter. But the persistent manner in which he attached himself to her side was very awkward. She knew that Frank was eagerly watching for an opportunity of saying a few quiet words in her ear, and she guessed that he wished to beg for an interview before he left next day. As a matter of course, she was anxious to give him that opportunity; yet, until the evening was nearly over she could not contrive to shake off her leech-like and now madly jealous adorer. She was obliged in the end to have resort to positive rudeness; and then poor Mr. Trevor retired to a corner of the room, and sat there the picture of silent despair, glowering enviously at the rival whom he had left in possession of the field. It is needless to say that had Dr. Rossiter been at home Frank would not long have remained in possession of the field; but once more—as chance or Cecilia's propitious deity would have it—the physician had been summoned away.

To poor Beatrice, looking on at the little drama enacted between Cissy and her two lovers, this evening was one of torture only slightly less acute than that of the preceding one. Cousin Frank was not on this occasion entirely neglectful of her; nor was she any longer jealous of her happier sister—at least, she was trying with might and main not to feel so. But, poor child, how her heart ached! And how piteous was her brave endeavour to carry a cheerful countenance! Still, in the midst of her own pain she could find room for sympathy with that of another. She could see that Mr. Trevor was suffering, and she felt truly sorry for him; moreover, she feared that Cecilia had given him just cause for complaint and reproach. It was true that she had over and over again denied that she cared for him, yet to Beatrice it had always seemed that she was encouraging him. Even this evening it had seemed so to her; and when by-and-by Cecilia went up to the young man where he sat moodily scowling in the corner, and talked to and smiled upon him until his face had brightened

up with renewed hope, Beatrice considered that she was behaving very thoughtlessly and unkindly. The simple-minded girl had yet to learn the fact that Cecilia could not bear to part with any one in the shape of a lover: that the incense of flattery and admiration was as the breath of her nostrils: that just as the sun-flower turns to the light and heat of the great luminary, so she, of her very nature, turned greedily to suck in the delights of homage and adulation.

The following day was that whereon Beatrice took her usual weekly music lesson, and from twelve to one in the morning she was occupied with her master. She made a very poor business, however, of the "Moonlight Sonata" which that gentleman, an elderly Frenchman, had brought her to learn, and caused him to utter many curious expostulatory sounds, and eventually to exclaim—

"Ma foi! Mees Beatrice, but I find you dis morning a leetle stoopid. But you are pale, you are distrait! It is that you are onwell, is it not?"

But Beatrice would not admit that she was in the least unwell, and with a conscientious effort to throw herself more completely into her task, she succeeded in satisfying M. Spartoli.

She was thankful, however, when the hour was over, for her soul for the time being was out of harmony with music. In a world so full of sorrow as this, sweet sounds, it seemed to the poor child, were a mockery. Music for her had lost its meaning.

Having, according to her custom, respectfully accompanied M. Spartoli to the door, Beatrice went straight to the dining-room, where she remembered that she had left her keys. Opening the door quietly, but quickly, her eye fell upon Frank Rossiter and her sister seated side by side upon a couch. Frank's arm was round Cecilia's waist, her head rested on his shoulder, and his lips were pressed to her forehead. On being surprised, they started aside, but recovering themselves when they perceived who it was, both called her name, with an invitation to "come in." But already she was half-way up-stairs.

Ten minutes later a knock came to her bed-room door, and a sweet voice demanded—

"May I come in, Beaty darling?"

Beatrice rose from her knees, and gave an affirmative answer.

Radiant in beauty, her dark eyes sparkling with joy and triumph, Cecilia entered, and stepped up to her pale little sister, who stood clinging to the bed-post as though in need of support.

"Oh, Beaty! can you guess what has happened?" she asked.

"Yes," returned Beatrice faintly, forcing her trembling lips into a smile.

"He has asked me to be his wife!"

"Yes, Cissy."

"Won't you wish me joy, you dear little mousie?"

"I *will*, Cissy," said Beatrice, throwing her arms round her sister, and straining her to her breast. "With all my heart and soul I pray, dearest, that you may be happy!"

"Bee, you are an angel!" cried Cecilia, with a sudden change of manner. "You really are an angel! I wish—— But it's of no use. I *must* be rich," she murmured inconsequently. "Think, Bee; his father is a *millionnaire*, and he is the only son! But you shall share in my prosperity, darling. I——"

Beatrice sprang back as though she had been shot, tearing herself from her sister's embrace. Then, holding her at arm's-length, and searching her face with her earnest grey eyes, she said solemnly—

"Cecilia, answer me one question. Do you *love* Frank Rossiter? Oh, tell me the truth!"

Cecilia's eyes fell beneath that honest, piercing gaze. "Of course I love him," she answered. "How could I help loving him? See how handsome he is, Bee; and how amiable, and agreeable! Of course I love him."

"Yes, he is all that, but something infinitely better too, Cissy."

"I don't consider him particularly clever," laughed Cissy; "and I am glad he isn't. I shouldn't care for a clever husband."

"But he *is* clever!" exclaimed Beatrice indignantly. "Why, Cissy, don't you know that he took honours at Cambridge—that he is a wrangler?"

"Indeed! No, I didn't know that. But he doesn't make much show of his learning, if he possesses it—that's a comfort."

"He is the last person to make a *show* of anything——" began Beatrice, and then she paused, blushing crimson. "But I need not praise him to *you*. Oh, dear Cissy! I am so glad if you *do* love him for himself alone; because—because otherwise you could neither of you be happy were you to marry."

"Well, it's all right about that, darling, I assure you," rejoined Cecilia, who had recovered from her momentary confusion. "But do you know, Bee, that I owe him to you?"

"How? What do you mean?" stammered Beatrice.

"Well, he actually had the audacity to tell me that if I had not been your sister he didn't think that he could have fallen in love with me so quickly; or, at all events, that he would not have felt so easily satisfied that I was as charming inside as outside—to put the thing elegantly."

"I don't understand."

"No! Well, he is kind enough to credit me, darling, with all your good qualities. He imagines that we are very much alike in character and disposition. Don't tell him, Bee, that you are a hundred thousand times better than I."

"I am not likely to do that," answered her sister, with another pathetic little ghost of a smile, "especially since it is not true."

"But it *is* true! it *is* true!" protested Cecilia, laying her hand on Beatrice's shoulder. "And that's one thing that makes me say Master Frank is not clever; he can't have much discernment of character. But, happily, love is blind—eh, Bee?"

Beatrice made no reply. This protracted conversation, and the present cruelly personal turn of it, was almost more than she could bear.

"Only, my dear mousie, you are rather foolishly

quixotic and romantic in some of your ideas, you know," pursued Cissy. "It is absurd to despise wealth. I have always longed to be rich; I want a beautiful house, and pretty things about me, and all the luxuries and comforts that only money can purchase. Besides, I could not endure this humdrum life very long. Listen, Beaty; shall I tell you a secret?"

Beatrice nodded her head; and, with a scarcely perceptible rise of colour, Cecilia resumed—"Well, dear, I scarcely expected to meet any one here, in Merely, whom I could marry; but I have felt sure for some time that with my—my appearance, shall we say?—I might be justified in expecting an advantageous offer or two. But if I could not be rich in one way, I was determined to be in another; and if this had not happened, I should have come out, Bee, as a professional musician."

"Oh, Cissy! Papa would never have consented to such a thing."

"I have played in public already, two or three times," continued Cecilia, taking no notice of the interruption, "at some concerts in Leipsig, conducted by Baron Rückart—the gentleman with whom, you remember, I travelled home? Of course, I took an assumed name, Bee, and nobody knows of this—not even Aunt Ettrick. But Baron Rückart (who, by the way, made me a proposal of marriage, which I declined with thanks) feels sure that I should make a great success. He paid me pretty liberally for my services at his concerts, and that is how I came to have so many pretty dresses, Bee—I know you have been wondering about them—and he has promised to give me his best assistance, if ever I require it. But I am glad to think that I never shall require it now."

"Oh, Cissy! I wonder why you never told me all this before? I did not think you could have kept such ideas a secret from me! But, indeed, papa would never have agreed to it."

"Perhaps not. I shall hold it over him, though, if he should prove troublesomely obstinate about this affair."

"About Cousin Frank, do you mean? Oh, dear Cissy! I hope papa—— I have been so afraid, dear, that you might be disappointed. Do you think there is any likelihood of his giving his sanction?"

"Yes, I do. He *shall* give it. Bee, darling, you mustn't say a word about it just now; everything must be left to me. I have told Frank that he is not to write to papa, or to speak to him, until I give him leave. I must work the oracle in my own way. Of course, it would be much more agreeable to me to take the usual modest, young-lady-like course of referring my suitor to papa. But exceptional cases require to be met in exceptional ways; and I have promised Mr. Frank that if he trusts the matter to me I will secure papa's acquiescence within a fortnight. In the meantime, he is only to pay one or two formal visits to the family; and his letters to me are to be directed to the post-office."

"And does *he* approve of these arrangements?" inquired Beatrice, with a note of sharpness in her voice.

"Oh, naturally we should both prefer to be perfectly straightforward and open in every way," rejoined Cecilia. "But you may be sure that being, as I believe he is, a good deal in love with me, Mr. Frank could scarcely disapprove of any arrangements that I suggested. He will have enough to do, I am afraid, to manage his own father, though he is preposterously sanguine in his regard. But *that* is the quarter in which my alarm lies, Bee. You know that couplet of Pope's, isn't it?—

> 'Forgiveness to the injured doth belong;
> They never pardon who have done the wrong.'

However, we must wait and see. It would be an awful blow to me——"

"Dear Cissy, I will pray that the blow may never come upon you. But need we talk any more just now? I feel a little sick."

"No, we needn't, you dear, darling, unselfish little angel! Upon my word, I wish I were as good as you, Bee. But it isn't always the best people that 'flourish like the green bay-tree,' is it, mousie? There, I'll run away. I'm so sorry you don't feel quite well. Lie down for half an hour, dear, till the dinner is ready."

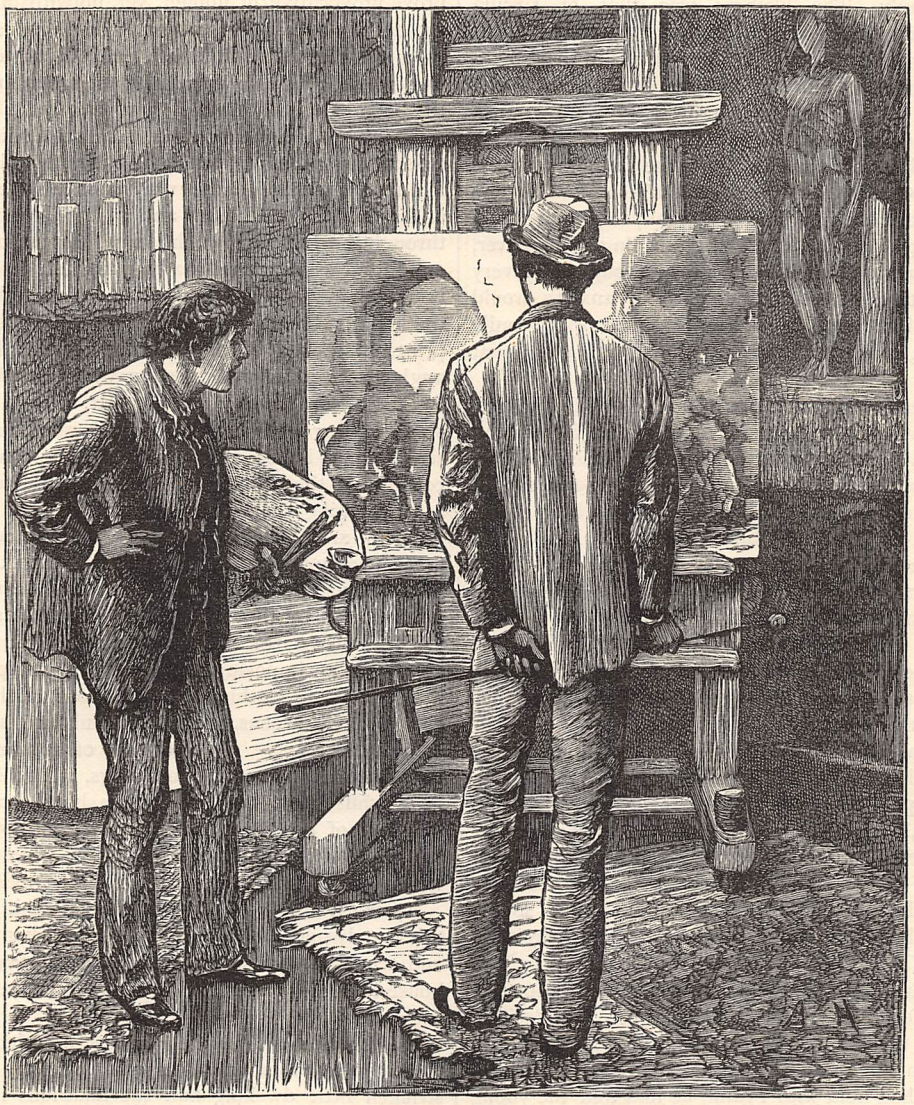
CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

UNSUCCESSFUL SPORT.

SOME three or four weeks after he had laid his heart and his fortunes at the feet of the fair Cecilia, young Rossiter had been whiling away the morning hours of a hot July day in fishing. The spot where he had located himself for this purpose was a favourite haunt of his, and one so charming in its peaceful loveliness that it was difficult to believe that it could lie, as was the case, within three miles of a busy manufacturing town, where tall factory chimneys belched forth dense volumes of black smoke, and in the outskirts whereof coal-pits abounded, with all their attendant ugliness and grimy disfigurement.

Quite recovered from his accident, the young fellow was seated upon the grass, his back resting against the stem of a fine willow—one of a row that fringed the banks of the river below him, and drooped their arched branches almost to the surface of the rushing water. Immediately behind him was a little wooded dell, rich in ferns and flowers, and swept by slanting light and shade, its tender depths full of all that mystery of life and beauty which Nature loves to hide away in unsuspected nooks and quiet sylvan retreats. In front of him, across the water, stretched the sunny undulations of a sweet pastoral landscape, where cows and sheep browsed in the long grass, and whence the fragrance of meadow-sweet was wafted with every faintest breeze. To the right, not far from where Frank sat, the river (which here ran through the Dunscarley estates) took an abrupt turn and disappeared from view. To the left, at a short distance, it was spanned by a low stone bridge overgrown with ivy, under which lay deep black shadows, and near

to which was moored a brightly-painted boat; for, though shallow towards the opposite bank, the river was deep enough to row in for a mile or so where the currents ran. Its deepest point, however, was that directly beneath where the young angler had stationed himself. Here, in a little bend of the embankment, lay a still pool, green to its very depths with the reflections of the overhanging trees and the shadow of the high bank, clothed with mosses and bracken. In this spot Frank, when a youth of eighteen, had landed his first salmon under his father's instruction, and he had often since enjoyed good sport here; but to-day he had been eminently unsuccessful. There were plenty of fish about. He had seen them darting to and fro in the brown shallows by the opposite shore, and he had watched them rising in the green rippling pool at his feet, tantalisingly close to his hook, but it had been only to snap at one of the *real* flies which swarmed about in the shade, and floated with quivering wings on the cool water. As his open basket showed, only one poor little speckled trout had been taken in by that gorgeous deception in the shape of an insect, as it sailed with the stream, or flitted hither and thither in its suspicious and erratic fashion. The relatives and friends of the deluded one—though several of them had eyed it askance with intelligent curiosity—appeared to have come to the unanimous resolution



"HE STEPPED IN FRONT OF MARTIN'S CANVAS" (*p.* 268).

to let that glittering fly alone. Giving up his attempt at last—for the solitary fish was the result of nearly three hours' fishing—Frank drew in his line, and laid the rod by his side.

But he did not at once leave his seat in this delightful solitude. Drawing from his pocket a miniature likeness in a velvet case, he gazed upon it long and lovingly. The likeness was that of Cecilia Rossiter, beautifully executed on ivory, and set about with pearls. It had been presented to her by a German artist, in return for several sittings which she had given him in the character of St. Mary Magdalen, and for the permission to exhibit the painting, which had won him a name and laid the foundation of a fortune. Closing the case presently with a lover's sigh, but still keeping it in his hand, the young man sat looking dreamily across the gurgling sunlit river, and smiling to himself at his own thoughts. Every now and then, however, a shadow of anxiety would cloud his ingenuous brow, and chase away the smile for a time, proving that his mind was not entirely at ease.

Only yesterday Frank had returned to Dunscarley Park to await the home-coming of his father and mother, who were expected to arrive this evening. And he had returned an engaged man—subject, at least, to the approval of his father, upon whom all his prospects, present and future, depended. For Cecilia—though neither so easily nor so quickly as she had expected—had succeeded in her purpose. By repeated and determined effort she had contrived to win from her father a very reluctant and troubled assent to her acceptance of Frank Rossiter. And no stronger proof could possibly have been given of the tremendous influence that she had obtained over him.

Independently of the debt of gratitude which he owed to him, the doctor, it was true, had felt personally very powerfully attracted to his young kinsman. Moreover, Frank's position, setting aside the circumstances of the case, was one which could not but have satisfied his highest ambition for this beloved daughter. Still, rather than have so far pocketed his supposed wrongs and his long-cherished hatred of his Cousin Philip as to consent to this union with his family, the doctor would unquestionably have preferred to forfeit a limb. Yet for Cecilia's sake, and through his inability to resist her tears and persuasions, he had given way. In a brief interview which he had held with Frank, he had told the young man that he might count on his sanction of the engagement on condition of his obtaining that of his own father, and likewise with the proviso that no communication of any description should take place on the subject between Mr. Philip Rossiter and himself.

As a matter of course, being desperately in love, Frank had thankfully accepted the boon thus granted. Nevertheless the proviso, and still more the air wherewith it had been demanded, had given him pain, as proving the bitterness of the enmity which existed on the doctor's part against his father. It had also awakened disquieting questionings within him as to how far that enmity was mutual; and now that the moment was drawing near for putting the matter to the test by confessing his love to his father, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, despite his success with Cecilia, the young man's happiness was not of an unmixed nature.

As a rule, neither love nor anxietude is apt to prove provocative of hunger, yet, notwithstanding the presence of both these sentiments, Mr. Frank Rossiter, as it drew towards luncheon-time, began to feel the workings of a healthy appetite; and when, by-and-by, the booming of a bell which hung above the Hall, and was used to announce the servants' dinner-hour (which was likewise that of the family's luncheon), fell upon his ear, he rose with considerable alacrity, and shouldered his basket and rod. Taking his way through the ferny grove, he came out at its further end into a winding and shady path, and from thence issued upon more open ground, and into full view of the house. It was, however, only the side view. The principal façade of the building extended at right angles with this, and faced a wide-spreading park. As has been already stated, Mr. Philip Rossiter, since coming into possession, had added very extensively to the house as well as to the land which now constituted the domain of Dunscarley Park. But as, in making the alterations, strict regard had been paid to architectural congruity, and since, furthermore, twenty-two years had elapsed since their completion, and the new portions had become weathered or mellowed by time, the Hall presented as a whole a sufficiently harmonious appearance. It presented also both an imposing and a picturesque appearance, the style being Gothic, with numerous oriel windows, and pointed arches, and delightful irregularities of angle and gable. To the rear of it were stables, coach-houses, and other buildings, all in the same style, whilst from the side of the house stretched a long line of conservatories, vineries, hot-houses, and ferneries. Behind the stables again were fruit and vegetable gardens, enclosed within high walls.

Eyeing it now as he approached, Frank compared this stately pile, surrounded by its well-kept grounds and accessories, with Dr. Rossiter's small two-storeyed house in Merely, and its tiny front garden and creaking gate.

He thought too of the contrast afforded between the appointments of that comparatively poverty-stricken little dwelling and the luxurious interior of this mansion, abounding as it did with every evidence of wealth and fashion. He reflected further on the difference in the lives led by his father, the owner of this splendid estate, and by the hard-working country practitioner who was his cousin and only blood relation. Yet both men had borne precisely the same relationship to the former proprietor of the Hall, and had possessed an equal claim upon him. To Frank it seemed a failure of justice on the part of his great-uncle Philip that he should not have divided the property equally between his two nephews; and he felt that he could well have understood it, had the doctor shown himself angry with his uncle, or

jealous of his cousin on account of this unfair preference. But the ground of his resentment, as Frank was aware, was a very different thing from this. Recalling now what it was, and realising, as he had never done so fully before, the enormity of the suspicion which the physician nursed against his father, Frank felt his face flushing crimson with annoyance and distress. But the feeling of vexation soon passed, and the young fellow found himself smiling at the preposterous nature of the charge, and sanguinely hoping that it might ere long be refuted, to Dr. Rossiter's satisfaction. How thankful he felt that he could place such implicit reliance on his father's integrity!—that not for a single instant, knowing him to be what he was, honourable in all his dealings, generous and public-spirited, universally respected and thoroughly kind-hearted, could he admit of a question concerning the falsity of that foolish notion!

But would his father be able to pardon the doctor for having conceived it? Would he, for his son's sake, put aside his righteous indignation, as, for Cecilia's sake, Dr. Rossiter had done his unjust suspicions?

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

MARTIN CALLENDER'S STUDIO.

An hour later, mounted on Polyphemus (who had been brought home from Headport by a servant, and whose elderly limbs had enjoyed but little exercise of late), Frank Rossiter was riding towards the smoky town of Wharneside. On nearing it, he passed at some short distance one of the two coal-mines by which his father's large fortune had been so greatly increased, and from the working whereof a splendid annual income was still derived. Upon occasions, Frank was rather fond of visiting this pit and talking to the manager, with whom he was on very friendly terms, and also to the begrimed colliers, with many of whom he had a personal acquaintance. But to-day he contented himself with riding slowly as he went by, and watching the great wheels revolving swiftly above the shaft, as they worked up the hoist, with its ugly but precious black loads, and did not turn aside for any closer inspection. Then, giving Phemus the rein, he trotted forward to the entrance of the town, and turning up and down several streets, dismounted in front of a tall red-brick building. Having administered a few caressing strokes and pats to Polyphemus' nose, and given him into charge of the groom who followed him, young Rossiter passed into the building. The ground-floor and first storey of this were used as a fent-warehouse, but the remaining flats were sub-let for offices of various descriptions. Mounting the stairs flight after flight, and passing numerous doors, all with one or more names upon them, Frank came to the topmost storey, and to a door without a name upon it. Opening this, he crossed a kind of vestibule or waiting-room, carpeted and furnished with benches and chairs, and tapping slightly at a second door, entered a large and well-lighted apartment. It needed but a single glance to show that the latter was an artist's studio, and one that, so far as its arrangements and fittings-up were concerned, was of a very superior order.

On the walls, which were painted in panels of neutral tint, with gilt cornices and projections, hung a few valuable pictures after the old masters, and a couple of antique mirrors in oval frames, one of blackened buhl, the other of Dresden china, wrought into leafy tree-branches, with birds and nests among them.

Busts and statues stood in corners and niches in every direction; there was a Louis Quatorze cabinet inlaid with cracked tortoise-shell against one side of the room, supported by a couple of slender-legged Chippendale chairs.

In another place appeared an ancient table of battered marqueterie, whilst fragments of mosaic-work, old vases and bronzes, models of arms and legs, and divers curiosities useful and useless, were scattered about on shelves and stands. From a huge wardrobe carved in black oak, the door of which stood partially open, protruded bits and ends of various artistic costumes wherewith it was crowded. For the rest, this gem of a studio was furnished rather too luxuriously with couches and chairs upholstered in Utrecht velvet, and a thick Turkey carpet spread here and there with the skins of wild animals. Now, although it was by Mr. Frank Rossiter that the studio was rented, and from his purse that all these costly properties had been purchased, it was not for his own delectation that he had gradually accumulated them. It was for the sake of the constant tenant of this apartment and certain adjoining chambers—his "partner," as he called him—his dear friend Martin Callender, whom he delighted to honour and serve with the superfluity of his liberal allowance, and whose æsthetic, and perhaps slightly effeminate, tastes he loved to gratify.

As he now entered the room, the deformed youth looked round from an easel whereat he was seated, and his pale face lighted up with pleasure. "Hello, Frank! I am so glad you have come!" he exclaimed, "I've been feeling terribly afraid that you were seriously vexed with what I said to you yesterday. It has made me quite unhappy."

"Nonsense, man! It would take a vast deal more than that to vex me with you, I should imagine," rejoined Frank, hanging up his hat as he spoke, and beginning half mechanically to substitute the coat he wore with a velvet pea-jacket, much besmeared with paint. "And I don't wonder at your having felt surprised and disgusted at what must have seemed to you like fickleness. But only wait, Martin—only wait till you have seen her!"

"Oh, yes! I am sure she is very beautiful, from the likeness you showed me yesterday, but——"

"But your preference still leans towards Beatrice? Well, old boy, don't let us discuss the subject. You are not in a position to judge, you know. Besides, to tell the truth, I dislike to make any comparison between the two. There is no need to disparage the pearl in order to exalt the diamond. And, as I said before, only wait till you have seen her, and you will understand it all."

"Ah! if we could only be sure. I'll tell you what it is, Frank; I'm afraid I have a great deal of the woman in me."

"All the best men have," interposed Frank epigrammatically.

"Not in the way I mean," returned the deformed boy, blushing over all his handsome face. "The truth is, I feel dreadfully jealous of your beautiful Miss Rossiter, and filled with a kind of instinctive repugnance to her. Do forgive me saying it; but with that sweet little Miss Beatrice it was different. Do you know—it is atrociously selfish, I confess—but, until I met her, I could never endure the idea of your falling in love with any girl. But she is an angel; I felt from the first that she could never come between us."

"Good gracious! You don't mean to say that you have thought for an instant that all the girls in Christendom could injure my friendship for you, Martin?" said Frank, rising from the arm-chair into which he had thrown himself, and approaching his companion. "Why, old boy, what *are* you thinking of?" he added, laying a hand on each of his shoulders.

Martin made no answer in words, but there was a world of passionate devotion in the eyes which looked up through the moisture that had invaded them.

"You don't think I'm such a faithless and inconstant fellow as that, eh, lad?"

"I *know* you are not inconstant, Frank. There never was a truer fellow in the world," protested Martin. "But that is the very thing that has astonished me so. That is what made me say, as I did yesterday, that I believed you still loved—— No, I won't repeat it. We'll drop the subject. Are you going to work?"

"Yes, until half-past five," replied Frank. "It will pass the time; and then I must go to the station to meet my father and mother. But let me have a look first at Hypatia," and he stepped in front of Martin's canvas.

"I have some news for you, Frank," began Martin, "some good news."

"Wait a bit! This always takes my breath away for a minute. Martin, it will do—I'm *certain* it will do. When will it be finished? I can't see what more you can do at it."

"Oh, I shall give it another month's work at least. But I'm glad I am not so sanguine as to its success as you are, Frank. You *will* persist in fancying me a genius; and I wish to goodness I might turn out to be one, so as not to disappoint you. But—well, I have had some encouragement to-day, as I was going to tell you."

"Oh! the news? Well, what is it? You have heard from Crave and Co.?"

"Yes; both the pictures are sold, Frank. And what do you think I have got for them?"

"Not half what they're worth, I'll be bound."

"Eighty pounds for the pair! Forty each! Isn't it stupendous? I could scarcely believe my eyes when I opened the letter this morning."

"Come, that's not so bad for a beginning!" ejaculated young Rossiter, much pleased; "but it's nothing to what you'll be doing by-and-by. Now, you mustn't struggle any longer to live on that paltry pittance of yours. I believe you half starve yourself." (Martin's father had died a couple of years back, leaving him a small capital as the savings of his shoe-making business.)

"Indeed, I don't. Thanks to living rent-free, I am most comfortable. I shall put this money in the bank along with my other earnings, which, though they have been so small hitherto, are mounting up, I can tell you. Heigh-ho! I wish I could do something with my little hoard for *you*, Frank. But it's no use 'carting coals to Newcastle;' and after all, I'm content to remain your debtor for life, old fellow, though it would be very sweet to repay you in some way if I could."

"Prythee, good Martin, be not a goose," returned Frank. "Resume thy maulstick, and recollect that when you are an R.A. you are not to snub this humble dabbler. Now I'm going to my copying. I wonder whether Velasquez would recognise his 'Dead Warrior?' 'Pon my word, it doesn't look so bad!"

"It looks first-rate," affirmed Martin, coming up behind him. "I've lifted the covering every day whilst you were away to take a peep. It is really well done, Frank."

"Do you really think so? Well, that's gratifying, if you don't mean it for chaff," rejoined his friend, beginning to mix some colours. "I say, Martin, I wonder whether, if I were put to it, I could earn a living by painting?"

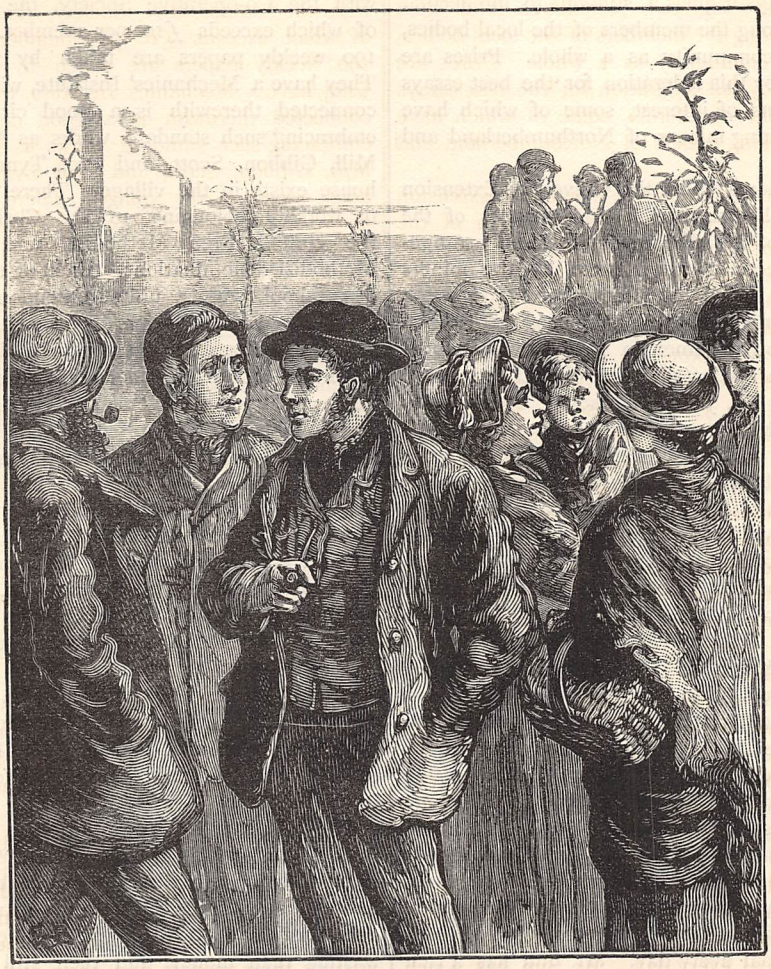
"Of course you could," laughed Martin, setting to work on his own canvas. "But there's precious little chance of your ever being 'put to it.'"

"There's no telling what may happen, my boy. Supposing the dear old *pater* were to disinherit me?" he suggested, in a tone which proved that he had little fear of such a contingency. "I couldn't give Cecilia up; so we should have to try love in a cottage, with bread and cheese derived from the sweat of my artistic brow. But——" Young Rossiter paused and the smile faded from his lips. A sharp, poignant doubt had suddenly obtruded itself upon him, taking the form of a question which he had been about to utter aloud—"But if I were a poor man, would Cecilia ever consent to marry me? Would not *she* give *me* up?"

The reflection was not a pleasant one, and Frank tried to dismiss it from his mind. But it kept recurring ever and anon amidst the more happy thoughts with which he strove to banish it.

During the remainder of the afternoon there was not much conversation between the two young men, who had long since successfully proved that test of true friendship, *i.e.*, the capability of enjoying each other's company in silence. Both worked diligently at their respective paintings until the hour Frank had named as that for the arrival of his parents, when, having resumed his coat and washed his hands, he set off for the station, accompanied by Martin, who had offered to walk with him thither.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.



LISTENING TO A COLLIERY BAND.

THE TYNESIDE COLLIER.

BY THOMAS BURT, M.P. IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWING the miner after his day's work is done, and when he is master of his time, let us see how he disposes of his leisure hours, and of his holidays. This best shows what manner of man he is.

To judge from the sketches which occasionally appear in the London newspapers, one would suppose that the pitman is always either drinking champagne or going about with an ugly bull-dog at his heels! As a matter of fact, champagne is never even seen by him, and bull-dogs are almost as great a rarity. Of course among miners, as among other men, tastes differ—some are very delicate, others coarser and more common-place in the choice of their hobbies. To nearly every house a garden is attached, and some of the colliers cultivate flowers, as well as more substantial products, with great success—often carrying off the best prizes at the annual floral and horticultural exhibitions. Music attracts many, some of the colliery brass bands having attained great proficiency in the art of producing a "concord of sweet sounds." Pleasing poetry, always pure in sentiment, and sometimes musical in rhythm, has been written by horny hands which daily use the pick and the shovel.

Almost every colliery now has its Mechanics' Institute or Reading-room, well supplied with daily and weekly newspapers, monthly magazines, and other periodicals of the day. The Institutes are federated under the name of the Northern Union of Mechanics'

Institutions, and the association supplies the machinery for an interchange of books. By its meetings, conferences, and essays it gives a stimulus to intellectual improvement among the members of the local bodies, and among the community as a whole. Prizes are frequently given by this federation for the best essays on social questions of interest, some of which have been won by working miners of Northumberland and Durham.

Last year, lectures under the University Extension Scheme were delivered in the chief centres of the colliery district of Northumberland. The arrangements for the lectures were made by the miners themselves, some of whom, after a hard day's work in the coal-face, travelled to neighbouring collieries to address their fellow-workmen in support of the movement. The subject selected was Political Economy, the lecturer being Mr. J. W. Moorsom. The lectures were admirable alike in style and in matter. For the most part they were very well attended, and the students nearly all passed a successful examination.

Science and art classes are at present being taught in several colliery villages by Mr. R. Nixon, who has himself been a working miner, and a very large proportion of the students have passed the examination and taken Queen's Prizes—first or second class—in such subjects as Geology, Applied Mechanics, and Mineralogy. When it is remembered that nearly all the pupils are working miners, who had but a very meagre elementary education, I think the reader will agree with me that great credit is due to them for the courage and perseverance they have exhibited.

Among the Northumberland colliers are men who have studied the science of geology with considerable success. Mr. John Sim, of West Cramlington, and Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Shiremoor, have won more than local fame as practical geologists. Those men began early in life to work underground, and both are still hewing coal every day. Mr. Sim has a rich and varied collection of specimens from the coal-measures—over 2,000 in number—carefully gathered together and arranged in beautiful order by himself. During a recent visit to his house, I had the pleasure of seeing some of them, and I was greatly pleased both with what I saw and with my intercourse with the man who collected the specimens. Mr. Sim, like a true student of nature, is entirely calm and self-contained, modest and unpretentious, and he delights to show his treasures—collected in the leisure hours of a well-spent life—to those who visit his humble but comfortable and hospitable home.

Many of the colliers are keen politicians—and they are almost without exception Liberal, or strongly Radical, in their views.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this part of my subject than by laying before the reader some facts and statistics relating to one of our Northern collieries, Dinnington, situate five or six miles north of Newcastle. The particulars have been supplied to me by an intelligent friend, himself a working miner at the place to which they refer, and they may be accepted as thoroughly reliable. The population, consisting entirely of miners and their families, is under 1,000. Of 170 families, 150 are connected with the Co-operative Society, the average capital of which exceeds £10 per member. 48 daily and 190 weekly papers are taken by the inhabitants. They have a Mechanics' Institute, with 60 members; connected therewith is a good circulating library, embracing such standard works as Macaulay, Stuart Mill, Gibbon, Scott, and Prof. Tyndal. No public-house exists in the village. There are three places of worship belonging to the Christian Brethren, the United Free Methodist, and the Primitive Methodist denominations. Each of these has a Sunday school, with a united attendance of over 200 children. Each of them also has an evening class, at which interesting debates take place. There are seventeen local preachers connected with the religious bodies. There are several Presbyterians, Churchmen, and Wesleyans, and a few Roman Catholics in the village. My correspondent concludes his interesting statement thus:—"There are no Tories, but all shades of Liberals may be found; there is not a single Land Leaguer, though there are many who strongly sympathise with the Irish people. Degrading sports, such as 'pitch and toss,' are not much practised. Most of the youths are cricketers; they have an excellent club, which has a good influence among them."

I need scarcely say that there is another side to the picture I have given. The miners are not all thoughtful, studious, and thrifty. There is a good deal of drinking and gambling, though less than formerly.

The sports indulged in are less cruel than of yore. Rowing, bowling, racing, and "pitch and toss" are the favourite pastimes. One of the saddest sights to be witnessed in the colliery districts on holiday occasions, is to see groups of fine young fellows wasting their money, and their still more precious time, in the last-mentioned and silliest of those games. This however, I believe, may be said for the gamblers—that they love honesty and straightforwardness, and give no quarter to those who try to cheat their fellows. When such qualities are exhibited by these men, surrounded as they are by such temptations and associations, one may indulge the hope that with improved education, and the opening out of new and purer resources, much of the time now worse than wasted in gambling and drinking will be devoted to pursuits of a nobler and a more elevating character.

When the country is startled by a calamity such as Hartley or Seaham, or like that which more recently shrouded in gloom the neighbourhood of Wigan, the newspapers do full justice to the bravery shown by the miners in trying to rescue their comrades who are entombed in the mine. Whatever the danger, there are always more volunteers ready to face it than are required. These heroes are unconscious of their heroism—it is really so much a part of their every-day life—and, in truth, they share this courage with their fellow-countrymen, who never shrink from

danger or death whether on the battle-field or in the peaceful walks of industry. But the pitmen of the North have lately exhibited qualities which are much less common. The manliness with which they have borne themselves during the pelting storms of adversity which have assailed them for the last few years has shown the stuff of which they are made. While cynics were still sneering at their alleged thriftlessness and extravagance, a sudden and severe depression of trade set in. When one reduction of wage followed another in quick succession—when several large collieries were wholly stopped, and hundreds of miners were thrown out of employment—when the miners who were still working were doing so little that they were almost as badly off as those entirely out of work—even then these men maintained a gallant struggle for independence, and, when times were at the worst, scarcely any perceptible increase took place in the poor-rate in the mining districts of the North. This chapter in the history of the miners of Northumberland and Durham—one of the grandest in the annals of labour—has never been fully told. In this terrible crisis the miners held firmly together. Those of them who were employed, though often working but half-time and earning very low wages, voluntarily taxed themselves to help their less fortunate comrades who were out of work altogether. Scarcely less than £100,000 were paid in this way by the miners of Durham and Northumberland in three or four of the worst years. This large sum was distributed through their respective Trade Unions; it was purely voluntary and spontaneous, not paid in fulfilment of any obligation imposed upon the miners by the rules of their societies.

For many years the miners of Northumberland have, through their Trade Union, subscribed regularly to the Newcastle Infirmary, to the Whitley Convalescent Home, and to other medical charities of the North of England. They have continued these subscriptions throughout the depression of trade.

While thus exercising the virtue of self-help, they have ever been ready to assist others. They subscribed liberally to the French peasants when reduced to destitution by the Franco-German war; they sent large donations to the agricultural labourers, and to the British seamen, and they contributed for several years to the funds of the National Education League.

The famous steam-coal of Northumberland is being fast worked out. It is thought by some that its palmiest days are over. Opinions differ, even among experts, as to the length of time that this coal-field may continue. One thing, however, is certain—the world will always need courage and enterprise, independence and generosity, and the other manly qualities with which these coal-diggers are so richly endowed—and, wherever they or their descendants may go, they will be a blessing and a source of well-being to the community among whom they dwell.

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN TIMES OF PEACE.*

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

WORK AND PAY.

ALTHOUGH the work of soldiers is subject to a great deal of variation (as will be shown later on), yet, when first a lad joins as a recruit, nothing is allowed to interfere with his regular hours of learning drill, and the sooner he can get over this part of his duty the better for him. It will depend upon his natural quickness how long he will be kept at "recruit drill." Three months ought to be enough, and during this period he will most likely have four hours a day actual drill with the other recruits that may be up at the same time. Besides learning drill, and how to use a rifle, a recruit is also instructed at these times how to keep his things clean and smart, how to pack and carry his knapsack, and how to fold and carry his great-coat. All these things will take some time to learn to do quickly, and the recruit must have patience, and not mind asking his comrades to give him a helping hand occasionally.

The recruit will also have to attend school until he can pass a simple examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and he will also have to go to a gymnasium, where he will be practised at jumping, climbing, and other active exercises. This course may be pleasant or the reverse, according to the natural ability or taste of each individual.

Throughout the time that a recruit is learning his drill, he is interfered with as little as possible, and is kept on steadily day after day with the same work, and with a fair amount of attention he ought to get over it (as said before) in about three months, and be ready to take his place in the ranks with the older soldiers.

From this time onward (*i.e.*, after he has finished his recruit drill, and also been properly instructed in using the rifle) the soldier will have a great number of different employments. Some of them come as part of the daily duty, being taken in regular rotation by all private soldiers; others are only to be obtained by intelligent and deserving men, and, being posts of

* We are no advocates of an unnatural craving for military glory for its own sake, but so long as a suitable provision for the defence of our country and its interests is accounted a necessity, we can only strive to improve the mental and moral standard of the army, by hoping for a better kind of recruits as a wholesome leaven for its ranks.—ED.

special responsibility, carry with them extra pay and privileges.

The first case to take shall be that of an ordinary soldier, leading the life that the majority have to lead. As regards hours of mere drill, he will have a decidedly easier time of it than he had as a recruit. There will be a short parade before breakfast, perhaps for half an hour; the chief parade of the day goes on from 10 to 11, and there may be another at 2 p.m., which will certainly be over by 3 at latest. Supposing after that the soldier likes to clean up his things for the next day, he can have done his work by 4 p.m., and he is then at liberty to go out and amuse himself where and how he pleases until 9 or 9.30 p.m.; or, if he prefers it, he can leave barracks directly after the afternoon parade is over, which may be at 2.30 or 3 p.m. This may assuredly be termed a very easy day's work—and a private soldier can make sure of enjoying many of them—but they will be broken into with very great regularity by what is called "guard work." This is, in fact, the most important work a soldier has to do, and in many respects the most trying and the most tedious. The duty lasts for twenty-four hours at a time, generally beginning at 10 in the morning, lasting on all day and through the night, until 10 a.m. next day. The turn comes round to every soldier about once a week, more or less, according to the number of men in the regiment available for the duty. The chief work that the men have to do, when on this "guard duty," is to look after public buildings, and places where guns or gunpowder are kept; and for this purpose they have to walk up and down, or round the buildings they are in charge of, as may be seen any day in any town where soldiers are living. One man keeps on at this for two hours, then another takes his place and stays for two hours also, and then a third man does the same—after that the first goes on again; so that every man has alternately two hours' walking about and four hours' sitting still, all through a day and a night. After the man has done his turn of two hours' walking about, or, as it is called, "being on sentry," he goes back to a room called the "guard-room" to wait until his next turn, and while there he can read, write, lie down and take a nap, or get his meals; but he is not allowed to take off any of his clothes, not even his boots, so that he may be ready at a moment's notice in case he should be wanted for anything. It can be easily understood, then, that a soldier who has been "on guard" for twenty-four hours is very glad to get back to barracks, and to feel that it can't be his turn again for a week or more.

Some mention may now be made of the other class of employments which fall to the lot of only steady and intelligent soldiers, but there are a great many such posts open to them for competition, provided they are well up to their regular work of drill, &c.

In every regiment there will be nearly thirty servants required for the officers, or grooms for the officers' horses; also waiters in the officers' mess, in the sergeants' mess, and in the canteen. In the school there will be wanted one or two assistant teachers; and two or three men to do clerks' work in different offices. Then employment may be found in the regimental workshops for several hands—viz., tailors, shoemakers, painters, carpenters, &c. In all these capacities a soldier can either learn the trade, or practise what he knows already.

In every garrison town there are also many soldiers filling posts which are well worth trying for. Such, for instance, as clerks at the military offices, telegraph clerks, messengers, attendants at libraries, and even gardeners. In addition to these employments it frequently happens that the military authorities require men for carrying on some large work, such as road-making, or erecting buildings, and when thus employed soldiers are always given pay, according to the nature of the work, varying from 4d. to 1s. a day, extra to their usual pay. In all the instances mentioned above, soldiers are able to add considerably to their ordinary pay; the officers' servants, for instance, about 10s. a month, and all at rates varying from 3d. to 1s. a day.

The regimental band gives also an excellent opening to any lad with a musical turn of mind. As a rule, those who wish to take up music as a profession in the army would have to enlist when between fourteen and sixteen years of age; but it is quite possible for a lad to enlist as an ordinary recruit at the ordinary age, and after he has learnt his drill to take a place in the band.

The great advantage of the army as a school for a musical lad is that he is, even *while learning* his instrument, given pay, board and lodging, and clothing—in other words, he lives in barracks just like other soldiers. Now supposing him to have got on fairly well, and to have mastered the instrument he plays in the band, he ought at once to get to work at some other one, say a violin, or a more uncommon instrument; he will then have a double chance of getting engagements "to play out"—*i.e.*, to help at concerts and other entertainments. For in some garrison towns a good military band, or at any rate some members of it, would be able to get as many engagements as they could avail themselves of, and would be well paid for their services, of course entirely extra to their military pay.

Besides this, the future of the bandsman is pretty well provided for. In one case he might like to stick to his regiment, earning his extra pay, and by re-engaging for twenty-one years' service, claim a pension on which to retire; or if he possessed sufficient education, both general and musical, he might work up to become a bandmaster, who ranks very little below an officer.

The regimental school has been referred to once or twice, and it will be as well to mention the advantages the army has to offer in this respect.

Supposing a lad at the time of his enlistment to be entirely without education, he must attend the school regularly until he can pass an examination in the four simple rules of arithmetic, and can read easy English, and write enough to sign his name. Happily, now-a-days, there are few boys unable to do this, and therefore they would at once take the certificate, and

escape compulsory attendance at school. But if the recruit has any intention of "bettering himself" and of obtaining any of the good positions the army has to offer, he ought without delay to work up for and pass the examinations of the higher standards. The examination for a first-class comprises the whole of arithmetic, together with some higher branch of mathematics, or a foreign language, history and geography, &c., together with the power of being able to read and write fluently difficult passages of English. A private soldier may sometimes be found who from the mere love of self-improvement studies one subject after another, and thus makes a practical use of these opportunities. For it must be remembered that a soldier can use the school to his heart's content, without paying a penny for the privilege; and facility is given by means of evening classes to enable the men to avail themselves of it. And, happily, it is a fact that soldiers as a class are becoming much better educated; the change of late years being very marked. Official documents show this plainly, for whereas, twenty years ago, only about 7 men in every 100 could boast of a fairly good education, in 1880 as many as 58 in every 100 were returned as possessing "superior education." It seems to be a very prevalent opinion that barrack-rooms are always full of noisy soldiers, and many persons would no doubt laugh at the idea of a man being able to sit there of an evening to read quietly, or to study school work. The true state of the case may very well be given here, as it is likely to be a real comfort to any steady young man who thinks of enlisting. In the first place, then (as mentioned before), private soldiers continually finish their day's work by 3 or 4 p.m., and the natural consequence of this is that the great majority of them leave barracks early in the afternoon, or at any rate after tea, and do not come back again until about 9 p.m. And for those who do not care to go into the town, or have no money in their pockets to spend there, the recreation-room provided in the barracks is always a great attraction. It continually happens, then, that for two or three hours in the evening the barrack-room is nearly deserted, and if any men are there, they are either privates preparing for some duty next day, or dozing on their beds after a night on guard, or perhaps a sergeant struggling with his papers and books. In any case the room is quite quiet, and it is a grand opportunity for the soldier bent on self-improvement to set to at his studies; and, unless he is in constant need of the schoolmaster's help, he can probably make the best use of his time by staying in his own room. But whether working for an examination or not, the fact of being able to get a few hours of peace in the barrack-room has been an unexpected crumb of comfort to many a well-intentioned soldier; and therefore it has been thought advisable to draw attention to it.

The details of pay of all the different ranks and branches of the army are so clearly shown in the official paper headed "Advantages of the Army," already alluded to, that it will be altogether unnecessary to go over that ground again here. But it may be useful to take one or two cases, and by giving as nearly as possible the necessary expenditure, and taking into account the extras he receives, to see what sort of position a soldier has, and what are his opportunities for saving money.

The lowest rate of pay is 1s. a day, and, although that sounds absurdly small, let us see what the soldier has to do with it. In the first place, he has a good lodging found him, with plenty of bedding, lights, and firing, therefore there is no expense on that score. As regards food, he gets every day a pound of bread, and either one pound or three-quarters of a pound of beef or mutton, so the heaviest part of his "board" is found for him also; but there is some slight expense for extras, to be mentioned presently. The main part of his clothing is also supplied gratis, viz., the cloth clothes, boots, &c., and the soldier need incur no expense on that head; but the smaller details of clothing—*i.e.*, shirts and stockings, &c.—have to be maintained and paid for by him after the first issue has been worn out; it being borne in mind that the first issue of clothing is made complete and without charge, except a small sum for having the various articles marked.

The chief necessities of life being thus provided, there only remain some small items of compulsory expenditure. The groceries used for breakfast and tea, and the vegetables for dinner, are paid for by the soldier at the rate of 3d. a day, and the washing of clothes at ½d. a day, making a total of 2s. 0½d. per week. Beer is to be got cheap and good at the canteen, and if a man drinks his quart a day that will come to 2s. 4d. a week. Deducting these two amounts from the pay of 7s. a week, there remains about 2s. 6d. a week for what may be termed "pocket-money," out of which, of course, a soldier can easily provide himself with tobacco, extras in the form of butter or cheese at his meals, and still leave a few coppers in hand.

This case has been taken as the very worst possible, but probably bears a good comparison with what many men have to put up with in ordinary life, as the soldier is clothed, fed, and housed better than his civilian brother. And, moreover, the soldier has what is called "Deferred Pay" accumulating all the time at the rate of £3 a year, which will be given to him whenever he leaves the army.

By a simple calculation it would appear that the allowances of bread and meat, lodging and firing, clothing and boots, which all soldiers receive gratis, could not be obtained for less than 8s. 6d. a week; therefore this amount ought to be imagined as added in every case to the soldier's actual cash payments.

But it will be as well now to take the case of a soldier (still a private soldier) who is either a good tradesman—carpenter or mason—or a man with a fair amount of education. And it may be mentioned that even if when a lad enlists he is not up to this mark, by a little application, and taking advantage of opportunities, he may very soon become a good scholar, or learn a trade.

All the main features of his living, as regards board and lodging and supply of clothing, will be the same

as has been described before, and there will be no further stoppage of pay; so whatever more money can be earned will be so much to the good, either for making his life more comfortable by getting extra food, or better underclothing, or for investing in the savings-bank.

Supposing a soldier to be employed on ordinary labourer's work, and to be an inexperienced workman, he would be given extra pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a week, making a total of about 5s. a week pocket-money after all necessaries had been provided. Supposing him to be employed five days in a week as an artificer, but not as a skilled workman, extra pay at the rate of 1s. a day would be issued, making a total of about 7s. 6d. a week.

In the case of soldiers employed temporarily in the school as assistant teachers, extra pay would be given them at the rate of 2s. or 3s. a week; and if employed as telegraph clerks, at various rates from 2s. to 7s. a week extra, according to the nature and amount of work done.

Now in all these instances the soldier has at his own disposal sums varying from 6s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. a week, out of which he has merely to pay for his beer and tobacco (which many will think he is better without), little extras at breakfast and tea, and his amusements. Allowing 4s. a week for that, it will be evident that a man inclined to save money can do so at rates of 10s. to 30s. a month, and teetotallers at an increased rate. But whether the figures mentioned above are questioned or not, it is a mere statement of fact to say that it is a common thing in the army to have men putting by regularly 10s. and 15s. a month. And soldiers may be more induced to save, now that they feel there is a steady accumulation of pay always going on for them. This "Deferred Pay" at the rate of £3 a year cannot be forfeited except for grossly bad conduct, and therefore after seven years in the army it will have amounted to £21; and it has been shown that soldiers have many opportunities of saving money; therefore taking a very low standard, say 10s. a month for ten months in the year, and reckoning only on five years' savings, this will amount to £25, which added to the Deferred Pay would give a sum of nearly £50.

Of course, by taking the case of a man earning the higher rates of pay, it could be shown that he might leave the army at twenty-five years of age with £70 or £80, this saving having been made without any undue pinching or hard living.

Besides the amounts of extra pay mentioned thus far, it must be added that continued good conduct is rewarded with an increase of pay of 1d. a day after two years', and 2d. a day after six years' service, which naturally helps the soldier to remain steady and enables him to add to his account in the savings-bank.

If space had permitted we would have referred to some other essential points in the young soldier's career; offering him some advice as to how best to keep out of mischief and to avoid bad company during his leisure hours; and we would have tried to put in its true light the subject of military offences and their punishments, about which there is a good deal of misunderstanding. These matters must, however, stand over for the present, but in a future number we shall hope to show the excellent prospects open to those young men who wish to make the army their permanent profession.

JOSEPHINE'S DREAM.

JOSEPHINE MARCH lived in an old red-brick house, which stood at the corner where the Canon's Close intercepts the Cathedral Square. It looked on neither of them, except as it were by the side glance of two big windows which lit its staircase. All its other casements opened on its own green garden, large enough to allow of bright flower-beds, open sunny lawns, and bower-like leafy dells. The Misses Knightley, to whom the house belonged, took a pride and an interest in their garden. They were proud too of the delicate needlework which decorated their apartments, and days had been when they had added to its treasures; but they were old ladies now, and their eyes were failing, and they did no more. But spring and summer, autumn and winter, made room for perpetual changes in that garden, and their gentle exercise in its genial sunshine did them good. And Miss Margaret often said to Miss Elizabeth, "What should we do without the garden and Josephine?"

Josephine was not of their blood. She could remember the day when first she wondered who she was. She remembered asking that question of Miss Elizabeth. And she remembered the kind lady's answer, "that when she was old enough she should know all they could tell her." The promise was kept when she was seventeen.

That was three years ago, and Josephine would have started to be told how many hours she had spent in revolving the few meagre particulars she then heard. She was a foundling discovered in an encampment of gipsies, whose thievishness had brought down the police upon them. The pretty baby's fair hair and blue eyes had provoked inquiry, and some of the old women of the gang had eagerly confessed that she was none of their people: she had belonged to a strange young woman who had joined them some months before and had since died. They could not be quite sure whether she was the mother. She had always said she was not. One harridan went so far as to narrate the dead girl's confession that she had had a baby of her own, which had died, and that she had stolen this one to personate it, for the sake of some

money. The Misses Knightley had heard all this at the time, and like most of the neighbouring ladies they had gone to see the poor little innocent babe crowing in the honest arms of the constable's wife, who had it in temporary charge.

The Misses Knightley walked home in silence, till Miss Margaret said, "Lizzie, the little thing took to you." Then she saw her sister was crying. But Miss Elizabeth put aside her tears with a strong effort, and said, "She curled her little fingers round mine just as Joseph did when he was a baby."

Joseph was a brother years younger than themselves who had died in boyhood.

"Her eyes are the colour of his," observed Miss Margaret. "Ah, if he had grown up and married, we might have had his children about us now."

"Why shouldn't we take this one?" asked Miss Elizabeth impulsively; "we have a right to do as we like, I suppose," she added, with a dash of defiance at the storm of criticism and ridicule which she felt would rise about them.

And in the end the two ladies drove back in the twilight and bore home the baby in triumph. "I never in my life felt so much as if I was committing a crime," Miss Margaret had afterwards confided.

This was little enough for poor Josephine to hear, though it was dressed up with loving little details of how they gave her the feminine form of their dead boy-brother's name, and added for patronymic that of the "roaring moon of daffodils," during which she was carried into their quiet retreat.

What dwelt most in Josephine's mind was the vague unknown which lay behind all the information she could get. In her own heart she entirely refused to believe that she could be the child of the outcast woman who had died in the gipsies' camp. The police might have refused to believe about her dying confession—the Misses Knightley might seem to have forgotten all about it. What did they care to whom she belonged, now that they saw her a fair and graceful maiden, full of gentle ways and learned in gentle lore, turning over their old volumes of the poets with her fresh young fingers, and looking and speaking and acting just as they could have wished in that dream-child who might have been Joseph's "if Joseph had lived"?

They had her portrait painted by the rising young artist of the town, and it was exhibited in the county art academy. It was not called "Miss Josephine March." "Nobody but our Josephine's friends need know who it is," they said to each other, and the picture was called "An English Girl."

It showed her standing at the door of Miss Elizabeth's favourite arbour, just as she really stood nearly every morning during the mild months, for she always ran down there to await that lady's return from her daily tour round the garden.

The young artist—Philip Harvey—felt he had never had a sweeter subject, and perhaps there was something in his eyes which said so, for certainly there was something which set Josephine thinking what would happen if they fell in love with each other, and she was suddenly discovered to be some great man's daughter, the child perhaps of some secret marriage. That dream dominated the poor girl's mind terribly. She grew to believe in it.

It was only natural that she should yearn after the unknown kindred who must be somewhere in the world. It was only unfortunate she began to feel that the two dear old maiden ladies were not really her aunts, and that this, and this alone, accounted for any rebellious feelings that would arise when the wise restrictions and counsels of age occasionally crossed the whims and impulses of youth.

There was nothing bitter or scornful in Josephine's dreams: how could there be in one so sweetly reared? Only she fancied unimaginable warmth in the kindred ties that might at any moment close around her and carry her off—the Misses Knightley would never wish to keep her. And she would fulfil all the pet wishes of those dear old hearts. They should have the new Turkey carpets they sometimes talked about, and the Knightley jewels should be reset.

But it came to pass that one morning, when she was standing by the arbour, just as she had stood in the picture, a carriage drove up to the gate. At least, it was not a carriage, but a cab. And out of this cab stepped an elderly lady with a lean, dark face, muffled in rich but rather rusty black lace. She paid the cabman, and lingered for a moment at the gate, looking to the right and to the left. Then she advanced up the straight centre walk towards the arbour. She was nobody whom Josephine had ever seen before—a sour, commonplace-looking person, who eyed her with great curiosity.

"This is Miss Knightley's house?" she asked abruptly, when she was within speaking distance.

"Yes, madam, it is," answered Josephine.

The lady came a step nearer, and looked at her shrewdly. "And you are a Miss March," she said, "and your portrait is in the —— Gallery. Have they been good to you—these people here?"

Josephine flushed hotly. "They have been my truest, kindest friends," she said warmly. "But for them——"

"There, there, child!" interrupted the stranger—"don't go into heroics. I want to see them. Take me to them."

Josephine obeyed. She led the stranger to the prim little drawing-room, and bade a maid send the Misses Knightley to her immediately. Then she returned to the arbour. Her heart beat fast with uneasy fears. No, no; it could not be; she was foolish to imagine it. This was somebody from the county town, probably begging on behalf of some institution.

Presently there was a light step on the gravel walk beside her. It was only Miss Elizabeth; but her face was pale and her eyes tearful. Josephine's heart stood still.

"Child," said the old lady tenderly, "it is a comfort to think you will not suffer in leaving us as we shall suffer in losing you. We often felt that you must long for your own people. We think they are found now."

"That is not—not my mother?" gasped Josephine.

"No," said Miss Elizabeth; "your mother died when you were born, sweet one; and that poor outcast of the gipsies' camp stole you from the woman with whom you were placed at nurse. It was that pretty portrait which did it all," cried the old lady, bursting into tears. "Your relations saw it, and thought that nobody but her own lost daughter could be so like your dead mother. And so they found out who you were, and all your story. This lady is your aunt—your father's sister."

"And my father?" gasped Josephine again.

"Is a learned and distinguished old gentleman with whom she lives in profound retirement, about a hundred miles from here," returned Miss Elizabeth with heroic truthfulness. "Come into the house, child, and see your mother's miniature, and hear all your aunt has to say."

How different it was from Josephine's dream! Yet her courage somewhat revived at the thought of the learned old gentleman, and his scholarly seclusion. Only her new aunt, her "real aunt," damped it again. She was so ugly, and so business-like. She did not want to lay any surreptitious claim to Josephine's affections. She did not want to carry her off. A lawyer would wait on the Misses Knightley and go into every detail of the matter, before they would be expected to resign their charge. Then she would return for her. Her name was Payne—Miss Selina Payne—and her niece had been christened after her. "So you're Selina Payne too," she said, looking at Josephine March; "and I expect you will be very thankful to have a name that really belongs to you."

Josephine had just one more week in the old Corner House, and a sad and trying week it was.

As for the Misses Knightley, they wept much in secret, and though they said little about Miss Selina Payne, they often wondered over Mr. Payne, and remarked to each other that brothers and sisters were frequently very unlike, as if that offered the most hopeful view of that unknown *savant*.

Then Josephine left them. Miss Selina cut their farewells very short. "You're not parting for ever,' she said; "I come very near here every half-year about some money business, and sometimes I'll bring her with me and leave her for half an hour." And before the Misses Knightley could protest against such curtailed visits, the cab had driven away.

Their railway journey brought them to a dismal little black village called Carrow. It stood up anyhow round a great factory, which was pouring forth fierce light from a hundred square windows.

"That's the works, Selina," said her aunt—"the chemical works for which your father experiments and analyses."

"Oh, how ugly!" cried the girl—which was perhaps ungracious.

"It brings us bread, Selina," said the aunt; "and your father will expect you to take an interest in his work and to help him, I can tell you," she added; "though he'll claim more from you for his hobbies and his pets, and such useless trash."

"And so you're Selina," cried a thin, cracked voice, in the hall of the low dark house into which they were ushered. "Ah! you've got Maggie's eyes. Poor Maggie! There, there, don't smother me! We shall have plenty of time to get to know each other."

And as that life began, so it went on all through that awful winter. The old lady and gentleman received no visitors; they had dropped most of the amenities of life, and they were waited on by faithful servants after their own heart. Mr. Payne's duties lay among dangerous gases and acids; his recreation consisted of the study and domestication of living snakes and newts and frogs, and the dissection of dead specimens—delights which he cordially invited his daughter to share. As for Miss Selina, she always gave a grunt when letters came from the Misses Knightley; and when Josephine threw out hints that she would like them to receive some substantial yet graceful recognition of their goodness to her, Miss Selina curtly replied that she had no doubt they had paid themselves in one way and another.

And this was the fulfilment of the dream for which Josephine had often turned away from the sweet realities of her old life at the Corner House! There was nothing shameful in it; on the contrary, it had credit and honour, for the poor girl saw from newspaper and certificate how high her father stood in the estimate of his scientific brethren. And she would inherit a considerable fortune too. She was assured of that. Yet Josephine's head was sick and her whole heart faint.

The crisis came one day, when, rising from a dutiful but nauseating endeavour to mount a specimen for her father, she fancied she heard a familiar voice in the hall. What could have brought Philip Harvey there, and what sort of reception would he get from Aunt Selina? Hastening from the study, she met that lady returning from the front door with a satisfied smile on her lips.

"Who has been here?" asked the niece, with a sinking heart.

"Some young whipper-snapper, wanting to see you," returned Aunt Selina. "A Mr. Harvey. We don't want any of that sort here. Those fellows who live by their wits are always very sharp after fortunes."

As her aunt spoke Josephine felt the low dismal hall reel round her, until it seemed as if the frayed brown oilcloth rose up and smote her on the face—and she had fainted!

* * * * * *

It was summer once more, and the old green garden of the Corner House was again rich in colour and sweetness. A carriage stands at the gate. Half an hour ago it brought up three people: in a few minutes it will carry away only two.

A group of five advance from the little arbour. There are the two Misses Knightley and Josephine. (How pale and thin she looks, and how like a convalescent breathing fresh air and sunshine after months of fevered confinement! and yet Josephine

"SHE WAS STANDING BY THE ARBOUR" (*p.* 275).

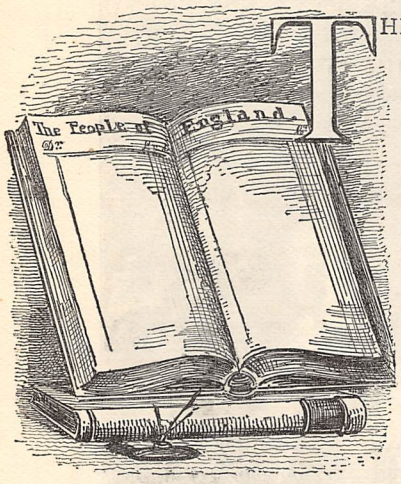
has never been, as her Aunt Selina says, "really ill.") And there is Aunt Selina herself and Mr. Payne.

"Yes, ladies," says the old gentleman, "I know it's all right. 'What can the girl want,' says my sister, 'more than to have us always and to see the Misses Knightley every now and then?' Say I, 'Selina, maybe the right chemical combination would be for her to have the Misses Knightley always, and see us now and then, just by way of renewed experiment to prove it would not do.' You needn't defend yourself, child, I know you did your best. Selina, are you ready? Well, child, if ever you hear of any curious specimens — you remember that rare toad I was always looking out for—let me know. Good-bye."

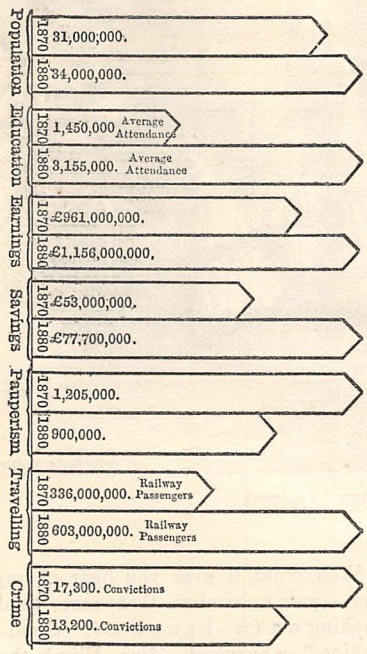
"Josephine," whispered Miss Elizabeth, as the three turned back to the old house, "I have asked Mr. Harvey to come up and spend this evening with us—I did not think you would object——Why, Margaret, the roses on her cheeks are beginning to bloom again already!"

And Josephine dreamed no more of grandeur and broken hearts.

ENGLAND'S BALANCE-SHEET.

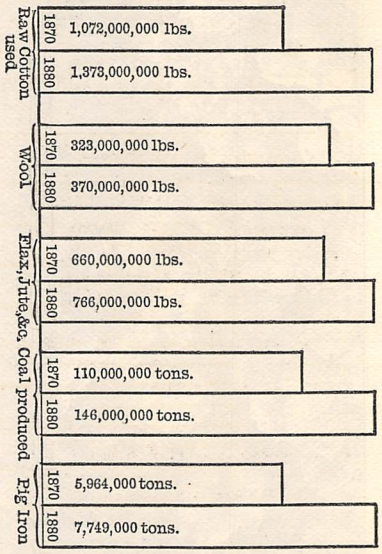


THE gentleman who is reported to have thrown "Paradise Lost" aside in disgust because, as he said, "it *proved* nothing," would scarcely have made that complaint of Mr. M. G. Mulhall's "Balance-Sheet of the World." It is a book of "proofs" of the most convincing kind — a marvellous array of facts and figures summoned from every quarter of the globe, to show that the world is "moving onward to its brighter day." Those who wish to learn how astonishing has been the progress of all nations in the various branches of industry and finances, during the last ten years, will find all the information they require in this



SOCIAL PROGRESS.

singularly interesting work. The author tells us that "the task is, in a manner, easy, since it reduces itself to a careful comparison of the statistics relative to commerce, agriculture, manufacture, revenue, and public debt." We gratefully acknowledge that Mr. Mulhall has made the task easy, and—we will add—as pleasant as it is easy. We shall attempt, however, at present only the still easier task of studying the "balance-sheet" of our own country, availing ourselves of the invaluable guidance of Mr. Mulhall, with the further help of sundry "Blue-Books" recently issued.



INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

Most people, we suppose, imagine that the Budget annually presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the national balance-sheet, but this is not the case. More things go to make up the condition of a nation than can be set forth in a "financial statement" which deals only with the income and the expenditure of the Executive Government. What we want to know is, whether the whole nation is prosperous and progressing; and to ascertain this, we must take various items into the account, which would be quite out of place in a Budget.

To begin with, *population* is the most important item of all in the national balance-sheet. These "little isles" forty or fifty years ago were often described as over-crowded, and emigration schemes were started to take off the so-called "surplus" population. But the increase still goes on, and during the years 1870–80 it was greater than ever, the number of inhabitants having risen from 31,000,000 to 34,000,000. It is a popular delusion that while England is continually losing by emigration, she gains nothing by immigration; for against the 1,815,000 persons who have left the country, we must set the 850,000 foreigners who have settled amongst us during the last ten years. The balance is against us, but we are still 3,000,000 more than we were.

The item of *education* is of primary importance,

and is one of the most gratifying features in the ten years' account. The number of primary schools has nearly doubled in Great Britain, being 10,949 in 1870, and 20,670 in 1880; while the average attendance of children has more than doubled; it was 1,450,000 ten years ago, it is 3,155,000 now. As might have been expected, as education has advanced, crime has decreased; 13,200 convictions in 1880 having to be set against 17,300 convictions in 1870. *Pauperism* too, though still a big blot in the otherwise fair page of our national ledger, is not quite so black as it was; we had 1,205,000 paupers in Great Britain in 1870, but the number was only 900,000 in 1880. In the *thrift* of the people there is an amazing advance. In 1870 the Post Office Savings Bank of the United Kingdom held deposits to the amount of £15,000,000, but in 1880 the deposits had risen to £33,700,000. Other Savings Banks held nearly £38,000,000 in 1870, and just under £44,000,000 in 1880. To complete the account under this head we may fairly add the aggregate Funds of all the Friendly, Provident, and Building Societies in the country, which, according to the last return, amounted to £46,000,000 sterling.

Now let us turn to another part of our balance-sheet, that which shows the amount of business we are doing. And first as to the value of our manufactures.

In 1870 we produced £642,000,000 worth of "Textiles, Hardwares, and Sundries;" and in 1880 we produced £758,000,000 worth. The total money value of all the varied industrial products of the country in 1870 was £1,687,000,000, while in 1880 it had reached the stupendous sum of £2,024,000,000. We have not space for details, but a few particulars cannot but be interesting.

Industries.	1870.	1880.
Raw Cotton used ...	1,072,000,000 lbs. ...	1,373,000,000 lbs.
Wool	323,000,000 ,, ...	370,000,000 ,,
Flax, Jute, &c. ...	660,000,000 ,, ...	766,000,000 ,,
Coal produced ...	110,000,000 tons ...	146,000,000 tons.
Pig Iron	5,964,000 ,, ...	7,749,000 ,,

Our production of steel shows a most marvellous increase; it was 245,000 tons in 1870, and in 1878 (the last year for which a return is given) it was 1,020,000 tons. These figures show that the industrial power of the country is developing even more rapidly than its population. The actual increase of population was 10 per cent. in the ten years, but the consumption of cotton, wool, and jute, increased 23 per cent.; the increased production of coal equalled 33 per cent.; that of iron 42 per cent., and that of steel 400 per cent. With these figures before us we will not yet despair of England's fortunes as a nation of workmen.

We need not here concern ourselves as to whether a nation's imports or its exports should be regarded as the index of commercial prosperity, but as these two items taken together constitute our gigantic foreign trade, they must occupy a most important position in the balance-sheet we are supposed to be studying. Let us look first at the figures which show the *value* of all articles imported and exported by this country.

	1870.	1880.
Value of Imports	£303,000,000 ...	£411,000,000
Value of Exports	200,000,000 ...	223,000,000
Total Foreign Trade ...	£503,000,000 ...	£634,000,000

Every one knows, however, that the prices of a great many articles of commerce have fallen since 1870. When, therefore, we note that our foreign trade has increased in amount by no less than £131,000,000 sterling in ten years, we must bear in mind the fact that these figures do not represent the actual growth of our commercial exchanges with other nations. We must look at *quantities*, as well as values, if we wish to learn how the trade of the country is progressing. Take the following simply by way of example, selected almost at random from the "Statistical Abstract" for 1881.

Articles Imported.	1870.	1880.
Bacon and Hams ...	567,000 cwt. ...	5,334,000 cwt.
Eggs	430,000,000 No. ...	747,000,000 No.
Cocoa... ...	14,000,000 lbs. ...	23,000,000 lbs.
Clocks	256,000 No. ...	870,000 No.
Gloves (leather)	10,000,000 pairs ...	17,000,000 pairs.
Oranges	1,933,000 bushels ...	3,658,000 bushels.
Rice	4,077,000 cwt. ...	7,889,000 cwt.
Tea	141,020,000 lbs. ...	206,971,000 lbs.

ARTICLES IMPORTED.			ARTICLES EXPORTED.		
Bacon and Hams ...	1870.	567,000 cwts.	Cotton Piece Goods ...	1870.	3,266,000,000 yds.
	1880.	5,344,000 ,,		1880.	4,495,000,000 ,,
Eggs	1870.	430,000,000 No.	Jute manufactures ...	1870.	51,000,000 ,,
	1880.	747,000,000 ,,		1880.	183,000,000 ,,
Cocoa	1870.	14,000,000 lbs.	Silk Piece Goods ...	1870.	3,854,000 ,,
	1880.	23,000,000 ,,		1880.	6,218,000 ,,
Clocks	1870.	256,000 No.	Woollen Cloth	1870.	32,000,000 ,,
	1880.	870,000 ,,		1880.	50,000,000 ,,
Gloves (leather) ...	1870.	10,000,000 pair.	Iron and Steel	1870.	2,825,000 tons.
	1880.	17,000,000 ,,		1880.	3,792,000 ,,
Oranges	1870.	1,933,000 bushels	Coal	1870.	11,000,000 ,,
	1880.	3,658,000 ,,		1880.	18,000,000 ,,
Rice	1870.	4,077,000 cwts.	Hats	1870.	338,000 doz.
	1880.	7,889,000 ,,		1880.	922,000 ,,
Tea	1870.	141,020,000 lbs.	Paper	1870.	177,000 cwts.
	1880.	206,971,000 ,,		1880.	472,000 ,,
			Sheep & Lamb's Wool...	1870.	9,000,000 lbs.
				1880.	17,000,000 ,,

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.

And, *per contra*, let us see what a substantial addition has been made in ten years to the *quantity* of goods we have sent abroad.

Articles Exported.	1870.	1880.
Cotton Piece Goods ...	3,266,000,000 yds. ...	4,495,000,000 yds.
Jute Manufactures ...	51,000,000 ,, ...	183,000,000 ,,
Silk Piece Goods ...	3,854,000 ,, ...	6,218,000 ,,
Woollen Cloth... ...	32,000,000 ,, ...	50,000,000 ,,
Iron and Steel ...	2,825,000 tons ...	3,792,000 tons.
Coal	11,000,000 ,, ...	18,000,000 ,,
Hats	338,000 doz. ...	922,000 doz.
Paper	177,000 cwt. ...	472,000 cwt.
Sheep and Lamb's Wool	9,000,000 lbs. ...	17,000,000 lbs.

This list might be extended, but it is long enough to justify the assertion that "the amount of minerals and manufactures we export will almost seem incredible to the future historian. No country of ancient or modern times has surpassed us; none but ourselves can be our parallel."

The item of shipping comes naturally after that of foreign trade. Great Britain commands more than half the carrying-power of the whole world, and in ten years our shipowners increased their tonnage from 11,345,000 to 19,010,000. The quantity of merchandise actually carried by British ships in 1870 was 30,000,000 tons, and in 1880 it was 52,000,000 tons, the "freightage" for the latter year being estimated to have realised about £51,920,000.

The progress of our wonderful railway system has been much greater than appears from a simple comparison of the "length of lines" open in 1870 (15,537 miles) with the length open in 1880 (17,945 miles). It is when we learn that the number of passengers carried in 1870 was 336,000,000, as against 603,000,000 in 1880, that we begin to see how rapidly the facilities for travelling have developed. The amount of capital invested in British railways is only £50,000,000 less than the National Debt; it is now £728,000,000, being an increase of £200,000,000 over the capital of 1870, and the total earnings of all the railways rose from £43,417,000 in 1870 to £61,958,000 in 1880.

The total earnings of the people have increased from £961,000,000 in 1870 to £1,156,000,000 in 1880: an increase of nearly 200,000,000, which equals nearly £6 per head of the entire population. And since the annual expenditure of the people is rather less than £1,100,000,000, it follows that there is a surplus of £60,000,000 per annum to add to the accumulated wealth of the nation. What this "accumulated wealth" now amounts to, must seem absolutely fabulous to those who have never studied the subject. It was £8,310,000,000 in 1870; it had grown to £8,960,000,000 in 1880, being an increase of £650,000,000 sterling in the short space of ten years. And yet, strange as it may appear, it is the fact that while our wealth has thus accumulated, our use of gold and silver in the transaction of all this business has steadily declined. Sir John Lubbock showed some time ago that the British people now manage to transact £100 worth of business while actually employing no more than a single half-sovereign in the coin of the realm!

Lastly, we may find some comfort even in that part of our balance-sheet in which stand the appalling figures of our National Debt. It was £797,943,000 in 1870, it was £768,703,000 in 1880, a decrease of £29,000,000. Such a decrease may not be much to boast of, but it is something to be thankful for, especially when we consider that during the last ten years the sister-nations of Europe have increased their debts by £1,500,000,000.

J. T. GALE, F.S.S.

HOW WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED IN BELGIUM.

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THOUGH much has been written of late on the subject of employment for women, yet the following remarks written from personal observation as to how that question is treated in several countries abroad may not be found uninteresting. It cannot be denied that in England much suffering and anxiety are often undergone by the daughters of a family, simply from a great want of forethought on the part of the parents or guardians. When we see the daughters of a middle-class family brought up in comfort, if not luxury, the enjoyment of which depends upon the father's life, may we not truly say there is at least a kind of thoughtless cruelty in leaving them exposed to what may turn up? No doubt a suitable marriage may often occur, or the prolonged life and prosperity of the parents may secure their children's comfort in advancing years, but how often the early death of the head of the family leaves the daughters without either a home or resources! The negligence of parents in this matter is surprising, for even the most thoughtful stop at giving their daughters what they think a good education, forgetting that, as education is now so common, as a means of living it is really of little value. Those who advertise for governesses are often saddened by having hundreds of applicants, many of them willing to engage themselves on any terms; and it not seldom happens that the best qualified accept the lowest salaries. Again, how few of these governesses have been thoroughly trained for their work, and how many of them have no liking for it! A step has been taken in the right direction in the raising of teachers' salaries in the Government schools; it is to be hoped it will have a favourable influence on public opinion, so far as the salaries of governesses in private schools and families are concerned. At present the miserable pittance received by many a governess will scarcely keep her

in decent clothes, while, if she would lay aside the smallest sum, she must bravely deny herself many things which to her are intellectual luxuries, such as books, music, &c., and which might be to her so many helps in her profession.

To return to the subject of this paper, let us see how a daughter's future is regarded in some Continental countries. I have lived in several, and I must confess that in all the way of treating this question has impressed me very forcibly. I think it was Luther who said, "Take care of and be kind to your daughters, your sons will be able to take care of themselves;" and in the different countries where I have lived, the parents seem to act upon this idea. In Russia, from the daughter's birth, the mother begins to provide for her future, and for that purpose lays aside money, linen, &c., until her marriage. Without abating a jot of an Englishwoman's ideas as to ours being the better way in leaving marriage to inclination and mutual liking, is there any harm in preparing for it in that way as a possibility, and does any one in England object to a wife having a small personal fortune? And should the daughters remain single, is not the provision all the more necessary? While on this subject let me add that old maids do not appear to be so numerous in many Continental countries as in England, and if men abroad seldom marry portionless wives, it would appear that more marriages in proportion take place than in England.

In France and Belgium the idea seems to prevail, either to lay up a sufficient provision for the children, or to place them in some business which will support them. Even professional men who have perhaps a sufficient income for their present needs, but not enough to endow their daughters, will often engage in business for their sake. Of this I have seen many instances. A gentleman with a large family of daughters, having come into possession of a small fortune, has invested it in a large grocery business. His daughters, though beautiful and accomplished, serve in the shop, and they are not the less thought of in society for doing so. The same thing is done when a reverse of fortune is experienced. I know a hosiery and trimming shop which is kept by the daughters of a lawyer. They are making a comfortable living, instead of starving in genteel poverty, as is often done by ladies placed in similar circumstances in our own country. It will thus be seen that in the countries I have mentioned there are none of those foolish prejudices against trade which are now fortunately disappearing from English minds. In Belgium, whence I write, the employment of women in shops and offices is much more general than in England. It would be difficult to mention any kind of shop where they are not to be found. At the railway stations they serve not only in the refreshment-rooms, but in the ticket-office. While I write, instances of women occupying themselves in an unusual way, at least to our ideas, crowd upon my mind. I know a widow who possesses an iron-foundry, and who, after her husband's death, mastered the commercial details of the business, and now goes daily to the office to inspect the accounts. Another lady of my acquaintance, the wife of a gun-maker having a large business, keeps her husband's books. I feel that I am trenching on the difficult question of home *versus* public life for women, into which at present I do not enter; I give these instances merely to show what a woman is thought capable of in this country.

There is another vexed question upon which it is difficult to decide, I mean the equal division of money, property, or value of business among the members of a family which prevails in many countries. While I think that the parcelling out of landed property, when carried out to the letter, cannot be the best for the country at large, and while I think that the enterprise of Englishmen, which has led them all over the world, and enriched their native country by her immense colonies, has at least been partly the result of younger sons being thrown on their own resources, would it not be fair to give the daughters some compensation for their stay-at-home life, as they cannot rove about the world like their more fortunate brothers? This reminds me of a conversation I had the other day with a lady, the mother of several sons, who excused herself for not being more economical in her way of living by saying that as she had no daughters to provide for it did not matter, for her sons would always be able to make their way in the world.

Some may urge that I have altogether ignored family affection and the sense of honour which would make brothers help their sisters, but experience proves, and we accept it as a thing most natural, that when the brothers marry, and take on them new responsibilities, their first duty is to provide for their own household.

I have hitherto only mentioned business of nearly all kinds as employment for women, but I find something also to admire here in the training of those who have chosen teaching as a profession. They are really trained, if for general teachers, in the normal schools, and for the musical profession at the *Conservatoire*, or academy of music, where they go through a regular course. They are, therefore, accepted by the public with all confidence, and treated according to their merits. I admire also the forethought which is shown for the future of the sons, who at an early age have their inclinations consulted, the future held up before them, and their studies arranged and directed accordingly. Can it be said that this is always done in England? for often the boy's education is supposed to be finished before anything has been decided as to his future business or profession; and when we reflect that in the great accumulation of human knowledge one's choice must be very limited, is it not better to have a choice which will be useful in after-life?

In conclusion, let no one suppose these to be the views of a pessimist who thinks that everything is better managed out of England than in it. I am thoroughly persuaded, and recognise with pardonable pride, that in many things England is decidedly in advance of many Continental countries. At the same time, it would be ungenerous to others, and unprofitable to ourselves, neither to give praise where it is due, nor to imitate what is worthy of imitation.

M.

THE RUSTIC STILE.

I KNOW a wood far, far away—
There was a rustic stile,
By which I've stayed at close of day
To rest and think awhile.
From there I've watched the setting sun
Trail down the western sky,
Or heard the breeze when night begun
Among the branches sigh.

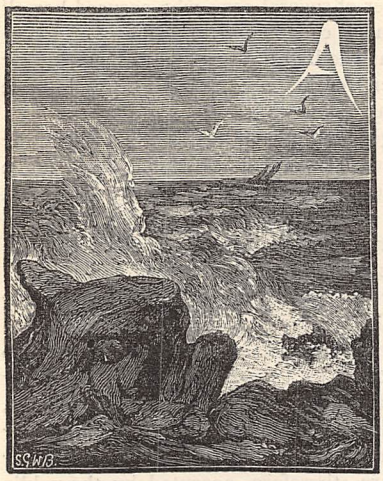
And many stayed beside that stile
Who did not care for trees,
Nor yet the passing time to while
With setting sun or breeze.

Yet though perhaps they have forgot
Its every sight and sound,
They'll call it still the dearest spot
In all the world around.

The shady trees are cut away,
And all the leaves are brown,
The lovers have grown old and grey,
The stile has tumbled down.
To many a heart the days long flown
Have made the place a shrine,
And thought of happy days I've known
Has made it one to mine.

REA.

A NEW ENGLAND SEASIDE RESORT.



"STERN and rock-bound coast" undoubtedly—but it has its softer side as well, this blazing hot summer's day. There is a tropical sense about it, although it is on the coast of Massachusetts and is only available as a health-resort for some three months in the year. During the other nine the bleak shore is left to the undisputed occupancy of its natives. The sparse plantations of under-sized trees bear witness to the chilling influence of the winter winds. These trees all stretch their boughs in one direction—to landward.

Pigeon Cove is at the extreme point of Cape Ann, Mass., and forms one side of a wide bay only to be seen across on very clear days. The southern shore of the bay is hilly and picturesque, but the country behind the cape is level, and the granite foundations everywhere pierce its scanty soil.

The nucleus of Pigeon Cove, out of which it has risen to the dignity of a watering-place, consists of a few cottages inhabited by fishermen, whose craft lie in a little cove made secure from the ever-rolling surf by a rough stone breakwater. For many years the wild charm of the place was known only to a few enthusiastic lovers of nature; but a land company has bought the entire place, and is converting the bleak headland into a fashionable resort. They have cut avenues and paths through its oak woods, and they invite private enterprise to build where they have prepared the way. So there is the pleasing anomaly of well-graded and lighted streets running here and there through native forest where pine-trees wave, and where wild scarlet lilies, and Indian pipe, and sweet bayberry, and wild roses, and a hundred other New England flowers and shrubs grow in wild profusion, while the air is filled with the thunderous roar of the Atlantic against the granite shore.

So far private enterprise has erected three large "Houses"—*Anglicé*, hotels—of wood, each of which will accommodate some fifty or sixty "guests," as the good old English that still prevails in some parts of New England styles the visitors. To these may be added some score or more of the most charming tiny wooden châlets imaginable, perched on the rocks close to the steep shore. These cottages are a distinctly American institution, flourishing all along the Atlantic shore of the Northern States.

It is the height of the summer season, and how delightfully suggestive, as I have said, of a tropical land it is, even with the stunted trees and protruding rocks! Seated on the piazza of the Pigeon Cove House, one could not imagine a better place for indulging in utter laziness; the *dolce far niente* is complete. This house is a little distant from the verge of the sea, and is surrounded with trees. The thermometer marks 90° in the shade, but it is a dry heat, not at all uncomfortable—to do nothing in. The sound of the surf is just loud enough to be soothing to the ear. There is a droning lazy insect life in the trees, and humming-birds flash from flower to flower. The arm-chair is very comfortable; you can put your feet on a level with your head against the verandah railing (for are you not in the land of freedom?) and with half-shut eyes survey the scene. Through the trees on the opposite side of the road one catches sight of another verandah, and in it swings a hammock,

"THERE WAS A RUSTIC STILE,
BY WHICH I'VE STAYED AT CLOSE OF DAY
TO REST AND THINK AWHILE."

"THE RUSTIC STILE" (*page* 282).

and in the hammock swings a young girl. How delightful is indolence, how fitting to the place, the air! Can this spot be only usually habitable for three or four months of the year? Does not everything suggest eternal summer, instead of three parts storm and winter?

The afternoon hours pass away. You don't wish to move. The fine opportunities for boating, bathing, and fishing set forth in the advertisements pass unheeded. You have all you want, and to enjoy it no exertion is needed. Besides, it is best to wish for nothing more, for wishing would make you warm, and it would be difficult to get cool again before evening!

A rumbling of wheels and a cloud of dust at last rouse your attention, and perhaps too the slanting sun has found out your corner and made it a little too warm. The "stage" is coming in from the railway "depôt" three miles away, bringing fresh arrivals. Huge Saratoga trunks are handed from the top of the vehicle, and the dusty travellers alight, glad to have accomplished the hot journey. As the hour for tea approaches, the piazza fills with guests fresh from their afternoon *siesta*. And very charming guests many of them are; guests of from fifteen to twenty-five summers, fair and graceful, Anglo-Saxons unmistakably, and yet un-English-looking. Their drapery is suggestive of Paris, and their figures too have something of French grace. And their complexions! How they keep the white and red of the Anglo-Saxon under such a sun it is hard to tell, but keep it they do. Here is a "rare pale Margaret" walking around the piazza with a rosy buxom lass, who in complexion might pass for a farmer's daughter from Devonshire, and in dress for a fair denizen of the Rue St. Honoré. There again, leaning over the piazza railing, is a little brunette, whose eyes and hair are black as those of a Spanish donna, but whose complexion is without swartness, as pale as marble and as rich as cream. Are these Americans? Are these the Americans we see making the round of the sights of London, tanned and weatherbeaten? Well, it must be the voyage. Or is it because we are in New England, the natural heir of many old English qualities we are apt to think belong to us alone and cannot be transplanted? In any case, fair ladies, you agreeably dispel one more false notion from the mind of the obtuse "Britisher." Seeing you, he can no longer believe that, born with no complexion in particular, you acquire through unlimited consumption of pastry and iced water that sallowness which it is now evident must be the fault of the ocean, for, seen on your native soil, no roses ever bloomed more fresh and fair.

The forty or more visitors at Pigeon Cove House breakfasted, dined, and took tea together. A huge and discordant gong rang through the house at eight o'clock for breakfast. The breakfast consisted of fish, meats, hot bread of many and unaccustomed varieties to English tastes—hot brown breads, hot white breads, hot biscuits, *Anglicè* scones, hot hominy cakes, &c. &c.—tea, coffee, milk, and the inevitable iced water, of which each guest appeared to drink copiously, and which, taken in conjunction with the hot breads, must have required all the other aids of the "health-resort" to counteract.

The dreadful gong sounded again at one o'clock to summon the guests to dinner. This meal consisted of the usual array of soups, freshly-caught fish, joints, poultry, and sweets, while the choice of drinks lay between milk and iced water. Nothing of an intoxicating nature was to be had in the house. Not one of the two-score guests seemed to have brought any for their own private use. Indeed, intoxicating liquor of any kind was not sold at Pigeon Cove—no, not even lager beer.

At six o'clock the gong sounds forth its unearthly groans for the last time, to summon all the world to the social tea-table. Tea in New England much resembles the old-fashioned English meal, especially of the northern part of the island. It is a "meat-tea." Fish, cold ham or tongue and fowl, hot breads, cake, fruit preserves, and fresh fruits make up a substantial repast just such as one would find laid out in a Yorkshire or Cumberland farm-house. Indeed, in New England one cannot but notice that old English ways and habits, which are rapidly dying out at home, are still in full vigour—witness this old-fashioned and universal way of dividing the day with regard to meals, and the generally home-made and wholesome nature of the comestibles.

At the evening meal, iced tea and coffee served in tumblers made an agreeable change from the ordinary mode of drinking those beverages. Have you ever tried them in this way? If not, you may find them a pleasant addition to five o'clock tea on a summer day. But they must be thoroughly iced, or else the effect will be cold tea, and cold tea is quite a different article from the iced variety.

The principal amusements at Pigeon Cove, apart from the best of all—doing nothing—were fishing, sailing, and driving. The sailing was done in "dories," and the driving in "buggies." The English for dory is an open-decked yacht; and for buggy, gig is perhaps most appropriate, with a hood to protect the occupants from sun and rain. Some of the buggies were constructed to carry four persons, having two seats, one behind the other.

The fishing contingent of visitors were like the fishermen of all parts of the world—silent men, intent men, sitting solitary and motionless for hours on the rocks, as if they had petrified and become a part of the rocky shore. Curious that geologists have never come across a petrified fisherman in the lower strata!

The bathing at Pigeon Cove was not all that could be desired. There was neither shingle nor sands. No pleasant wading or coquetting with the waves was possible. It was deep water, or dry land, or slippery rock, with the chance of being carried off at any moment by the strong rollers which rarely ceased to come in even on the calmest days.

And now it is the early bed-hour at Pigeon Cove. One more quiet half-hour on the seaward side of the verandah. The moon, the "American moon,"

A NEW ENGLAND SEASIDE RESORT (*p.* 282).

is nearly at the full, and the sky is cloudless and darkly blue. The ocean is silvered with its light, except where its bright waters are crossed by a distant breakwater. There is a soft breeze off the sea, but the temperature still remains very near the do-nothing point. It is the time for a little quiet chat, in low-toned voices that suit the night. about the lights far out at sea in passing ships, of idle speculation of whence they come and whither they are bound; of what may be passing in busy, turbulent, seething Europe; of the great ocean before us with its thousands of miles of trackless solitude. And then speech ceases altogether and the time of dreams comes.

H. W.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

IN the year 1790, Mr. John Dalton, the principal of a well-known school at Kendal, then about twenty-seven years of age, an acute and vigorous observer and thinker, walked into his garden and gathered a bunch of geraniums and roses, with which he set off into the town. On his way, a party of young ladies complimented him on the beauty and brilliancy of his flowers, but were rather facetious as to their arrangement.

"You have got," they said, "all the reds and greens so curiously mixed; and you a botanist, too."

"For my part," said Mr. Dalton, "the whole bunch appears to be pretty much of one colour; though some of the leaves which you call *light green* seem to me rather more like white; while the dark ones would match with a stick of red sealing-wax."

Mr. Dalton was suffering from Colour-blindness, then an unknown word, but now beginning to be talked about as something more than a curious and rare infirmity of vision. It is hard to understand the possibility of a boy's climbing into a cherry-tree laden with ripe fruit, and seeing no difference between the colour of the cherries and the green leaves that hide them. Yet Dalton not only did this, but when grown to manhood actually walked down "The High" at Oxford in the red gown of a D.C.L., totally unconscious of his flaming appearance in the eyes of all who passed him.

Recent statistics prove that nearly sixteen in every thousand sighted persons may actually do what Dalton did, as a boy in the cherry-orchard, or as an illustrious doctor at Oxford. Taking the population of Great Britain as about 30,000,000, this will give about 480,000 who are colour-blind; any one of whom may innocently put a patch of crimson on a garment of sable, or choose a plume of *red* ostrich feathers for the hearse of his departed spouse. If a gallant captain in "the Queen's Navee," he may select scarlet unmentionables to match his uniform of blue; if a clerk in the City, he may unconsciously write half his letter in red ink and the rest in black; if an artist, clothe his green trees in glowing red, and his azure sky in pink; or if a cook, compound a salad without detecting a shade of difference between ruddy lobster and cucumber of green.

Such mischances may seem trivial, but when one remembers that a similar infirmity may befall the engine-driver of the "Flying Dutchman," or the pilot of a "homeward-bound" up Channel, the matter is a very different one. "Red" (*danger*), says the signal—"Green" (*safety*), says the driver. "Starboard," says the red light—"Aye, aye, *Larboard* it is," says the man at the helm, with a thousand souls on board! One pilot in every twenty-five may be colour-blind.

All such contingencies, however, were undreamed of in the days of Dalton, although before then it had been reported to the Royal Society that one Harris, of Maryport, Cumberland, having picked up a scarlet stocking, could see no reason for calling it red, any more than calling unripe cherries green. But as years went by, Mr. J. Dalton, by this time famous as a scientific chemist, thinking more deeply of the tricks his eyes played him, laid before the Manchester Philosophical Society (1794) a paper on extraordinary facts relating to vision of colours, in which he wondered how such amazing differences of vision as his own and Harris's could have so long existed without notice. Whatever the Manchester philosophers thought of this, after a few years the subject happily fell under the ken of Sir J. Herschel. The problem of semi-blindness at once attracted him. He sent to Mr. Dalton a variety of different-coloured skeins of silk, not naming any, but asking him to match such as seemed alike, and note all points of dissimilarity. This was exactly what Dalton wanted, and on the data thus furnished Herschel founded that theory now generally accepted, of which we will try to give a brief summary.

Dalton, looking at the solar spectrum, saw in it only two varieties of colour, yellow and blue, as he called them; red seeming to him only as a shade, or defect of light—a strange peculiarity which Herschel regarded not as a question of defective vision, but of pure sensation.

People possessed of normal sight have, it seems, "three" primary sensations as to colour, whereas the colour-blind have but "two." To these "three," red, yellow, and blue, we sighted people refer all colours; the others being but various mixtures of the three primary tints. To the eyes of the colour-blind all the other tints seem referable to but "two" primaries, "which," says Herschel to Dalton, "I shall call A and B; the equilibrium of which two produce your white,

their negation your black, and their mixture in various proportions all your compound tints. What sort of sensation," he adds, "A and B afford to the colour-blind, we can no more tell than they can tell what our α, β, γ (red, yellow, blue) afford to us."

To this strangely limited form of vision—admitting only two tints, blue and yellow—Herschel gave the apt name of "dichromic;" and his theory, having been amply verified by succeeding investigation, is now generally (with some slight modification) accepted. Whatever other peculiarities, therefore, the vision of the colour-blind may possess, its compass must be of the most limited kind. If yellow and blue be to them the only visible tints, all the wondrous and beautiful combinations of orange, green, red, and violet must be unknown; and the charm that lies hidden under such words as the rainbow, spring-tide, dawn, and sunset, and speaks with living power to the inner heart of the rest of the world, to the colour-blind carries but a broken message. The beauty of earth, sea, and sky, as it appeals to *us* in all the full mystery of blended, contrasted, and harmonised colour, is simply beyond their conception. A partially deaf man may, indeed, gather somewhat from the broad roll of the deep, full-toned choir; a faint echo of its mighty volume of sound as a whole; but of its softer and more delicate *nuances*, its tiny waves of melody, its lights and shadows, the cadence, the dying fall, or the gradual resurrection into the stormy rapture of a full diapason, he can know nothing. Scarcely less hapless, as regards the glowing world of colour, is the condition of the 480,000 colour-blind, to most of whom the countless images of grace and beauty that speak to the world from the flowery mead, the dying glory of autumn, the expanse of azure sea, the flush of dawn along the mountain-tops, or of ruddy sunset against the peaks of eternal snow, are simply accents in an unknown tongue.*

But the whole question of colour-blindness opens up to points of wider importance. First, colour-blindness, it would seem, is not to be regarded as curable, or indeed as itself a disease, though possibly a symptom of diseased retina. Dalton's eyes, after his death, were carefully examined (*one* actually dissected) for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of "his anomalous vision;" his idea being that such faulty sight was owing to the fact that one of the humours of his eyes was a coloured medium, probably some modification of blue. But the *post-mortem* proved beyond a doubt the fallacy of this theory, the vitreous humours being found absolutely free from colour.

But though not a positive disease, colour-blindness would seem to be widely inherited—four brothers in one family being thus afflicted: of whom, oddly enough, three were clever wood-engravers, and the fourth, still more oddly, a painter in water-colours, which, however, he was obliged to have labelled for him in his daily work.

Statistics, too, however imperfect, clearly prove this much—that the tendency to colour-blindness may be stayed by good diet, and a healthy exercise of body, brain, and sight, as a single fact may help to show. Out of the 18,000 persons examined by the Ophthalmological Society, 5,000 were members of the Metropolitan Police, among whom colour-blindness prevailed to the extent of 4·5 per cent., while among the keen, intelligent youngsters in the playing-fields at Eton, this ratio sank to 2·5 per cent. And if the skeins of coloured silk could have been applied to the young maidens of a well-known girls' school (seven or eight hundred in number) it would have fallen still lower, probably to about 0·4 per cent.; the ratio of colour-blindness among women as compared with men being twelve times less. This wide difference between the sexes is natural enough, when one remembers the earlier development and swifter intelligence of little Mary, who learns and rejoices to dress her doll or herself in the gayest colours, while her brother Jack cares little or nothing whether his breeches are scarlet or green as long as they have good, big pockets in them.

One more point has yet to be noted among the statistics of colour-blindness: the singular fact that the three classes most liable to this anomalous vision are deaf-mutes, Jews, and Quakers. As regards the first of these, if it be true that freedom from the calamity depends largely on the perfect and healthy condition of body and brain, the low status of the deaf-mute is at once a sufficient cause. The great majority of deaf-mutes belong to a low and debased class, for whom until recent times little has been done. Scrofula, an inherited disease, is too often the cause of their special calamity, which again they bequeath by close intermarriage to their children, thus furnishing more inhabitants for the strange world into which neither sound nor colour finds true entrance.

Why the descendants of the house of David, who, as a whole, are deficient neither in power, intelligence, nor culture, should be especial victims of colour-blindness, is not so clear. But even among them close intermarriage is the rule rather than the exception, with its inevitable fruits.

One more point, and we have done. Out of 9,200 engine-drivers nearly 400 were colour-blind, *i.e.*, more or less unable to distinguish a green signal from a red one. Further and full inquiry is therefore absolutely needed. For Mr. Gladstone yet other troubles are in store. One more item is to be added to the list of School Board Examiners. An inspector in colours (Mr. Ruskin will choose his æsthetic robe of office) must be appointed; and before any man can become a policeman, an engine-driver, a pilot, a guard, a chemist, a soldier,† a weaver, or a botanist, he must undergo the ordeal of "passing" in "Holingren's" skeins of coloured wool.

B. G. JOHNS, M.A.

* "The rosy light of sunset on the Alps, which," says a colour-blind man of high repute, "threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me."

† A soldier, or he may some day unhappily fail to distinguish between the scarlet uniform of his friends and the blue, green, or grey of the enemy.

GARDENING IN APRIL.

THE rapidly advancing spring finds us once again in a state of horticultural excitement, taxing our ingenuity to the utmost as to the best method of classifying our work. This month, at all events, the idlest or least enthusiastic amongst us cannot have the audacity to ask what is there to do in the garden. We all of us know, only too well, that the question now is, what shall we do first? where shall we turn next? In our flower garden we are occupied just now in getting in our annuals, and for this we always prefer a rich light soil. And as our very natural desire is to keep up an unbroken and bright display of flowers for as long as we can, we recommend the sowing of annuals monthly quite up to the end of July. In a season such, for example, as that we had last year, it is astonishing to find how long flowers, set out in fairly favourable situations, will go on blowing. Not to lose any of the finer months of the year, early in the spring, then, we raise a few of the more tender annuals, and even of the hardy ones also, in heat, ready by the middle of May perhaps, or earlier, in accordance with the temperature of the season, to plant them out, or plunge them, pot and all, into our beds to take the place of our hyacinths or other bulbs that have done blowing. In this month of April, however, our bulbs are of course in all their perfection of bloom, and a few general directions, therefore, as to the management of our tulips may not be out of place at this time.

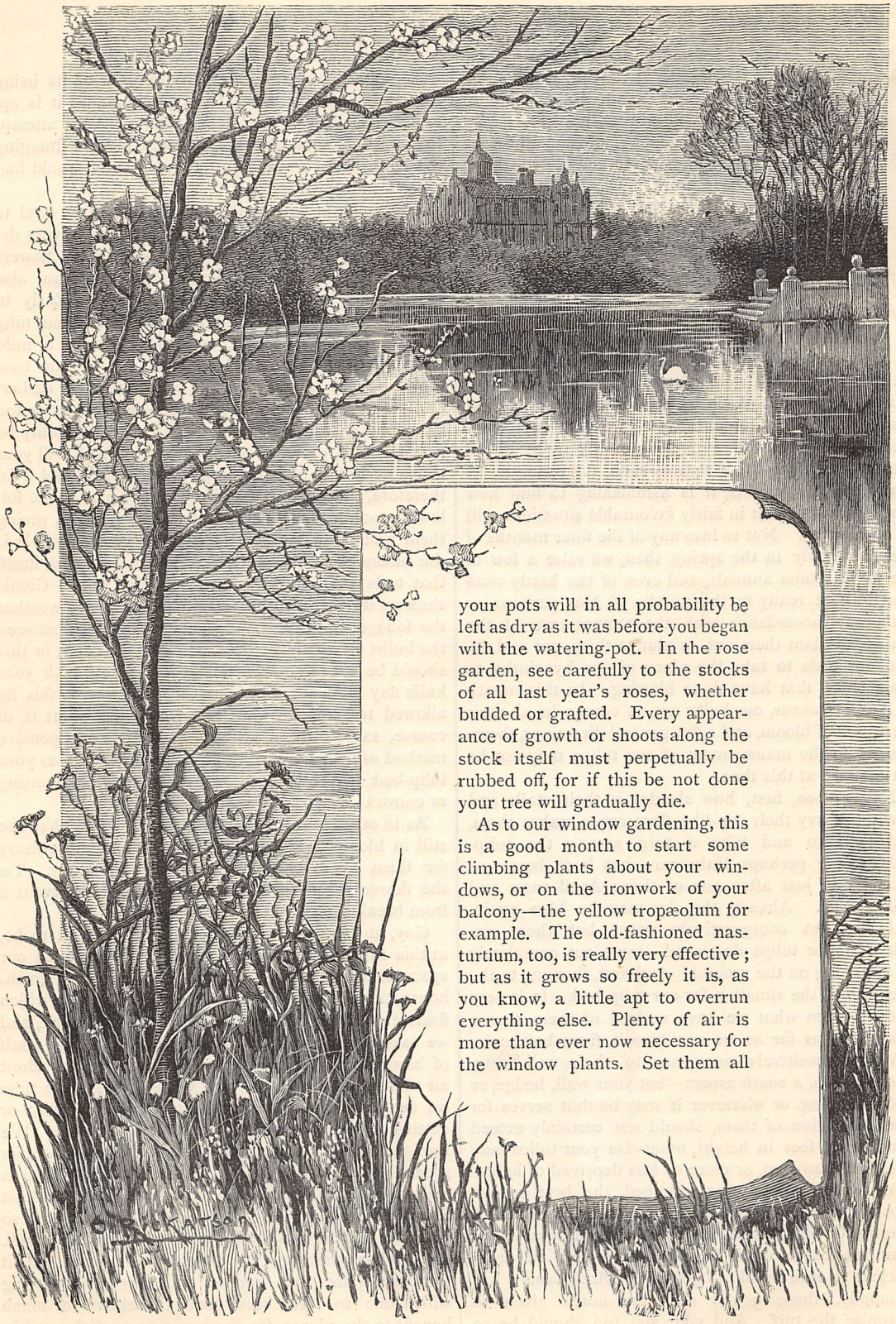
Notice then, first, how slender is their stalk and how top-heavy their cup-like florescence makes them, and then go and take a turn among the tulip-beds, where perhaps little care has been bestowed upon them, just after one of those April snow and hail squalls. Already the sky may be blue again, and the sun comparatively warm, but there are half the poor tulips destroyed—some cut completely off and lying on the ground. And first, then, as to the selection of the situation for our tulip-bed. It is very evident, from what we have noticed of them, that a protection, as far as we can give it, from boisterous winds is positively necessary to their well-being. Choose, then, a south aspect—but your wall, hedge, or wooden paling, or whatever it may be that serves for your protection of them, should not certainly exceed some seven feet in height, otherwise your tulips may be either drawn up, or more or less deprived of light.

As to the soil for the tulip-bed, the best is perhaps loam, with a little leaf-mould mixed with it. A quantity of old decayed turf would do admirably for your bed, but break it well up first of all in order to clear it entirely of all grubs or wire-worms; for, unhappily, these gentry are very much given to patronise the turf. And your soil, too, should be so well-proportioned and mixed as to allow of its being readily stirred, for if the loam predominate it is apt to get consolidated after heavy rain, when the attempt to disturb it soon afterwards would involve dragging the bulbs about as well, and the gardener would find himself in difficulties.

Too much attention, then, can scarcely be paid to the proper preparation of the soil in nearly every department of gardening—whether among the flowers or the fruits and vegetables. It is important also to see well to the drainage of the bed. Early in November is the best time for putting in your tulip bulbs. It is a mistake, and especially in a mild climate, to put them in too soon, for in this case they are liable to make a start proportionately earlier, and then if a sudden severe season sets in, as is too often the case, your plants will in all probability be cut off. Not, perhaps, until the end of April will your tulips be in full bloom, when in the open; and it is, therefore, during March and the earlier part of the following month that the greatest watchfulness in giving them protection against the frost is necessary. It is the bloom more particularly, and not the plant itself, that feels the injurious effects of the frost. Gentle showers do them no harm, and in really dry weather the foliage may be syringed. The soil, too, between the bulbs should have been stirred last month, or this should be not any longer delayed. Cut out with your knife any incipient canker on the foliage, as if this be allowed to extend to the bulb itself your plant is, of course, sacrificed. One easy and fairly inexpensive method of protection is to fix some hoops across your tulip-bed, and then to throw across them old matting or canvas.

As to other bulbs, such as your hyacinths, that are still in bloom, a little support is sometimes necessary for them where the florescence is very heavy. Tie the flower carefully to any small stake, to prevent it from breaking off short in gusty weather.

Gay, however, as our bulb show is, or ought to be, at this time of the year, we must not devote all our space to directions concerning it. As to our greenhouse, then, it is our last month of the season which finds it still crammed with our bedding-out stock, and we take every available opportunity that offers itself of hardening off our plants. For instance, we admit air more freely night and day, while at the same time we are careful not to allow any boisterous gales or cutting draughts of air to find their way inside. We fumigate, too, in order to get rid of anything like green-fly, to which, perhaps, an overcrowded house is rather more liable; and we syringe freely, or at least flood our pathways or the walls of our house, so that the vapour given off may nourish our plants. And, when watering the plants themselves, do it thoroughly, for that hurried and careless watering which one so often sees done is seldom of much benefit to the plants, for the lower part of the soil in



your pots will in all probability be left as dry as it was before you began with the watering-pot. In the rose garden, see carefully to the stocks of all last year's roses, whether budded or grafted. Every appearance of growth or shoots along the stock itself must perpetually be rubbed off, for if this be not done your tree will gradually die.

As to our window gardening, this is a good month to start some climbing plants about your windows, or on the ironwork of your balcony—the yellow tropæolum for example. The old-fashioned nasturtium, too, is really very effective; but as it grows so freely it is, as you know, a little apt to overrun everything else. Plenty of air is more than ever now necessary for the window plants. Set them all

outside every morning, taking them in again as the afternoon advances; syringe them too in the morning. Many of your plants may doubtless now want shifting into larger pots; but if you want them to flower early, keep them still in the smaller pots, and a little liquid manure will do them good. Those of your hyacinth bulbs that are in flower must be shaded from the sun, and afterwards, if your bulbs were put in a favourable situation, they can be planted next October in your flower garden. The mimulus does well for the window, either in a pot or in boxes. Give it a rich loam soil, and keep it watered while it is growing. A few annuals may now, perhaps, be introduced into your Wardian case, but see first of all that everything you introduce is perfectly free from insects. As for your window cinerarias, when they have done blooming—and no doubt by this time this is nearly the case—cut your plants well back and set them out in a cool situation, when they can afterwards be either fresh potted or planted out in about a month's time. The leaves of your myrtle or orange plants in your room must be well sponged, otherwise the foliage becomes in process of time neither more nor less than black; and you will find yourself well rewarded by a day's work of this kind, though the operation is certainly a tedious one, and the progress made at the outset may seem slow. In our fruit garden grafting is, where necessary, vigorously going on. On this subject we must refer our readers to what we said concerning it in our April number of last year; and in addition to this we are busy, too, disbudding and keeping a look-out against the early caterpillar. But it is generally about the middle of May that we find the caterpillar for the first time occupied upon the foliage of our currants and gooseberries. Two of our very popular fruits, the fig and the mulberry, are always late in putting out their shoots. As for the fig, if not already done, have it nailed at once, while any shoots that are most forward may be thinned, but only a little. It is certainly late in the season to attempt it, but the mulberry-tree may yet be planted. Let it be upon your lawn, where the fruit as it falls does not hurt or spoil so much as it otherwise would upon soil or gravel. The mulberry does not like a heavy loam, but an old tree is a good deal restored by a rich manure. The mulberry is a fruit-bearing tree up to a wonderful age. The writer has seen one in this country traditionally thought to be going on for nearly 400 years old. It was supported and propped up in all directions, but was vigorous in many parts of it. Not much pruning of the mulberry is necessary, but a little attention should be paid to its head in the winter season. Like the vine, when first put in it likes a foundation of brickbats, but does not at all approve of being cut or pulled about when the sap is up and it is in a growing state, and it is for this reason that we have recommended anything in the way of pruning being attended to in the winter time, during good open weather. About this time we usually cease to be anxious about protecting our wall-fruit; and as to the plums, it has often been thought that much fruit is lost from not thinning out the superabundant blossom. Among the strawberries, except in places where you want to secure a supply of young plants, do not allow the runners to get ahead, but have them removed in good time before your plant, and therefore your fruit, is weakened by allowing them to remain on too long. In our kitchen garden, we go on with our fortnightly sowing of peas and beans. The spinach, too, should be sown pretty often, and carefully thinned after it has been up some little time; and about the middle of the month sow your full beet-root crop in rows some fifteen inches apart. The ground ought to have been manured some time previously, as if this were done only just before your beet is sown, it has been thought that it may afterwards grow what is called forked. Celery, too, may now be sown in slight heat, and afterwards pricked out carefully in the ordinarily and richly prepared beds, due precaution being, as usual, taken not to injure the heart of your young plants by choking them with soil or by careless handling. Mustard and cress will thrive nearly anywhere. Get the mustard in a couple or three days before the cress; and then the cucumber and melon frames will want watching now that we have just started them. If they were put up a month ago, a little lining with fresh manure, should a very cold season have intervened since their erection, might be beneficial to them. Our lawn, too, is having its first crop removed by this time, and this of itself, no matter how small it may be, presses heavily upon our gardening time when we are making a sort of rush to get everything into summer trim at once.

THE MODEL MISTRESS OF A HOME.

A HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED. BY A PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WOMAN is queen of the kingdom of home. On the mistress mainly depends the happiness of its inmates, who, in nine cases out of ten, take their tone from her. It is due to her influence that peace, affection, mental cultivation, and cheerfulness pervade the household. While insuring their comfort, she must also command their respect, at the expense of much constant self-denial and self-control—I had almost said self-effacement.

Few girls when they marry have any practical knowledge with regard to household management. Men are trained for their future life, but how many mothers instruct their daughters as to the approximate consumption of bread, meat, &c., per head; what things are in season during the several months; the amount of loss that food undergoes in course of cooking, or the articles actually needed for kitchen

use? Yet the best of husbands are by no means insensible to the charms of good dinners.

Home science requires time, thought, method, prearrangement, and common-sense. I knew a bride who ordered two legs of mutton for herself and husband, because he liked meat under-done and she well done. Nevertheless, there can be a great deal of discomfort and unhappiness in the best-managed establishment. Good housekeepers, duly impressed with their duties, are apt to make everything yield to the routine laid down, so that the household are deprived of the enjoyment of one of the greatest boons in life, personal liberty and freedom. Housekeeping is the sort of framework on which home comfort is built up, and the skeleton should be carefully kept in the background. The results only should be apparent. All the charm would be taken from the pantomime could we see the other side of the trap-doors through which our friend the clown and the sprite disappear—the pulleys, the dust, the sea of woodwork which exists beneath the stage. The mistress of a house should refrain from discussing domestic matters and the worries inseparable therefrom; for as much as possible worry, or at all events constant reference to the same, should be carefully kept from home.

On this account conversation should be cultivated; yes, I say cultivated advisedly. The dulness of English domestic life is owing in a great measure to the absorption in self-interests of each member of the family. Mothers of many children are apt to take but little interest in current topics, while young people give themselves up to society and dress. Meanwhile the jaded father of a family returns home to find nothing bright in his womankind, nothing to distract his mind and take the cobwebs from his brain. "An excellent thing is good conversation" as opposed to chatter and prattle. In our day the art of conversation is almost lost, and only a few women, at all events, are capable of those keen, incisive, intelligent, appreciative remarks on the subject discussed, that genial power of treatment which brings so much brightness and happiness into daily life, and adds so much to home enjoyments. Women also are sadly lacking in the sense of humour, and this should be cultivated. I believe there is nothing that makes women more universally popular among men than the power of seeing the funny aspect of things. It is astonishing how many comic sides life has if we will but see them. Kindness, sympathy, and unselfishness are the three chief virtues required in the house-mother; a nagging tongue, untidiness, and unpunctuality are the three worst evils to be avoided.

The proverb is that "those who serve at home are the better able to rule abroad." In the kingdom of home the man should be master, but the administration should rest with the woman, who will find that an appeal to the master as an ultimatum will be a strong weapon in her hands. Few households are well ordered where the man usurps the woman's duties, and none where the master is not duly honoured. Good management, indeed everything, should be secondary to the highest of all motive-powers, love. The husband and wife bound together by deep affection, children loving each other and their parents, cannot fail to infuse an atmosphere of goodness and happiness on those around them. Such homes benefit the world.

Economies are among the great difficulties of housekeeping. Economy without meanness, and liberality without waste, is what we wish to attain. Servants seldom assist in this; they are apt to be wasteful of what costs them nothing, and to consider that lavish expenditure reflects credit on the family as well as on themselves. A "real lady," according to their code, is one who is blind to anything approaching to saving. They detest cheap things. I think it was Sydney Smith who induced his servants to prefer the cheaper kind of soap by putting it in the papers marked at the higher price, and this is a true key-note to their characters. Many women lack the administrative faculty, and it requires some training to know when to give liberally and when to hold one's hand. Accounts should be kept daily, and the daily orders *written down;* this will be found to prevent servants taking upon themselves to order in what they please, and to be a great check on extravagance. In the highest household in the land everything is done in this way, and these written orders are the check on the accounts, which pass through the Board of Green Cloth. If small households would only regulate their affairs after the same system of order and method as large establishments, there would be an immense saving of time and money. A short experience will teach what the consumption ought to be, and to this the servants must be taught to understand they must keep. Men work hard enough in this nineteenth century to earn money, and it is woman's imperative duty to learn how to spend her portion of the income to the best advantage. Many a man knows to his cost when too late that a fortune in a wife is far more valuable to him, even in a monetary sense, than a fortune with a wife.

Every mistress should invest in some manual of domestic economy, and not slavishly follow it, but bring her reason and experience to bear upon the advice given.

Mistresses should be early risers, or they are apt to be hurried and flurried throughout the day, picking up the lost half-hour of the morning, and an overwrought mistress is likely to spread a feeling of unrest throughout the house. But the best and wisest of women are but mortal. After all, mothers with large families must be subject to ill-health now and then, and it is a duty to save themselves, and to study their own health as well as that of the household. It does not do to be discouraged by failures; "the best-laid plans of mice and men" go wrong often. Things will not run smoothly always. You can only make the best of it, and not be discouraged for future efforts. Bear what you can't mend, but mend all you can. Experience always costs dear.

Order and punctuality save a good many hitches in the domestic machinery, but to my mind a housemother makes a mistake in being over-busy herself; it

should be her art to set other people to work well, and have leisure and repose herself to sympathise and help and direct. Many a well-intentioned woman distresses her husband by aggravating pieces of needlework which she has always at hand for odd moments; there are men who detest seeing women at work, and most of them desire much individual attention from their wives.

Meals should be served punctually, to the moment; elastic hours demand often an extra servant. There should be a place for everything, and everything should be in its place. Wrapping-paper, writing-paper, blotting-paper, ink, pens, pins, string, all these the housewife should see are always where they are needed. The lumber-room should come within her special ken. Trunks last twice as long if carefully stored away, and a shelf round a box-room will be found to add much to its usefulness, smaller articles placed there being easily available.

Plenty of books are a wonderful brightener of the home atmosphere. These should be ready to hand. Periodicals, when done with, should be stored in some one spot, and either bound or given to a hospital, or a home for the sick and sorry, where they are sorely needed.

The superfluities of the wealthy minister to the necessities of the poor. Hoarding is a great mistake, and I could not express on paper the happiness that I have seen shed abroad by the distribution of old household stores to the poor, such as beds, bedding, mats, chairs, anything in fact. Do not keep what is of no use, and can be of no use to you; it will be of incalculable benefit to some poorer neighbour.

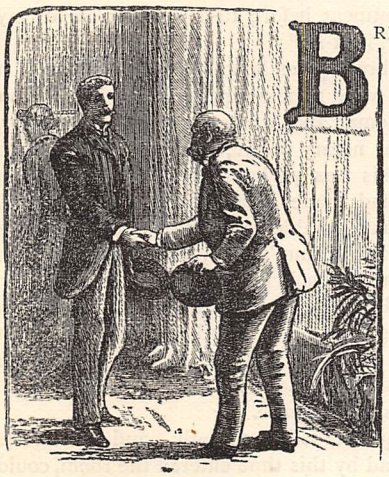
The law of love is the finest preserver of order; scolding and hard words never yet produced a happy home. Courtesy tells with servants as with equals, and "company manners" would be far better kept for home use. They are more in place there than slovenly dresses, which women occasionally consider good enough for their own firesides. A wise woman will look her best at home as well as abroad. No one will appreciate her so much as her own belongings, who possibly all their lives will never tell her how much her dowdiness and want of neatness depress them, or her good looks and neatness delight them. "Do that duty which lies nearest thee" is a wholesome maxim for woman. Just as it is within her province to keep her house beautiful with the flowers which she can afford, and see that they are not permitted to remain when faded, so she should brighten the atmosphere of home by keeping family festivals, birthdays, wedding-days, and making much of them herself. She will reap her reward. "Strength and honour are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE COMING OF AGE.



BRIGHTLY, if tardily, dawned the day on which Constance Wilmot attained her majority. It was the mellow autumn season, when leaves that have been green turn golden, and quite a flush of crimson-red, and russet, and yellow, and fawn-colour dapples the distant woodlands. Then, too, there are pearl-greys and amber tints, and rose, and lilac in the sky, which garish summer cannot show us, but which have a coy beauty of their own. As there are seasons and seasons, so does a coming of age vary with respect to different individuals. To such of us as do not own a square foot of land, or a single hundred in Consols—and such are the majority, even of the educated classes—the mere fact of being twenty-one years old does not represent much; but when there is property, it is a different affair. The magic breaking of that day made Constance not merely the mistress of Woodleigh and its 400 acres of pasture, plantation, and arable, but of what was far more valuable: money in the funds, shares, debentures, and so forth, the hoarded savings of her father's laborious life. She was young, beautiful, beloved, and she had wealth—or, at least, a handsome income—at her command, and, as such, should no doubt have been happy. Happy she was, but it was in the knowledge of Frank Preston's love, not in that of her own fortune. The real money-worshippers are those who never had any money to worship, who have gazed hungrily on the golden calf from afar off, or the grubbers who have fought tooth and nail beneath the very wheels of Juggernaut's car for a pinch of the pelf. It was not so with Constance Wilmot.

To no one, probably, who was in any way concerned with her interests did the mere fact of her attaining her legal majority appear of such trivial consequence as to Constance.

Miss Ashe, in the big guest-chamber, amidst her

amber curtains, Minton china, tall mirrors, and lacquered furniture, had tossed and tumbled half the night because her niece — hers — would now be weighted with such wealth. "Seventy thousand pounds!" she had muttered more than once, as she stirred uneasily from side to side, "se-ven-ty—thou—" and then, as if the repetition of the comfortable sum-total had produced a soporific effect, the excellent lady from Leeds had nodded off to sleep, to dream incongruous dreams, where Oriental magnificence, powdered footmen, hothouse flowers, silver plate, and eggshell china were oddly mixed up with policemen, fire-escapes, roaring mobs, bewigged and ermined judges, and a tall gallows set up to hang somebody. Then, with a start, she awoke, to see the early daylight creeping in behind the thick curtains, and to know that it was really morning, and her sister's child independent of trustee or executor, and potential mistress of her inheritance.

This, naturally, was to be a very quiet coming of age. Constance was a girl, and in mourning yet for the father she had lost; and, even had she been a territorial heiress instead of a moneyed one, it is only for Young Hopeful, not for his well-endowed sisters who have survived him, that joy-bells ring, and oxen are roasted, and ale-casks set abroach. Even when a young queen comes to the throne the rejoicings are more modest than when a king assumes the sceptre. It was half timidly that Elizabeth began to reign over us; but a curious frenzy of national enthusiasm welcomed her successor, the elderly, scholastic James I. Constance Wilmot certainly wished no flagons to be quaffed, no bonfires to blaze, in her honour.

The squire rode over from Langdale. To him, at any rate, the day was an important one. He was to be discharged of his trust towards the orphan, which, it need hardly be said, he had faithfully fulfilled, under legal advice—under sound legal advice. Frank Preston also, by appointment, was early at Woodleigh. His part in the little drama projected for that day was a very humble one, compared with those of Mr. Mowbray and Ralph Raeburn. He had been a mere witness, just as the sturdy farm bailiff had, to the manufacturer's will. He was no executor, no trustee; but the fact of his engagement to Miss Wilmot was now matter of notoriety. The squiress at Langdale Park had been forced to give up that particular portion of her motherly castle-building wherein she had seen Frank taking home her second daughter Mabel to be the mistress of Highview; and even Miss Ashe had relaxed the rigour of her demeanour towards the future husband of the niece of whom she had grown to be fond and proud. That the match would be a suitable one few could be found to deny, and, indeed, of late the fickle wind of popularity had shifted somewhat in Frank Preston's favour.

"How d'ye do? how do you do, Frank?" said the squire, with a hearty hand-shake, as he met the young man whom he had known and liked since his boyhood, and towards whom he entertained none of the grudge which unconsciously influenced his wife at home. The lord of Langdale would have been very glad to see his daughter Mabel exchange the ancient name of Mowbray for the more homely patronymic of his rich young neighbour, but he had not much of the match-maker in his disposition, and acknowledged privately that Constance was by far the prettier girl.

"Get on better, don't you, lately at Woolton?" he added. "The last time I picked up those abusive newspapers they seemed to draw it milder, and to be half ashamed of themselves in what they said of you —eh?"

"I think," answered Frank cheerfully, "that my fellow-townsmen are beginning to find out that I mean well by men and masters; and the newspapers follow, as they often do, the changing tide of the public opinion that they try to lead. I can go through Woolton streets now, at any rate, without risk of insult, and if I still meet black looks from a few, at least I get a patient hearing from most of those with whom I have to talk."

"And, by George, you deserve it!" exclaimed the squire, warming as he remembered his young friend's unstinted benevolence and courageous toil in the sickly season that was now past, and then added, shaking his head—

"Those new-fangled ideas of yours, though? It's a pity, Frank, a fine young fellow like you could not have been contented, as the proverb says—and proverbs are always right—to let well alone, eh?"

"But, squire, to let well alone," answered Frank, with a smile, "is, in common parlance, to let ill alone so often, so very often: to leave sickness and waste and vice and ignorance to prey upon the world."

"Ah, well! Every man understands his own business best. I only hazarded a remark," was the squire's uneasy rejoinder. "But how queer it is, Preston, that Raeburn's not here! Steady fellow, the lawyer. Never knew him or his father before him to miss an appointment before to-day, never in all my life. It's queer, isn't it?"

As Mr. Mowbray spoke, he consulted his watch. It *was* queer. A very punctual person was Mr. Ralph Raeburn, Gentleman and Attorney-at-law. A solicitor, like a banker or notary public, generally contrives to be exact, and this was perhaps the first occasion on which Ralph had made default. It was singular, because this was a notable day. Ralph Raeburn, as a kinsman of Miss Wilmot's own, as one of her two trustees, and as the solicitor by whose advice Mr. Mowbray acted, and who had all the documents in his own keeping, was triply bound to be present. Yet three-quarters, an hour, and yet half an hour more passed away, and he came not.

"Queer!" said the squire.

It seemed queerer still presently, and even Miss Wilmot, who had by this time entered the room, could not but admit that there was something singular in the non-appearance of her cousin, while Miss Ashe, frowning, put on, so to speak, her stiffest armour of social buckram for the reception of the truant. But there is no use in preparing a starched manner and monosyllabic utterances of offended dignity for a truant who does not come lagging in at last.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed the squire, growing hot first, and then cold, as uncomfortable thoughts crowded into his narrow mind. "Owes us an apology, on my word he does!" he added testily.

Frank, in spite of himself, grew thoughtful.

"He has been much away—almost constantly in London, as I have heard—for months past," he said meditatively, "and perhaps he forgot——"

"Forgot, eh? A pretty piece of impertinence to forget, and keep us all kicking our heels here!" broke in the squire, now quite angry. "London—pshaw! What business has a country solicitor like Raeburn to neglect the neighbouring clients he lives by, and fling his money into the gutters of London?"

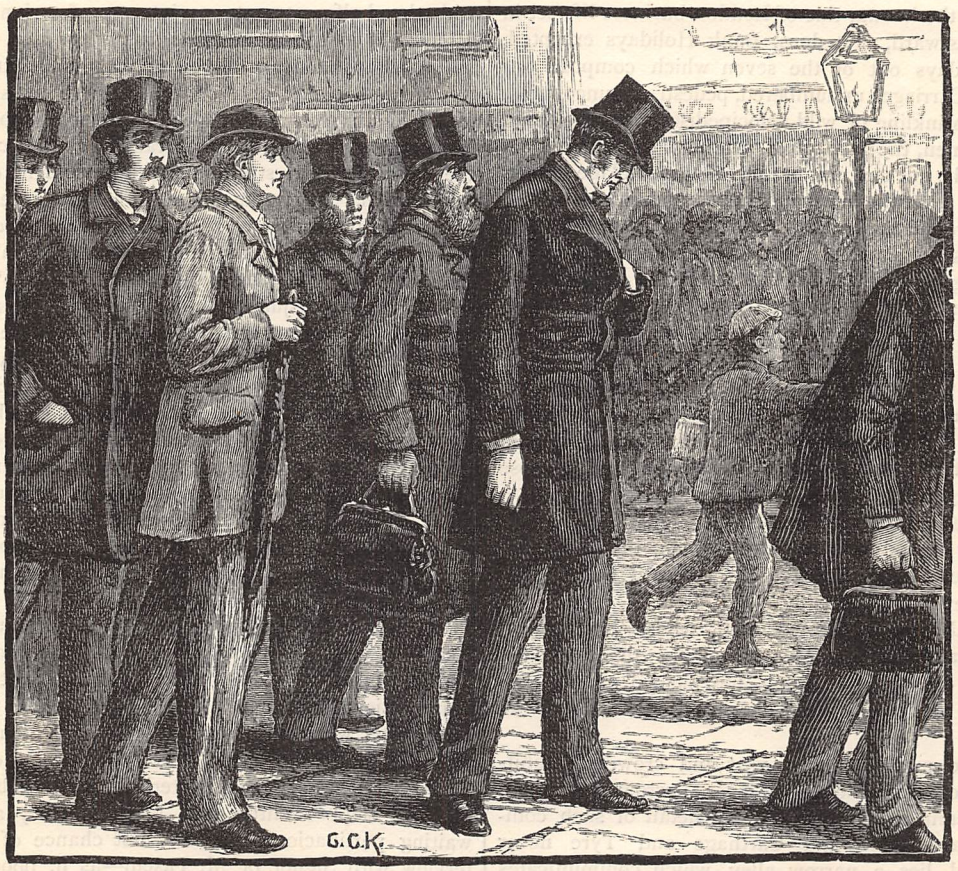
"Umph!" said Miss Ashe, as she changed her place for a seat beside the window, and, like an elderly Sister Anne, remained there, a volunteer sentinel, eagerly scanning the road that led to Woolton, as if by persistent looking she could bring the defaulter to the place of appointment.

"Very odd, and rude, and unwarrantable!" muttered Mr. Mowbray, who felt the absence of his lawyer and co-trustee as a slight to himself. "I've not seen the fellow these three weeks or more, and then he seemed in an absurd hurry to be off again—to London, I suppose, and be hanged to him! One thing I can tell him, he may as well put up his shutters or draw down his office blinds once and for all as leave his country business to shift for itself, as he chooses to do."

And then the squire, his choler fairly aroused, began to think of the expediency of transferring the japanned deed-box on which "Robert Mowbray, Esq.," was emblazoned in gold to Mr. Dawson, Frank Preston's solicitor, at the opposite end of Woolton, but the memory of a bill of costs—not very much, perhaps, as to its total, but unwelcome to one who was perennially short of ready money—arose before his mental vision. For even six-and-eightpence perpetually repeated can run up to something formidable.

"The question is, where can he be? and what detains him? He might have written, or even telegraphed," said Frank.

"It is a month or more since I have seen him," said Constance, while Miss Ashe gave a prolonged and resentful sniff, and continued to glare out at the road along which the laggard should have come. It



"AMONG THE MANY PILGRIMS . . . . . WAS ONE HANDSOME, HAGGARD MAN" (*p.* 294).

was all to no purpose. No Ralph Raeburn put in an appearance, and no business could be done that day at Woodleigh. "I'll inquire into this, my dear," said the squire gruffly, as he shook hands with Constance at parting. "It's just as bad as if you had no property at all."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE LAST STAKE.

STEADILY and strongly, gathering strength as it went, as a great river does, from contingents and tributary streams, the human tide of London business life set in to the eastward, as it does, Bank Holidays excepted, for six days out of the seven which compose our week. Carriages unnumbered, pedestrians uncounted, with a sprinkling of wild velocipedists and a handful of horsemen, the full, broad, jostling stream poured on Citywards, not one unit of the vast assemblage caring, heeding, what the aims and hopes and wishes of the crowd around might be. Among the many pilgrims who passed Temple Bar was one handsome, haggard man, slightly built, and not so strong as he had once been, for on two or three occasions, when a lock occurred on the foot-pavement, and there was thrusting and pushing on the part of eager, sturdy men, this one was roughly set aside. "Beg your pardon !—didn't mean to hurt you—I did not see you were ill," was the hurried apology of one broad-shouldered votary of Mammon, no stock-broker, but one of those who hang on the skirts of 'Change, ready to make a five or ten-pound note out of a bit of gossip communicated by a good-natured patron among the privileged.

"Never mind. I'm not ill," returned Ralph Raeburn peevishly; "it's only——"

But already the strong man, whose heart smote him because he had been so rough with an invalid, was out of hearing. Ralph, too, pushed on, but with a feeble step and ghastly cheek, into the heart of the City.

In the midst of that vast and crowded rabbit-warren, of which the rent of every burrow is so high, and wherein is transacted every detail of such commerce as Rome and Carthage and Tyre never imagined, lies a narrow alley, which communicates with a shut-in court, wherein once—perhaps so late as when, early in the eighteenth century, that John Gilpin, whose name the schoolboy Cowper noted on a tombstone before gibbeting him in song, was a living man—mighty magnates of the City dwelt. Ralph Raeburn knew the way only too well. How painfully familiar was he with every stone of the cloistered walk, every step of the broad shallow stairs up which he had plodded so continuously during these last months of his frequent sojourn in London! He looked ill, terribly ill. None of us can live without sleep, and the slumber that comes from opium, death-like and still at the first, has an ugly trick of transmuting itself into long tantalising panoramas of the tangled perplexities of dreamland, wilder, drearier, more disconnected than the nightly visions of the healthy ever are. His cheek was thin and his complexion sallow, for he had all but abjured fresh air, exercise, nutritious food, all the conditions of wholesome life. Ever was his tired brain busy with interminable calculations, with balancing chances one against another, until there were times when he sat benumbed and speechless, waiting till the exhausted nerves should again obey the enfeebled will.

"Three before you, Mr. Raeburn," said the smart, sparrow-like boy-clerk who received him in Mr. Tuschi's outer office; and as Ralph sank into a chair, and let his chin drop despondingly on his breast, the boy eyed him stealthily as he looked up from his desk with the half-contemptuous interest of a junior for a senior of whose abilities he has a low idea. Very little could the office lad know of Ralph Raeburn, the "cove from the country," who was so constant a visitor there, over whom "the governor" shook his head, and of whose moral character and antecedents the smart London stripling could possess no certain information. But he knew the Yorkshire lawyer to be a gambler, and suspected him to be a laudanum drinker—for alcohol, with all its fiendish power for mischief, does not sap the constitution so fast as the "silent sister," the poppy-juice, can do. Young Simpkins, as he plied his pen, or as he slowly skimmed the cream of the morning newspaper in his desk, hardly knew whether to pity or despise Ralph the most. He was apt to stick an irreverent tongue in his cheek when introducing most of his master's customers who came tripping in, intent on gain and heedless of ruin; but never had he known so inveterate and frantic a gamester as Ralph, and he contemplated him accordingly with a queer sort of scornful compassion, whereof Mr. Raeburn, wholly wrapped up in his own dark thoughts, was totally unconscious.

The little office bell rang sharp and shrill, and Mr Tuschi's brisk satellite jumped off his stool, and whisked open the door to give egress to client No. 1. A lady client in rusty crape this one, nearer to fifty than forty, with pink, anxious eyes and a furrowed forehead, clutching a bundle of papers in her lean hand. She seemed half hysterical, perhaps because she had slept so little and been so early abroad, waiting pertinaciously for the first chance of an interview with Signor or M. Tuschi—as if, poor lady, her matutinal hours or her taking time by the forelock, "as poor papa used to say" (so she babbled to her girls before she started from Notting Hill), could make her Turks more saleable or her Paraguays bring a better market price. Mr. Tuschi had been very kind to her, and very patient—he was a merciful man in his way, and gentle with women—but poor Mrs. Major Green went away with the impression that he was somehow in league with the Sultan of Turkey and the President of Paraguay, and that the object of this unholy alliance was to prevent her daughters from getting new frocks, boots, gloves, and the clamorous butcher from being paid his half-year's bill over-due.

Then from an inner ante-chamber the second candidate was shown in. He soon came out: an ordinary business man of the eighth degree of magnitude, to

judge by his looks and bearing, but who, at any rate, did not waste time. The third wore a great deal of florid jewellery sparkling over the surface of his plump white waistcoat, and was decidedly Semitic in appearance. This stout gentleman required a much longer interview with Mr. Tuschi than had the slimmer Anglo-Saxon who had preceded him, and when he came out, pushed angrily by the office lad, and muttered Dutch exclamations, with perhaps a savour of Chaldæan interspersed, all the way down the shallow stairs and out into the court.

"That's the way with those blessed foreigners," chuckled the boy-clerk, delighted at something to break the monotony of what was to him a very tiresome time of confinement, and winking at Ralph as he spoke. But the young lawyer from Woolton did not see the joke. He had, in truth, scarcely seen or heard the angry foreigner as he buzzed past like a corpulent blue-bottle fly in human shape.

"You can go in now, if you like," said the boy curtly. Servitors generally feel able to make a shrewd guess, after awhile, of the degree of respect to which those who frequent the thresholds of their principals are entitled. That Ralph Raeburn was a ruined man, Mr. Tuschi's juvenile clerk divined with unfailing accuracy. He had, indeed, a poor opinion of the intellects of those who resorted to his employer's place of business, since, so it seemed to him, speculation was a gigantic sweepstakes, in which nineteen blanks were drawn before a single prize was won. But Ralph tottered to his feet and went in.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Raeburn."

Such were the commonplace salutations exchanged as the Greek motioned Ralph to a chair, and then remained silent for a few seconds, knitting his black brows, and eyeing the young lawyer's haggard face with a curious kind of pity. A heart of his own, not wholly turned to stone by the indurating character of his daily grind, had Gyorgi Tuschi, only that he could not afford—and who can?—to lose money by his finer feelings. But he was quite willing to give up his paltry gains of commission, and the rest of it, if by stretching out a warning finger he could prevent a fellow-creature from toppling headlong down the black pit that has engulfed such hecatombs, and so he said gently—

"I am sorry to see you again, sir, and so soon. Mr. Raeburn, to a certain extent you have put yourself in my hands, and I feel it my duty to tell you, as a doctor would tell his patient, that you are going, sir, too fast. You have been strangely bold and, permit me to add, singularly unlucky in your operations. Have you any idea of what you have lost, and how large are the sums that have passed—literally passed—through my fingers since we first did business?" And the Greek held out his great white hand, as if between the big well-fed fingers rivulets of golden coin were trickling fast.

Ralph winced. "The responsibility is mine alone," he said hoarsely, and in a dull, monotonous tone. "If I am on the brink of ruin——"

"Ah!" interrupted the Greek, drawing in his breath quickly.

"It is no fault of yours," resumed Ralph. "That's all."

"Why are you always in a hurry? The hazard——" Mr. Tuschi began; but Ralph would not allow him to complete the sentence.

"Hazard, Mr. Tuschi, means great gains," he said, with a light beginning to kindle in his dulled eyes, "when one wins. And I must win. Fortune can't deal none but bad cards for ever to a man who—never mind! I know that I was a heavy loser by the last investments. How"—and he produced his pocket-book—"do we stand?"

The Greek fluttered over the leaves of the register which lay before him. "I owe you fifty-six-eight-four, Mr. Raeburn," he said blandly. "Shall I write a cheque?"

"No, no—mere waste of time," returned the young lawyer feverishly. "This is a list of securities that I wish to buy; and here," as from an inner pocket of his coat he produced several cheques and a thick and heavy roll of new and crisp bank-notes, "are the funds necessary for the deposit, according to your rules."

"This is—tremendous!" muttered the financial agent, after he had run his eyes over the written paper.

"Such are my wishes and my instructions," replied Ralph doggedly.

"Mr. Raeburn, my good sir, this is sheer gambling," expostulated the Greek, half aghast at the temerity of his client; "and at Homburg, as at Monte Carlo, I have heard a croupier whisper, in sheer good-nature, to a victim of play—'Play no more!' If you would but select less doubtful investments, or spread your operations over a longer period, perhaps——"

"Enough, enough!" snarled Ralph, with somewhat of the expression of a fox brought to bay, and showing his white teeth in a grim smile. "If you won't assist me, signor, I can find those, not a pistol-shot away, who will be less squeamish and less scrupulous. What I require at your hands is, of course, an ordinary service in the way of business."

"Certainly, certainly; I am not often sentimental," put in Mr. Tuschi, as with quick eye and practised finger he counted the bank-notes and examined the cheques. "I will, if you will allow me, make a memorandum in double of the particulars of a transaction so extensive. I sign; now you sign. Thanks. No time shall be lost, I assure you, in carrying out your instructions to the letter. Is that all, Mr. Raeburn, that I can do for you?"

"It is my last throw!" was Ralph's reckless reply.

"Your last speculative investment just now," chimed in the Greek cheerfully, as he rubbed his ringed hands together. "Well, well, sir, we must do our best for you. You will see how prices rule as the days go on."

"A monarch's whim, a change in the wind of statecraft, an accident even," said Ralph, lingering, half irresolute, but speaking boastfully, "might make my fortune yet—give me all I've lost, and more."

"It might certainly," replied the Greek, as he shook his client's thin hot hand at parting. Ralph had played his last stake.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE FRAUD DISCOVERED.

"THIS is very bad!"

The words themselves were plain and commonplace, but then so much, as we all know, depends upon expression, and a worthy Scot, or an honest North-countryman like Mr. Dawson, the Woolton solicitor, can be most impressively and unconsciously tragic in his utterance of a very simple sentence.

"That's very bad!" intoned Mr. Dawson, more commonly called "Lawyer Dawson," for the second time.

And it was very bad; of that there was no doubt. Ralph Raeburn's name by this time was growing unsavoury in the nostrils of Woolton folk, and his reputation had sunk to zero. For the better part of the current year, the young solicitor, heir and successor of honest Abel Raeburn, had been away from his native place and the natural scene for his work—had been in London. Of late he had grown reckless. Three months had passed since he had darkened the green door of his own decent house at the corner of Woolton High Street. Six months' salary was due to the whimpering boy-clerk, who was the sole representative of clerkhood in the meagre little office whereof he had once been a sufficient subaltern. His two women-servants had not received a shilling since Christmas. His tradesfolk—butcher, grocer, baker—were unpaid. But all this was as nothing, since the debts were not very portentous, compared with the disappearance of Ralph himself. He never came; he never wrote. Woolton knew him no more.

When a gentleman disappears, conjectures naturally are rife. He may have met with an accident, one perhaps of those disasters which, as boards dangling on the walls of railway-stations inform us, are of daily occurrence, and been killed or maimed in a collision of jarring trains. He may have fallen ill while among strangers. He may possibly have fallen among thieves, for hocussing and garotte robbery are not quite lost arts among us.

But, as a general rule, and especially when money—and other people's money—has vanished at the same time, observers begin to take a harsh view of the motives of the lost one. For some weeks there had been uneasiness on the subject of Ralph Raeburn: not on the part of his personal friends—it was wonderful how few there were who cared a straw about him as a man—but on that of those who would suffer in their pockets should he never come back. Constance Wilmot's fortune was immeasurably the greatest sum that he could by possibility have got within his grasp; but there were others, widows of moorland farmers, superannuated dalesmen, ex-overlookers of factories, who had trusted him to get a snug mortgage or other safe investment for the few poor hundreds they had scraped together, and who now were suspicious, querulous, ready to tear red-brick house and brass-plated green door, office, and dwelling piecemeal in natural anger against the smooth knave who had duped them. It was a bad business, first and last.

What had become of Ralph Raeburn? None could say. Inquiries had been made, such lame inquiries as can be made when there exist such trifling materials wherewith to build. It is hard to hunt on a cold scent, or to pick up last year's dead leaves. At first it was thought that Mr. Raeburn had no London relations; then it was found out that he had a maternal aunt, a Mrs. Sandeman, living at Putney. But it turned out that this estimable widow had held no communication with her clever nephew since his schoolboy days; while his London agent—every country solicitor has perforce his London agent—had not set eyes on Ralph Raeburn since he began to be so constant a votary of the metropolis. It was plainly not for ordinary law business that Ralph haunted London. Advertisements had fared no better than direct inquiries. "Mr. Ralph Raeburn, solicitor, of Woolton, York," had been appealed to in the mystic inquiry column of the daily papers and in various other journals, but he had not responded to the appeal. A letter had even been addressed to Scotland Yard, and an assistant-commissioner of police had requested his clerk to express his regret that no tidings could be gleaned respecting the missing man. No reward had been offered: that, of course, was too decisive a step to take until there were good grounds for confirming the grievous suspicions that began day by day to attach themselves to the name of the absentee, Ralph Raeburn. The squire was very unhappy. His temper, his health went wrong, by reason of the unaccountable absence of his confidential legal adviser, his efficient co-trustee. He was surly with the servants, snappish to his Clorinda, and a petulant, gloomy father to the daughters who, as a rule, manipulated him like wax—for, indeed, it was easy to find the length of the squire's foot. Mr. Mowbray was never comfortable now out of Frank Preston's presence; he seemed to cling to the young man, as weak natures hold on to strong ones all the world over.

"Such a responsibility!" he would say a dozen times a day. Frank doubted if the good old squire actually did realise the tremendous responsibility which he had incurred, but it was not for him, especially as the affianced husband of Constance, to aggravate the mental perplexities of his puzzle-witted old friend.

"I've begged Mr. Dawson, for the future, to take charge of my affairs:" such was another frequent remark of Mr. Mowbray's. But Mr. Dawson, a sensible, hard-headed man of business, felt a sort of professional delicacy in superseding a brother practitioner, and although willing to lend his assistance to the lord of Langdale for the future, was a great deal more taciturn than Mr. Mowbray could have wished with reference to the extraordinary conduct of the truant solicitor. The ugly feature in the case was, of course, the unsettled condition of Miss Wilmot's affairs.

"Such a steady fellow—regular as clockwork! As

soon have thought of mistrusting my own brother!" So said the squire oftener than he was aware of, and especially to Frank. Frank Preston smiled gently. He knew the world better than did the owner of Langdale Park.

Alas! that among your steady fellows, your clock-work men, there are one or two who every now and then astonish us by the deficit they have caused in till, cash-box, or banker's account, and that simply because a hare-brained scapegrace in their place would not have been equally trusted, nor have found equal facilities for wrong-doing. By this time all Woolton regarded Ralph as a knave that had been found out.

"He be gone to America," was the verdict in public-house bars, and at street-corners, and at tea-tables.

"Ay, and with a pretty lot o' young Miss Wilmot's good gowd sovereigns sticking to the pockets of him," was a common rejoinder to this stereotyped guess. Rather a hazy idea as to the United States prevailed in Woolton circles, but, on the whole, extradition treaties being ignored, and Ralph Raeburn's native shrewdness recognised, it was conceived that he would do well with his unholy gains in the presumed country of his adoption. The one person who troubled herself the least as to Ralph and the risk to her own worldly prosperity was Constance herself; but Miss Ashe was quite as miserable and more indignant than the squire himself.

At last matters assumed too serious an aspect for Ralph's Lares and Penates to be left any longer undisturbed. An Englishman's house is, no doubt, his castle, but even castles were liable to rough entry, legal or extra-legal, when lord, knight, or squire fled the country, or was laid in durance vile in His Majesty's Tower of London; and the sanctity which is traditionally supposed to invest the British domicile is much weakened by the mysterious absence of the occupant, especially when that individual is presumed to have gone off with seventy thousand pounds belonging to somebody else. An application was at last made to the bench of magistrates on the part of Mr. Mowbray, co-trustee of the defaulter, and of Miss Wilmot, and the requisite authority was readily granted. But it is one thing to obtain a search warrant, and another to find anything to remunerate your trouble when, with proper legal formalities, you enter on the search itself. Neither Mr. Dawson, nor the police superintendent, nor Frank Preston expected any immediate results from the perquisition into Ralph's office and dwelling-house which was thus undertaken by permission of law.

The squire was as eager as a young hound for the scent of the fox, and he babbled in a fashion which

"THE CHIEF POLICEMAN SPOKE OF SCOTLAND YARD" (*p.* 298).

in canine life would have been unceremoniously rebuked by the stinging whiplash of the huntsman. He was never tired of pointing out possible hiding-holes where Ralph might have stowed away his fair cousin's inheritance. Here a cupboard had a sounding-board behind it, there a bin seemed shorn of its proper dimensions; under the old-fashioned stairs a king's ransom might have been stowed away. It was a great consolation to honest Mr. Mowbray to get possession of his own deed-box, and to find that the red-taped bundles of papers and parchments therein were undisturbed. But then the squire's deeds were unsaleable, except by the pound, whereas Constance Wilmot's heritage was represented by negotiable vouchers and securities, saleable everywhere, according to the French idiomatic phrase, "as bread is," and perhaps a little more so. Heads were shaken and mouths pursed up at the result of the search into Ralph Raeburn's abode and place of business. It was a covert drawn blank.

"It's very bad!" repeated Mr. Dawson, as if summing up the delinquencies of his peccant brother solicitor.

"A stiff job—a heavy business," replied the sympathetic head of the Woolton Police, who looked on crime as a disease, and who regarded Ralph the absentee as a bad case.

"And so steady as he seemed!" bleated the squire.

"The question is, I fancy," said Frank, in a low voice, to the solicitor and the superintendent of the Woolton constabulary, "how much of Miss Wilmot's property this misguided man has carried away with him—that much is gone, I take for granted—and also where he is to be found."

Mr. Dawson muttered something about London and bundles of hay. The chief policeman spoke of Scotland Yard. Local superintendents in England believe that Scotland Yard can find out everything, just as French ones reverence the Rue Jérusalem and the Paris Préfecture.

"I'll spend a hundred pounds, or two hundred!" cried Mr. Mowbray hotly.

"It shall cost you nothing, squire," was Frank's mild answer. "I will undertake the search myself."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE SEARCH.

"IT is a difficult task, a very difficult and arduous task, that you have undertaken, Mr. Preston. I do not for a moment wish to discourage you, and my best sympathies, I need hardly say, go with you; but——"

And here the veteran lawyer shook his head as meaningly as did Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*. Frank Preston smiled somewhat sadly. He was but at the commencement of his undertaking, and already he was beginning to realise the truth of the homely old proverb which declares that it is hard to find a needle in a bottle, *botte*, or bundle of hay. And here was the experienced Mr. Collins, of Fenchurch Street, London, agent of Frank's Woolton solicitor, and who had seen a great deal of the shady side of human nature in the course of his professional career, yet who evidently entertained but a poor opinion of the probable success of the search of Ralph Raeburn.

"I see," said Frank, "that you think the chances are against me, and, so far, I am afraid you are right. I never quite realised the enormous size of London until yesterday, when I began my exploring in serious earnest."

"Yes, London is very big," returned Mr. Collins drily, as he took a surreptitious pinch of highly-scented snuff, such as was in vogue when George IV. filled the throne. "And nobody who has not tried the experiment knows how hard it is to find a man who does not want to be found. One thing is in your favour: you have, to my mind, been well advised in procuring aid from Scotland Yard. At any rate, you will get some work done for your money, and as this is all fair and above board on your side, you could not have done better. Who was it they gave you?"

Frank mentioned that the detective whom he had left sitting in the lawyer's outer office was Inspector Drew.

"Drew is a very good man, a very steady, long-headed fellow indeed," said Mr. Collins, who had had much experience of criminal investigations, and who could speak with the confidence of an expert. "You might have done much worse, Mr. Preston, than to engage Drew, who has made some important captures and untied some hard knots in his time. The question is, though, how *I* can help you. I would, if only I saw my way to do it."

Frank explained that the principal service which he craved at the hands of Mr. Collins was the tracing out, not of Ralph Raeburn himself, but of the moneys belonging to Constance Wilmot. That the defaulter had sold great sums out of the safe securities in which they had been invested there could be little doubt, but to do this he had probably been compelled to obtain the assistance of some broker or banker. If this financial agent could be discovered, a clue might possibly be gained to the present hiding-place of the runaway, and it might even be possible to pounce on him with the stolen property in his possession before he sought a more distant refuge in America or on the Continent.

"The worst of it is," said Frank, "that Mr. Raeburn in his flight, as I suppose I must call it, has been wary enough to take with him, or to destroy, every available document which might have supplied us with information as to the precise securities in which Miss Wilmot's fortune was locked up. It is believed that there was a considerable sum in Consols, but even this is mere conjecture. The co-trustee, Mr. Mowbray of Langdale, who, in his blind reliance on Ralph Raeburn, signed whatever was put before him, can give no help in this matter."

"Mr. Mowbray of Langdale has, I hope, a long purse," said the Fenchurch Street lawyer, as he again took a stealthy pinch of his favourite snuff. "His liability is, in the eye of the law, clear enough. It is

awkward for a trustee, as for a sentry, to go to sleep on his post. Well, Mr. Preston, I will do what I can. It is, as we all know, prohibited to make inquiries into the books of the Bank of England without a legal injunction to that effect, but——Well, well! If you will call in, say to-morrow afternoon, I shall perhaps be able to tell you something positive."

And with this Frank was obliged to content himself for the time being. He took his leave of Mr. Collins, and went out through the outer office, where the clerks' pens were running briskly over the paper, though they found leisure now and again to peep over their desks at the sturdy occupant of a leathern chair placed immediately under the office clock. This was Inspector Drew. He had been Serjeant Drew not so many years ago, and as such, the terror of burglars, and the Nemesis of coiners, smashers, clippers, and other vermin nibbling at the Queen's good gold and silver.

Now he was generally employed against rogues of a superior sort. He was a strong, thick-set man, of any age between thirty-six and forty-eight, had crisp dark hair and dull dark eyes, the old, respectable mutton-chop whisker, and very much the aspect of a serving-man out of livery. Of course he wore a plain suit of civilian black, and did not even permit himself to be conspicuous by a military stock or a stiff hat. But even a detective has his vanity, and does not always, when beneath the gaze of casual spectators, object to its being known that he is a detective. So it was with Inspector Drew. So much of his life was spent in masquerade, often in places where his being recognised might have led to ugly results, that he was not above the weakness of assuming a martial and severe bearing under the stare of Mr. Collins' clerks, one or two of the seniors among whom had, indeed, exchanged a quiet nod with the police officer as he came in.

Up rose the inspector, saluted stiffly, and marched out of the room at the heels of Frank Preston, his temporary commander.

"Call him a detective! Why, you might know him a mile off. I wonder he ever detects anything, that chap!" observed one glib junior clerk to a brace of fellow-toilers of the desk as they marked the policeman's exit.

But once in the street, the inspector's bearing underwent a total change, and he sidled up to Frank with very much the air of a tradesman in a small way of business, and on whose mind the heavy bill that is sure to come due next Tuesday weighed with uncomfortable weight.

"Mr. Collins, I am certain, sir, will do what he can," suggested the detective deferentially. "He said so, I dare say."

"He did say so. I could almost fancy that you had made one at our interview, you describe its results so accurately," answered Frank.

"Mr. Collins is not a promising gent; but he's better than his word mostly," was the detective's rejoinder. "He and I have worked together, sir, in our different ways, more than once, and I know it is not Mr. C.'s way to offer what he cannot perform. Where next, sir?"

"I scarcely know," answered Frank perplexedly; "unless, to be sure, you think there could be something more made of those Arundel Street people—at the private hotel, I mean."

The detective shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "Mr. Preston, that it's labour lost to dance attendance at that place, as we did yesterday. Not but that it was smart of you, sir," he added approvingly, "to ascertain, down in Yorkshire, what was the house to which the party had his letters and telegrams addressed; but, bless you! that sort of bird gets restless if it goes to roost too often in the same nest. And I could see, sir, when the people had told all they knew—it wasn't much—and took to inventing more, because of your half-crowns and half-sovereigns, and so forth—waiter, and chambermaid, and boots—it's uncommonly little they knew, though as long as they were paid they were ready to chatter about all they guessed. The party paid his bill; the party went off with his luggage in a four-wheeled cab that he d fetched himlelf from the Strand—a crawler he'd hailed, most likely, for at the cabstand handy, the waterman, who's generally the safest card to draw, couldn't, even for sixpenny-worth hot, well remember anything."

"And so London has swallowed him up!" remarked Frank, in a tone which he meant to be philosophical, but which was really despondent.

"Not quite so bad as that," put in the detective encouragingly. "There's never any knowing, Mr. Preston, what's up. Once I bagged my man, after two months' hunting, through a bird-cage—forger he was—a bird-cage, if you'll believe me. He wanted it, a brand-new one, for his little daughter's pet canary, before he went foreign—Lisbon was his point; and I, having children of my own, and being partial to birds, was almost sorry, sir, when I tapped him on the shoulder and spoiled his game."

Frank Preston rightly conjectured that Inspector Drew had related this anecdote as much to give him time to recover his elasticity of spirit as to cheer him on his way, and saw that the policeman was both a kinder and a shrewder man than he had at the outset appeared to be.

"Do you think," said Frank, "it's a mere wild supposition that Mr. Raeburn's leaving the Arundel Street private hotel may have been merely a blind? and that, after making a circuit to elude prying eyes, he may possibly have ensconced himself afresh in some lodging-house of that network of streets contiguous to the river, all so much alike, so quiet, dead, and dull, and yet where strangers are too common to attract unwelcome remark? It seems to me he could not have done better."

And Frank, warming to his idea as he developed it, felt almost ready to commence a house-to-house visitation in Surrey Street and the other localities between the Thames and the Strand.

But the inspector, by the light of his own wider experience, arrived at a different conclusion from that promulgated by Frank Preston.

"We mustn't finesse it too much, sir, as the card-sharpers say;" such was his reply. "I don't say, mind you, that it wouldn't be a good game, and a safe game, but, bless you! they always do feel the need of a bit of a change, somehow, and like to get to a crib that's not a bit like the one they've left. Wouldn't wonder, not I, if we found him in Hoxton, or say Highgate. But life's not long enough to rap at every door within the six-mile radius, Mr. Preston."

"And all this time he may be speeding away, as fast as steam can hurry him, to France or America!" exclaimed Frank, half bitterly.

"He may, certainly," rejoined the detective; "but if he goes to Liverpool, or to Dover, or to Newhaven, he'll find sharp eyes on the look-out for him as he reaches the pier to go on board. I sent off last night three of the photographs you were careful enough to bring, sir, to the places I have mentioned. But it's my belief that the party will hang about yet in London. He must have had a deal of business on hand, to judge by the letters he used to write and get, and maybe some of his irons are yet in the fire, and not quite so hot as he could wish."

The main difficulty was, however, to ascertain in what particular furnace these commercial irons of Mr. Ralph Raeburn might be heating.

Frank Preston and the inspector left no stone unturned that seemed likely to reward them for the trouble of turning it. They were perpetually making inroads into this or that place of business where stock and shares were vended, where money was exchanged for foreign notes and cash, and so forth. Their cab—or, rather, succession of cabs—was constantly rattling from street to street, as fast as a double-paid driver could be induced to hurry on, while every now and then the inspector would alight to dash into a police-station, or to drop with easy joviality into the bar of some queer public-house, but always without success. There were taverns kept by Yorkshiremen, and patronised by Yorkshiremen, and these the detective seemed to know, and to be known there; but neither landlord, nor barmaid, nor footman, nor customers lingering over their ale, and with the broad Yorkshire accent yet distinguishable in their speech, had seen, or so much as heard of, one Lawyer Raeburn of Woolton.

It grew late. The long day, spent in fruitless toil, with scanty refreshment hurriedly snatched, and no rest, was over, and the street-lamps were lighted, and the gas in the shops was glaring brightly. Weary and baffled, Frank and the detective looked blankly at one another.

"I'm afraid," said the inspector, with somewhat of a crestfallen air, "we're in the wrong box, sir, unless Mr. Collins can scent out something. Yet I'll do what I can to-night, and to-morrow, Mr. Preston, we can again hunt in couples, if you please."

"I'll find the fellow, if I tear down half the house-fronts in London to unearth him," answered Frank Preston. "Ten o'clock to-morrow, Inspector." And they parted.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

OUT OF THE SILENCE.

JUST off the labyrinth of stuccoed terraces and crescents and desirable detached residences of Notting Hill, lies a quiet little road, which has not yet been absorbed into that modern suburban maze. Under a railway arch, and past one or two small primitive-looking shops, survivals of the time when the voice of the builder was not heard in the land, and we come upon an old-fashioned sort of house, standing in its own acre of grounds, which may well have stood there when, as elderly folks are so fond of telling us, they "picked daisies and butter-cups" on the present surrounding site of macadam and asphalte. But if quiet lanes and the sweet silence of green fields be among the traditions of the old house, no violence is done to such associations in its present tenancy. If the house has grown out of its lonely state and been drawn into the circle, so out of a more solemn silence, out of a deeper solitude, are its little inmates now being gently led into the healthy every-day babble of human intercourse.

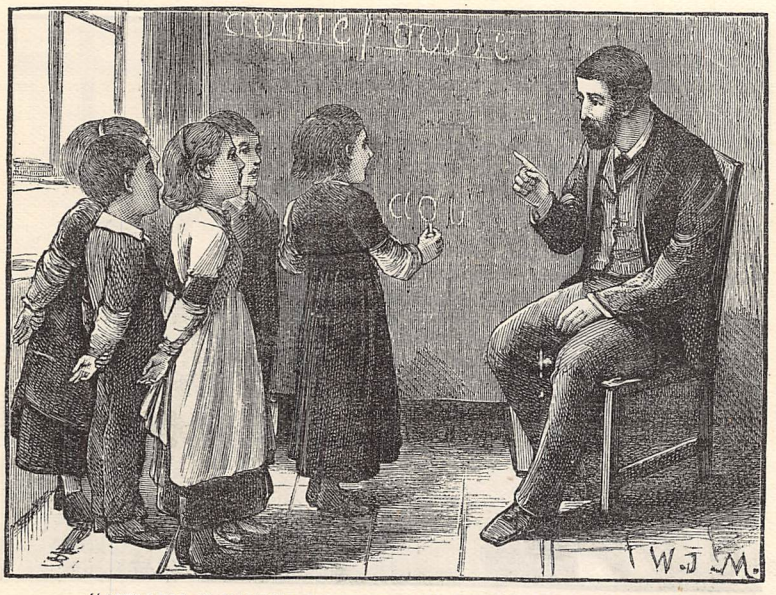
It is a Deaf and Dumb Home, so called—a home, more accurately, for little totally deaf Jewish boys and girls—to which we are going to introduce our readers. We have lingered long enough on the threshold, we will ring and pass in. The little committee-room on our left, or the Director's private parlour on our right, need not detain us: we give one look to a closed porch-like door a little further along the passage, but the sounds at the end attract us, and we go direct, without pause, to the school-room: a large, light, cheerful apartment, with five windows looking out on a pleasant break of turf and flower-bed which is bounded by a railway embankment, on the top of which trains pass constantly to and fro: a delightful variety to the brick walls and chimney-pots which make the horizon of most London "views."

A little orderly crowd of some five-and-twenty boys and girls rise on our entrance, and a distinct chorus of "Good morning" greets us in response to a word or two from the courteous Director, explaining that we are visitors, desirous to see and hear something of the Home. The elder children, whom our entry interrupts, are writing their diaries, as is forthwith explained, and these not being privileged communications, we are permitted to glance at two or three whilst, in obedience to another promptly understood direction, the black-board is being got out and mounted on the little *estrade* at the end of the room. In very striking contrast to the "diaries" and "memoirs" with which most of us are familiar, proved these cleanly-written, unblotted records of still life—life which, in spite of all effort, must surely be very still. Simple little every-day notes, for the most part, of every-day "most quiet needs," of dinner, and walk, and work, and lesson, but with the routine varied every now and then with a red-letter day experience in the form of a parent's or an old pupil's visit, or, as it seemed to us, of a pretty frequent "treat." We are sure our cursory researches discovered allusions to Hampton Court, and to the Crystal Palace, and a conjurer, within very few pages of each other; and we were reluctantly called from some *naïve* remembrances of sponge-cake and a swing to the little circle of children who were waiting to show off their attainments in the three R's for our benefit. Some eight or nine children stood on the raised platform, looking, not listening to their Director, with very pitiful literalness "hanging on his lips," as he asked question after question upon the ordinary subjects with which we should expect a 4th or 5th Standard child to be familiar. He spoke distinctly, but with no louder or more careful emphasis than is usual in cultivated conversation; and the answers were for the most part as distinct, and with a curious reproduction, in their broadened vowels and their slighted consonants, of the strong German accent of their master; for this gentleman, although he speaks our language most fluently, one perceives at once is not an Englishman. We found very little difficulty in understanding the quick replies, although the absence of that varied, expressive tone to which we are used in ordinary speech, makes the monotonous sound at first confusing. There is no suggestion of play in deaf children's talk, no echo of unconscious, mother-learnt babble; it is all evidently lesson, lesson, of the kindest, patientest sort, but still showing the pathetic inevitable difference, in its dull, level, careful articulation and the entire loss of ring. But if animation of speech was wanting, brightness of look and gesture made some amends, the smile *not* "upon the lips" was well "within the eyes," and the eagerness to reply was as remarkable as the readiness. This elder class, it seemed, had been some four or five years in the Institution, and their answers showed their elementary knowledge to be fully up to the average standard of hearing children of the same class and age. Their apt reading from the master's lips, and their quickness of reply in one or two instances, indeed, inclined us to be sceptical as to whether it was a prepared lesson to which we were listening, and we ventured therefore to hint our doubts to the Director. Instantly he paused, and said to his scholars, "These visitors are not sure of your knowledge; they would like to question you themselves," and added, "Write what I have just said on the black-board." At once, with quite a surprising celerity, a bright-eyed little Percy transferred this sentence to the board, substituting, without being told, "our" for "your," and "us" for "you;" and, our blushes not-

"SOME EIGHT OR NINE CHILDREN STOOD . . . LOOKING, NOT LISTENING TO THEIR DIRECTOR."

withstanding, we had to accept the position we had brought upon ourselves and to turn interlocutor.

Mental arithmetic suggested itself as a choice of subject, and we propounded a sum. "A gentleman bought a pair of horses," we falteringly began—"A gentleman bought a pair of horses," came the swift repetition, in chorus-like monotone—"for one and ninepence," we hazarded, our self-possession suddenly deserting us. A quick, indescribable, mirthful sound instantly showed us our mistake. "Too cheap," said our little friend Percy, so with a laugh we corrected ourselves, and, determining not to err this time on the side of bargains, stated the purchase to have been made for £165, and further mentioning that the horses were sold again for 200 guineas, inquired "how much money the gentleman made by his transaction?" "Forty-five pounds," came the prompt chorus of reply, prompter, we are afraid, than some of our own young folks would have been. The Director explained this quickness, as it seemed to us, very aptly, by dwelling on the greater power of concentrative thought which these children gain from their loss of the distracting and disturbing influence of indefinite sounds, a conclusion which all sufferers from German bands and barrel-organs will, we fancy, be inclined to endorse. Their memory also, he told us, as a rule is good; and their imitative faculty, which is naturally strong, is further trained by a system of tuition in which imitation is necessarily the key-stone. For the first year, whilst the eye is being trained to wait upon the lips, and the child is making that conscious effort after speech which the ear manages unconsciously for more fortunate little ones in the nursery—for this first year, the education of deaf children is almost entirely mechanical. With extreme patience, a whole twelvemonth, sometimes more, has to be devoted to the parrot-like attainment of pronouncing simple detached words; and the Pestalozzian plan of object-lessons is here applied in its widest sense, and with its greatest efficacy. The child is shown the book, the chair, or table, and the master by dint of constant effort gets him, "after many days," to follow the motion of the lips and to repeat the word after him; at the same time he writes "book," "chair," "table," on the black-board, and thus spelling is taught by sight, and writing by imitation, and every word is made, so to speak, its own symbol. The eyes of the deaf, like the ears of the blind, or indeed like our own right hands, are trained by use, and seem really to respond to the greater effort required, and to the greater strain put upon them. The first twelvemonth is the hardest to teacher and child, but the initial difficulty of articulate language once in a fair way to be overcome, the worst is over; the range of words gradually grows extended; the words begin to suggest their own uses and meanings; verbs and adjectives, by degrees, group themselves around the little simple stock of nouns, and short phrases to be literally "expressed and understood." Then, accustomed by this time to the forms of written and printed words, reading soon follows and opens wide portals to its own beautiful illimitable world.



"SPELLING IS TAUGHT BY SIGHT, AND WRITING BY IMITATION."

We now responded to the invitation to see how a younger set of children would answer in an object-lesson. We took an ivory pen-knife from our pocket, and presently on the black-board we had ranged a goodly array of properties, beginning with "smooth," and ending with "sharp," to which last description, however, a very handsome dark-eyed little girl of nine or ten quickly added, "*inside*," the knife up to this moment having been exhibited in its shut state. Our attention was presently called to the drawings, a large

portfolio of which was brought out for our inspection. There were some excellent specimens of free-hand and model drawing, and in answer to our inquiries we learnt that the Home had been formerly visited twice a week by an excellent certificated lady teacher, at the cost of one of the Rothschild family, but that the children were now taught by the assistant master, who had been trained in the Institution, and was the holder of South Kensington certificates and prizes.

The pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced matron was waiting at the adjoining table with her specimens of skill; and here, too, we could not help admiring the various neatly-sewn garments which she told us were all "made at home," the solitary exception to the general practice being the girls' dresses, which, she added, "the ladies made, and generally gave too;" the "ladies" turning out on explanation to be members of the committee who manage the Home.

These same dresses, pretty and warm-coloured, and not wholly destitute of trimming, seemed to convey a hint that the charitable training in this Home is not conducted on the Gradgrind principle. And when the comfortable matron took us upstairs and showed us the airy dormitories with their bright-counterpaned little beds, and the empty infirmary, which, with the counterpane there tucked away and the washstand covered up, looked the only comfortless apartment in the place—but then, as the matron explained, it "hadn't been used for such a while, and she didn't expect company"—we were on the whole inclined to think that these little Jewish mutes were not altogether to be pitied.

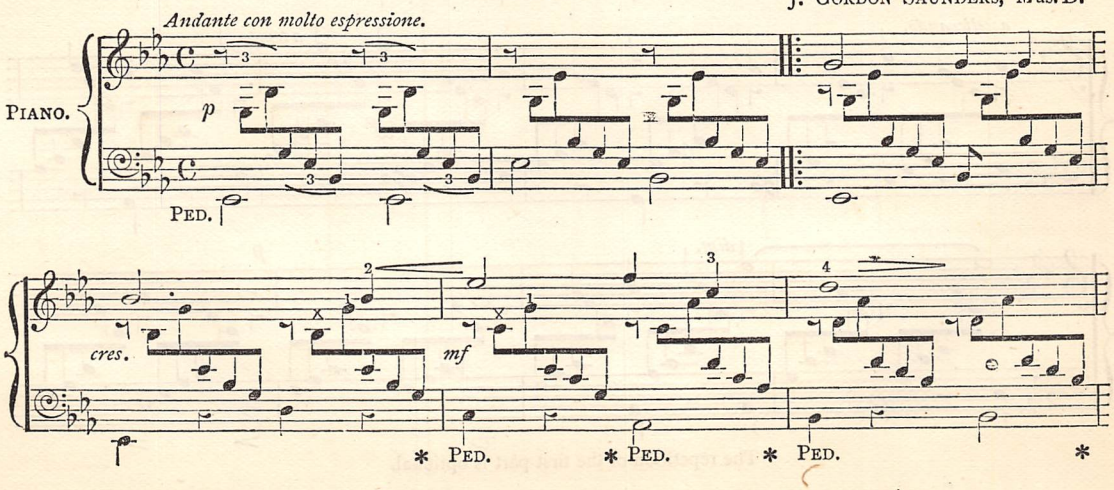
Our visit had grown to a great length, but there was still that closed door in the corridor left to pique our curiosity. A big Bluebeard-like key was fetched, and the solid oak door opened to disclose the tiniest little miniature synagogue, with oak benches, and painted windows, and scrolls of the law reverently bound up in the "ark" called cupboard. This discovery opened up a whole new catechism of inquiry. Did the children learn Hebrew? could they read it? and write it? and, we think one member of our party asked, "talk it?" But the fluent Director was equal to us all, and soon made us understand all we wanted to know. Yes, he said, Hebrew was taught, but not as a language, rather as a medium—for instance, the children learnt English grammatically, to read in it, write in it, and converse in it; but Hebrew they learnt to read and write in a much less thorough fashion. The printed Hebrew characters were symbols to them, little more; arbitrary words with arbitrary meanings, of use to them mainly for translating the ancient prayers and the easier parts of the Bible into the vernacular. Within these limits, it was explained, the older children could "read and write Hebrew," and we liked the honesty which acknowledged these limits to the presumably ignorant ears of the listener. But an illustration remained yet to be given to us of this last-named attainment, and a messenger was despatched to delay dinner—which had been giving forth pleasant premonitory odours for some time past—for a few minutes, and to send up the elder class. The book on the reading-desk was opened, and one child after another read a few words in that strange, sacred, unfamiliar tongue, to which their sad voices seemed to lend an extra suggestiveness. We asked that a line or two might be translated for us, and, oddly enough, the page was turned at a portion of the prayers in which some verses from the fifty-first Psalm had been incorporated. Pathetically significant came that beautiful appeal, "Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise!" Surely, it seemed to us, doubters in a doubting age, there be some prayers still which are, literally, "answered."

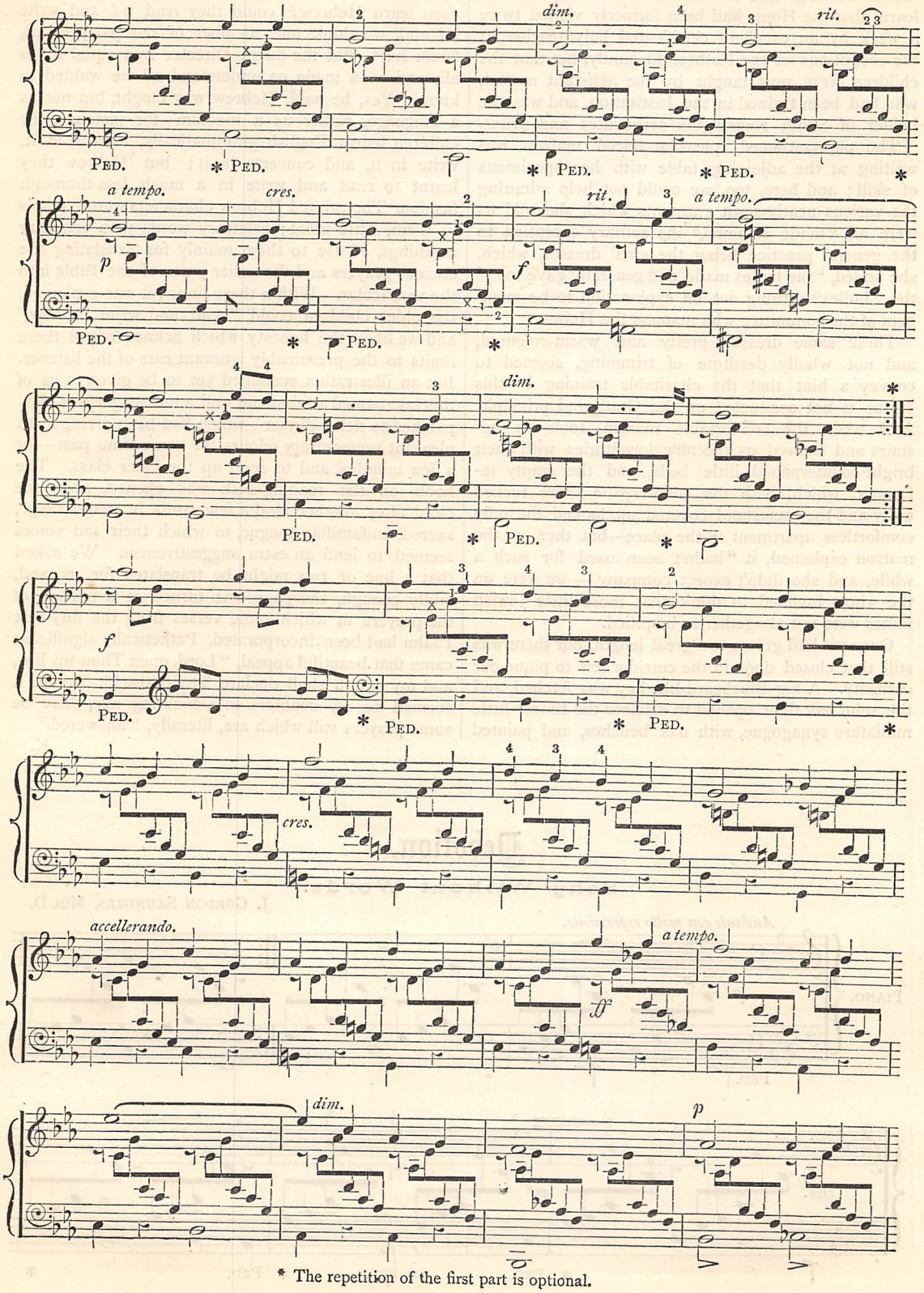
K.

Devotion.

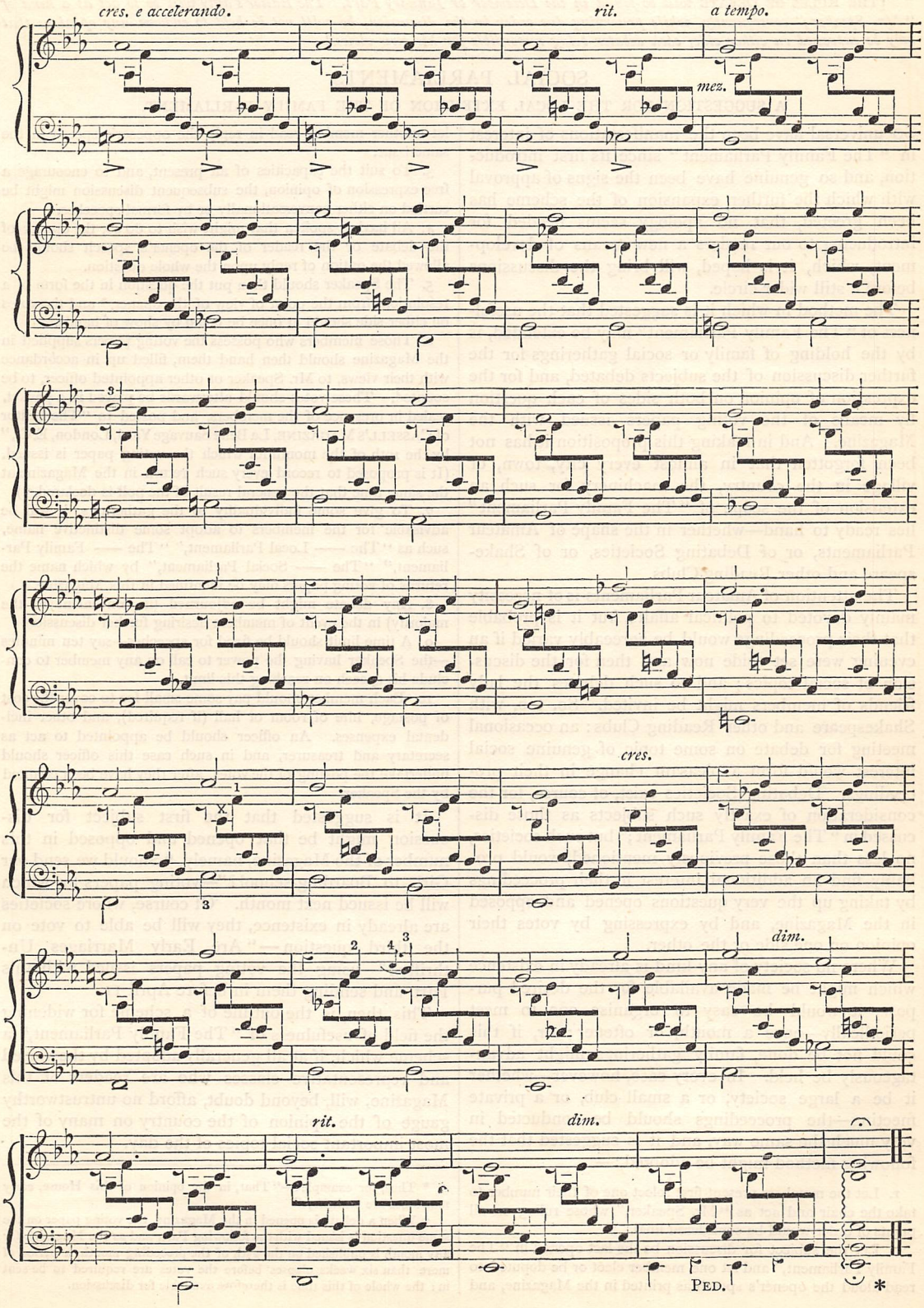
Song Without Words.

J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.





* The repetition of the first part is optional.


cres. e accelerando.
rit.
a tempo.
mez.
cres.
dim.
rit.
dim.
PED.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SOCIAL PARLIAMENTS.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE LOCAL EXTENSION OF THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

So universal have been the manifestations of interest in "The Family Parliament" since its first introduction, and so genuine have been the signs of approval with which the further expansion of the scheme has been greeted, that no apology seems needed for introducing to our readers a new means of development, which, it is hoped, will bring the discussions before a still wider circle.

The method in which it is suggested that the usefulness of "The Family Parliament" may be extended, is by the holding of family or social gatherings for the further discussion of the subjects debated, and for the expression of opinion on both sides of each question by means of the voting papers issued with the Magazine. And in making this proposition it has not been forgotten that in almost every city, town, or village in the country, the machinery for such an extension of the scope of "The Family Parliament" lies ready to hand—whether in the shape of Amateur Parliaments, or of Debating Societies, or of Shakespeare and other Reading Clubs.

The attention of Amateur Parliaments is of necessity mainly devoted to political affairs, but it is probable that their proceedings would be agreeably varied if an evening were set aside now and then for the discussion of social topics; and to such debates the lady friends of members might be invited. So, too, with Shakespeare and other Reading Clubs: an occasional meeting for debate on some topic of genuine social interest would form a pleasant change in their proceedings. Debating Societies exist, of course, for the consideration of exactly such subjects as those discussed in "The Family Parliament;" but such societies, no less than those previously mentioned, would probably find an additional interest in their proceedings by taking up the very questions opened and opposed in the Magazine, and by expressing by votes their opinion on one side or the other.

Where no society of any kind is already in existence which might be made available for the desired purpose, it would be easy to organise one to meet periodically—once a month, or oftener; or, if this could not be done, family gatherings might advantageously be held. In every case, however—whether it be a large society, or a small club, or a private meeting—the proceedings should be conducted in very much the same way, and it is suggested that the following method might be adopted:—

1. Let the members present first select one of their number to take the chair and act as "Mr. Speaker," whose ruling on all points of order would be considered final.

2. Let the subject for discussion be the last opened in "The Family Parliament," and let one member elect or be deputed to read aloud the opener's speech as printed in the Magazine, and let another member read in reply the opposer's speech in the same issue.

3. To suit the capacities of all present, and to encourage a free expression of opinion, the subsequent discussion might be carried on either conversationally or by formal speeches.

4. All having spoken that might wish to do so, the opener of the debate or the reader of the opener's speech should be allowed the option of reply upon the whole question.

5. The Speaker should then put the question in the form of a resolution, from the point of view of the opener,* and the votes on either side should at once be taken by show of hands.

6. Those members who possess the voting papers supplied in the Magazine should then hand them, filled up in accordance with their views, to Mr. Speaker or other appointed officer, to be counted. These votes should afterwards be placed in a packet, sealed in presence of the members, and posted to "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," by the 10th of the month for which the voting paper is issued. (It is proposed to record every such return in the Magazine at the same time that the general result of the poll is declared.†)

7. To give some individuality to the gatherings, it will be advisable for the members to adopt some distinctive name, such as "The —— Local Parliament," "The —— Family Parliament," "The —— Social Parliament," by which name the returns of voting papers may be identified in this Magazine.

8. Any debate might be adjourned (if convenient to the majority) in the event of members desiring further discussion.

9. A time limit should be fixed for speeches—say ten minutes—the Speaker having the power to call on any member to conclude his speech on reaching this limit.

10. Each member should pay some small fee to cover the cost of postage, hire of room or hall (if required), and other incidental expenses. An officer should be appointed to act as secretary and treasurer, and in such case this officer should undertake the posting of the votes, after they have been counted by the Speaker.

It is suggested that the first subject for discussion might be that opened and opposed in this number of the Magazine, namely, "Should we send our Girls to Boarding-school?"—voting papers for which will be issued next month. Of course, where societies are already in existence, they will be able to vote on the third question—"Are Early Marriages Unthrifty?"—using the voting papers issued with this Part, and sending them in before April 11.

This, then, is the outline of a scheme for widening the field of usefulness of "The Family Parliament," a scheme which, if at all generally adopted by the varied and representative classes who are readers of this Magazine, will, beyond doubt, afford no untrustworthy gauge of the opinion of the country on many of the most important social topics of the day.

* Thus, for example:—"That, in the opinion of this House, early marriages are unthrifty."

† When a debate is opened in the Magazine, the voting paper on the same question is issued with the following Part, and as the Magazine for any month is published on the 25th of the preceding month, a period of more than six weeks elapses before the votes are required to be sent in: the whole of this time is therefore available for discussion.

QUESTION II.—ARE PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS BENEFICIAL TO YOUNG PEOPLE?

J. A. COMPSTON: Mr. Speaker,—I commence the remarks which I beg to be allowed to make on this subject, Sir, with the somewhat commonplace observation that the more one knows and learns, the more one feels how much yet remains unknown to be learned. I speak, Sir, as one of a class composed of persons who have not had the advantage of an expensive and protracted school-training, but who somewhat early in life have had to begin to fight its battles. Feeling, therefore, as I strongly do, the disadvantage in the struggle under which the persons of which that class consists labour, I beg to ask the attention of the House for a short time to the question before it as applied especially to these persons, forming as they do chiefly the great middle class of society. For, Sir, I venture to assert it is to this class that those competing in the public examinations largely belong. The middle class is ever striving to push its way up to the higher, and its members are conscious that without wealth, by education alone, and the position which that education will secure for them, can the object they seek be attained. Hence it is that, in my humble opinion, the prizes and rewards fall in the great majority of cases, not to those who seek to earn them simply for the sake of doing so, but to those who without them would forfeit some coveted aim because the "way" refuses to keep pace with the "will." My honourable friend who has so ably opened this subject in the negative (but with few of whose opinions I can agree) seems for the purposes of his argument to assume that it is possible to learn too much! I wonder, Sir, if he could name a subject, the learning of which is absolutely useless? Let us even suppose that the subject studied is of no present practical utility to the student (which I submit can seldom really happen), is it waste time which is spent in learning something of which before one was ignorant? Assuming for the purposes of the argument that some person has for some reason decided to present himself at a public examination, he is required to pass in subjects that to him appear to have no bearing whatever upon the occupation which has been marked out for him. But is it, therefore, useless? I think not. His taste for that particular occupation may some time change, and he may desire to adopt some other, in which a knowledge of one of the subjects which now appear to be so unnecessary is a *sine quâ non* of success, whereas had he been trained in the old system, probably no such subject would have been acquired by him. Coming now to the evils with which the system of public examinations is attended, no one, of course, would for one moment seek to deny that it has drawbacks. What then, Sir, shall be done? Because, at the hands of the few, the system which is so full of benefit to the many is applied to wrong objects, shall the many therefore suffer? Shall those who honestly strive to get on in life, and earn the rewards which are offered for hard work, be prevented from moving up, and made to remain where they are with no hope of ameliorating their condition? I think it will be found that the majority of this House is with my honourable friend the Opener of the debate.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

After the prolonged debate on this subject, and having in view, Sir, the general consensus of opinion in favour of examinations, I feel that I need not take up further time by repeating the answers to my opponent's arguments which have been forthcoming from so many who agree with my view of the question. Need I say I am thoroughly satisfied with the tone of the debate, and with the result, and that I am more than ever convinced that examinations are not only beneficial, but a necessity of the age?

The following is a summary of the speeches:—In favour of public examinations—83; against—22; Total 105.

END OF DEBATE ON QUESTION II.

QUESTION III.—ARE EARLY MARRIAGES UNTHRIFTY?

(*Debate continued.*)

REV. ALBERT LEE: If marriages were always undertaken in accordance with Opponent's ideal, we could withdraw many objections to his remarks. But what are the facts? Opponent says, "If they"—the young couple—"make the most of things;" but a young wife has not yet learnt how to do this. As a rule she starts upon her marriage career, having been but indifferently prepared. Take the case, also, where the young people begin by keeping a servant. If the wife is inexperienced, she does not control the servant; the servant controls her; and that certainly leads to needless expenditure.

REV. W. R. B.: I have seen a large number of early marriages—*i.e.*, between ages eighteen and twenty-four—and in quite ninety per cent. of the cases have seen as the result a noble self-reliance, ceaseless industry, fine sense of responsibilities, admirable self-respect, "where there's a will there's a way" kind of air; these expressions of character all focus to what we understand by the term thrift.

J. E. SHATTOCK: How many young mechanics, on less than a pound a week, at the age of eighteen or even earlier, imprudently rush into what they call the bliss of married life! and how soon do they find the cares and struggles, which they had previously either ignored or not anticipated, far outweigh the happiness they expected! Nothing has been laid by to furnish the home, however humble (and furnished apartments in any rank of life are very expensive); neither husband nor wife has practised self-denial in any way (what time have they had to do so?)—each has hitherto spent the wages earned mostly, if not entirely, on themselves; and when the earnings of one cease, or when, as in more exceptional cases, the joint earnings are put together, from want of that management which training and experience can alone impart, they are found less and less able to meet their needs; then visits are paid to the pawnshop; and from one lower step to another the wretched pair sink into misery and ruin.

MRS. NICHOLSON: Man is made for marriage, and the time for it is clearly indicated. There is a glory around the spring of life; the path of youth is strewn with flowers, the heart is full of poetry, the air resonant with music: it is the time of love! In the glow of innocent passion, let the youthful bride and bridegroom wed. This earth would lose one of its loveliest sights were mating deferred till the summer or autumn of life, and only mature and sedate couples were seen wending their way to the altar. If God and nature are wrong in the time they appoint for marriage, and it is unthrifty to obey their dictates, man must be wiser than his Maker. If the transplanting of marriage from its proper place is good, would not the denying of it altogether be better?

J. T. R.: Amongst the mining and manufacturing classes early marriages are the rule, and the proportion of those who live the kind of life which conduces to thrift, and in its turn happiness, is certainly not a large one. In a group of about 500 families in a mining village, only about ten per cent. were believed to be really better off at the end than at the beginning of the great period of prosperity in the years 1871-74.

J. TAYLOR: As regards the *cost* of early marriage. When young men marry let them make their home their pleasure, their

wife their companion and friend, and they will find no other pleasure as sweet, no companion as cheerful, and no friend as true, their money will go as far as when they were single, and the pleasure of spending it will be increased.

G. DOMLEO: For those who have nothing but their own efforts to depend upon, the weight of evidence is much against early marriages. As illustrative, take the case of clerks, on railways, in banks, factories, warehouses, &c. At twenty-one years of age the majority are not in receipt of more than £50 to £70 per annum. The typical clerk marries, and may perhaps manage to live in tolerable comfort for the first year or two; then family troubles and expenses commence, but his salary is not raised in proportion. He plods on for a few more years, vainly hoping for promotion, and then finding that what was barely sufficient to provide for two, is totally inadequate for the requirements of three, four, or five, as the case may be, he lays the matter before his employers, who either inform him they are sorry but cannot give more for his particular work, or possibly raise him a few pounds per year. In the latter case he perhaps endeavours to make the best of a hard existence, whilst if the former happen he is tempted to either take to drink, or stoops lower, and thus begins his downward course.

G. E. FYSON: Mr. Speaker,—Sir, Bachelors are, as a rule, less careful in money matters than married men: they have no idea of "household economies," are to a great extent at the mercy of their landladies, who generally cook badly and wastefully, keep their lodgers uncomfortable, and get a good picking out of them. Several of my friends who have early entered the conjugal state, assure me that married life is cheaper as well as happier than bachelorhood—they live better, at a less cost. There is such a deal in management, and a woman often makes one pound go as far as a man does two.

Other speeches on Opener's side received from:—A Young Wife, H. E. A. Coate, P. Jennings, B. Evans, A Working Man, Sarah, G. Wood, Lalla Rookh, Walter Littber, Jessie Donisthorpe, Edward Horne, John Seage, A. J. Cockburn, E. Greene, A. D. H. M., Hugh Hughes, F. A. B., S. J. Vernon, G. Watkinson, W. Skidmore, Ethelroyd, F. J. L., Aniso, A. L. O. D., Alfred Kaye, Caroline Loam, E. Butler, W. Shearer, T. Dawson, A. Harcourt, J. B., E. C. Empson, M. K. Wrim, C. Bennett, Lumley Ferrers, H. M. Turner, Lucy C. Turner, Agnes Steele, M. A. J. Bowden, V. Rose, L. J. Allen, C. M. W., C. Claridge, W. King, J. O. Coleman, &c. &c.

Other speeches for the Opponent received from:—C. M. A., Beatrice, T. Clay, W. M. R., Mrs. Hume Fry, J. Wyles, M. Ashworth, Verema, A. B., W. G. B., "No. 8, C H.," W. Speakman, J. T. C., E. Garter, Hymen, E. H. R., J. J. M. Davis, H. E. Southall, B. H. Ward, Mary Gardner, H. Malpas, T. Todd, J. R. Hand, M. R. P., Emma Smith, "Sour Eighteen," M. Muir, Jean Ross, X. Y. Z., M. F., W. H. Hathaway, Mrs. J. G. Oldfield, H. F. Harding, Louise Murray, Amateur, F. J. Harries, J. E. Saunders, Medicus, Alice M. Ridal, Mrs. C. Oliver, J. Cox, C. H. Venning, J. E. Swallow, G. K. King, W. A. Jubb, Common Sense, Sarah J. Whitby, J. Eaton Fearn, Ishmael Diogenes, Mrs. H. Webster, F. W. Randall, T. A. A. Ames, W. M. H., T. Purkis, J. W. Nelson, J. Taylor, Margaret Ritchie, J. Hatwick, J. T. Broadhead, Marian Gargerie, H. J. Turner, J. A. Archer, &c. &c.

The Honorarium of £1 1s. has been awarded to H. K. ROADS, Foxton, near Royston, Cambs. The debate on Question III. will be closed in our next issue, when the successful speech will be printed. No further speeches on this question can be received.

VOTES OF READERS.

Attention is called to the **Voting Paper** on Question III., which will be found facing the Frontispiece of this Part, and which is to be filled up and sent to "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.," in accordance with the directions given on page 250 of our last issue. The Voting Paper may be enclosed either in a stamped envelope or in a halfpenny wrapper.

QUESTION IV.—SHOULD WE SEND OUR GIRLS TO BOARDING-SCHOOLS?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

Sir,—There is no lawful personal authority without love. The Creator, whose power is absolute, is infinite Love, so love dictates what power performs. One of the earthly shadows of this authority is that which a parent possesses over a child. He has almost absolute control; yet no child dislikes the authority when combined with love; on the contrary, children never feel so safe and happy as when they are with their parents. Now, to what are these remarks the prelude? Simply to the announcement that "Personal authority uncombined with love is a monstrosity and a tyranny, and that a child placed under such authority is in an unnatural and constrained position."

And where shall we find children living in this unnatural, unhappy position? In Boarding-schools. Much has been said and done about the rights of women, but one rarely, if ever, hears about the rights of children. Yet rights they have, in common with, and equal to, the rights of adults. Children are not the property of their parents, to be disposed of according to fancy and caprice, like a watch or any other senseless trinket. Parents are the guardians of their children, and it is the duty of guardians to act for those under their care as though they would have some day to give an account of their stewardship; they should jealously guard their children's liberty—liberty, the first and fundamental right of mankind, the property and possession of the new-born babe as much as of the man. When a child lives at home it is free; when placed in a school it loses its liberty.

When a woman marries she expects to have a home, and to be permitted to live in that home. When a child is born its inheritance is a home. It has a right to the personal protection and training of its parents, and people do as much wrong in withholding from their offspring their presence and care, as a husband would do in denying his wife his society. A man has certainly no more right to turn his children out of their home than he has to turn out his wife.

The farming out of babies by their mothers has been justly condemned as unnatural, yet is it as the straining at a gnat and the swallowing of a camel, when we compare it with the farming out of older children.

Girls at least would never be sent to boarding-schools, could their fathers know what the life is like by experience, for men would write against it. But unfortunately men can only judge of boys' schools, and in them the restraint is not so great; then, again, as a rule (to which there are the usual exceptions) their affections are comparatively dormant, and their animal spirits so high that while they have plenty of fun they may not be utterly miserable, though, according to my judgment, they must be far happier at home. But girls are different; they are miniature women, and while a dull boy may turn out a genius in after-life, a dull girl never does; she simply gains experience. See that young girl: she is clever and trustworthy;

when at home she goes out at her leisure hours as she pleases, provided she says where she is going. While still under guidance and control, she can in a great measure use her own discretion, and when her mother is ill she is a most valuable little housekeeper. See that same girl at school: she is now an incapable baby; she is never allowed outside the house alone; she only has her daily walk in a string, with her schoolfellows, and looks with envy at the free children in the streets. Her wisdom and discretion are quietly put to sleep, and she becomes a machine moved entirely at the will of others.

If a life of irksome restraint were productive of some wondrous good (which it is not) ought we therefore to do evil that good may come? When a great sorrow falls upon a man through loss of a beloved wife or child, it may work good to him; his character may become less selfish through suffering. Should men on that account seek the death of those they love? No one denies himself happiness while he can get it, but takes care to enjoy all the good that falls to his lot; let him also permit those in his care to enjoy what good falls to their lot, and thus follow the golden rule of doing unto others as he would wish to be done unto. The future should be provided for, but not at the expense of the present. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. A man should not live on dry bread till middle age in order that for the rest of his days he may live on the fat of the land. Also, we should reckon the cost paid. A man might work seventy-two hours a week and thereby earn a penny. He might triumphantly show that penny, and none could dispute it as a penny gained. Yet the gain would be loss if set over against the seventy-two hours' work. If there is any gain in boarding-schools (which I have never been able to discover), is it worth having at the expense of a murdered childhood? I say murdered advisedly, for if not lived, if not enjoyed, it is murdered.

The remembrance of a joyous childhood is a priceless possession for life.

What I have described, Sir, may be thought an exaggerated picture. It is not; it is drawn from the life. I do not for a moment suppose that all suffer in the same degree, but all taste the same bitter cup. The dull, the cold-hearted, the coarse-minded, while they have enough to eat and drink may have the contentment of a beast. But the noble-minded, the loving, the high-hearted, the sensitive, the finely-wrought spirits, suffer intensely. Can they feed? can they grow? can they really live in a barren wilderness? Not in childhood while incarcerated, not in youth when emancipated, not in age when the past lies far behind, will such souls consent that they were rightly treated. Again, those who have only passed the last year of their education in a boarding-school do not suffer what the little creature endures to whom a week appears a month, who cannot look forward to the time when it will be allowed to leave for good, and whose horizon is bounded by the holidays, when it will be permitted to enter, for a short time, and as a visitor, that home which should be its abiding-place.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

With all due deference to you, Sir, and without wishing to depart in any way from the fair field of argument, I cannot help suggesting that the opener of this debate must have had some very unfortunate —ay, more, some very bitter experiences of boarding-school life; and it seems to me that those exceptional experiences have begotten prejudices against all boarding-schools, of a kind decidedly hostile to the fair consideration of the question at issue. One of the speaker's opening statements—a statement altogether unobjectionable in itself—is sufficient to prove this. "Personal authority uncombined with love is a monstrosity and a tyranny!" True enough, but then the hon. member goes on to assert that children "living in this unnatural, unhappy position," are to be found in boarding-schools, implying that *all* children in *all* boarding-schools are thus sadly situated. Leaving boys' schools out of the question as no part of the present subject, are not the statements quoted a libel upon the many good and true and noble women who have spent their best years in the religious, moral, and intellectual education of the mothers—past, present, and prospective—of our race? and do not these good women out-number, in the proportion of tens and hundreds to one, those few who, forgetting their duty to God and man, take charge of girls from purely selfish motives, and, having so become responsible for them, neglect them in every possible way? How often is it that you can find a woman, whether married or single, who does not love children? And even admitting that there may be some few boarding-school mistresses who love them not, is it not fair to argue that they are as nothing compared to the number of unnatural mothers who, from love of pleasure, or from other causes, leave the care of their children at home entirely in the hands of hirelings?

In the majority of cases, however, there must come a time when—either on account of intellectual deficiency, lack of education, or want of leisure—the mother is unable to give her daughter that culture demanded by the civilisation to which we, as a nation, have attained. What courses are then open? Three, and three only. Either the girl must be taught at home by governess and masters, or she must go to a day-school, or she must be sent to a boarding-school. And it is at this juncture—with these three alternatives facing us—that we arrive at a fair stand-point for argument.

It may at once be conceded that wherever possible the first course is the most desirable: the home atmosphere—if it be a good one—is to be valued so far as regards religious and moral education; and since girls rarely require the highest intellectual nurture, the inferiority of home education in this respect need not to be taken into account. But for various causes—evident to all, and which cannot now be entered into at length—home culture of the kind referred to is often an impossibility, and one of the other courses must be selected. Either the girl must go to a day-school or to a boarding-school; which shall it be?

Now, Sir, I am not here to advocate the superior claims of boarding-schools in all cases, but rather to defend them from the charges brought against them. In my opinion, both day and boarding-schools have their merits, and special merits in special instances. If there be a good and satisfactory day-school in close proximity to the home, and if the moral atmosphere of the home itself be true and pure, then by all means let the day-school suffice. But if the home influences exerted by father or mother, or brothers or sisters, be in any way harmful; or if no thoroughly satisfactory school can be found; or if the day-school necessitate too long a journey to and fro, let a good boarding-school be sought out. If, as is sometimes the case, the home example be bad—if there be irreligion, or continual gaiety, or excessive vanity in the home, how much better that for some part of each year the girl should be removed to a purer atmosphere! And why send a girl to a day-school if the education given be of a low order, or if the companionship be objectionable? Or if a satisfactory day-school—whether high school or other—can only be found at some distance, why expose a girl to manifold dangers on her daily journey—ay, and to the risk of becoming vain and forward through her free intercourse with a strange world at too early an age? The opener of the debate speaks of the freedom of home—the freedom from restraint; has not this vaunted freedom too often been the cause of much evil? *Is* it desirable that our daughters should run about when and where they will?

And now as to boarding-schools. There are good ones and there are bad ones, but the good ones largely predominate. And when I speak of good ones, Sir, I do not necessarily mean schools that can show a long list of accomplished mistresses and visiting masters, or that can boast an array of students successful at public examinations. I have in my mind schools presided over by *very* women; women who are gifted with large hearts, overflowing with sympathy and love; women who can enter into all the little joys and sorrows of those in their charge; women who are not infallible, but who, from lengthened experience, rarely misunderstand child-nature; women who, as true servants of God, are kind and tender-hearted to all His creatures, and specially to those for whose moral and spiritual welfare they are in a large measure responsible. Such boarding-school mistresses *do* exist—ay, and in large numbers. It is the duty of parents to seek them out, and then there will be no talk of sensitive spirits dulled or broken by cold neglect or by irksome restraint; there will be no possibility of "a murdered childhood."

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the June Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader*. All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than April 12.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech on either side of the Question*; no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

THE FAMILY MEDICINE-CHEST, AND WHAT SHOULD GO IN IT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE is no need to enlarge upon the advantages of having a small and carefully-stocked medicine-chest in a family, especially where there are children; but great need to warn my readers of the danger, not to say folly, of flying to it upon every little occasion, or with every trifling ailment. We should remember that we have a great *Mater Naturæ*, who is always willing, and nearly always able, to nurse us quietly back to health, if we would but leave her alone. Much ought to be left to her, therefore, and much will be left by fathers and mothers if they but bear the following truths in mind:—1. No remedy is infallible. 2. Most medicines must do harm before they do good. 3. The *post hoc propter hoc* line of argument is wrong; it is a common one with non-thinking people, and cannot be too highly nor too often condemned by medical practitioners. It is based upon the belief that because a patient gets well after having taken a certain drug, it is the drug that has cured him. Granted that the cure *might* have been owing to the potency of the drug, yet, on the other hand, the medicine may have done neither good nor harm, and nature may have worked the cure, or the medicine may have positively retarded the cure, and nature, defiant, come off triumphant. If people would only get to believe this, there would be far less quackery in the land, and consequently far fewer cases for the coroner.

A good medicine-chest need not be a very bulky arrangement, but it is far better to have a chest or box of some kind than to keep the medicines in a cupboard. Buy the chest and have it filled only from a chemist of known respectability, for drugs are greatly adulterated now-a-days, especially the more valuable sorts, such as quinine, &c.; but few escape adulteration if the process be remunerative. Having procured your chest, place it in a safe place, beyond the reach of children, and keep the key in your own possession. A medicine-chest is often very pretty and ornamental, and might look well beneath the

dining-room side-board; but that is no place for it, for some unlucky day the key might be left in the box, and the results dire. I recollect a sad case of poisoning which happened in this same way. The key had been forgotten, and the parents were out, and two children, after smelling a few bottles, helped themselves liberally to *oil of cinnamon.*

Now, when you happen to be ill, and are standing in front of your medicine-chest, key in hand, I advise you to look twice at that key before you insert it in the lock; and if it be some one dear to you who is sick, then look four times at your key. It is surprising the amount of blind faith many put in the efficacy of drugs. This is only one of the remnants of the barbarous past. We know better now-a-days; we prefer culling our herbs by daylight, and we object to the dew on principle. We have banished the barber-chirurgeon; the painted pole and dangling plate are but pretty frauds; soda-water has taken the place of phlebotomy; we sweeten and flavour our mixtures, and gild or sugar-coat our pills. And yet I know there are thousands—nay, millions of men still who think physic ought to be nauseous to the taste, not the sweetest of perfume, and taken in large quantities in order to do any good. But all this while I am leaving my reader standing key in hand. What I was going to say, then, is this, that before dosing oneself or any one else with medicine, we ought to consider the cause of the complaint and try to remove that. Drugs always leave some bad after-effects, natural remedies do not. For example, I say that if a person feels a trifle hot and feverish of an evening, it is better to retire to quiet rest an hour earlier, and take a seltzer or soda in preference to either James's powder or Mindererus spirit; or if his liver—so often sinned against, so seldom sinning—be a little out of sorts, a brisk walk will do a deal more good than a blue pill.

Another person we find standing musingly in front of his medicine-chest because his blood is out of order; he is looking for a "blood purifier." Well, his blood may or may not be in the condition he supposes; but granting that it is, before choosing his remedy it will be well if he thinks back a little way, to see if he can possibly trace the cause. If he knows of any very serious one, let him go straight off to his own doctor at once and consult him. If he knows of no serious cause, then I can tell him he is looking for something which he will not find. What would he think of a miller who, finding the water in the mill-lead muddy and impure, went off and purchased a cart-load of disinfectants, and set himself to pour them into the lead, instead of going right away to the mill-dam at once, and trying to purify that? The water in the lead is muddy, the wheel will not revolve as it ought, and the miller keeps pouring purifiers into the lead, instead of going to the dam; and as long as he does, the wheel goes merrily enough. A patient is dull, miserable, and not at all what he ought to be, and he goes in search of medicine to cleanse his blood, instead of going straight away to the fountain-head, the reservoir of food, the stomach. I ask you, are not miller and patient equally thoughtless? The patient's blood is thin, he is pale, and anæmia and eruptions come out on his face. The patient is too stout, he is unfit to walk without panting, and perhaps he is blotchy. Blood out of order in both cases. The medicinal remedies would be different in either, but I could find them in that chest. Yet if I did not first and foremost correct the patient's errors in diet, if I did not first rectify the blood-forming process, should I not be as bad and foolish as the miller? Given such a patient, I will correct his dietary, both in quantity and quality, I will regulate his hours for exercise, work, and sleep, and condemn any bad habit he may have fallen into. As an adjunctive to this, I may prescribe a corrective of some kind, and a simple aperient; when I have done this, I will be content to wait a few days. I do not want to hamper Nature, but to walk reverently at her heels, and lend a hand when needed. When she has begun the cure, be it mine to help to mend matters, to repair injured tissue, to thicken impoverished blood, and to brace and tone the system generally. This I can do by tonics and special stimulants, but am I to give these all the credit of the cure? No.

I say now, and I have said so before, there are few more dangerous medicines to be found than tonics. They are often wolves in sheep's clothing. They are like spirited horses—splendid servants, but they need watching.

Aperients, again, are far too often abused. We feel out of sorts, have but little appetite and less spirits; we are recommended to take two of a certain kind of pills at bed-time. We do so, and next morning, after some time, feel fresh and light and happy. From that day, probably, we pin our faith upon that pill. It is just the one that suits us. It becomes our servant, and for a time all goes well, and every time we want him, our servant appears obedient to call; but we soon discover that his services are more and more begrudgingly given, and by-and-by he either is no longer of any use, or we must have him so constantly with us that things are quite reversed, and the slave becomes the master. There is another remedy some reader might suggest—namely, to turn this servant away and get another. Ah! yes; but the old one doesn't depart without having done us infinite mischief, and one servant can't be held accountable for another's breakages. Therefore, believe me, the motto "Gang warily" applies with great force to medicinal aperients. Plenty of exercise in the open air, and *ripe fruit before breakfast*, are the best and safest aperients in the world.

The medicines that find a place in the family medicine-chest should be of the simplest kinds, especially those for children's use, which might be confined to grey powder, to be used when they feel out of sorts; senna, for tea in the morning; carbonate of magnesia, easily given in pap, to correct acidity and act as a laxative; syrup of rhubarb and syrup of senna, both gently aperient; borax, used one part to seven of honey, for thrush or aphthæ; antimonial wine, for severe colds

with difficulty of breathing; calomel; castor oil, a nice, simple, softening laxative; santonine, for thread-worms; steel wine, a capital tonic, and easy to take; dill-water, in pain; and lastly, milk of sulphur.

In addition to these, and chiefly for adults, there should be, as laxatives or aperients, effervescent citrate of magnesia, Gregory's powder, sulphate of magnesia, rhubarb powder, so useful as a stomachic, some podophyllin pills, and some of the bicarbonate of potash and soda, with either citric or tartaric acid, to compose cooling effervescent drinks withal. The anti-febriles must not be forgotten—spirits of sweet nitre, and Mindererus spirit. The tonics may be quinine, tincture of iron, cod-liver oil, and tincture of quassia; sulphate of zinc and alum for astringent purposes; laudanum and chlorodyne to allay pain; paregoric, Dover's powder, syrup of squills, and balsam of tolu for coughs; dilute sulphuric acid, solution of morphia, and chloric ether for diarrhœa; and Dover's powder, or James's powder, should not be omitted, the latter being an excellent remedy for slight colds. I should also mention glycerine, cod-liver oil, essence of ginger, tincture of valerian, compound camphor liniment, Friar's-balsam, nitrate of silver, citrine ointment, and benzoated oxide of zinc ointment.

The chest would not be complete without linseed meal, mustard or mustard-leaves, carron oil for burns, some cotton wool and lint and oiled silk, adhesive plaister, and a few bandages. There should also be a pair of small scales, an ointment or plaister knife, and a pair of surgical scissors. Many handy compound medicines might be added to the list, but I think it is complete enough as it is. It may even seem formidable in length. So it really looks on paper, but many of the bottles will be small, for the quantities of each medicine you purchase must be commensurate with the dose.

In prescribing for any one, remember the *age* of your patient; a child of a year old—supposing that the medicine is suitable at all—will only take a twelfth ($\frac{1}{12}$) part a grown-up person can, a child of three one-sixth ($\frac{1}{6}$), one of seven one-third ($\frac{1}{3}$), a youth of fourteen about half. Old people must be dealt with in the inverse ratio after sixty. Women take smaller doses, and an opiate should not be given to a child—not even as a soothing powder. Remember the season of the year. Give the less weakening remedies in preference to the stronger. Never give medicine at all unless it is really required. Do not continue the use of a remedy a day longer than it is required, but give it as soon as it is required—a stitch in time saves nine. Always shake a bottle; this is being on the safe side, for even some mixed powders separate. Put everything back in its proper place, and see that the labels are all secure. Lastly, lock up, and take away the key.

In conclusion, it will be observed that in giving my list of medicines I omitted to give the dose of each. I did so purposely, because while strongly advising the members of every family—especially those residing in country places—to have a medicine-chest, I as strongly urge them to get a guide to it. These guides do not add much to the expense—about a shilling or so—and if you could also have by you "The Family Physician,"* so much the better.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WE have now arrived at that happy moment when all the preparations which have been making for months come to the fore; and the manufacturer has the satisfaction of knowing whether he has prejudged the popular taste rightly, and is fortunate in the productions on which his looms have been employed.

I have been devoting much time and patience to a thorough inspection of new fabrics—wool, silk, and cotton. There is a good deal that is really novel, and many improvements have been effected on old and well-tried materials. Tinsel finds its way into wool, silk, and even into cotton; an absurdity, the last, seeing that it cannot possibly wash. Cotton and woollen goods are made with borderings, intended to be used as trimmings; but I will enter minutely into the question of fabrics, telling you what I have seen, and what there is for you to buy. We will begin with the woollens, because just now, at this *demi-saison*, there is no style of costume so useful, nor so universally adopted. Little checks are once more quite fashionable, more particularly of the shepherd's-plaid order, and in very inexpensive fabrics; but the absurdity is that when made up they are lined with the richest poult de soie. I saw the other day a brown and white costume made of écarté cloth, which can be bought, I know, in England for about 8d. a yard, lined with olive silk at 8s. This écarté material is reversible, having a sort of pepper-and-salt mixture on the wrong side, and can be skilfully blended for trimming.

* Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

SPRING DRESSES.

It is to be had in several varieties of check, and in stripes; its low price is due to the fact that it is a mixture of wool and cotton, the latter predominating. Beige carreaux is, however, all wool, and far more worthy the trouble and cost of making. It is produced in shepherd's-plaid, checks and broken checks, with broad checks formed of single lines thrown on. It shows brown and green shades, and admixtures of the two, with a white thread running through. Serpolette is one of the many cloths that show an admixture of tinsel framing the smaller checks. The cachemires, not to be confounded with cashmeres, are sold in large, decided stripes, with plain to match, in such mixtures as greens and browns, greens and puce. The variety in checks seems never-ending; large tartans with criss-cross lines are perhaps the newest, in mixtures of brown and blue, or green and red, but they appeal far more to French than to English taste. Tweeds hold their own and are likely to do so; there is scarcely anything more durable for walking dresses; the newest have an interwoven thread in the check and display heather mixtures, while some have snowflake lines of colour in decided contrast introduced. I suppose you know that the term snowflake is applied to a certain rough irregular surface, occurring at intervals in the thread. Beige, another really useful good wearing stuff, promises to be most extensively worn, and is sold in all the natural fawn tones, together with greens, blues, grey, and sombre browns. The Vicuna beige is easily distinguishable, because the distinctive feature of Vicuna is that there should be hairs on the surface. It is twilled, and made in browns, greys, and blues of neutral tone, possibly to be relieved by light colours, if, as we hear on all sides, the mania for bright tones developed last season continues. "Casimir" I would strongly recommend to your notice, if you do not know it. It is a fine twilled fabric, with a certain resisting stiffness in it which throws off dirt, and is thoroughly good wear. Clarets, greens, blues, browns, all these can be had, and indeed all tones in this material. I can speak almost as well of "Pennelle," which closely resembles cashmere.

"Vicuna mélange" has invisible checks. Beige granite is well woven together, and has a speckled surface of two sister shades, somewhat of the matting order. Knickerbocker stripes in tweed are sold with plain to match, and checks of two colours with large double line checks in snowflake thrown in, and of such a bright admixture of tones, as yellow, red, and blue on a brown and white check, which would seem to substantiate the avowed favour to be given to bright hues. Foulé cloth is one of the cheap fabrics, and comes out this season in many new tones. The "Pennelle foulé" is soft, like cashmere, without the finish.

The "amazon," a fine habit cloth with a bright face, brought out in the winter, has had a wonderful success, and now a thinner lighter make has been prepared for spring and summer, under the name of "petit drap." It is good wearing, and is notable for the charming colourings in which it is sold—light sage, bronze, terra-cotta, mahogany, smoke, bright blues and drabs; indeed it vies in that respect with Umritza, that wonderful Indian fabric, which hails from Bradford Mills, but having found special favour with the æsthetics, is dyed in the yellowy-green, brick-red, and other shades of that ilk.

Toile religieuse, nun's veiling, whichever you like to call it, soft, pretty-looking, and cheap, is being worn quite as much as when it first came in, only now it is to be had in far more colourings. It will be used this spring for confirmation dresses; and also armure, which is made in light tones, for evening, as well as cream.

Casimir is to be had in double width, and also fine Indian cashmere, and cashmere each season appears in many more colourings. This year they are selling cashmere robes with bands of the material richly embroidered in silk for trimming. I mean the open-work English embroidery, "à jour," as the French call it. There is a decided feeling for such embroidery. Other woollen stuffs are accompanied by borderings, interwoven with silk, and having the appearance of lace, others with the semblance of embroidery. A brocaded fabric covered with a design in silk, apparently worked in cross-stitch, is intended to be blended with plain material. Another new stuff, a mixture of silk and cotton, thin and most silky-looking, mistaken at a glance for spun silk, and sold chiefly in checks of two colours—blue and white, blue and gold, red and white, brown and gold—is to be had very cheap.

In grenadines, tinsel has been introduced in stripes, and lines, and solid flowers; and gold tinsel finds its way into the petticoats—white grounds with perpendicular stripes of colour, strengthened with tinsel. What could be more vulgarly out of place?

Now let us discuss silks. Present taste and modes all point to rich fabrics, and every year they are more costly. For trimmings and intermixing with plain materials, some satins are brought out covered with close-set stripes of velvet of the same colour as the ground sometimes, and sometimes shaded and in marked contrast, such as terra-cotta and green. In Paris the revival of stripes is a matter of certainty, and also a disposition for artistic tones.

For trains and full dresses, there is a chance of really beautiful things; for example, satin grounds, on which is a pattern in velours dentelle frisé, which means the pile not cut, but standing up like terry. You will realise it better if I bring the colouring before you—a cream ground, the pattern in lucifer, copper, or old-gold. Then the striped satin gauzes, they are beautiful in themselves, but most expensive, because they require a silk lining. To gauze velvet, the same applies, the velvet designs standing out boldly from the thin ground; this is the very latest thing in mantles and for trains; so also are light-coloured satins, with raised *ciselé* and *frisé* velvet designs combined, very artistic in effect.

Moire antique threatens to be done to death. We are to wear it plain and *façonné*, that is, covered with a brocade, also intermixed with satin. I have

seen, as quite the newest thing, satin grounds with the pattern in moire, outlined with a satin brocade. This will do very well in light colours, but the moire is produced by iron rollers, and these passing over dark satin grounds, give a greasy, flattened aspect. Moire and broché stripes in mixed tones are new, and so are checks moire, and chiné moires.

"Lampas" is a name given by manufacturers to satin duchesse with brocaded flowers; almost equal in richness are the satin grounds brocaded in tinsel. For trimming, "satin moire haïtienne," which is striped in two colours, is a decided novelty. The Zurich silks in small checks will be worn as trimmings and for combining with other materials. Light-coloured stripes and watered silk no one can do wrong in buying, and poult de soie and glacé are decidedly coming in, judging from the stock manufacturers are preparing.

Many coat bodices are being made of glacés, having a velvet brocade. A novelty in brocaded gauzes has the brocade in solid colour outlined with a contrasting shade; this is a triumph of weaving; the gauze looks quite black on the outside, though the coloured threads are carried across at the back. The so-called Jacquard velvet gauze is, however, the best woven on the Jacquard loom. Besides the velvet gauze, another new stuff has come out for mantles, viz., "Sultane façonné," the best being reversible; the ground is Sicilienne, and on this is a broché flower; the effect is massive and rich.

"Satin lumineux" is entirely replacing satin de Lyon, which has never worn well; it is printed on a white warp, and shot off in colours, which means that the colouring is printed in the design before weaving. Satin merveilleux has been similarly treated. English silks are looking up as well as English woollen goods, *i.e.*, a number of fabrics hitherto sold as French are now honestly announced to be British. A new class of English silk is the "Cheviot;" the silk is worked in four colours before weaving; it produces a curious but charming effect.

There are chiné silks, chiné satins, and chiné moires. Some with Pompadour bouquets scattered over them are called "Chapeau Bergère," others with smaller blooms are "Jardinière;" chiné stripes alternating with moire are good-looking.

But I really am inclined to think that quite as many charming things have been brought out in cottons as in silks; and if the weather be only propitious, they will be most fashionably worn for *fête* dresses and full dresses.

Plain sateen is to be had in every self-tone. Then we have a succession of patterns of tiny flowers covering the whole fabric, like those on Sèvres china, others of more conventional type, Japanese in origin, with temples and flowers intermixed. Large conventional flowers and portions of flowers and Gothic patterns in mixed colourings leave little of the ground showing. Dark grounds with large blooms, such as convolvulus and currant blossom, roses, &c., detached, are most silky-looking. Another variety displays large blooms in outline, white or dark, and on speckled grounds. Single blooms in conventional, not natural, colouring, large and scattered, have a wonderful effect, such as dark brown and pink flowers on a light pink ground. The variety is immense, but we have not yet banished the dark blue grounds with small and large white spots. The most novel feature in cottons, however, is the bordering. Some of the newest have small patterns of flowers in the centre, and large leaves for the borders; others have lace-pattern borders; still others have rose-leaves with scattered rose-buds in the centre, while plain colours have a bordering of simulated embroidery.

Zephyr plain printed, checked and striped, are to be worn, but we will hope that the universal pink zephyrs of last year have had their day. Gold tinsel has found its way into the largest check zephyrs, but of course they cannot wash.

Any of the new materials mentioned above can be used for the *demi-saison* costumes to be found in the accompanying illustrations. The figurine with which the chapter opens wears a brown costume—a combination of a broché and plain fabric; her bonnet is trimmed with lace-ribbon—one of the novelties of the season—the designs of Spanish and other laces being woven in thick figures on a lace-like ground that forms the ribbon, the edges of which are scolloped; a tuft of coralline feathers at the side of the bonnet.

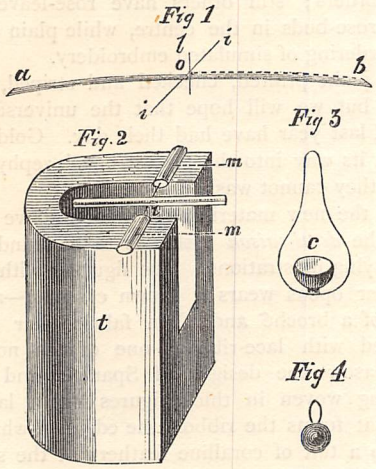
The three little girls in the second illustration are wearing spring costumes—the first in casimir of the new shade of green called "sycamore," and the hat is fine straw to match, for straw hats and bonnets to match costumes will be popularly worn. The second little girl's costume is "petit drap," a very fine cloth, the colour being *ficelle* or twine, for this colour is to supersede écru, and during the forthcoming season there will be a *furore* for it, judging from the numerous new laces, ribbons, dresses, and bonnets that are prepared in this particularly soft pretty shade. For children it is charming, and can be easily brightened up with any of the new shades of red called "Turc" and "Sicily," or with the "sunflower yellow" of the æsthetics.

The remaining costumes show great diversity of make to suit a variety of figures. Large important ruches bordering the skirt, huge bows at the back, sleeves cut high on the shoulders, narrow skirts with more than a *soupçon* of tournure, such are the salient points. Square shoulders and slender waists are still to obtain, and what volumes could be written on the torture some women voluntarily undergo to acquire the latter. Tailors tell how button-hooks are called to the rescue, before many habits can be fastened, and dressmakers reveal how the constant order runs: "I am twenty-four inches in the waist, but make my dress twenty-one and leave the rest to me." Nature is incommoded and art outraged, but no matter, so long as a slim waist is the result, with shame be it said, thousands of silly women will imperil the greatest of God's gifts—good health.

THE GATHERER.

A Wheatstraw Balance.

It may be useful to some of our readers to know how a makeshift chemical balance can be made out of a wheaten straw. A straw stem, *a b* (Fig. 1), is suspended by its middle point, *o*; from one of the



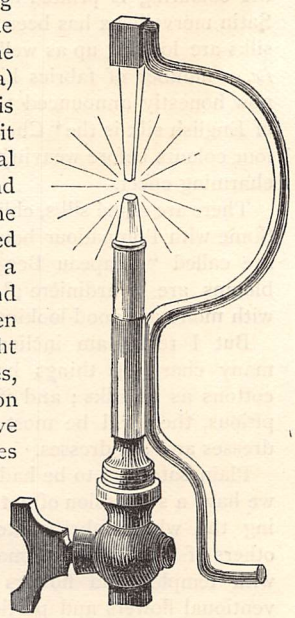
extremities, *a*, is hung a little fixed pan, *c* (Fig. 3), and on the other end is moved a little sliding weight (Fig. 4), which indicates the weight by its distance from the axis, *o*. The straw should be very sound and slightly curved. The point *o* is to be marked with a pen, and on either side of this middle point the other points, *a b*, are marked off with a decimètre scale. One side, *o b*, is to be subdivided into centimètres and demi-centimètres. The axis of suspension is made by thrusting a very fine needle, *i*, through the straw at the middle point, *o*, well up above the centre of the stem. This needle is to be supported in little tubes of glass, *m m*, as in journals, and these are to be fixed horizontally in a hollowed base of wood, *t*. A vertical needle is planted at the point *o* in the straw to act as the indicator of the balance, showing when the beam is level or otherwise. The capsule, *c*, is made of fine note-paper, glued to a loop of fine iron, or better, platinum wire. The weight is a little ball or ring of iron, or platinum, of say half a decigramme, and is suspended from the degrees of the scale, *o b*. The balance is to be carefully adjusted by adding wax and lead shot to the lighter end, and shifting the vertical lever. To prevent the beam oscillating too far it can be checked at either end by proper stops.

The Stars and Fire-damp.

It is noticed that the stars twinkle more brightly before a fall of the barometer, and M. Somzée, the well-known Belgian mining engineer, has suggested that the fact might be of use as a warning to miners in fiery collieries; for a fall in the barometer is usually attended by a greater discharge of gas from the seams. His plan is to establish observatories connected by telegraph to the mining districts, and to advise the coal-masters of the brightness of the stars. The same information could be automatically conveyed by an apparatus like the photophone, in which a ray of light sends an electric signal along a wire. M. Somzée's idea is ingenious, but actual trial alone can test its value. The same may be said of the proposal made by Prof. Rossi to employ the microphone in detecting explosions of fire-damp. It appears that an explosion is preceded by delicate atmospheric waves, and as the microphone is sensible to these and could render them audible, his idea is to employ it in mines to warn miners of a coming "fire."

A New Lime-Light.

The oxy-hydrogen lime-light invented by Mr. Drummond is in itself a beautiful light resembling that of the sun, and the reason why it is so rarely used outside of theatres is mainly the high price of the oxygen gas necessary to produce it in conjunction with hydrogen, and also the rapid destruction of the quicklime which is heated by the impact of the two burning gases. To overcome these drawbacks M. de Khotinsky, a distinguished officer of the Russian fleet, now resident in Paris, has devised a way of preparing the oxygen more cheaply from permanganate of potash, and of constructing the burner so that the lime lasts much longer. The piece of lime (or magnesia) forming the new burner is of a tapering shape, and it is supported in a vertical position with the small end downwards. Under the lime a double pipe, formed of a cylinder enclosing a smaller one, opens out, and the oxygen and hydrogen or coal gases are brought separately up these pipes, and allowed to mingle on the tapering lime above them. The mingling gases heat the lime from the point upwards in a uniform fashion all the way round, and as there is no sudden difference of temperature in the lime, it endures for a long time.

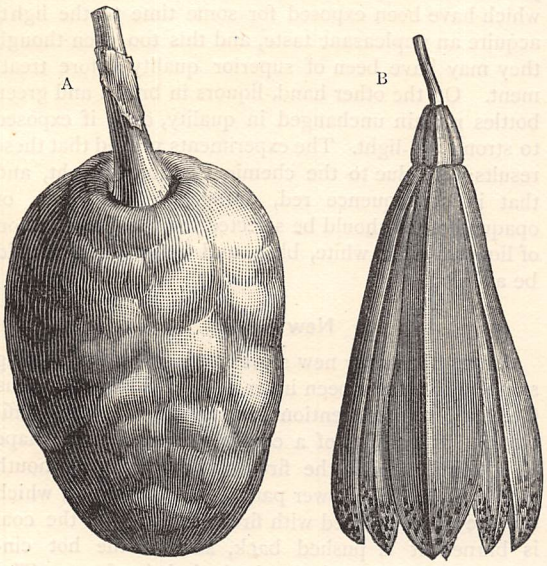


The burner is enclosed in a hazy globe of glass, the better to diffuse the light: and one consuming a cubic foot of oxygen and a cubic foot of coal-gas is said to yield a light equal to one and a half Carcel lamps.

M. de Khotinsky proposes to deliver compressed oxygen to the houses of private consumers, but it is doubtful if his system will gain ground in face of the electric light.

A New Garden Plant.

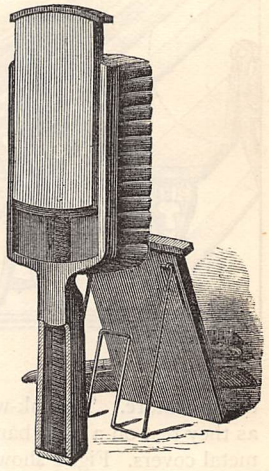
Mr. Masters has recently named and described a very interesting new garden plant lately discovered in Colombia, and introduced into England by Mr. Carder. It has a horizontal underground stem, or rhizome, about the thickness of one's finger, sending out from its under surface a number of stout unbranched root-fibres, many of them ending in tubers. These tubers, A, are said to be edible, being full of starchy matter, stored away for the future use of the plant, but being true root-tubers and therefore unable to produce buds, they cannot be used like those of the underground stem-tubers of the potato for purposes of



propagation. The leaves are ovate-lanceolate, five or six inches long by two wide, having parallel nerves or veins, with transverse branching or secondary nerves forming with the primary almost square interspaces. The flowers, B, are two inches or more long, regular, shaped like an elongated bell, and droopingly arranged on a forking umbellate flowering branch. The perianth segments or petals are in two rows, the outer a brilliant red slightly tinged with green and dotted with small dark spots at tips; inner a little more pointed, and of a bright yellow colour, with a red midrib, and tips green with dark spots. The fruit is a leathery capsule with round pitted seeds about the size of a small pea. It is named *Bomarea Shuttleworthii*, after its English cultivator, Mr. Shuttleworth.

A Pocket Toilet Companion.

There is no reason why a hair-brush should not be made to be a good deal more serviceable than, as a rule, it is at present. By slightly increasing its size and altering its construction, it might be transformed into a very useful article. The engraving shows how it can be made to do duty not only for brushing the hair, but for holding a comb, mirror, tooth-brush, and other toilet odds and ends. *This* brush is provided with a hollow handle, so as to accommodate the comb and tooth-brush. The hollow in the back of the brush is closed by a sliding mirror, which is furnished with a movable wire brace, in order that the glass may be supported in an upright position. In this same hollow there is room enough for pins, buttons, and the like small articles, the usefulness of which is best appreciated when they are urgently wanted and cannot be obtained at a moment's notice.



A New School-Desk and Seat.

In furnishing a school-room regard must be paid not only to economy of space, but to the ease with which the different articles may be shifted about, so as to suit the varying requirements of classes. What is called the "Comprehensive" school-desk and seat appears to fulfil these demands, so far as sitting and desk accommodation is concerned, in a thoroughly practical way. The desk and foot-board are combined in one piece, and may be raised or lowered for the use of adults or children. The desk for writing is supported by a "snug" or stay, which may be turned in when the desk is wanted to be perfectly level for drawing or needlework purposes.

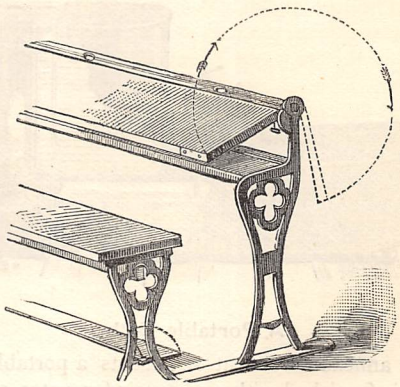


FIG. 1.

These desks and seats may also be employed in chapels or lecture-rooms, the desk in either case being folded over to form a back to the seat in front. Below each desk there is a bookshelf, which is also a

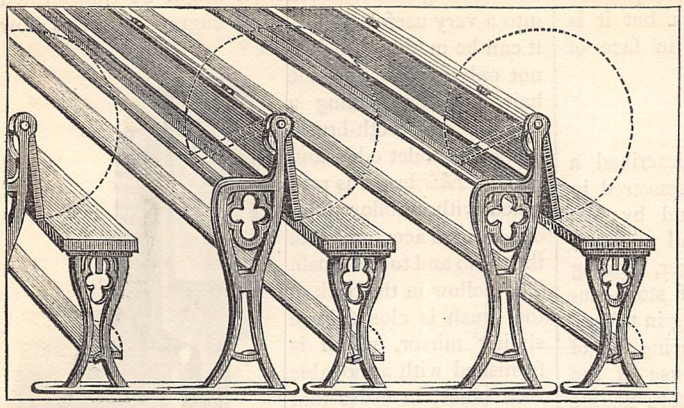
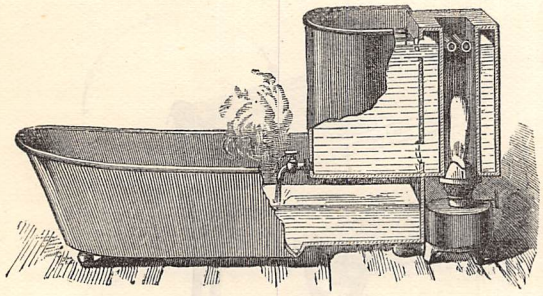


FIG. 2.

useful feature. The ink-wells need never be removed, as they rest on a rigid bar, and are protected by hard metal covers. Fig. 1 shows the desk and seat arranged for school use; in Fig. 2 it is represented as placed for a lecture-hall or chapel.

Sweet-Flag Candy.

A good digestive candy for children and dyspeptics is made in America from the roots of the sweet-flag by washing and slicing them fine, then placing them in a pan with enough cold water to cover them, and slowly heating it over a stove or fire until the water boils. If the candy is to be used rather as a sweetmeat than a medicine, the roots should be treated four or five times in this way, each time pouring off the water. To each two cupfuls of the boiled roots add a cupful and a half of white sugar, then water sufficient to cover them, and allow the whole to simmer slowly on the stove till the water has quite boiled away. The candy is then to be emptied out on buttered plates and stirred frequently till dry.



A Portable Bath.

The annexed woodcut represents a portable bath, which is furnished with a reservoir for water, and with a heating apparatus, the former being sufficiently raised to allow the bather the advantage of the entire capacity of the bath. The tank, large enough to hold water for all ordinary ablutions, is stationed at one end of the bath, and is of course supplied with a tap by means of which the water may be drawn off. The heating chamber adjoins the tank, and is composed of inner and outer walls or casings, closed at the top and bottom, thus making a water chamber, and communicating with the reservoir through passages above and below. The central space formed by the inner walls of the heating chamber constitutes the channel for the out-flow of heat from the lamp.

Light and Liquids.

Some very interesting experiments have recently been made, showing the effect of the colour of glass bottles on liquids contained therein. It has been proved that liquors contained in colourless bottles, which have been exposed for some time to the light, acquire an unpleasant taste, and this too even though they may have been of superior quality before treatment. On the other hand, liquors in brown and green bottles remain unchanged in quality, even if exposed to strong sun-light. The experiments proved that these results were due to the chemical action of light, and that in consequence red, orange, yellow, green, or opaque bottles should be selected for the preservation of liquors, while white, blue, and violet glass should be avoided.

New Grates.

Among the many new stoves and grates for abating smoke which have been invented of late, the "Nautilus Grate" deserves mention for its simplicity and efficiency. It consists of a coal-basket similar in shape to a nautilus shell, the fire being made in the mouth of the shell. The lower part of the mouth, on which the fire rests, is lined with firebrick; and as the coal is burned it is pushed back, so that the hot cinders are behind and the fresh fuel in front. The recesses of the shell which are just over the mouth serve to limit the amount of the air passing over the fire, and being heated they help to burn the gases which are led away through them to the flue. The "Engert Grate," or "Coking Box," has a box beside the fire, in which the fuel is gradually coked, whilst the hydro-carbons evolved are passed through the fire and consumed. The arrangement is shown in Fig. 1, where *a b c d* is a section of the ordinary grate, *e* is the coking box behind, which is filled with coal, and *f* a plate which forces the coke forward at will by aid of a screw turned by the poker. When all the coals have been pushed forward into the fire, the plate is screwed back again and the box is refilled. The sliding-plate

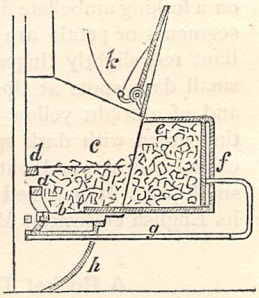


FIG. 1.

is moved by two bars, *g*, which come to the front of the grate; *h* is an iron plate regulating the draught from below; and *k* is a movable plate to throw the flame forward. The ordinary appearance of the grate

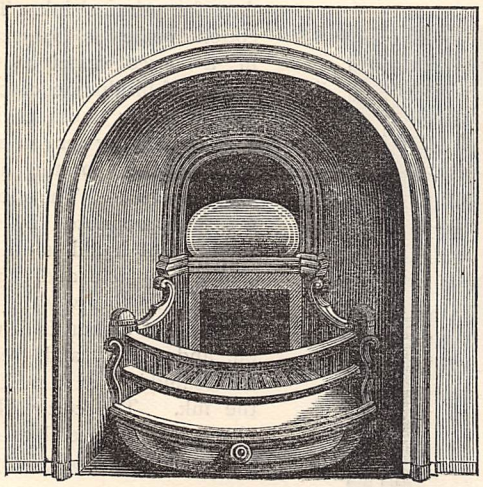


FIG. 2.

is shown in Fig. 2. The "Miser Grate," recently exhibited at South Kensington, is another novelty which promises well. The cost of fuel is estimated by the exhibitors at a penny to a halfpenny per day. When first lighted the smoke passes directly to the flue; but on shutting a damper, part of the draught goes through a series of openings in the back of the fire, and part over the top of the vertical combustion chamber. The "Smoke Abater Shovel" is designed to prevent smoke in ordinary grates, by introducing the fresh coal in a close pan underneath the burning embers. The shovel is wedge-shaped and covered in, so that when it is inserted into the fire, the lid is opened by a slide in the handle, and a piston pushes forward the charge into the heart of the fire.

Solid Petroleum.

Professor N. Ditmarr, a German chemist, has discovered a way of solidifying petroleum oil, so that it can be readily and even safely transported. The process is kept secret as it is a valuable one; but the liquefaction of the petroleum is effected by treating it with a little vinegar. In its solid state it is said to be far less explosive than when liquid, and this in itself is an important gain.

A Substitute for Glass in Photography.

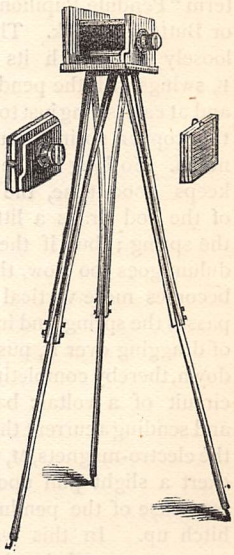
Prepared gelatine plates have been introduced by Professor E. Stebbing as a substitute for glass in photography. The gelatine is rendered insoluble by the application of chromic acid, and the sensitive film of silver bromide then applied. Film negatives on gelatine have several advantages over glass ones; for instance, they are light, and thus more easily transported, and, being tougher, are less liable to breakage.

A Sponge Ornament.

A very pretty and refreshing ornament for a room may be made out of an old sponge, or a large cheap new one. Having dipped it in warm water, squeeze out half the fluid and put into the holes the seeds of millet, barley, cress, purslane, red clover, grasses, and so on, according to taste. The seeds, however, should be such as will germinate easily and yield a variety of harmonious colours in their leafage. Place the sponge thus seeded on a vase, or hang it in a window, facing the sun. Sprinkle with water every morning during the week, and it will soon be green with vegetation.

A Pigmy Camera.

At the recent exhibition of photographic appliances in the rooms of the Society of Arts, a very small camera termed "le Merveilleux" attracted considerable notice. It is represented in the engraving with its tripod, hinged focussing screen, and dry slide. It is a "bellows" camera, folding up for transport into a space less than one inch deep, and opening out when the photograph is to be taken. The lens is a first-class meniscus achromatic one, covering the sensitive plate to the extreme edge, and giving a distinct image throughout. The weight of the camera, lens, slide, and top of the stand is only 1 lb., so that it can readily be carried in the coat-pocket, while the light folding stand can be used conveniently as a walking-stick. For tourists and amateur photographers, and others, this little instrument is likely to prove very handy.

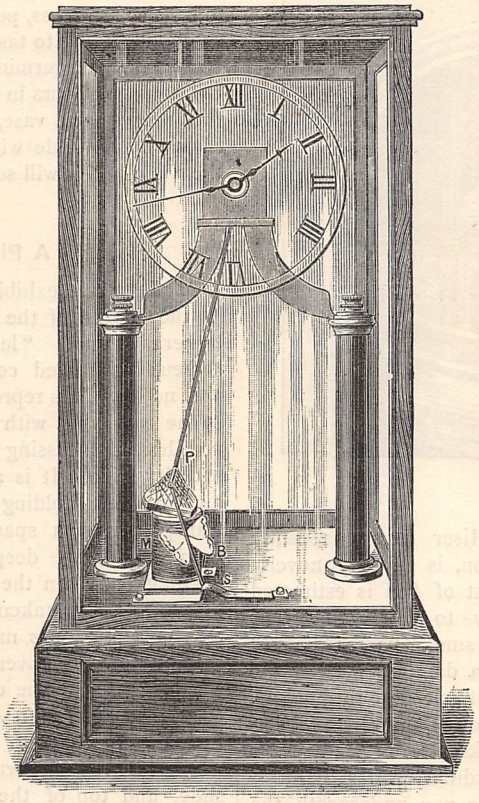


Transparent Leather.

A process for manufacturing transparent leather has been invented by a Mayence firm. Ordinary skins are shaved of their hair, cleaned, then stretched on frames and rubbed with a composition consisting of glycerine, salicylic acid, picric acid, and boric acid. Before they have become quite dry the skins are taken into a dark room and impregnated with a dilute solution of bichromate of potash, and then dried. After this they are coated with shellac varnish, and are ready for use. The leather is said to be well adapted for uses in which great strength is required, such as the making of thread for sewing leather, small belts for lathes, looms, or sewing machines, in lieu of gut. The transparent leather is several times stronger than ordinary leather.

The Butterfly Clock.

At the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition there was a very pretty and excellent little electric clock on view, under the name of M. Lemoine, the inventor. The peculiar feature in it was the pendulum, which, as will be seen from the illustration, swung to and fro over the poles of a double electro-magnet, M. Suspended from the bob of the pendulum, P, by a short cross-arm, there hung a loose vertical rod, which carried a vane of thin transparent mica, cut into the pattern of a butterfly's open wings, and hence the term "Pendule Papilionome," or Butterfly Clock. The rod loosely hung with its vane, B, swings with the pendulum, and at each swing just touches the copper spring, S, underneath. So long as the clock keeps good time, the point of the rod drags a little on the spring; but if the pendulum goes too slow, the rod becomes more vertical as it passes the spring, and instead of dragging over it, pushes it down, thereby completing the circuit of a voltaic battery, and sending a current through the electro-magnets, M, which exert a slight pull upon the iron base of the pendulum bob and give it a gentle hitch up. In this way the pendulum recovers its proper rate, and the clock is made to keep good time. This device is similar to that used in the well-known electric clocks of M. Hipps, of Neuchâtel.



Artificial Porcelain.

A process for making a new kind of ware which resembles porcelain, without the necessity of baking the clay, has been invented by Dr. R. Martin, of Sonneberg in Thuringia. The new ware is in fact a mixture of clay and water-glass, which hardens by evaporation. The clay is mixed with infusorial earth, cellulose, or fibrous materials, and made into a paste, then poured into the proper moulds, and afterwards dipped into the water-glass solution. Owing to the porous nature of the clay the solution is absorbed throughout the mass, and when the latter hardens it resembles stone-ware. The durability of the new compound is not so great as that of the genuine porcelain, nor does it resist the dissolving action of water so well; but it is cheaper, and the objects made from it, such as vases, dolls'-heads, &c., are highly ornamental.

Printers' Ink from Cotton Waste.

M. Bertrand, a French chemist, has introduced a process for cleaning cotton waste of its oil and blackness and utilising the product for printers' ink. The cotton waste is subjected in a closed vessel to the action of bisulphide of carbon, or other liquid having a great affinity for oil and capable of evaporating at a low temperature. The oil and grease appropriated by the more fluent liquid is run off into a receptacle and gently heated. In this way the bisulphide of carbon is driven off, and the oil and grease left behind is used in making the ink. The cotton thus cleaned is as useful to engineers as it was originally.

The New Art of Lustra Painting.

With reference to the papers on this interesting subject which recently appeared in our pages, readers of the Magazine will be glad to learn that Mr. Jas. Elliott, the artist who invented the process, has very courteously offered to supply further information on the subject to any who may desire it. His address is 98, Piccadilly, London, W.

PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The Prize of Five Pounds in this Competition has been awarded to the Rev. G. R. TAYLOR, Ashwellthorpe Parsonage, Wymondham, Norfolk, *for his Poem entitled "A Life-Picture—in Five Panels," which will appear in our pages in the course of the present volume. The following have been highly commended:*—Miss ELLA EDERSHEIM, Loders Vicarage, Bridport; Miss G. VERRALL, St. Tudy, Bodmin; Miss ELLINOR M. DICKSON (aged 14), Bevois Hill, Southampton; W. MAURICE ADAMS, London. *The number of Poems sent in being as many as* 111, *it will be seen that the adjudication of the Prize was no light task.*

Many of the manuscripts had to be excluded, owing to the absence of authentication and other neglect of the published rules of the Competition, showing that the senders could not have been bonâ fide *readers of the Magazine, and therefore were not eligible to share in the Competition.*

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

THE train came in punctually to its time, and young Rossiter very shortly found himself seated opposite to his father and mother in an elegant landau, drawn by two full-blooded grey horses, and leaning forward to listen to a lively flow of talk kept up by Mrs. Rossiter. The latter was a pretty, blonde woman, with intensely blue eyes and a clear bright complexion. Tall and comely, she affected a stately manner and carriage; this, however, was constantly being disturbed, by reason of her natural gaiety of heart and *naïveté* of disposition. As will be recollected, the good lady had not originally occupied a very high position in life. Before her marriage she had stood behind the counter, and she could certainly boast of no blue blood in her veins. And, like most people, she was proud of her present status in society, and fully alive to its advantages. She loved to play the *grande dame*, and took a high delight in the creature comforts of her lot, and the luxury and affluence of her surroundings.

Nevertheless, she was at heart a good and simple soul, devoted to her family, benevolent to the poor, and ever ready to do a kindly action. In age Mrs. Rossiter was forty-five, but owing in part to her fair complexion, but probably still more to her happy life and contented mind, she looked very much younger than her years. Like her son, she had a hearty laugh and a pleasant voice, which, sooth to say, she was very fond of hearing and causing to be heard.

Both in appearance and character, Mr. Philip Rossiter afforded a considerable contrast with his wife. In reality but five years her senior, he might almost, as she sometimes playfully told him, have been taken for her father. He was a spare man, rather under the medium height, with iron-grey hair and whiskers, and a grave, somewhat sad, cast of countenance. His features were well formed and regular, his eyes of a clear light grey, his forehead broad and indicative of mental power. The latter, however, was slightly disfigured by two very deep upright furrows, with which it had become marked through force of a long and confirmed habit of knitting his brows. Strangers, indeed, were apt at first sight to set Mr. Rossiter down as a morose or ill-tempered man; but this was a great mistake. Never was there a more considerate friend, a more affectionate husband, a more tender or devoted father. And yet there could be no question but that Mr. Rossiter was master in his own house; the fact was so instinctively recognised that it rarely required any insistance upon his own part.

Up to the present moment, for example, Frank had scarcely once thought of how his mother and sisters would take the news of his engagement. In fact, he had felt satisfied that if he could only obtain the sanction of his father, theirs would follow as a matter of course.

But *would* he be able to obtain that sanction? He was eager to put the question to a trial; yet each moment he grew more anxious and doubtful as to the result, whilst he now sat facing his parents, and listening with an absent mind to Mrs. Rossiter's lively monologue.

For the last two nights the returned travellers had slept in London, as the guests of Lady Finchinbray, and this honour had almost overwhelmed poor Mrs. Rossiter. Her pride in the alliance which was shortly to be brought about between the two families, by the marriage of the Hon. Clarence Romanes and her daughter Effie, had always been unbounded. But hitherto she had been conscious of a good deal of stiffness and formality in her ladyship's demeanour towards herself, and only twice previously had she been invited to partake of her condescending hospitality, notwithstanding that when in the country they were very close neighbours. Now, however, she congratulated herself that she had been treated quite *en famille*, and her satisfaction had consequently risen to the highest possible pitch. As the reader will remember, Lady Finchinbray had undertaken, during their parents' absence in America, to introduce Euphemia and Christine Rossiter to society, and the two girls, Mrs. Rossiter now informed her son, were to return home in about ten days. It had been intended, indeed, that they should have got back before their father and mother; but so many engagements had turned up at this fag end of the season, that they had begged permission to remain in London till the close of the month, and Lady Finchinbray had invited Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter to visit their daughters on their way home from Southampton. Her ladyship's polite urbanity during their brief stay at her town house, together with a description of Effie and Christine's gay doings, furnished ample subject for

Mrs. Rossiter's garrulity throughout the drive home. But at dinner the good lady introduced a new theme —that of the tour which she and her husband had been making through Canada and the United States. Naturally this topic proved inexhaustible. Mrs. Rossiter possessed a fine capacity for wonder, and the curious and interesting people whom she had met, the strange and novel scenes she had visited, had afforded it plenty of exercise. Neither Mr. Rossiter nor Frank needed to do more than interject an occasional monosyllable as their contribution to the conversation, and as the latter did not fail in this respect, his air of abstraction passed unnoticed by his mother. But to the young man himself that dinner seemed interminable. A feverish longing to get out of his suspense now consumed him, and he waited with impatient desire to be left alone with his father, until he began to fear that his mother did not intend this evening to retire as usual.

But Mrs. Rossiter, who never neglected the conventionalities, rose at length. "Now I will leave you," she said; "but don't be long, Frank. I've quantities more to tell you; and besides, I want to hear all about yourself and your doings whilst we have been away. How seldom you have written, you naughty boy! Come to me soon, and give an account of yourself."

"All right, mother," returned Frank, springing to open the door. "But you must take a little nap, you know, and a good rest after your journey."

"Father," he continued, hastily resuming his seat when Mrs. Rossiter had gone, and at once making a dash at his confession, "father, I have something that I wish to speak about, something that I must tell you."

"Humph! I saw there was something amiss with you, my boy, and I've been speculating as to what it could be," rejoined his father. "Well, out with it."

For an instant Frank hesitated and blushed. Then drawing forth the miniature likeness of Cecilia, he put it into Mr. Rossiter's hand with the inquiry—

"What do you think of that face, father?"

"Oh! so *that's* it, is it?" exclaimed his father, scarcely glancing at the portrait. "You don't mean to say, Frank, that you've fallen in love? And pray, who is the lady?"

"Look at the likeness first, father, and tell me what you think of it."

Complying with this request, Mr. Rossiter raised his eye-glass, and gazed at the miniature long and earnestly.

"It is a very lovely face," he observed at length, "very lovely indeed!"

"But it does not do her justice, father," protested the young man. "She is far more beautiful in reality than she appears there."

"That is rather difficult to believe," said Mr. Rossiter, smiling. "Well, who is she, lad?"

"She is a young lady without any fortune, father," pursued Frank, still evading a direct answer to this repeated question. "But you don't want me to marry for money, do you, sir?"

Mr. Rossiter considered for a moment.

"No," he said. "Money is always an advantage, of course; but in your case we don't need to make it a *sine quâ non*. Provided the girl is of good family and well educated, the lack of fortune won't signify much."

"Her family is quite equal to mine, father," returned the young fellow, flushing a little at his momentary disingenuousness. "As to her education, that is first-rate. She is a splendid musician—a complete master both of the piano and violin. She paints beautifully, and speaks German, French, and Italian. I have no doubt also that, in addition to these accomplishments, she is well-informed on general subjects. And then, father, she is so good, so sweet-tempered, so ladylike and graceful, so modest and affectionate and true, so——"

"So altogether unexceptionable," broke in his father; "quite perfect, in short. Spare me your lover's rhapsodies, my dear boy, and be good enough now to tell me who the girl is. What is her name? Who are her parents? Where does she live? And how did you meet with her? Remember, I am in entire ignorance about the whole affair."

"Ah, father! that is the difficulty," faltered his son.

"What, my ignorance?"

"No; Cecilia's name. Father, it is *Rossiter*—Cecilia Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter's countenance changed. He leaned back in his chair, and stared at his son with a startled aspect.

"Well?" he repeated interrogatively.

"You remember, sir, telling me once that you had a cousin living somewhere in the West of England—a doctor?"

"Yes. Well, what of that?"

"He lives at a place called Merely, a few miles only from Sir John Rutherford's place, Clumbar Court, where, as you know, I have been staying."

"The address you gave me was Tilbuster!" said his father sharply.

"Yes; that is the larger town, but Merely is the nearer. Father, Cecilia is the elder daughter of your cousin, Dr. Rossiter."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Philip Rossiter, springing up as though he had been shot, but immediately subsiding again into his chair. "Do you mean to tell me that you actually sought out that man and made his acquaintance? It was an act of—of abominable disloyalty, sir! Did I not tell you that we had had a quarrel?—that we were not on speaking terms? Who knows what mischief your meddling may do!"

Mr. Rossiter had turned pale. There was a look of consternation on his face, and his voice trembled with agitation as he spoke.

His son regarded him in deep astonishment, and for one passing moment an uneasy suspicion crossed his mind, to be banished, however, almost before it had been conceived.

"I did not seek Dr. Rossiter's acquaintance, father, and I cannot see that any possible mischief can come out of what has happened. My meeting with the

family was purely accidental. Shall I tell you the whole circumstances?"

"Yes, yes; do so, Frank, do so," rejoined the father in calmer tones, moving his chair forward, so as partially to screen his face from observation. "Let me hear all about the matter."

Thankful for this permission, and relieved beyond measure that his father had not yet put a veto upon his engagement, Frank began his explanations with the story of his encounter with Beatrice in the Headport lanes, and by repeating all that she had then said to him *apropos* of the grounds for the dissension between their respective parents.

"And did you believe, my boy," demanded Mr. Rossiter in a low and rather husky voice, "did you believe that there was any truth whatever in that absurd fable about the deed of gift?"

"Of course I did not," exclaimed his son indignantly. "How can you ask me such a question, father? I laughed at the accusation, feeling sure that you only needed to know of it in order to refute it."

"It has already been sufficiently refuted," returned the millionnaire. "Ernest Rossiter attempted to go to law with his pretensions; but he had not the veriest ghost of a case, and was obliged to give up that amiable project. Do you think, Frank, that he still—still holds to the notion that I have defrauded him?" Mr. Rossiter was now resting his head upon his hand, so that Frank could not read his countenance, and he did not turn to his son as he spoke.

"I am afraid he does, sir, though he never entered into any particulars regarding his suspicions to me. If a meeting could only be brought about between you, however, I feel convinced——"

"Tush! nonsense! I will never meet him—never!" interposed his father hastily. "And I cannot allow of any connection with his family, Frank. The thing is simply impossible."

"Oh, father, don't say that!" pleaded the young fellow, the blood suddenly forsaking his face. "Please don't say that! Such a decision would destroy the happiness of my whole life. Wait till you have heard more—wait till you have had time to think the matter over."

"Well, well, go on with your account, and we will talk afterwards," said Mr. Rossiter impatiently. "I want to know every particular of your intercourse with these people. It was a most unfortunate thing your coming across them at all!"

Thus urged, Frank, with a sinking heart, resumed his narrative, giving a full, yet concise, statement of all that had occurred to him in relation with these distant kinsfolk (omitting only any allusion to the sentiments which he had at one time supposed himself to entertain towards Beatrice).

Mr. Rossiter listened to the end, motionless in his attitude, and without interrupting him by a word, and even when he had finished he did not for some time break the silence.

At length, however, raising his head, he turned towards his companion with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye, and said—

"And so, Frank, you really saved his life! I am glad of that."

Frank's spirits rose with a joyous rebound at these words, which seemed to prove that his father did not share in the bitter enmity whereby the doctor appeared to be actuated in his regard.

"I only did what any other fellow would have done under the same circumstances, sir," he replied; "and you see how he paid me back by his kind hospitality and medical attention. He was quite absurdly grateful."

"Humph! And do you tell me that he never tried to pump you in any way about—about my affairs, or to get you to believe his tale?"

"He never even told it to me, father."

"And should you say now that he has entirely given up all idea of again attempting to assert those wild and unfounded claims?"

Frank laughed. "Well, yes, I should fancy he would scarcely dream of bringing them forward again after an interim of twenty-three years."

"No, of course not, unless he were crazy. But I used to think sometimes that Ernest had a slate loose somewhere," asserted Mr. Rossiter, brightening. "He has given his consent, then, to your marrying his daughter? Very condescending, I'm sure, considering how he has insulted me, and that the girl has not a farthing of dower!"

"But, my dear father, you have acknowledged, you know, that the dower does not signify," observed Frank persuasively. "And why should you mind about Dr. Rossiter's monomania? There need never be the remotest communication between you. He is as much bent upon avoiding that as you can be yourself. Besides, father, see what a splendid opportunity this gives you of heaping coals of fire upon his head! Come, you will say 'Yes'—won't you, dear father? You will never, never regret it. She is the dearest and best girl in the whole universe. You could not help loving her if you saw her. And oh! how grateful I shall be to you, sir! for I know that it will cost you a struggle to overlook your just resentment. Then there is another consideration, father," continued the young fellow, breathless with eagerness. "You see, it really was scarcely fair that Uncle Philip should have left you *all* his fortune, to the exclusion of his other nephew; now, was it? And by this means—if you sanction my engagement with Cecilia—things will be set right in a great measure. One of his children—indeed, both of them, I hope—will enjoy the benefit of our wealth, and——"

"There, there! Don't go on pouring out such a torrent of words, for goodness sake, boy! I understand the whole case. Leave me to consider it now, and you can come back for your answer in an hour."

"Very well, father," exclaimed Frank, rising with a beaming countenance. "I believe you will decide for our happiness; and—oh, father! I would serve you with my life for your goodness!"

"Yes, in some measure it would set things right," murmured Mr. Rossiter to himself, when his son had departed, leaving him alone in his stately dining-room.

"In some measure it would atone. It would lift the weight a little, and there would be no danger, I think. After twenty-three years, no clue—no proof could *possibly* turn up. But I must look at the thing all round—I must decide in cool blood."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

MR. TREVOR MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

"I'M going to send you away from home for a little while, Tiny," remarked Dr. Rossiter one morning at breakfast. "You have not been looking at all well lately."

"Oh, papa! there is nothing whatever the matter with me," exclaimed Beatrice, colouring violently at this unexpected announcement.

"No, no, nothing of any moment," returned the doctor; "but you have no appetite, child, and there is a want of tone generally. You and Cecilia must go to the sea-side for a few weeks. It will do you all the good in the world."

"To be sure it will, papa," chimed in Cecilia, who, for her own private reasons, was delighted with this proposition. "Poor little Bee! she really does require change of air."

"And pray, papa, what is to become in the meantime of mamma and the housekeeping?" inquired Beatrice, smiling.

"Oh, that will be all right," rejoined her father. "I wrote last evening to ask your Aunt Ettrick to come and stay with mamma; and if additional help is needed in the kitchen, that can easily be obtained. I shall run down to-day to Yaxley Bay, and take lodgings for you at Froolim," he added, mentioning a quiet fishing village on the nearest coast.

"*To-day*, papa?" echoed Cecilia, whom this urgency did not suit. "Will you not wait until to-morrow? The weather looks so very threatening," she subjoined, passing over to the window. "It is certainly going to rain."

"Going to rain? And what difference do you suppose that would make to me, my love?" laughed her father. "No; the sooner you go the better. The fact of the matter is that I have another motive in wishing you to be away just now," he went on, with a more serious air. "I have given Trevor notice, Cissy."

"Have you, papa?" said Cecilia, with a look of innocent astonishment that covered a secret anxiety. "Why is that, dear?"

Dr. Rossiter frowned. "Why is that? Surely you don't need to ask," he retorted, almost angrily. "The fellow is going clean mad! I am positively afraid to let him out of my sight whilst you are about. There's not a doubt of it that he believes you have treated him very badly, Cecilia; and the last week or so he has looked so dejected, that I'm sometimes afraid of his committing suicide. I shall be amazingly glad to see the last of him, though it will place me in an awkward predicament, getting rid of him just now. Upon my word, you are a great bother, with your lovers!"

"Don't say that, you dear, darling old father!" expostulated Cecilia, passing her hand through his arm, and raising to his face her beautiful eyes, bedewed with tears. "I can't bear to vex you, dear papa. Please don't be cross with me."

His brief displeasure swallowed up by a wave of tenderness, Dr. Rossiter stooped to kiss the pretty lips held up to him. "Well, well!" he said, "I dare say it was not your fault, my darling. The fellow was extremely impertinent to dream that you had encouraged him. But you are better out of the way till he has gone, Cissy. He seems to me to be scarcely accountable for his actions; and, as I said before, Beatrice needs some sea-breezes. Ha! here is the post."

Bestowing a supplementary kiss or two upon him, Miss Rossiter released her father's arm as Mary entered the room with letters, and stepped forward to take them from her hand.

There were four altogether: two for Dr. Rossiter, which she at once presented to him, a third for herself in Frank's handwriting, and another addressed to Mrs. Rossiter in an unknown superscription. This latter Cecilia turned over eagerly, and a pleased smile broke over her face as she examined the postmark.

Keeping it in her hand, she waited until her father had finished the letter he had opened, and then said—

"Now, papa dear, here is an opportunity for you to send us away from home without incurring any expense for apartments;" and she held out the letter a little timidly.

"How? What do you mean?" queried the doctor, taking it from her, and glancing, as she had done, at the post-mark. "Wharneside?"

"Yes. It is from Mrs. Rossiter, papa darling," pursued Cecilia, in her softest and most caressing voice. "It is an invitation for Beatrice and me to pay a visit to Dunscarley Park. Frank told me that his mother intended to write to mamma, and ask for us, but I scarcely thought the letter would have come so soon. You will not object to our going?"

Cecilia clasped pleadingly her white hands, on one of which sparkled a magnificent hoop of diamonds. Since obtaining his reluctant assent to her engagement, she had only on one previous occasion alluded in her father's presence to anything that could remind him of the painful subject. That occasion had occurred about a week ago, when she had simply informed him of the fact that Mr. Philip Rossiter had agreed to sanction his son's engagement—a communication which the doctor had received in total silence.

"You *will* let us go, will you not, dearest?" she repeated.

"But not me! not me!" broke in Beatrice, before her father could make any reply. "Why should *I* go, Cissy? I cannot—indeed, I cannot!" she protested impetuously.

Dr. Rossiter had turned to the window, scowling heavily. But at this strange and, to him, incomprehensible outburst on the part of his younger daughter, he wheeled round, and regarded her in surprised inquiry.

"Why cannot you go?" he demanded.

Beatrice remained silent, growing red and pale in turns. She could not acknowledge the true reasons that had caused her to shrink from the ordeal thus suddenly proposed to her, and she did not possess that glib readiness wherewith Cecilia would have covered a similar self-betrayal by false explanations.

"It is because she is out of health, papa; she does not like the idea of leaving home," asserted Cissy, coming to the rescue. "But you will not be so selfish and unkind, Bee, as to refuse if papa gives his consent? I could not go alone; and you require change of air, as dear papa has been saying."

"If your sister goes, you must accompany her," decided the doctor brusquely.

"Thank you, thank you, my own dearest father! Then we *may* go?"

"I suppose it will have to be so, Cissy," rejoined her father, making a wry face, as though he were swallowing some bitter drug. "Now that matters have gone so far, it is no use revolting against these disagreeable accessories. Only recollect that when you are married it is to be in the quietest possible way, and that I will never meet a single member of the family but Francis himself, and you must have the rest of it your own way. How soon are you expected?"

Cecilia tore open her letter from Frank, and hurriedly scanned its contents. "On the 3rd of August,

"THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIM AT A TURNING OF THE LANE" (*p.* 326).

papa. That will be—let me see—only five days. Oh, Beaty! I wonder if we can be ready?"

"Try and go on that day," said the doctor, bringing out the words with a jerk; "and meanwhile keep out of Trevor's way, Cissy. Do you need any money for your preparations? You may have £20, but I can't spare more." And with this observation he hurried from the room, without waiting to listen to Cecilia's thanks.

"My good luck again!" ejaculated that young lady as the door closed. "How fortunately everything has arranged itself! Now, Bee, you shall have some new dresses. We must go to Tilbuster this very morning, and order them from Madame Lebrun. Luckily, I have a few pounds besides that twenty. Come, darling, you are not going to be sulky or unkind, are you?" she went on, kneeling down by the chair into which her sister had thrown herself wearily. "You won't refuse to go with me?"

"I couldn't very well do that, dear, since papa insists upon it," returned Beatrice, trying to smile, as she fixed her wistful grey eyes on her sister's face. "And, besides, if it would make you happier, I do not wish to refuse."

"You dear Mousie! *Of course* it would make me happier," said Cecilia, kissing her. "I'm not shy, I own; but it would not be pleasant to go alone among so many strangers, who will be sure to criticise all my words and actions. They'll weigh me in the balance, Bee, and it won't do to be found wanting. You must lend me your moral support, little sister, and the reflected light of your goodness."

"What nonsense you talk, Cissy!" rejoined Beatrice, stroking the fair flatterer's cheeks, while her own pale countenance seemed to become instinct with new dignity and sweetness, by reason of a silent struggle through which she had just passed, and a self-sacrificing resolution at which she had arrived. Poor little woman! from the hour wherein she had been told of Frank Rossiter's proposal to her sister she had been striving with all her might to alter the nature of her feelings towards him—to teach herself to think of him and to love him only as a brother. But, so far, the task had not got itself accomplished; and naturally the poor girl shrank from being thrown again into his company, and being made a witness of the courtship which she had not yet learned to regard without suffering. For her sister's sake, however, she had seen that it would be necessary to set aside this unavoidable reluctance to accompany her to her lover's home; and she had determined, therefore, that she would do so not only steadfastly, but cheerfully.

The next few days, happily for her, were busy ones; and in the bustle attending the trying on of dresses and the manipulation of laces and ribbons Beatrice sought to forget, and to some extent succeeded in forgetting, her painful anticipations. Even Mrs. Rossiter, who observed her narrowly—having her sympathetic instincts always alive on behalf of this best-loved child—felt comforted and relieved by her quiet animation and apparent interest in the preparations that were going forward. As for Cecilia, though never in the slightest degree noisy or obtrusive in her joy, it was easy to see that she was in the highest possible spirits. Day by day her beauty, enhanced by her gratification, seemed to grow more brilliant, and her angelic temper, if possible, more perfect.

"No wonder, no wonder, that he should have chosen her!" thought poor little Beatrice, as she gazed with intense admiration at the exquisite oval face bending over the finery which Cecilia was so clever at manufacturing, and watched the happy smiles wreathing themselves about her lips.

"She is dreaming about her love. She is thinking of Frank. She is delighted at the thought of seeing him again so soon," Beatrice would tell herself, forcing back her loving envy, or conquering it by an interjectionary prayer for her sister's happiness.

But Cecilia was not thinking of her love, nor of her lover *per se*. Those pleased smiles were called forth, not by the hope of meeting him again so shortly, but by agreeable speculations concerning the grandeur of her future home and the extent of Mr. Rossiter's wealth. It was her *fiancé's* position, and not himself, as her unsophisticated sister had concluded, that was the cause of her supreme content and self-gratulation. She took care, however, not to betray this fact to those around her.

In compliance with her brother-in-law's request, kindly Mrs. Ettrick had promised to come and stay with Mrs. Rossiter during the absence of her daughters. The date fixed for her arrival was the first of August—two days before the girls were to leave home—and her train was to get into Merely at four in the afternoon. Dr. Rossiter, who had an important consultation at that hour, had arranged with Cecilia and Beatrice that they were to go to the station to meet their aunt; and he had taken pains to assign a distant errand to Mr. Trevor for the time.

The undignified distress and wild resentment which the unfortunate assistant had at first displayed on discovering the fact of Miss Rossiter's engagement, had given place of late to a surly taciturnity. But the doctor could not repress a vague uneasiness in reference to the young man's aspect, and he was very anxious, as he had given her to understand, that Cecilia and he should not come into contact. They had not met now for several weeks, and Cecilia (notwithstanding that she had treated him more shamefully than any one supposed) had almost forgotten poor Mr. Trevor's existence.

She was a little startled therefore when, as Beatrice and she were on their way to the station, they came face to face with him at a turning of the lane, not very many yards from the house. For half a second Cecilia was seized with an impulse to turn and fly, but after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, she attempted to pass with a bow and a smile. Mr. Trevor, however, placed himself in front of her, barring the way.

"Excuse me, Miss Rossiter," he said, in a low fierce tone, "may I beg for a few words? I have been on the look-out for an opportunity of speaking with you for a long time."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure, Mr. Trevor," returned Cecilia gently, "but we are rather in a hurry this afternoon. We are going to the station."

"I shall not detain you many minutes, but I have been refused admittance to the house over and over again, and I cannot lose this chance. Miss Rossiter, I want to hear from your own lips whether or not it is true that you are engaged to be married?"

"Dear me! how melodramatic you are, Mr. Trevor!" exclaimed Cecilia, forcing a laugh. "I don't know what right you have to ask the question."

"You *do* know that I have a right to ask the question," he retorted, with suppressed irritation; "and to be answered too. Is it true?"

"It is perfectly true, sir," she replied, with some dignity.

"Then there is no hope for me, Cecilia?" he inquired, in an altered voice. "There is not the least hope. You have thrown me and my love overboard!"

"Mr. Trevor, how dare you speak to my sister in that way?" interposed Beatrice indignantly. "She never accepted your love, so you cannot say that she has thrown you overboard."

"Did she not? Ask her whether she accepted it or not. Ask her, Miss Beatrice, whether she did not allow me to meet her day after day in the orchard, before that fellow turned up! Ask her whether she did not listen to my confessions of love without rebuff—whether she did not give me reason to believe that she would some day be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Trevor! how can you tell such fibs?" cried Cecilia. "I never dreamt of such a thing as marrying you—never for one moment!"

"Then you are all the more false!" asseverated the young man.

"Cecilia, is this true? *Can* this be true?" questioned Beatrice sternly, glancing from one to the other—from her sister's blushing and downcast face to Mr. Trevor, who stood regarding her with hollow eyes and pallid cheeks, the embodiment of righteous scorn.

"Of course it is not true. Come along, Beatrice. I shall not stay here any longer to be insulted." And she made a step forward, in the hope of being allowed to pass on.

But Mr. Trevor caught at her arm. "Stop!" he said, grasping her wrist roughly. "You shall stay just long enough to hear for once the truth concerning yourself. Cecilia Rossiter, you are a cruel, heartless flirt! You are selfish and deceitful to the heart's core! You are a whited sepulchre! You are like the apples of Sodom, gloriously beautiful to look upon, but to the taste—ashes—bah! bitter ashes!"

"Mr. Trevor, you are no gentleman!" exclaimed Cecilia passionately. "You are no gentleman, to behave like this!"

"Perhaps not; but I am a *man*, Miss Rossiter—a man whose truest feelings have been outraged by a wicked flirt—who has been driven by disappointment almost to the verge of insanity. But I see you now in your true colours, and I shall not suffer your memory to spoil my life. Now you may go. Adieu, madam!" And raising his hat with mock politeness, this erewhile modest and bashful young doctor, whose whole character seemed to have been changed through his unhappy passion, stalked off with head erect, undoubted master of the situation.

"What a hateful, ungentlemanly clown!" said Cecilia, laughing somewhat hysterically. "Papa was quite right in saying that he is mad. Come, Bee, darling, let us walk quickly, and forget all about this horrible scene."

"Forget it! *I* cannot forget it, Cecilia," rejoined Beatrice, with grave severity. "Please do not speak to me at present." So saying, the little woman marched along, her lips drawn, her whole face settling into hard lines.

Deeply shocked by the revelation which had just burst upon her, Beatrice was experiencing something of that stunned and horrified sensation wherewith Zelica must have regarded the Veiled Prophet when he uncurtained to her gaze his hideous and loathsome visage. With the exception of a few passing moments, when there had obtruded upon her mind transitory doubts as to her entire sincerity, Beatrice had almost worshipped her sister. It is true that she had suffered on her account pangs of jealous and bitter feeling, but having overcome these, she had felt that the very fact of Cecilia's being loved by Frank had crowned her with a new glory, enshrining her, as it were, in the hallowed sanctuary of his enriching and dignifying affection. And now, all at once, her idol had been smitten from its pedestal, and laid in the dust at her feet—an image, not of gold, but of the commonest clay. In these first moments, when her eyes seemed to have been so rudely opened to discern her true character, Beatrice judged her sister with pitiless harshness.

Herself the soul of integrity and honour, she loathed falsehood and deceit with all the impetuosity of youth and worldly inexperience. In her eighteen years and quiet home life, she had had small opportunity of studying human nature, and of learning from that study certain lessons which would have softened her judgment of this frailer companion, detected in the commission of sins which she abhorred. And so, on the first impulse of her self-righteous wrath and ignorance, she condemned poor Cecilia without mercy. "Selfish and deceitful to the heart's core!" These words of Mr. Trevor seemed to have branded themselves upon her memory as with a red-hot iron; they rankled in her mind, and she kept repeating them over and over to herself, with a miserable conviction of their truth. Capable of the purest and strongest affection, but without the slightest leaven of coquetry in her disposition, she could not understand the disclosure which had been made to her of a nature so totally diverse from her own. She had no sympathy with the character, no appreciation of the temptations, of a born flirt, such as was her sister Cecilia, and her conduct to the poor assistant appeared to Beatrice utterly inexcusable and abominable. "She is not worthy of Frank! Oh, she is not worthy of him!" her heart cried out in an agony of pain and

dismay, as she walked on by her sister's side, looking straight before her, with her white little face set in stern severity.

Cecilia meanwhile eyed her askance, uneasy, and half alarmed by her aspect. Never before, even on the evening when she had first learned that she had been robbed of her lover, had Cecilia seen Beatrice with such an expression as this on her face. She could not exactly tell what it meant, but somehow it cowed and humbled her.

"Are you very much shocked, Bee?" she asked at length. "Do you really believe all that stupid fellow said was true?"

"I *know* it was true. Pray do not attempt any further deceit," Beatrice rejoined frigidly, and without a glance at her questioner.

An angry flush rose to Cecilia's face. She opened her lips as though to speak, but evidently thinking better of it, walked on for some yards in silence, and then said, "You will not mention this to any one, Beatrice?"

"Mention it! Am I likely to publish your disgrace?"

The angry colour deepened in the elder sister's face, and she clenched one of her hands spasmodically. But there was neither passion nor retaliation in her tone when she said gently, "You are very unkind, dear, and cold. There is not one girl in a thousand who would look at the matter as you do."

Beatrice deigned no reply.

"But I am very sorry about it, very!" resumed Cecilia; "though indeed, dear, I didn't mean any harm."

"You didn't mean any harm?" exclaimed Beatrice, flashing round on her now, her large grey eyes sparkling with indignation. "Do you think it no harm to trifle with an honest love?"

"But, upon my word, I did not suppose he cared for me so much as he seems to have done, Bee. You know yourself that he has a fickle nature—that he tried to make love to you before I came."

"That is nonsense!" said Beatrice, blushing however as she spoke. "You know that he never felt for me as he has done towards you. Oh, Cissy! your beauty wins every one! But if you use it to make people miserable, it will be a curse to you, and not a blessing."

"Well, dear, I have told you that I am very sorry," said Cecilia deprecatingly. "And I promise you solemnly that I will never do such a thing again. But don't look as though you had lost all your love for me, Bee."

Beatrice's face melted. "I have *not* lost my love for you, Cissy. And I know that I am younger than you—that I have no right, perhaps, to speak to you as I have done; but——"

"Oh, never mind the right, little Mentor," responded Cecilia with her wonted good humour. "I can stand your scolding me, if you will only make friends again, and forget it all. You see, Bee, you and I are so different," she went on. "You are such a strange girl, so wonderfully good and proper yourself, that you cannot look with indulgence on the failings of a less perfect mortal. But I'll just tell you how it is, Mousie. I've got the love of approbation inordinately developed, you know, and that makes me wish everybody to like me. So I couldn't even repulse that ridiculous Mr. Trevor, because I wanted him to be pleased and attracted; and it's just the same with every one. I cannot endure any one to think ill of me, or even to be indifferent."

"But that is weakness, Cissy. Excuse me saying so."

"Yes, I know it is," admitted Cissy, with apparent ingenuousness. "I *am* weak, I own; but I am not wicked. You don't think I am wicked, Bee?"

"No, no!" cried Beatrice eagerly. "But you *will* be more careful in future, will you not? Don't you see, dear, that it is selfish to seek one's own happiness—even if it be in wishing to be loved—at the expense of pain to others? But, of course," she added, brightening, "now that you are engaged you cannot behave so again. And *he* is so high-souled, so honourable, that you must wish to be like him."

"Oh, of course!" returned Cecilia, betraying a little of the impatience she felt. "And now, darling, can we dismiss the subject? And will you try and forget it? Here we are at the station!"

Beatrice, whose tender and generous nature prompted her (now that she began to rally from the shock she had sustained) to throw the mantle of charity over her sister's faults, declared that she *would* try to forget poor Mr. Trevor's disclosure.

And in the waiting-room of the station (their aunt's train was late, and had not yet come in) the two girls kissed each other—the elder with hypocritical demonstration, the younger with tears in her eyes and grief in her heart, and a consciousness, not yet fully realised, that once for all the scales had fallen from her eyes in regard to her sister's character.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

DUNSCARLEY PARK.

It was the evening of the third of August, not far from eight o'clock, but still full daylight. Cecilia and Beatrice Rossiter had reached Dunscarley Park rather more than an hour ago, and the former had just been left alone in the chamber assigned to her—a maid, who had been assisting her to dress, having now departed. Attired in a tasteful demi-toilette of black silk and lace, and wearing a cluster of white moss rose-buds (Frank's gift) in her hair and bosom, Cecilia stood in the centre of the apartment, gazing around, and rubbing her hands together gleefully. To find herself in solitude for a moment was an intense relief to her. Ever since the arrival at Wharneside she had been in a state of suppressed but delighted excitement; and now, throwing off her ladylike placidity of demeanour, she felt inclined to skip about the room like a child in the exuberance of her spirits.

Everything had exceeded her expectations in regard to the wealth and magnificence which surrounded the family of her future husband.

At the station Beatrice and Cecilia had been met by

Mrs. Rossiter and Frank, with abundance of top-booted and liveried servants in attendance. A handsome dog-cart had conveyed their luggage to its destination, whilst they had followed in a luxuriously cushioned barouche, hung on the easiest of springs, and drawn by a pair of silver-harnessed bays, whose sleek coats shone like satin.

The park, with its ornamental sheet of water and its far-famed timber, its patriarchal oaks and groups of stately elms and beeches, beneath the shadows of which sported herds of dappled deer, had proved twice as beautiful and twice as extensive as she had imagined. As for the house, Cecilia's heart had beat high with elation when the imposing pile had come within view, its numerous gables and countless chimney-stacks glistening in the westering sun.

And scarcely less satisfactory than all this had been the friendly welcome which she had received from Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter, the only members of the family whom she had yet seen besides her lover, and the courteous attentions that had been paid to her.

"SHE MADE HER WAY TO THE FURTHER END OF THE ROOM" (*p.* 331).

Tea had been sent up for her refreshment, a maid had been appointed to wait upon her, and she had been given, she felt sure, one of the best rooms in the house. What a room it was! A magnificent oriel window, the size of a dozen ordinary casements, faced the south-west, and gave a view of the flower-gardens, with a stretch of the undulating park beyond. Curtains

of brocaded satin hung at the sides, blue in colour, and matching the upholstery of the room and the drapery of the bed.

The furniture was of polished satin-wood; the bed, which Cecilia pressed with her hand, of the softest down; the mirrors, pictures, ornaments, and appointments of the toilet-table of the costliest and daintiest description.

From one side of the apartment opened an elegant little boudoir, with a piano, book-case, and writing-table in it. To this Miss Rossiter had already been introduced; but, as she had observed, there was another door in the opposite wall, concealed by a blue curtain, that she had not seen unclosed. Advancing towards it now, across the thick carpet, which yielded noiselessly to her light tread, she turned the handle and peeped in. It was a bath-room, the walls, baths, and pavement all of white marble, and the taps of shining silver. Once more Cecilia rubbed her hands together in an ecstacy of delight over the æsthetic nicety and completeness of her accommodation. Then, returning to the bed-chamber, she placed herself before a mirror, and regarded her beautiful and fortunate person with an unqualified admiration, which she felt was due to her success. In this agreeable occupation she was disturbed by a knock at the door, and a clear strong voice demanding—

"May we come in?"

"Certainly," she answered, facing round; and thereupon entered her sister Beatrice and a young lady of remarkably sallow complexion, large hazel eyes, and a somewhat ungainly figure.

"How do you do?" asked the latter, stepping forward, and offering her hand. "I have just been introducing myself to your sister. May I do so to you? I am Christine, Frank's younger sister."

"Oh, I am so pleased to know you!" rejoined Cecilia, rather gushingly. "Your brother has spoken to me a great deal about you. May I not have a kiss?"

"Well, as we are to be sisters-in-law, I suppose it is the correct thing," said Christine, accepting the salute. "But as a rule, I am not much given to kissing. I hope you have been made comfortable?" she went on, regarding Cecilia steadfastly whilst she spoke. "I have been apologising to Beatrice (I suppose we had better begin by calling each other by our Christian names?) for the fact that Euphemia and I were not at home to welcome you on your arrival. We quite intended to be so, but we were riding, and went further than we supposed; and then we tried to take a short cut across country, and as a natural consequence lengthened the distance."

"There is not the slightest occasion for apology, indeed," protested Cecilia, in low musical accents, which contrasted strongly with her interlocutor's powerful ringing tones and rapid utterance. "We had the kindest possible reception from Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter. I have quite fallen in love with your mamma."

"Mother we call her. Yes, she is a dear good soul, and kind to everybody. How amazingly beautiful you are!"

"Am I?" said Cecilia, smiling and blushing at this brusque flattery.

"It's a curious thing," pursued Christine, turning to Beatrice, but allowing her observant gaze to revert quickly to Cecilia—"it's a curious thing that in both our families all the beauty should be monopolised by the elder sister. But no; I ought not to say that in your case, Beatrice, because before I saw this marvellous young woman I thought you were pretty."

"Beatrice *is* pretty, I think—very pretty," opined Cecilia, with affectionate warmth. "And then, she is so good and wise, which is better than being pretty."

"I'm glad you think so. But you may leave me to find her out for myself. I dare say I shall soon be able to gauge her character—and yours too," observed Christine in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Dear me! What a formidable person you are making yourself out to be!" exclaimed Cecilia, with rather a forced laugh. "But Frank told us that you were immensely clever, did he not, Bee? He says that you are bent upon rivalling Mrs. Somerville in mathematics and astronomy, and that you are deep in other sciences as well."

"At twenty one cannot have gone very deeply into anything," asserted Christine gravely. "Frank exaggerates, as most people do. However, I am not quite such an ignoramus as some girls of my age. I have a passion for physical science, and an ambition to make something of my life, if I can, though I have not been above dawdling away the last two months in useless frivolities."

"You have been in London for the season, have you not?" asked Beatrice, for the sake of making a remark.

"Yes; and we went in thoroughly for all the pomps and vanities. I am glad to have enlarged my experience in this way, but I shall never willingly repeat it. Shall we go down-stairs now? It is close upon dinner-time, and you have not seen Effie. She is to be married in two months. Her lover is to dine with us this evening, and also his brother Ughtred, Viscount Romanes."

"I have met the gentleman to whom your sister is engaged," said Beatrice, as Miss Christine Rossiter was leading the way down a broad marble staircase with balustrades of burnished brass.

"Ah, yes! so he told us. A delightful fellow, is he not?" she asked sharply, and with a faint sneer in her tone.

Beatrice coloured and hesitated. "I think he is good-looking," she said.

Christine's keen eyes searched her face; and then she passed her hand through Beatrice's arm, and made no further remark till the drawing-room was gained.

This apartment, on their first entering it, appeared to the country doctor's daughters to be of such vast size and splendour, that for a few seconds both felt a little overwhelmed and bashful. Cecilia, however, because she was less affected by such things than her sister, was the first to recover herself.

With a slight and becoming blush, she made her way to the further end of the room, where two ladies and a gentleman had just risen from their seats.

They were Mrs. Rossiter, her elder daughter, and the Hon. Clarence Romanes; and when an introduction had taken place between the young ladies, the latter offered his hand to Beatrice, and with an affected lisp and supercilious air, the covert impertinence of which was not lost upon her, observed—"Happy to renew our acquaintance, Miss Rossiter," and then fell to pulling his yellow moustache and staring at Cecilia, to whom Christine was now presenting her sister.

The truth of the matter was that the Hon. Clarence—although he had not ventured to express his sentiments plainly, excepting in the ear of his promised bride—had been greatly annoyed by young Rossiter's engagement.

Without a particle of the true nobility which good birth and breeding ought to insure, this young man was filled with a vulgar pride in his blue blood and ancient descent. To marry, as he was about to do, into the family of a commoner of no particular name was, he had always felt, *infra dig.*; but then this commoner was a man of fabulous wealth, and his daughter was to have a splendid dower and to inherit a large fortune, which to the Hon. Clarence, with his extravagant tastes and younger son's portion, was a matter of prime importance. Moreover, Euphemia was a very beautiful and ladylike girl, and he possessed for her some slight affection, so that, on the whole, the alliance had appeared to him desirable. But it was not at all desirable, in his opinion, that Mr. Frank Rossiter should marry the daughter of a low-born country practitioner, whose family could claim kinship with him, and consequently establish some claim on his future wife's friendship.

And it was all the less desirable in that the Hon. Clarence's prospects had of late looked up in an unexpected manner. There now stood between him and an earl's title, with extensive, though not unencumbered, estates, only two lives: that of his father, a man of eighty-two, who had just had a paralytic stroke, and who, though said to be recovering, was still confined to bed; and that of his brother, a widower, and a professed misogynist. Until within the last few weeks there had been a proximate heir, in the shape of his brother's only child, a fine healthy boy of six. But a virulent fever, caught no one could tell how, had carried the child off in a few days, thus improving his by-no-means distressed uncle's position, and increasing his value in the matrimonial market, as he had taken care to let Miss Effie Rossiter know.

Now, whether it was to be attributed to the effect which her lover's undisguised expression of opinion with respect to her brother's engagement had had upon her, or to instinctive jealousy of a rival beauty, or to both causes combined, certain it is that Cecilia was sensible of a certain amount of concealed hostility in Effie's greeting of her. But whilst fully alive to this unfriendly attitude of mind, our adept in the art of pleasing took pains not to show that she was so. She began, however, to feel that she had work before her in the establishment of satisfactory relations with these two sisters of Frank's. For although in Christine's case no signs of foregone animosity had shown themselves, as little had there appeared symptoms of impulsive regard.

Cool, critical, unprejudiced observation was evidently what Christine intended to precede any formation of judgment or profession of affection on her part towards her future sister-in-law; and, of the two, Cecilia felt less afraid of and less repelled by Effie. On her side, not a shadow of feminine ill-feeling had been awakened by Euphemia's appearance, notwithstanding that she was, perhaps, the only woman whose charms her own had not at once sufficed to eclipse. In point of fact (though there was little doubt with which, in reality, the palm of beauty lay), the two girls were of such different styles that they served rather to set each other off. The one was a Venus, the other a Juno.

Tall and rather slight in figure, Cecilia had all the lithesome grace of a panther, whereas Euphemia, in her stately gliding movements, reminded one of a swan upon water. Cecilia's beauty was of the rich glowing Spanish caste: Miss Rossiter (Euphemia was the eldest of the four girls) was exquisitely fair. Her features were straight and clear-cut, and her golden hair rippled back from a low, broad forehead, and was confined behind in classic coils. In colour her eyes were blue, but not, like her mother's, a bright blue. They were dark, soft, velvety, and somewhat lacking in expression. In her *tout-ensemble*, indeed, Miss Rossiter gave one the impression of a nature without fire, a cold self-contained disposition. But sparks may be elicited from flint, and there was one person, at any rate, who knew that Euphemia was not passionless. To the man whom she had chosen for her husband Effie's whole heart and soul was given. In her eyes he was faultless in character and an Adonis in beauty. Never was there a blinder slave of love.

It was not much to be wondered at, then, that in her feelings towards Cecilia she had been influenced by the Hon. Clarence's repeated assertions that her brother's engagement was a great and imprudent mistake. Nor was it surprising that her prejudice should be heightened into something approaching dislike when—aware of his susceptibility to beauty—she noted the fixity of her *fiancé's* rude, but evidently admiring, gaze upon Cecilia, who was now seated by Mrs. Rossiter, and chatting to her with all her wonted ease of manner.

"But where is Frank?" demanded Christine presently, "and the others?"

"They will be back in a moment, I expect, dear," replied Mrs. Rossiter, answering the question, which had been addressed to no one in particular. "Father wanted Lord Romanes to see the new hunter, and Frank went with them. Ah! here they come. And there goes the gong. I am sure, my dears, you must be hungry after your journey."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

ON THE SHROPSHIRE MERES.

FOR rich beauty of wood and water, and quiet rural scenery, there is no district which surpasses that where the seven silver Meres of Salop mirror the ancient woods. Within sight of the Wrekin and almost in the shadow of the Welsh border hills, lies the pretty and sleepy town of Ellesmere. It is situate in the north-west of Shropshire, and is accessible by the Cambrian Railway. No one goes there except to fish in the Meres, or perchance to sketch; but its inns are comfortable, its houses quaint; its church a handsome cruciform building on high ground overlooking the Mere; it has a bowling-green unique in its situation, inasmuch as it occupies the crest of a hill, whence there is an extensive view, and the surrounding country has abundant charms for those fond of sylvan life and scenery. Ellesmere has not much of a history. The bowling-green is on the site of a castle formerly given to Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, by King John, which was afterwards destroyed during the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

The great charm of the place is the Mere, which lies in a hollow on the east of the town. It covers 116 acres, and derives its name either from the Saxon word *Aels*, or Greatest Mere, it being the largest of the Meres, or from the abundance of eels it contains. As you follow the road out of the town, the lake bursts suddenly on the view; and surrounded as it is by stately trees, and edged with tall green reeds, with islets wooded to the margin breaking the uniformity of the expanse of water, it is a sight worth a journey to see. On the side nearest the town some public gardens have been tastefully laid out, and a pleasanter retreat on a hot summer day cannot be imagined. Wherever you go there is the cool shade of mighty trees, whose branches curve and droop over the clear water where the white swans part the whiter lilies. If you wish for a row you must return to the road, and follow it until you come to a group of boat-houses in the shadow of a grove of trees. Here are rowing-boats and fishing-punts, and when you are afloat you will see two charming pictures. On one side is the town with its pointed gables peering above the trees, and dominated by the church on the high ground, and on the opposite side is the mansion of Oately with its terraced gardens leading down to the water, and its green park slopes, seen between ancient trees, with perchance a score of deer down by the Mere and mirrored on the calm surface.

On the side of the Mere next the town it is shallow, but on the other side it is deep. That dreadful American importation the *Anacharis alsinastrum* is the bane of the Mere, circumscribing the fishing-grounds, and interfering with bathing and boating. Here and there you will see stakes projecting from the water. These are to moor fishing-boats to, and mark the best places. The fishing is good, the Mere having plenty of pike in it, some of them of large size. It is not much fished during the cold winter weather, when the weeds are down and the pike are best caught, and a visitor would then be certain of fair sport. Perch are plentiful but run small. On cool summer mornings and evenings they bite freely. Roach are also numerous, and bream swarm in nearly all the Meres, but are not much fished for. Tench run to a good size, and carp bask on the surface on summer evenings in numbers, and enormous fish some of them are. Much more might be written about the fishing here, which is free to all, but I may safely say that a skilful angler would find at Ellesmere good sport, and comfortable quarters at a moderate cost. If he is fortunate and applies in the proper quarter, he may obtain leave to fish the other Meres, particularly Whitemere; and if he is tired of the Mere, a walk along the canal trailing a spinning bait after him will generally result in some good pike being bagged.

BRIDGE ON CANAL.

Most of the Meres, but Ellesmere in particular, are subject to a yearly phenomenon known as "breaking."

The water has then a most singular appearance, and whereas it is usually of a crystal clearness, you cannot then see a foot into it.

It is a strange thing, but all over the country less care is taken of lakes or navigable streams than formerly. Ellesmere is no exception. The weeds used to be annually cut, and the Mere netted, to thin the stock, the coarse fish being given to the poor; but this is not now done.

There are six other Meres all lying close together, in the hollows between the wooded hills, or rather undulations, into which this part of the country is broken up. A circle of three miles in diameter would embrace all the Meres except Crosemere, which lies a

When the Mere "breaks," the fish are not so ready to take the bait. Every summer, generally in August, the water becomes thick with greenish particles held in suspension. Under the microscope these particles are found to consist of round green balls covered with spikes. Scientific men are not, I think, quite clear as to whether it is an animal or vegetable organisation; its name is given as *Echinella articulata*.

Whitemere is said to "break" later than Ellesmere,

little more to the south. Ellesmere, Whitemere, Blackmere, Colemere, Kettlemere, Newton Mere, and Crosemere, are the names of those lakes which are large enough to have names, but besides these there are pools of lesser note.

From Ellesmere you may strike across the park, passing deer in the tall ferns under the oaks, and crossing the Whitchurch road, come to a deep crater-like hollow, the sides of which are clothed with trees. Here, silent and black and still, lies Blackmere, a deep and clear lake, fed by springs which bubble up so strong and cold, that you must beware of swimming far from your boat, or you may suddenly feel the icy and numbing chill of the spring-water beneath you.

Here and there on this Mere you will find that very rare plant the small yellow or Highland water-lily, *Nuphar Pumila*. I well recollect the excitement of a botanical friend on his discovering this plant on Blackmere, and how I had to row him about in the hot sun, searching for more specimens.

That royal fern the *Osmunda regalis* grows in profusion around this and the adjoining Mere. We push through quite a grove of its monster fronds and seed-crowned crests as we make our way to a smaller Mere, called Kettlemere, which looks of an ebony blackness as it lies in the deep shadow of the trees. As we push through the wood, the rabbits scurry across the paths and through the ferns; a jay flies screaming away; a woodpecker taps busily on a whitened trunk, and—a sight not unfrequently seen over these sequestered waters—a noble osprey soars over the lake. But from out of a clump of firs a puff of smoke issues, a sharp report reverberates through the woods, and the splendid bird falls headlong into the water. Alas! that it should be considered necessary to wage such ceaseless war against the rare and the beautiful in nature.

About a mile further, taking the road over the canal, we come to another wood-fringed hollow, where lies a good-sized Mere called Whitemere. We go through the keeper's garden, and down a long slope to the water, to find on a well-kept sward a pretty thatched house with projecting eaves, where picnic parties often resort, and shady seats where lovers may sit and talk unobserved. Whitemere always looks bright and sparkling. Its waters are pellucid and its shores are gravelly. It is a great contrast to Blackmere. The fishing is good, and it is not difficult to obtain leave. I have never been on in the spring without finding one or two nests of the great crested grebe, a bird which is fairly common on the Meres, and in the winter time wild-fowl of many kinds swim in flocks on its surface.

A coot-shooting party, when several boat-loads of men surround the frightened birds, is one of the Ellesmerian winter institutions.

The road to the left leads us to Colemere, which is wilder in its surroundings than the others. It is a large lake bordered on one side by silent aisles of fir-trees. The great feature of this Mere is a phenomenon created no doubt by subtle springs, eddies, and currents at the bottom. These appear to catch up any vegetable matter and roll it up in balls of all sizes up to two feet in diameter and numbered by thousands. They are of two kinds: the green "moss-balls," composed entirely of confervæ (*Conferva ægagropila*), and "fir-balls," brown, and made of the fir-needles shed from the fir-trees on the south and opposite side of the lake, together with other vegetable matter. These balls are found only on the north side of the Mere, and are quite round and compact. If you let your pike-bait sink to the bottom, you will probably hook one at once. I have not heard of the like in any other water. In the belt of reeds along the north side, great numbers of reed-wrens nest in their cup-shaped reed-suspended nests, and in the gloaming of summer evenings their songs fill the dusky air with music. Pike are plentiful in this Mere, and run to a good size.

The other Meres are of the same class, with no special characteristics.

The Shropshire Union Canal winds through the Mere district, and a walk along its banks unfolds many sylvan beauties. If you pick out an empty and clean canal-barge, and give the man a small tip, you would do well to take a voyage to Whitchurch, for you would pass over a vast expanse of moss known as Whixall Moss. This morass, which is many miles wide, is a rare hunting-ground for the naturalist; but it is a wild and gloomy place, needing all the sunshine of summer and the acres of white cotton-grasses and yellow flowers of several kinds, to make it acceptable to the ordinary eye.

Going the other way you may follow the canal into Wales, and the loveliest part of Wales, the Vale of Llangollen, where the canal draws much of its water from the Dee.

About three miles from Ellesmere is a high hill known as the Brow Bank, over the very top of which the Oswestry road goes. From this coign of vantage the view is a distant and most striking one: on the one side the hills and valleys of Wales, and on the other the far-reaching plain with the blue Wrekin rising abruptly out of it.

Three miles further is the pretty village of Whittington, where there are the very picturesque ruins of a castle and a noteworthy example of the timbered houses so common on this side of England, a farm-house of 1631. A mile further is a perfect specimen of an Elizabethan mansion—Park Hall—and a mile further is the ancient market town of Oswestry. But we must stay our rambles, or we shall get too far from the Shropshire Meres.

The combination of wood and water in such a quiet rural district makes the country around Ellesmere of special interest to the naturalist and the lover of scenery, and I am quite sure that any one in search of cheap healthy quarters, and every kind of country amusement, would be well satisfied with a sojourn at Ellesmere.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

PASSAGES IN GIRL-LIFE.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—GIRL-FRIENDS.

"SHE is not a clever girl, but she is very popular; every one loves her," were the words I heard as I entered the room at the time appointed for our weekly talk. Dorothea was the speaker, and she was evidently very much in earnest in what she was saying.

"Whether she is clever or not, you may be sure she is lovable if she gets loved by her companions," said I, as I took my seat; "but of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Margaret Astell, auntie, the girl who is every one's friend. We were talking about making friends."

"For my part," said Blanche, "I don't see that it signifies very much whether we make friends or not. After all we are only girls, and it is not likely that we shall keep friends all our lives with the people we know now. I should think we had better wait until we are a little older before we trouble ourselves."

"There you are mistaken, Blanche," said I. "It is most probable that if you do not make one or two close friends before you are twenty-five, you will never do so at all."

"Oh, auntie!" said Dorothea.

"I mean what I say, dear. People make *acquaintance* when they are grown up, they very rarely make friends. A good deal passes for friendship that is not worthy of the name. But in youth friends are easily made by people who will be friendly. There are girls, however, who would never make friends. I met one the other day."

"I know whom you mean, auntie," said Blanche; "the young lady who was making a call on Mrs. Ford when you and I went to see her."

"Quite right, Blanche. Could you have made a friend of that girl?"

"No, indeed I could not," said Blanche. "I should like to have shaken her well."

"Tell us about her before you talk about her," said Maud.

"Auntie and I went to see Mrs. Ford last Friday, and we found her engaged with a young lady who was very pretty and ladylike and well-behaved, but so unpleasant. She was telling Mrs. Ford that she had just left school, and she said, 'I am so glad to leave, for there are more than two hundred pupils, but I have not a single friend amongst them, and I don't think there is one of them who likes me.'"

"She must have been disagreeable," said Ethel.

"I thought she could not be a very delightful person," said I. "It was more likely that one girl should have been wrong than that two hundred had made a mistake. After she had gone we spoke of the remark she had made, and it led us to speak of our own school-days. I dare say you know that Mrs. Ford and I went to the same school when we were young."

"Yes, and fine times you must have had," said Blanche, "you did not work half so hard as we do."

"They were very pleasant times, at any rate. Let me tell you, girls, when you grow up there is nothing you will enjoy more than meeting old schoolfellows and talking over old times."

"I suppose you say how good you used to be," said Blanche, "how much better than the girls of the present day."

"Not always, Miss Pert. We generally inquire after the friends of former days, and talk of the scrapes and difficulties we got into, and wonder what became of this girl or the other. But as we chatted I could not but notice that we both had the most kindly remembrance of girls who had been amiable and generous; and it turned out that these girls had been loved most all the way through. The grumpy ones had become more grumpy, and had been avoided and disliked, but the pleasant ones had made friends and had been helped on because they were friendly."

"Then the girls had not been bad judges of character," said Dorothea.

"No; indeed I don't think they often are. Trust girls to find one another out. The worst of it is, they are inclined to be unmerciful and not to make allowance for weakness and temptation."

"I have made a good many friends in my time," said Blanche, "but we always disagree."

"I don't make many friends," said Ethel. "Somehow I feel shy about speaking to people I don't know. I am so afraid they will quiz me and make fun of me, and this prevents my getting to know them."

"I would conquer that shyness if I were you, Ethel."

"Ah! if I only could."

"You should hear Miss Taylor, our class teacher, talk about shyness," said Maud; "she says that shyness is only another name for selfishness; that people are shy because they are afraid of not doing the proper thing, and of being laughed at. If they would think of others, and of what they could do to help, they would soon get over their shyness and make friends too."

"I fancy Miss Taylor is a little hard on girls there," said I; "temperaments differ so, and some people cannot help being shy and reserved, do what they will. But I am very sure that shyness stands in the way of people making friends, and girls who give way to it are very foolish."

"How can we prevent it?" said Ethel.

"The best thing you can do is to take every opportunity of going into society. When you are among strangers be your own honest self and act naturally. Be sure that if you are not loved for what you are, you never will be for what you pretend to be. Think of others, too, and not of yourself; never mind what people will say of you, and whether they will understand what a superior person you are. Make yourself agreeable to them, try to interest your neighbour, and do what you can to make the time pass pleasantly, and you will get on ever so much better than you would do otherwise, and make friends too."

"But supposing people are disagreeable?" asked Maud.

"My dear Maud, take my word for it, the people who are really and truly disagreeable are very few and far between. Out of every ten persons who are said to be haughty and scornful, nine are only shy or sensitive as it is called. Go half-way to meet strangers, and they will come the other half to meet you. Be friendly and they will respond. But stand on your dignity, and they will stand on theirs, and neither of you will know what a very pleasant individual the other is."

"And if they really are unpleasant, auntie?"

"Don't be ready to fancy them so, first of all. If they will not be friendly whatever you do, give them up, they are not worth troubling about. Friends must be of the right sort or they are worse than none. I would have you pleasant to all in the hope of making friends, most careful in the choice of a friend, but most patient and forbearing when once a friend is chosen. Do you remember those lines in *Hamlet?*—

> 'The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.'

That seems to me to express the sum of wisdom with regard to friendship."

"For my part, I must say that I expect to find the people who are worth knowing will be difficult to know," said Dorothea; "I never care for girls whom I know all about in two minutes."

"Generally it is so," said I; "all the more reason why you should not put foolish obstacles in the way. But we must not forget that there is another point to be considered—making friends is one thing, keeping them is another."

"I knew you would come to my case," said Blanche; "you mean we are not to quarrel with them."

"Quarrel! that is a strong word. We must avoid all occasion for dispute, we must be considerate, thoughtful, constant, tender, and true. We must not be exacting, but we must give freely. And, more than all, we must try to make our friendship a help to something higher. If I were a girl and had a friend, what do you think I would try to do?"

"Tell us, auntie."

"I would resolve to talk with my friend as seldom as possible about persons—mutual acquaintance I mean."

"Oh, what a dull time you would have!" said Blanche.

"I do not think so. At any rate, our conversation would not consist of gossip or degenerate into scandal. I dare say we should be silent sometimes, but that would not matter. I remember hearing some one say that to sit with a person an hour or two without speaking was a sign of friendship. Oh! the number of girl friendships which have been broken up through tittle-tattle, somebody saying to somebody else that somebody had said so-and-so."

"What would you talk of then?" said Blanche.

"Of books, which may be regarded as the best of friends; or work. But there is no fear that you would want subjects of conversation with a friend whom you loved. Even if you did, silence is to be preferred to chatter, and it is more likely to cement real friendship."

"Are we not talking too seriously of our friends?" said Dorothea; "we shall only know them for a little time. In a few years we shall lose sight of them, and very likely never see them any more."

"Ah! my dears, when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that friends go away and seem to be lost, but their influence remains. And they, if they live, are constantly turning up at unexpected corners and being found again. When in after-life we come upon the friends we made when we were young, we have a far more tender feeling for them than for the friends of yesterday."

"I can easily believe that," said Dorothea.

"So can I," said Maud, "and if I were you, Blanche, I would try to keep my friends, and not quarrel with them as you have done."

"I have no doubt Blanche will try," said I. "And all of you remember what Young says in his 'Night Thoughts'—

> 'Hope not to find
> A friend, but one who's found a friend in thee.
> All like the purchase, few the price will pay,
> And this makes friends such miracles below.'"

A NEGRO MELODIST.

IT has often been remarked that in the bird-world the rule is for the males to have the brilliant plumage, and for the ladies to be the dowdy ones—a rule which would entail a revolution in fashions startling and ludicrous, if it were to be introduced for variety among our own kind: also, that gaily-dressed birds have the least pleasing song—the screaming jay bearing an unfavourable comparison with the thrush, and the modestly-attired nightingale having furnished, in all ages, a brilliant example of virtue unadorned. The nightingale, however, only remains in England while the London season lasts, leaving us again before the British climate has become objectionable; so that

we must praise its musical accomplishments rather as being those of a distinguished guest, or foreign *prima donna*, than of an indigenous artist. But we have another bird who *is* always here, facing winter's blast in addition to summer's bloom, who in voice stands unrivalled, no competitor approaching anywhere near him for fluency, richness, and liquid melody of song—to wit, the blackbird.

To be seen in every hedge, copse, and garden, first they receive abundant eulogy, then volleys of abuse—and lead. Squire Smith, J.P., wandering among his shrubberies in April, after studying the Wild Birds' Protection Act, and wondering why blackbirds are omitted therefrom, listens to one singing, and forthwith anathematises all wanton boys who "strub" their nests. But he finds the same bird only six weeks later, in company with its family, all among the strawberries; and then his first impulse is to fire-arms, his next to order his gardeners to use them.

Thrushes scarcely spare their lungs at any season—if the west wind blows warmly, and food be plenty, they will sometimes sing as merrily in December as in June; but our negro melodist only practises once or twice perhaps in January, and then remains silent till spring has really come. He waits till the horrid blackthorn, professing summer and bringing back winter, has done blossoming, carrying off with its fading flowers biting winds and bitter nights. But

one month later, when chestnut-buds have burst their bonds, the bloom is on the apple, the elms and beeches are hurrying out their foliage to see which will be green first; when the chiff-chaff repeats its name in willows whose fragrant blossoms coax forth the bees; when all is teeming with life, and feeling encouragement from the warm breath of the fairest of the year's months—*then* it is our friends, the blackbirds, gladden every dell and corner of the country with their music.

Take a look at one of them in the copse on a fine April morning, as he sits on the bough of the silver birch, the "lady of the forest," already sprinkled with a shower of delicate leafage. First he pipes a few notes, to see if his voice has lost compass since last season; then, satisfied upon this point, away he goes to the field where the lambs are romping, hopping and running along till, spying what he is looking for, he gives a jump and a pull, and out comes a great long worm, extracted only to disappear down his throat. Again, with startled cry, back he hurries to the bramble-thicket, to be sure Mrs. B. is carrying on her incubatory arrangements satisfactorily—then up to the big oak scarcely yet tempted to verdure, there to begin his song afresh.

As often as not these birds, like their cousins the thrushes, appear to fix on a spot for their nest rather as a "happy thought" than with a view to concealment, a more or less conspicuous position being at times chosen when a less observable one could be obtained close at hand. Sometimes, too, the nest, like many a modern house, is put together all in a hurry, as though by contract; at others, the builders seem to delay their work unnecessarily. After the eggs are hatched the cock has little enough time for singing—hungry, gaping mouths must be fed, keeping himself and mamma busy the whole day through. The young are not difficult to rear by hand *if* the person who undertakes the task be willing to get up about 5 a.m. to feed them, continue doing so at intervals of an hour or so until sunset, keep them clean and warm, and give them suitable food.

A much less troublesome method than this is to place the young birds, when nearly fledged, in a square box with wire-netting front, the mesh of which must be large enough for their heads, but not their bodies, to pass through; and then to stand the box close to the nest, allowing the parents to feed them still. This they will readily continue to do; and their labour may be lightened considerably if a perch be fastened parallel to the bottom of the cage, about three inches from the front, with a saucer resting upon it, and touching the wires, in which may be placed raw meat chopped fine, worms, currants, &c.; so that the old birds may stand on the perch, and easily pass the food from the saucer through the wires to the prisoners inside, in this manner teaching them gradually how to take the food for themselves. The box must be covered with some rain-proof material, to prevent the nestlings from being drowned, and be sheltered from the wind.

What a blackbird most seeks for is retirement—a neglected ditch with a canopy of brambles overhead being a safe place in which to find him. Of less confiding disposition than a thrush, he will, if starving, come readily with other birds to the windows to be fed, but he would much rather lurk under a bush near at hand, waiting till some impudent sparrow, too greedy to eat the crumbs where they lie on the gravel, seizes a bit half as large as itself and flies off with it, dropping it by mistake in its hurry near where the dusky watcher is concealed, who darts out and appropriates the welcome windfall to his own use.

"In summer, remember winter,"* says the local proverb. Conversely, if we would have the blackbirds nest near the house next spring, and charm us with their songs, we must study their wants in the short days, throwing rotten apples, few at a time but often, in under the evergreen shrubs all through the winter; and place here and there near the apples a nice sharp stone of quartz or flint, so that the birds may bring their snails there, and break the shells against them. Our labour will probably not be in vain.

In spring they are all full of song, but at other seasons birds in general do not seem to talk much, beyond a passing remark now and then, except towards roosting-time, when they have a deal to say to each other. When the shadows are growing long of an afternoon in winter, and the cattle wend their way back from field to milking—when the geese in straggling procession waddle home from the pond on the common, and the fowls disappear from the farm-yard—first come the starlings in their hundreds, assembling in black clusters on the tallest elms, stuttering and whistling in ceaseless clatter, till in a moment the confusion of tongues is hushed, and all unanimously fly off to the Scotch firs or other rendezvous, where the chatter is resumed. Then, hardly satisfied that daylight is waning, off they start again, whiz round the trees, back to the same spot, whiz round once more, until finally, after a tussle or two for best perches, they settle down in silence till the moon is high, and it is time for them to begin whistling again. Meantime, the partridges, separated during the day by murderous breechloaders, have been calling one another in the long grass on the downs, gradually getting together again to talk things over and reckon up their slain.

Now it is, too, the blackbirds, at all times tetchy and quarrelsome, keep uttering their "tit-tit-tit," as though for friendly conference, then fly noiselessly to the thick laurels, deluding the drowsy finches into the notion that they mean to go quietly to bed with no disturbance. Not so. Before *they* retire, many a grievance must be settled, many a noisy chase and flight gone through, not to be finished till long after the sparrows have squabbled over the snuggest quarters in the ivy against the leeward side of the house, after the magpies have stopped their discordant screeching in the pineasters, the woodcocks have sallied forth from the covers in the twilight, and the only sound left on the night air is the "hoo-too-*too*" of the owls wandering out in quest of food and adventure.

A. H. MALAN.

* En hâv percou gwâv—in Cornish.

OUR ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

OUR society was not a large one, but it was select, for there were altogether just the three of us—Ferguson, Jones, and I. We had been old college chums, and in bygone days we used to be enthusiastic botanists; but Ferguson and Jones had both got married, so that put an end to our summer rambles. At the time of which I write, Ferguson lived at Holloway, and Jones at St. John's Wood, while I the present historian sojourned in bachelor apartments not a thousand miles from Clapham Common.

It is immaterial to the reader of the present narrative how it came about that one fine evening last winter we were all three walking leisurely over Blackfriars Bridge. Let the fact suffice.

It was a glorious night, the sky was without a cloud and all aglow with its twinkling fires. Away in the western sky, one orb far brighter than the rest by some magnetic influence seemed to attract the attention of us all.

"I wonder now whether that's Jupiter or Sirius, or what's the name of that star," said Ferguson.

"I fancy it must be Venus," was Jones's conjecture.

I suggested "Arcturus, perhaps," not that I knew anything about it, but merely as my say on the subject.

"Oh! you're joking now, Smith," said Ferguson, "but really it's a disgrace to intelligent fellows like us not to know something of the stars. What do you say to us all going in for a winter at astronomy?"

The idea was a capital one, we thought, so we resolved to commence at once, and with that view straightway proceeded to a book-shop and each bought a copy of a good star-atlas.

We then parted, each of us promising to let the others know before very long how our astronomical pursuits had been progressing in the interval.

A month or two after this I was obliged to leave town rather hurriedly on business taking me to the Cape and Australia. I had no time to visit either of my friends, but before leaving I sent them my address in Melbourne, and expressed a hope that I might hear from them during my short sojourn there. At Cape Town I was detained a few weeks longer than I anticipated, so when I reached Melbourne I found several documents awaiting me—among others, letters from both Ferguson and Jones.

Ferguson, you know, is a regular go-ahead Scotchman, so he had got on famously and soon knew all about the stars; but Jones, like myself, is always getting into difficulties, as the following extracts from our letters show:—

"One evening," writes Jones, "just as it was getting dark, looking through our staircase window I observed away in the S.E. a rather brilliant star, which struck me as being one I never seen before. 'Oh, for a telescope!' I sighed; 'perhaps it's some new undiscovered comet, and had I a good glass I might possibly get my name up as its discoverer.' It hadn't a tail, it is true, but as I was certain that there were no planets or bright stars in that quarter of the sky, I decided that *it must be a comet.* I resolved, however, not to be too rash, and to watch it next night and note its movements. There it was in much the same position as before. That same evening I had occasion to go to Piccadilly, and when crossing Hyde Park, although the sky was pretty clear, my comet was invisible; but when I reached home, strange to say, it was there and seemed to have scarcely moved an inch. Still comets are rather eccentric in their movements, and I thought there would be no harm in telling a few friends who were in the house about my supposed discovery. Every one seemed anxious to have a peep at the stranger, so I pointed him out, and was proceeding to disabuse them of the idea that comets must necessarily have long flaming tails, when my wife shouted out, 'Look there, it's changed all at once to green!' So it had, and my sister immediately added, 'Well, you *are* a silly! why, it's a distance signal on the North-Western Railway!'

"I've seen four or five genuine comets since then, but I live in dread of every coming one; for my friends have all got hold of this story, and whenever a new comet is announced, I hear no end of inquiries about my friend the railway signal.

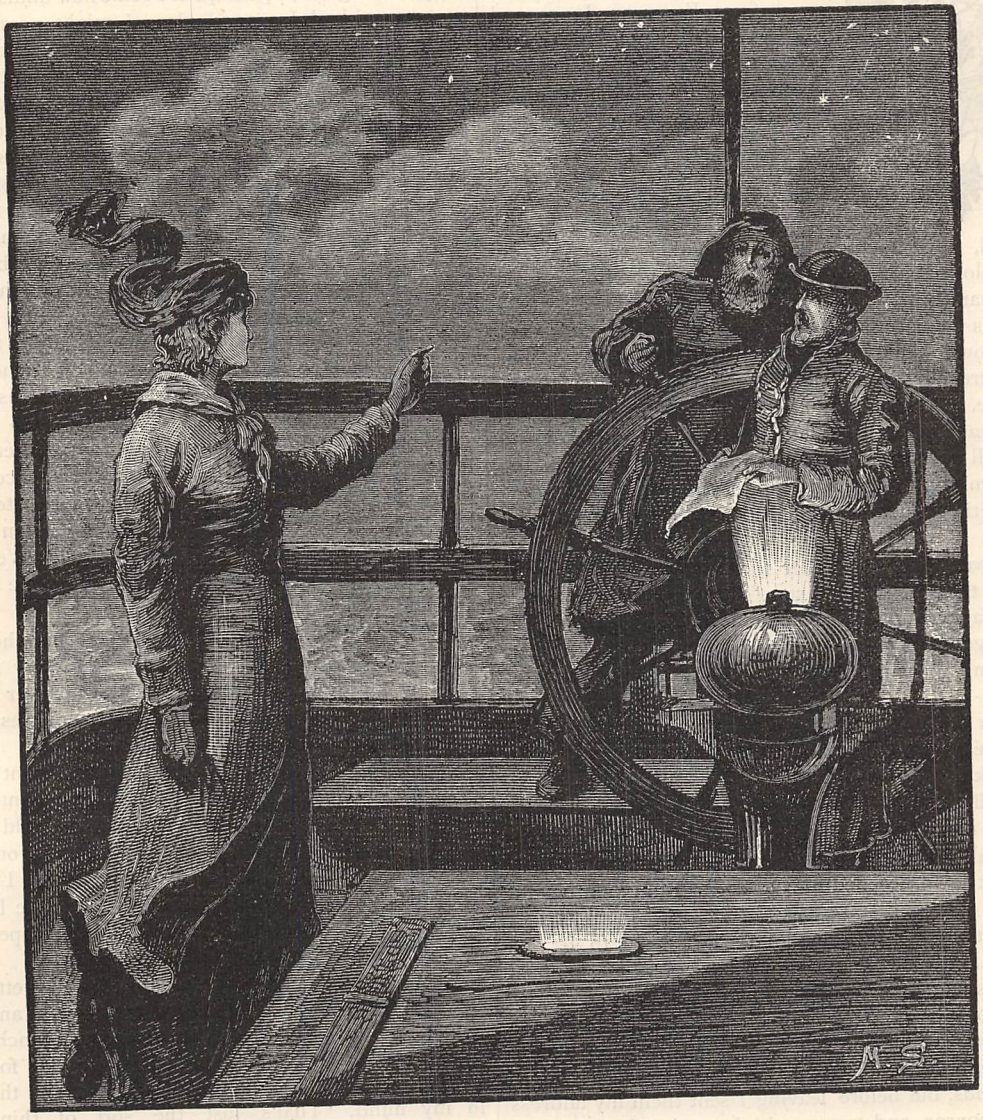
"Notwithstanding this slight discouragement I pursued my astronomical studies; but I longed intensely for a telescope. I wanted, if possible, to get hold of one cheap; and the fates seemed to be kind, for one day as I was passing along the Edgware Road I saw a placard:—'Now Proceeding. Sale of Scientific Instruments—Magic Lanterns, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Photographic Apparatus.'

"Here was an opportunity for probably getting a bargain, so I stepped into the auction-room and had a look about. Lot 58, a fine-looking six-inch telescope, was about to be put up. Moving forward I had a hurried look at the instrument, and thought in my mind, 'That's just the sort of thing I'd like, but I'm afraid it's too dear, and I haven't time to see if it's all right.' However, behind me were two gentlemen, and I overheard one whisper to the other, 'It's a pity, now, I bought that eight-inch speculum last week; this is a capital glass, in good order too. If it doesn't go for more than ten or twelve pounds I think I'll have it.'

"Soon came the words, 'Lot 58, six-inch refractor, fine body, good stand, worth £20—who bids?' There didn't seem to be much demand for telescopes, and after a few bids against the party at my back, the instrument was knocked down to me for the small sum of four guineas. I expected 'Lucky fellow!' or

some such remark from behind, but the two astronomers had disappeared. However, I paid down my four guineas and got my instrument safely home in a cab, but when I came to look for lenses there were *none*. Back I went in a towering rage to the auction-room, but the auctioneer coolly pointed to the clause, 'Goods to be taken with all their faults,' and called me a blockhead for not reading the conditions or examining the instrument before I bought it. However, I kept my thumb on the price I paid, and told my wife I picked it up for next to nothing.

"Disappointed in the matter of a telescope, I resolved to have a better exploration of the sky than could be got from the street or the house windows. I had spotted an old coach-house roof at the end of our back garden where I might spend an hour or two at night without disturbance, and with a good unimpeded view. Accordingly, attiring myself in an old great-coat to guard against the night air, I got beautifully ensconced on the roof of this old shed, with a small bull's-eye beneath my coat to light up the star-charts, and so enable me to refer to them without the necessity of getting into the house. The night was dark and the sky cloudless, and I had got on famously for some half-hour or so, when all of a sudden I heard a policeman spring his rattle behind me, and then exclaim, 'So I've got you at last, my friend; you needn't run, for you'll get caught at any end, so you may just give in at once.' I couldn't for the life of me make out what he meant, and for a



"SOME ONE WALKING PAST INFORMED US, 'THAT'S CANOPUS'" (*p.* 341).

minute I was tongue-tied, then I demanded, 'What on earth's the matter? what do you want with me?'

"'Will you come down at once, or shall I fetch you?' was the reply; 'there's no good denying it now, for even if you've no lead on you, you're safe enough for seven years.'

"I was roused, and shouted, 'Man, what do you mean? I'm on my own premises, and what business have you disturbing me?'

"'Come down at once now, no humbugging there.'

"Several members of the force were now illuminating my old great-coat with their bull's-eyes, so I got down, whereupon the disturber of my studies said to his colleagues, 'I've caught the cove that's been stripping lead from the houses hereabouts for some nights back;' and to me, 'Come along with you now.' But I stoutly protested, and after vigorously shouting into their ears that I was the proprietor of that house, and if they'd just knock up my neighbour (whose parlour gas I saw was still burning) they'd find it so, it began to dawn upon my captor that perhaps he was mistaken. Accordingly he did as I requested, with the result that satisfactory explanations followed on both sides."

Thus wrote Jones, and now just a word or two regarding my own experiences. From Cape Town I had written Ferguson a long epistle, part of which ran thus:—

"When my trip to the antipodes was first talked of, I got quite wild with delight at the glorious opportunity I'd have of extending my acquaintance with the stars, and testing my theoretical knowledge by taking the bearings of our ship at sea. However, before leaving England I had one or two humorous experiences which I don't mind telling *you*.

"A short time before I left London, I had removed from Clapham and gone to live in the neighbourhood of Dulwich. The second evening I had been in my new apartments, about eight o'clock, I had a peep out at the window to see what sort of a night it was. The sky was pretty clear and I was looking at the stars, when all at once a brilliant meteor shot across the heavens. In a few seconds another appeared, and another in rapid succession. I rushed for my note-book, turned out the gas and drew up the blind, to watch. A little lull had taken place, but soon the brilliant streamers came in quite a shower, and in a few minutes I had counted more than a hundred of various colours—blue, red, yellow, and green. 'Most marvellous,' thought I, 'this beats anything I have ever seen or heard of.' But they ceased, and then I had time to count up something like the number I had seen—768 in all, in the short space of twenty-five minutes. I got quill and ink and paper, and penned a glowing account of the brilliant display for the pages of one of the evening papers, to which I occasionally contribute.

"Next day I was returning from the City, perusing the article I had sent, when I met with a young fellow who lives two houses off, and his first remark was, Did you go to the Palace last night to see the fireworks? I suppose you would see them well enough though from your own rooms—did you?' I felt furious, but simply said, 'I did.'

"Another amusing incident occurred a little later on. I had been looking forward with great interest to the last eclipse of the moon, and a day or two before I gave a glance at the almanack to see at what hour it came off. 'Eclipse commences 1.45, ends 3.40.' 'Awkward time,' I mentally remarked.

"It was fully half-past twelve before I got to bed on the night in question, and as my bed is just in front of one of the windows, according to my invariable practice on getting into bed I raised the blind and had a peep at the sky. I turned bolster and pillows to the bottom, got hold of an old coat, put it on over my night-shirt, buttoned it tightly round my neck to avoid catching cold, and propped myself up to wait the eclipse. Soon I could see the moon's edge from where I was, and before long the whole white disc came into view. But there ends my observation; my landlady's knock and her 'Half-past eight' was the next thing of which I was conscious.

"And I missed the eclipse, you doubtless imagine. Nay, that's the best of it—there were two eclipses that month, so I had mistaken an eclipse of the sun for one of the moon, and from 1.45 to 3.40 p.m. I had a capital view of a solar eclipse through a smoked glass from my office window on the Embankment."

Thus I wrote; but the record of my star-gazing experiences would be incomplete without a brief account of my homeward voyage from Melbourne. Quite a new expanse of sky was now presented to my view, and several of the stars I found some difficulty in recognising, so to make certain, I asked the man at the wheel what was the name of a bright star I pointed to. The individual in question might have been the original of Wordsworth's Peter Bell for all the information I got out of him. "That bright un there ye mean? Ah! sir, I didn't know he had a name."

Somebody else did, however, and in a sweet clear voice some one walking past informed us, "That's Canopus." Turning round to express my thanks for the information, I found that the speaker was a young lady whom I had seen for the first time an hour or two before at the opposite end of the dinner-table. She seemed rather a nice girl, and as our lady passengers were few, I thought I'd try and get her into conversation. Accordingly, after thanking her I asked if she could enlighten me regarding one or two others. "With pleasure, sir; I know them all."

So after finding a good seat I had a most delightful star-lesson from my fair instructress, and from stars we went on to other topics, and before we parted we had got to be the best of friends. Well, somehow it happened that ever after that we were continually meeting with each other, on deck or below, morning and evening. We'd often sit for hours together upon deck, and I shall never forget the glorious times we had on board that steamer. Like Cleopatra I might say—

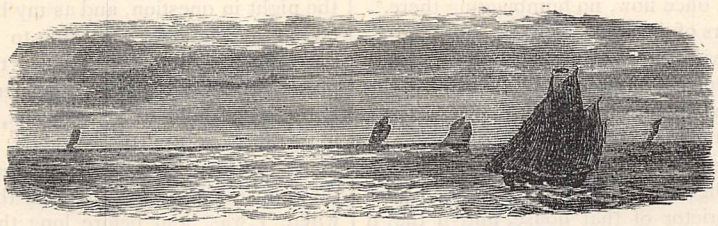
"We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which outburned Canopus."

And the lamps, as any one may guess, were the lamps of love lit in each other's eyes.

In the course of our *friendly* talks, I learned my fair one's history. She was an orphan, it appeared, and was now on her way to England to pay a visit to her father's friends, but being her own mistress and having been left a fair competency, she had no fixed plans for the future.

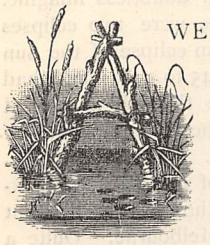
That was when we were not long out from Melbourne. Before we reached Brindisi I believe she had a rather more definite prospect before her, for while sailing along the Red Sea on one of those glorious nights such as are only to be seen beneath a tropical sky, with the stars of heaven all brilliant overhead, this fair astronomer accepted me as the star of her destiny.

J. G.



HOW TO COOK FISH.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."



WELL-KNOWN receipt for cooking hare commences, "First catch your hare." Equally necessary is it for us to first catch our fish, but unfortunately it has been proved beyond doubt by the recent ventilation of the subject in the public papers, that it is just at this point that our real difficulties commence.

Fish is caught in abundance, and is sold at an amazingly cheap rate by the original workmen, the fishermen, who make but a small profit; and yet we all know, especially those who live in the country, how difficult it is to get a nice little bit of cheap fresh fish. That this is to be regretted is admitted by all, and it does not require the testimony of medical men —who assure us, by-the-by, that fish is an admirable diet for those who work with their brains—to convince us that fish is a wholesome, agreeable form of food.

Our difficulty, as I have said, is to get it, and though my proper province is to tell you how to cook fish, I trust the great importance of the subject may be an excuse for dealing with the first part of the receipt, viz., First catch your fish—premising that fish is not caught to any practical purpose till we get it lying peacefully (*i.e.*, if it is not an eel) on a plate in a cool larder, for I presume all of you know better than to take fish into the kitchen, even for one minute, till it is ready for cooking.

I will not now enter into the various methods that have been suggested, that will make cheap fish a popular article of food with the poor, viz., the working man's wife and family.

In the recent discussions on "Fish Supply," I think hardly sufficient allowance has been made for fish purveyors of all classes. Fish is an exceptional commodity, inasmuch as it so rapidly spoils. Every one in any way connected with the fish trade must take this into account, and in all dealings allow of a margin to recoup himself against loss from this cause. If housekeepers would give their orders beforehand, making a bargain with their fishmongers to supply them with sixpenny-worth, or a shilling's-worth, or upwards, of fish daily, leaving to him to supply them according to the state of the market, all parties would be gainers. Bargains might be struck for the fishmonger to supply so much fish daily at so much a pound, leaving it to him to vary as best he can. A man with a good business would be able to supply cheap fish easily were he to know beforehand that so many hundredweight would be taken off his hand for a certainty. Customers by this means would probably get quite as good fish in the long run as if they gave their distinct orders every day. A system of this kind would also have the desired effect of preventing certain fish fetching fancy prices, while equally good fish of other sorts is thrown away or destroyed.

The fish is "caught," it lies peacefully on a plate in the larder. We will suppose our system to be in force, and we don't know what the fish is till, in answer to a query, Mary Anne states—"They've sent us a haddock, mum." A very nice fish too, prized abroad, but somewhat neglected at home. The French *eglefin*, and the German *schellfisch*, plain boiled, with a little oiled butter and a nice boiled potato, is better known than the English fresh haddock, but it is the same thing, and exceedingly nice and cheap; and as boiling a haddock will illustrate boiling fish of every description, I will briefly run through the proper method.

First, as we are now going to have fish every day, let me caution you about cleaning your fish-kettle. It is bad enough to be careless about cleaning saucepans that have boiled meat, but if you extend this carelessness to vessels that have cooked fish, the consequences will be disastrous.

We will suppose the fish-kettle clean; wash the fish and scrape off all the scales carefully, and see that it has been properly cleaned, removing all little clots of

blood near the bone; place it in cold water with ample water to cover it, and put plenty of salt in the water, and put the kettle on the fire, and as it warms, remove all the scum that comes to the surface. You must regulate the time you put the fish on the fire so as to be able to send it to table without delay. A good-sized haddock will be done within five minutes of the water boiling. In other words, as soon as the water boils, let it boil for about five minutes, then take it out and send it to table quickly. The reason of failure of boiled fish is almost always owing to heir being over-boiled, by which means the fish becomes tough and tasteless. Boiled fish also spoils by being kept warm. Fish is boiled sufficiently as soon as it ceases to be transparent. I would ask the cook not to be frightened about being late, but to risk one failure in the way of under-done fish, rather than persevere in years of real failure by over-cooking. It is not once in a hundred times that cooks will boil a fish properly. Do remember this maxim—Out of the fish-kettle on to the dining-room table as quickly as possible. Let it drain for a few *seconds*, slip it on to the white folded napkin and send it up—hot and steaming.

Next the sauce. Try oiled butter; it is so simple that no one can fail. Take a small butter-boat and place a piece of butter in it, and put the butter-boat in the oven till the butter is oiled. Don't waste the butter, as it is a rich sauce, and a dessert-spoonful is ample for each person. A little anchovy sauce can be handed round with the oiled butter, but I think plain salt preferable. This boiled fish really wants a nice floury potato.

Of course, in boiling fish, time varies with the *thickness*, not the weight. A thick piece of salmon will take longer than the same-sized piece of cod. Many cooks prefer to put salmon into boiling water at starting, but I cannot say I see the advantage of so doing. It is, I think, apt to risk getting the outside over-boiled while the meat near the bone is raw. However it is an open question, and I am bound to say the best opinions incline to boiling water.

When fish are thin, they are best placed in boiling water at starting. In fact, fish should be treated on the same principle as little new potatoes, and large old potatoes—boiling water for one at starting, and cold water for the other, lukewarm water for the intermediate sizes. Always throw a few pieces of fresh bright parsley round boiled fish, which can also be ornamented with slices of lemon.

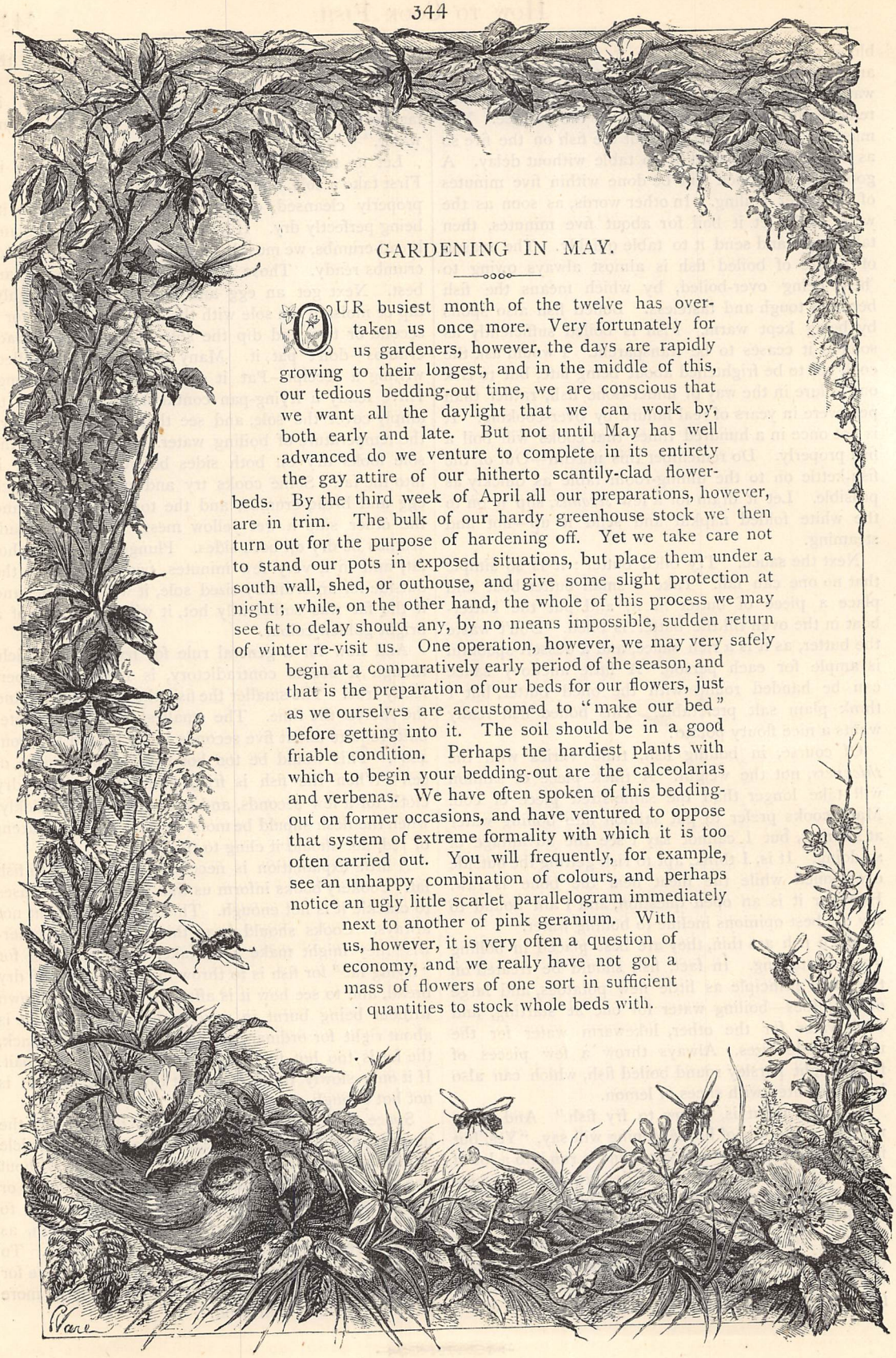
The next point is, "How to fry fish." And some novices in the way of housekeeping will say, "Yes, but if we have fried fish every day, won't it run into a lot of fat?" I know I am on very tender ground with cooks when I touch on the subject of fat, especially frying fat. But it is only by having fried fish constantly that fish becomes economical. Will you believe me when I tell you that, if you will only have enough fat to start with, the same fat will do over and over again for months? The want of economy is the dab of fat used once to spoil a fish and then emptied into the cook's grease-box. If ever I wrote a dictionary it should contain the following: "To Fry—to boil in fat heated to a temperature above that of boiling water."

Let us take that common fish, a sole, and fry it. First take a sole, and after seeing, of course, that it is properly cleansed, dry it, and flour it to insure its being perfectly dry. If we want to cook it in egg and bread-crumbs, we must have some nice, fine, dry bread-crumbs ready. Those sent through a wire sieve are best. Next get an egg and beat it up thoroughly, dip or moisten the sole with this, and let it drain for a second or two, and dip the sole lightly in the bread-crumbs—don't pat it. Many years ago I recollect writing a receipt—Pat it gently; but I was wrong. Have ready a frying-pan containing sufficient fat to amply cover the sole, and see that this fat is above the temperature of boiling water. Next see that the sole looks dry on both sides before you plunge it into the fat. Some cooks try and put on too much egg and bread-crumbs, and the top will be dry, and the other side a wet yellow mess. Let the bread-crumbs be dry on both sides. Plunge it into the hot fat, and in a very few minutes, two or three at the outside for an ordinary-sized sole, it will be done, and if the fat was sufficiently hot, it will come out of a bright golden colour.

And now for a general rule for frying fish, which, though it seems contradictory, is nevertheless perfectly true. The smaller the fish, the hotter the fat and the shorter the time. The smallest fish of all, whitebait, require about five seconds in fat heated to about 400°. This would be too hot to fry a thick piece of eel. When the fish is fried, drain it on a *hot* dry cloth for a few seconds, and send it to table quickly, when the flesh should be moist and yet not transparent or red, nor should it cling to the bone.

A little explanation is necessary with regard to fish fat. Cookery books inform us that when the fat ceases to crackle it is hot enough. This is often true, but not always. Cooks should bear this in mind, or otherwise they might make a mistake. The best test for "frying fat" for fish is to throw in a little piece of dry bread, and to see how it is affected. If it turns brown without being burnt in a very short time, the fat is about right for ordinary purposes. If it burns black, the fat is too hot for almost anything but whitebait. If it only slowly turns colour at the edges, the fat is not hot enough.

Space will not permit of further details, but the question of the supply of cheap fish as a daily article of food is of too great importance to be left without one word more. The soundest wisdom is to create, or rather assist to create, an increase in demand, and to leave the regular trade to rise to the occasion, as trade never fails to do, to furnish the supply. To create an artificial supply, and to trust to chance for the demand to follow, will probably result in more harm being done than good.



GARDENING IN MAY.

OUR busiest month of the twelve has overtaken us once more. Very fortunately for us gardeners, however, the days are rapidly growing to their longest, and in the middle of this, our tedious bedding-out time, we are conscious that we want all the daylight that we can work by, both early and late. But not until May has well advanced do we venture to complete in its entirety the gay attire of our hitherto scantily-clad flower-beds. By the third week of April all our preparations, however, are in trim. The bulk of our hardy greenhouse stock we then turn out for the purpose of hardening off. Yet we take care not to stand our pots in exposed situations, but place them under a south wall, shed, or outhouse, and give some slight protection at night; while, on the other hand, the whole of this process we may see fit to delay should any, by no means impossible, sudden return of winter re-visit us. One operation, however, we may very safely begin at a comparatively early period of the season, and that is the preparation of our beds for our flowers, just as we ourselves are accustomed to "make our bed" before getting into it. The soil should be in a good friable condition. Perhaps the hardiest plants with which to begin your bedding-out are the calceolarias and verbenas. We have often spoken of this bedding-out on former occasions, and have ventured to oppose that system of extreme formality with which it is too often carried out. You will frequently, for example, see an unhappy combination of colours, and perhaps notice an ugly little scarlet parallelogram immediately next to another of pink geranium. With us, however, it is very often a question of economy, and we really have not got a mass of flowers of one sort in sufficient quantities to stock whole beds with.

There is, however, one pretty display of flowers which is for the most part in its perfection in the month of May. It is alike simple, very effective, and inexpensive; and many of our smaller and cottage gardens tempt us to linger for a moment to look at them as we pass by, and gaze at the pansy display. Perhaps, then, we may with advantage this month have a few words to say about pansies. And first, then, as to the soil best adapted for their growth. Let a good half of it be made up of rotted turf; and with the turf mix some peat and manure from some unused cucumber-frame: these two last in about equal proportions. Next, as to situation for the pansy. The pansy seems to thrive best in any spot where it can find shelter from the fiercer rays of the sun, and is not exposed to be torn about by rough winds. Indeed, a mere examination of its soft and velvet-like delicate petals at once tells us that a cutting wind would probably be almost fatal to its successful growth. But, on the other hand, our pansies like a fairly open situation, where at least they are less likely to be troubled by slugs; in the heat of the summer, however, they are difficult to keep in constant bloom, unless frequent waterings and partial shade be given. If your pansy be a good or favourable specimen, and you want to preserve it, take from it at once a few cuttings. Your cuttings will strike well under a hand-glass with some protection, by means of matting or even stout paper, from the rays of the sun. As we stated at the outset, May is usually our best month for pansy display; but if our object be to keep up their bloom as long as possible, give first of all in dry weather, either early or late in the day, copious waterings; and here, again, avoid splashing soil and dust on your flowers, for this once upon them ruins their beauty, and a mud-splash would entail very decidedly the loss of a prize in a bloom exhibition. Now, the seed of the pansy may be sown from April to July in boxes, or pans, or good broad pots, &c., but careful watering and shading are then necessary. When large enough to handle, plant them out, some six inches or thereabouts apart. Pansies sown from April to June ought to bloom before the following autumn is over. We must not, however, devote too much of our space in this overcrowded gardening month to pansy cultivation.

As for our window gardening, from this time and for the next five or six months, it is our own fault if our window display be not as gay as we can make it, there is so much to select from among the early summer flowers with which to fill up any gaps; and, indeed, nearly all half-hardy plants—such, for example, as geraniums, fuchsias, and calceolarias—may be placed out permanently on your balcony or window-ledge. But we must not forget, on the other hand, that this is the month for east winds, and with, especially in the earlier part of it, occasional frosts; we should, therefore, recommend that the window plants, when this is the case, be taken in at night. Be sure and have all your window garden plants thoroughly well potted; and it is also advisable to use large pots for this situation, as so much of the surface being exposed to the action of the sun, your plants are very liable to suffer injury from the speedy drying up of the soil inside. Some have suggested mixing up with the soil lumps of free-stone or charcoal, or, indeed, any porous substance. These act as a sort of reservoir of moisture, for they absorb plentifully when you water your plant, and afterwards, when the soil becomes dry, your charcoal lump will naturally give out moisture. All climbing plants for your window-frame should now be got into order; they are most effective: such, for example, as the convolvulus major or the yellow tropæolum; or, indeed, for rapid growth, why not try the experiment of some hops? Then, again, all trailing plants look well when allowed to hang down from a window-ledge; but in order to manage this well, your plants should have been put early in the season into pots sufficiently large to allow room for the roots to develop themselves, as when once started it is somewhat difficult to move them afterwards without checking them, and if they are at all in an advanced state, you would be liable to break and snap off some of the long hanging tendrils. The plants in the Wardian or fern-cases must be watered when necessary, and any that are showing a disposition to straggle beyond bounds should be pruned. The whole position of your case, too, might be occasionally changed with advantage, so as to avoid allowing light and shade to fall always on the same parts.

Our greenhouse will this month be very considerably emptied out; but we must not forget the future of other flowers, and more particularly those upon which we depend for our autumn display—such, for example, as our chrysanthemums. Of these we should now part the old roots, and perhaps re-pot them; or we might turn them all out, and let them grow in rows, so as to get a supply of strong cuttings and layers later on; but the first method is perhaps the best for producing larger and tall plants.

In our kitchen garden we are as far as possible going on with our successional sowings of peas and other vegetables—trying, in fact, to avoid that too common mistake of letting everything come in upon us at once; but always take care that the ground is well prepared for the various crops you are getting in, and never allow a crop to be sown on the same ground from which one of a similar class has just been removed. Frequently, too, when pricking and thinning out, we find we have sown a good deal more than was necessary, and we learn a lesson from this, while, perhaps, we are able to effect a fortunate exchange of young plants with a neighbour, and save a whole month's growth. Then the potatoes must be carefully earthed up, for they will now be going tremendously ahead; the asparagus-bed, too, will want weeding; and do not cut too much from it, particularly where your roots are young. Our cucumber-frames will require constant attention. Do not, for instance, be too late in shutting up the frames in the afternoon, but try to lock up some of the sun-heat with your plants; nor, on the other hand, must you allow them to be scorched in the middle of the day. A little forgetfulness or delay in closing up may admit more of the evening

east wind and chill than is good for your plants. This month is one for working among the strawberry blossoms, and a little labour here is always well bestowed just now. The runners must certainly be at once removed: an operation so often carelessly or only half done, and sometimes neglected altogether. Then some tan or short grass from your lawn must be put down round them, to preserve the fruit from being damaged by the earth. Our mowing machine, which is now of course in weekly use, is able to give us shorter and finer grass; but tan is preferable rather, because slugs decidedly object to it, which is certainly more than they do to the strawberries. By the end of this month we are thinning our gooseberries for bottling, and keeping an anxious look-out among them for the caterpillar, so that where we fear the approach of this pest, we dust with soot, wood-ashes, or lime. Brushing them off quickly into some vessel underneath unhappily takes up almost more time than we can spare. And currants must now again be thinned of their young wood; cut off from their tops all those bright green shoots and leaves that you see at the end of every branch. If these are allowed to remain on, your trees will be weakened, and your fruit poor; besides, the air and sun must be admitted to the base of the trees to colour and ripen the fruit. The peaches and nectarines will want very cautious thinning. If your trees are very luxuriant, perhaps a good crop upon them will beneficially check them; while if they are not in a strong condition, you might materially damage your trees by allowing too much fruit to ripen upon them. In fact, circumstances, weather, the season, the soil, the early or tardy arrival of spring, all these things affect us in the course we pursue. Our past winter was singularly mild, and our autumn to come, let us hope, will be singularly prolific.

THE VILLAGE MAY-DAY.

PILED up with sacks, to yonder town
The great mill-waggon lumbers down;
Drawn by three horses, tall and strong,
The great mill-waggon rolls along.

The miller's smock is clean and new,
And smart with ribbons, red and blue;
And tinkling bells on bridle-rein
Have made the stately horses vain.

And every year the first of May
Is made the village holiday:
The school is closed: the children run
In meadows smiling with the sun.

And now before the mill they wait,
While some, impatient, climb the gate,
And shout with glee, when drawing near
The loudly rumbling wheels they hear.

And soon the horses loom in sight,
With gay rosettes and harness bright,
While close beside the leader's head
The miller walks with sturdy tread.

Long may the festive day come round
And find the miller hale and sound,
And may his goods increase, and still
The great wheel turn his busy mill.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE ART OF WATER-COLOUR LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.

COLOUR is to the artist what expression is to the musician; a sketch in black and white, however well drawn, is not comparable to one glowing with rich transparent colours, provided the latter be equally well executed. To secure that transparency of tone which is the great charm of water-colour drawing, the best materials should be employed. Large brushes conduce to a broad style of working. Moist colours in pans will be found most suitable, especially for out-door work.

We give a short list of the colours most often required in water-colour drawing:—

Yellows.—Yellow ochre, gamboge, Indian yellow, and cadmium yellow.

Reds.—Vermilion, Venetian red, light red, Indian red, lake, pink madder, and rose madder.

Blues.—Cobalt, French blue, indigo, and Prussian blue.

Brown madder, purple madder, raw and burnt sienna are also useful.

The colours have been thus divided:—"As a broad rule, in skies use opaque colours, but occasionally indigo, lamp-black, and pink madder are admissible. For middle distances, mixture of semi-transparent. Fore-grounds, transparent." While it is not absolutely necessary for the artist to have all these colours in his box, yet it is desirable that he should have experience in the working and in the qualities of all, as he may be called upon to use them at some period, and may miss the tint he requires by not having them at hand.

The paper must be well and carefully stretched. First lay it on a clean table or on a sheet of paper,

"AND NOW BEFORE THE MILL THEY WAIT,
WHILE SOME, IMPATIENT, CLIMB THE GATE."

"*THE VILLAGE MAY-DAY*" (*page* 346).

and sponge over the right side, wetting it thoroughly; then turn it, and sponge the contrary side, that it may be well soaked. Sponge or wipe off the superfluous damp, and lay on the board; then lift both together into the frame, and fasten in the back wedges. If a plain drawing-board is used, the paper, after being wetted, must be pasted for about an inch all round, and then laid on the board, the wrinkles being smoothed out with a clean cloth. Glue is sometimes used, the edges of the paper being turned for an inch or so over the back of the board; but whichever plan is followed, let the paper be perfectly smooth and dry before any drawing on it is attempted.

We must needs take it for granted that the art of correct drawing—which is, indeed, the hardest part of an artist's education—is understood before any attempt is made at painting a picture. The greatest perfection in colouring is valueless if expended on a sketch the drawing of which is erroneous. This being allowed, the first step is to learn to lay a flat wash evenly; and the easiest way of learning it is to take a sheet of paper, to stretch it, allow it to dry, then to mark off a portion, and fill it up with a wash of sepia. The beginner will find that it is not such an easy matter as he supposes to manage this dexterously. Enough colour has to be mixed to cover the whole of the allotted space, a large brush is then filled full of the sepia, and commencing at the left-hand side of the top of the paper, it is to be passed over from left to right until the entire portion is covered. If there is a faulty place, or any unevenness in the wash, never attempt to rectify it while the tint is still wet; the colour will only be displaced and the fault magnified. A course of sepia painting will help the student to handle his brush without increasing his difficulties, as the use of a multiplicity of tints would do. When he has perfected himself in laying a flat wash with ease, he may turn his attention to the gradated wash. After placing sufficient sepia in a saucer, the brush is filled, and a wash carried over a part of the paper, the tint being gradually modified by expelling some of the colour and re-filling the brush with more water; this is continued until the tint is shaded off to a delicate light shade. On the contrary, a wash may be increased in strength by commencing with a light sepia tint, and taking up more colour by degrees as it is proceeded with, when a full deep tint will result. When these washes are thoroughly learnt, some foliage, a cottage, a boat, or any easy subject may be tried. Trees, however, require much study before they can be successfully treated; but if landscape painting is the chosen path, it is well for the artist if he has spent some time previously in the more arduous task of studying the natural growth of trees, so that he may now confine himself to learning the manner of handling his brush in copying the various kinds of foliage. The next task will be for him to shade some trees, making no hard outlines at the edges, but softening them off gradually, allowing the light to be seen between the separated sprays; to imitate the gnarled branches of the oak, the knots and scores in the bark, the masses of light and shade in the foliage as nearly as may be. Nor must he keep to one kind of tree alone; all sorts of foliage need to be faithfully copied, from the feathery branches of the graceful silver birch to the stately elm, the grand chestnut, and the tall, spiral fir-trees: to each a different touch must be given, that the observer may be at once enabled to tell at a glance the kind of tree the artist intended to represent. In sketching the forest glades, so dear to the lovers of nature, all sorts will have to be encountered, and the learner is wise who has familiarised himself beforehand with all the species.

Coloured washes will be found more interesting, and will not be so difficult if the preliminary exercises in sepia have been gone through; and to soften one tint into another by a series of gentle gradations will be found a pleasant occupation. Divide with pencilled lines a piece of paper into three portions, then have ready for use, in separate saucers, yellow ochre, vermilion, and cobalt. Lay in the first portion with a tint of yellow ochre, gradually weakening it by getting rid of some of the colour in the brush, and taking up water until you carry it half-way through the second portion, where it fades away entirely. Then, before it dries, take up vermilion, and commence at the top of the second portion, modifying it in the same manner until the middle of the third portion is reached, and the tint disappears. Once again, while the tint is still damp, take up cobalt, and lay in the last wash from the top of the third portion, modifying it until the paper is filled up. Thus you will have three distinct colours blended into one another, without any harsh water-lines or hard contrast to destroy the gradation. If darker tints are desired, the first must be allowed to dry perfectly, when the former process may be repeated.

To bring out a portion of a subject into relief the most delicate gradations are sometimes necessary; in these cases hatching and stippling must be resorted to. Hatching consists of the crossing of lines in a slanting direction, but not at right angles. The tint may be of a lighter or darker shade of that on which it is to be worked, and a flat wash may be by this means darkened or lightened as the occasion requires. Stippling is the filling in of any light interstices left by the brush in laying a wash. By the employment of one or both these ways of pencilling on colour a wash may be strengthened in tone; if too cold, it can be warmed; if faulty in colour, it can be altered. Not only can tints of the same colour as the ground they cover be used, but various colours may be applied in their pure state both in the hatching and stippling processes. By stippling in unbroken colours, a clearer, richer tint is often obtained than could be found by a mixed shade. The eye blends them into a harmonious whole, and a grand effect is thus produced. Yet another method of painting, termed "dragging," is used to give surface texture to foreground objects. The brush is dipped into colour rather slightly diluted; the artist then, holding it lightly, passes it across portions of the painting that he considers will be improved thereby; the colour being caught only by the projections of the paper, a

rough, granulated appearance results. This manner of working is useful during the finishing process; dark tints may be dragged over light, or light over dark—in the latter case body colours are employed. The rugged surfaces of rocks, boulders, and spars of wood on the sea-shore may all be improved by dragging. The student may advantageously make studies of such objects until he has mastered the difficulties attendant on this mode of laying on colour, and can use his brush dexterously with freedom and lightness of touch combined.

THE LIFE OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.)

ORDINARY PROMOTIONS.

A DESCRIPTION has already been given of the daily life and duties of private soldiers, when serving in England in times of peace, and of the opportunities of turning their army service to good account, taking the case of those who leave their regiments at the early age of from twenty-two to twenty-five years, and quitting the army entirely at about thirty.

It remains now to be considered what inducements the Service can hold out to such as desire to make it their permanent profession. For, under the most recent regulations, a soldier of good character, who has ability to become a trustworthy corporal and sergeant, can claim almost as a right to continue his service for twenty-one years, and to retire then with a suitable pension. The army can thus offer a career to men of very different tastes, and satisfy very different ambitions.

The terms of service for those whose case is about to be considered are briefly as follows :—

Any corporal or sergeant, after a year's probation, has the right to extend his service to twelve years, counting from date of enlistment, instead of having to leave his regiment and join the army reserve after seven years. He thus completes the term of his original engagement. Supposing he still wishes to stay on in the army, he can *re-engage* for a further term of nine years, thus completing twenty-one years' service in all, and at the end of that time he will be in a position to receive a permanent pension, which will vary from about £30 to £80 a year, according to his rank and service.

There is thus a very broad line drawn between the privates and non-commissioned officers ; the former remaining only seven years in the regiment, and perhaps leaving after three years, the latter staying on (if they choose to do so) for twenty-one years.

All that has been said in my former papers about the lives of privates must of course hold good for those whose career is now to be discussed—that is, until they get their first step of promotion ; but it is very unlikely that a young man enlisting with the determination to rise in the profession will be kept waiting any length of time as a private soldier. With a certain amount of education, and an aptness for picking up the daily duties of barrack life, he might easily become a lance-corporal in six months from his enlistment, and would hardly ever (nowadays) be longer than a twelvemonth before he appeared with "one stripe" on his arm —the sign that he had taken one step in the right direction.

Now, although the position of lance-corporal is a very desirable one when compared with that of a private, it must be confessed that it entails much harder work. A lance-corporal has perhaps more work of one sort and another than any other man in a regiment ; but it is to be hoped that a young soldier anxious to better himself will not be afraid of a few months' hard work, more especially as he will escape many of the unpleasant duties he may have had to do as a private. He will never have to do now those little "fatigue duties," such as cleaning up the barrack-room, or sweeping out the regimental buildings, as before described. He will have to go on guard duty, but will not have to walk about as a sentry ; for his work now will be to see that the privates do their duty. The lance-corporal's position is, in fact, one of considerable responsibility ; for he has to be continually superintending the work of small parties of other soldiers, and is to a great extent responsible that it is done at the proper time and in the proper way. He has to use his head a good deal, and his legs still more, for sometimes he may be kept "on the go" from morning to night ; but it will probably just make the whole difference to an ambitious soldier to feel that he is raised at least one step above the mass of the privates, and that even if his work is harder than theirs, it is a work of authority requiring tact and intelligence.

As regards meals and sleeping, the lance-corporal is in just the same position that he was in before, having to use the barrack-room for both; but even when "at home" he will feel superior to his former comrades, and may often have occasion to use his authority and maintain discipline.

The pay of the lance-corporal is slightly in advance of the private, amounting to 1s. 3d. a day, or 8s. 9d. a week; and as his expenses are exactly the same as they were before, it may be considered that this increase is merely so much to the good of his pocket.

The next step taken upwards will bring the soldier to the rank of corporal, and from henceforth he will wear two stripes on his arm. There is no necessity for giving any details as to the work of this new position. It is rather easier than that of a lance-corporal, and is certainly less tiresome; so, provided that a man has passed satisfactorily through the grade below, he will have no difficulty at all in taking to his new duties. The higher he gets, the more responsibility is laid upon him; also, of course, the greater will be his fall should he neglect his work or abuse his authority. But as it will (in the majority of cases) be eighteen months or two years before he reaches this rank, he will have learnt experience, and be less liable to get into trouble.

For the first time now a test of education is necessary, and before a man can be made a corporal he must have obtained a third-class certificate in the army schools, and it will be a very wise act if the second-class certificate be taken at the same time; for this will clear him for the next step also, and as examinations are never particularly pleasant, it will be just as well to "kill two birds with one stone."

The pay of a corporal is raised by 5d., making a total of 1s. 8d. a day, or 11s. 8d. a week; and as he also lives in the barrack-room, and has only the same expenses as the privates, his powers of spending or saving money are considerably increased. Referring to what was said on this subject in a former paper, it will appear evident that a corporal with his 1s. 8d. a day will have 4s. 8d. a week more than the private; and as the private was shown to have 2s. 6d. a week as mere pocket-money, so the corporal will have about 7s. a week to spend on himself or his amusements, or, still better, to invest in the savings-bank. Without much trouble, then, he ought to put by at the rate of 5s. a week, and if this be done for, say, ten months in the year, there will be a highly satisfactory result of £10 a year to add to the £3 a year of deferred pay, as before explained.

It is, indeed, a common saying among soldiers that corporals can save, or spend, more money than any other rank; for though the higher grades have of course higher pay, they have much more to do with it. But it is to be hoped that the soldier of good education and ambition will not be content with the position of corporal; but rather, feeling that there are still better things in store for him, push on at the first opportunity to the next step of lance-sergeant.

This rank of lance-sergeant is an intermediate one between corporal and sergeant, but both as regards work and position it is very much more like the higher rank. The appointment is mainly dependent (as regards time) on the general flow of promotion in the regiment. When there is a vacancy among the sergeants, the senior lance-sergeant gets the place, and the senior corporal becomes a lance-sergeant. But this rule is open to modification in some ways. For instance, the senior corporal may not care to be promoted, or he may not have the necessary school certificate, or may be unfit in other ways; and the colonel of a regiment would have it quite in his power to select any very promising corporal to take the vacant place in the roll of lance-sergeants.

The duties and position of lance-sergeants and sergeants will be more properly treated of under the latter rank; so it may be stated here briefly that the pay of lance-sergeants is 2s. a day—an increase of 2s. 4d. a week on that of corporal. They wear three stripes of white braid on their arm, and sometimes a sash; but this is not a universal custom. It is optional with lance-sergeants to have their meals in the barrack-room, or to become members of the sergeants' mess; it is to be expected, however, that nearly all will take advantage of that greatest of all benefits, and promptly leave the barrack-room and take to the comfortable life which it is in their power to enjoy.

And now we may imagine the soldier to have attained to the rank of sergeant, and to have appeared with the three gold stripes on his arm and the sash over the right shoulder. He is now a member of the sergeants' mess, and a great change has taken place in his life and comforts. It will be as well, then, to describe at once what his new home is like; and although it is still necessary for an unmarried sergeant to sleep and keep his things in a barrack-room, he will probably spend most of the leisure hours of the day in the sergeants' mess, and very comfortable he will be there.

The building used by the sergeants is generally a little separated from the main block of the men's barracks, and consists of two or three rooms, one being used as a kitchen, another as a "bar" for the sale of beer and spirits to the sergeants, and the largest is fitted up as a dining-room and sitting-room. There is in all sergeants' messes a full-sized billiard-table, which as a rule occupies one end of the sitting-room, and can always claim a very fair amount of patronage. Copies of the principal newspapers and some magazines and books of reference may be seen lying about, and easy chairs in which the sergeants may enjoy them. This large room is usually fitted up nicely with curtains and carpet, pictures on the walls, and perhaps a looking-glass over the fire-place.

A vast difference will be apparent in the comfort of the sergeants at meal-times; for instead of having the meat brought on to the bare-boarded table in a tin dish, and the soup, or tea or coffee, poured from a tin can into basins, the mess waiter will now lay the table with a table-cloth, soup-plates, tea-cups, &c., as required. Meat and vegetables will be brought in from the kitchen in ordinary dishes, and handed round to the assembled sergeants, and tea-pots, salt-cellars,

butter-dishes, and other little conveniences will appear in due form. The actual amount of food provided will also be found to be changed for the better.

At breakfast, some dish of meat, or eggs, or even a soup will, as a rule, be added to the plain bread of the barrack-room, and both at breakfast and tea butter is always supplied; at dinner, besides the fact of the meat and vegetables being served in a much more attractive form, a "second course" is no unusual thing.

Of course all this "luxury" is not to be had without paying for it; and every sergeant on first appointment has to pay a subscription of about 7s. to the mess fund, and instead of paying only 3d. a day (as before) for his groceries, he now has to pay about 9d. a day; but almost every man with any ideas of self-respect and self-improvement will feel that the increased comfort is well worth the price paid for it.

It is generally an understood thing that every soldier cleans his own things—such as rifle, belts, and buttons—until he reaches the rank of sergeant; but after that he is allowed, and indeed expected, to hand over this part of the business to a private, and to pay him some small sum for his trouble. A sergeant is supposed to be able to employ himself better than in using a polishing brush and pipe-clay; and this change also will be found a great comfort to the educated and rising young soldier, and from henceforth he will expect to find all his clothes, &c., kept clean and ready for him to wear whenever wanted.

Besides these changes in the style of life which await every soldier rising to the rank of sergeant, the recent regulations have given them other privileges; and the one most to be prized is, perhaps, that which allows them to stay out of barracks after the regular hours, without going through the form of asking for a special "pass." This will be found a great convenience; but even more than that, it ought to show both the general public and the sergeants themselves that they have risen to a position in the army in which they can be freely trusted, and which it is well worth while to keep and respect.

A sergeant's duties are, similarly, a great advance upon what has gone before, especially as regards interest, influence, and responsibility. It would be tedious to go into detail; but some of the principal changes may be referred to. On ordinary occasions of drill, for instance, it will often happen that a sergeant will be called on to take the place of an officer. When doing "guard duty" the sergeant will be almost always in complete command of the men, and may have to exercise his authority promptly and boldly, acting entirely upon his own responsibility. Another duty requiring much firmness and tact is that of regulating, day by day, the various details of work to be done by all the men of his company. But most important of all is the position held by the sergeant *in charge of a room—i.e.*, the senior sergeant of each barrack-room—for with him rests the maintenance of discipline, the responsibility for everything done or left undone by the men under him, by day or night, and, above all things, it is in his power to influence the inmates of his room for good or evil, both by precept and example. With the young soldiers now filling the ranks this point cannot be made too much of, for their habits have yet to be formed when first they enlist; and unless the sergeant in charge of each room studies their characters individually, and treats them accordingly, a grand opportunity of making them good soldiers in the present and good citizens hereafter will be lost for ever. With patience and perseverance it is surprising what a sergeant can effect in this way over the fifteen or twenty men who come under his immediate control; and this power alone ought to be an attraction to young men of good education to make the army their profession.

The pay of a sergeant employed at ordinary duty is 2s. 4d. a day, or 16s. 4d. a week. In some respects he is not quite as well off as the corporal, whose case was taken into consideration last; for a sergeant has much heavier stoppages, and has to spend more in other ways, so as to show proper appreciation of his higher position. But it must be taken into account that a sergeant has a much more comfortable life, and better food, better served; in fact, his "home" being a more comfortable one, he need not spend quite so much as before on extra personal comforts. Supposing he has to pay 9d. a day for groceries and extra "messing," and 5d. a day for liquor, and 1s. a week to the man who looks after his kit, he will have about 7s. a week left for pocket-money, and out of this he will have to pay for his washing, and a subscription of about 1s. 6d. a month to the sergeants' mess.

The deferred pay of £3 a year is also granted to sergeants, and is continued at the same rate for those that re-engage up to the end of twenty-one years service.

There are many very good military appointments open to sergeants, especially as clerks, doing duty either with their own regiments or in some capacity in which they would be permanently settled in a garrison town. The pay of the former class commences with 2s. 6d. a day, and is increased every three years by 6d. a day until 4s. a day is reached; and in the case of the latter class the pay commences with 3s. 6d. and may reach 5s. a day. If a sergeant does not obtain any of these appointments as a permanency, he may often get one temporarily, in which case he would be given extra pay of 1s. a day. To show that there is a fair chance of an intelligent soldier getting one of these posts, it may be mentioned that there are at least 2,500 of the *better* class mentioned above, with pay at from 24s. 6d. to 35s. a week; and there are about 10,000 appointments as ordinary sergeants (of various grades) belonging to the different branches of the army; the rates of pay of these being from 14s. to 30s. a week—always reckoning (as before) mere pay, it being understood that the extras reckoned at 8s. 6d. a week, in the shape of board, and lodging, and firing, &c., which the soldier gets free, must be taken into consideration if his position is to be compared with that of a civilian, and also that an ordinary sergeant or staff clerk, as referred to above, can always get thirty days' holiday every year, the whole of his pay being given to him as if he was still at his work.

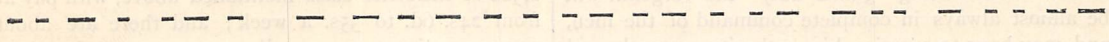
A NEWSPAPER SUB-EDITOR'S OFFICE AND WORK.

THE public does not fully understand the office or the work of the sub-editor of a daily newspaper. There is a general appreciation of the fact that there must be a literary director, who is called the editor; that there must be "leader"-writers, reporters, compositors, and others; but generally there is profound ignorance of the work of the sub-editor. So complete is this, that on one occasion the secretary of a company owning a large newspaper remarked to the editor that he had never been able to discern what was the use of a sub-editor! Possibly it may furnish a little knowledge if we sketch the surroundings and the work of the sub-editor of one of our chief provincial papers.

It is night when he enters on his duties—replacing the "day" sub-editor, who has been engaged in the preparation and supervision of literary matter that has accumulated during the day, and the portion of which he has not been able to deal with is passed by him on to his successor. The scene is a small room, well lit and warmed, and with a tendency to grow heated and close in the small hours of the morning. Its furniture comprises table, desk, a chair or two, a little library, a few files of papers. There are spouts that communicate with the printing office, and along which little boxes, "copy"-laden, may travel. There are speaking-tubes, files, and abundance of the sub-editor's "tools"—writing materials, scissors, gum, and other essentials. The library is a peculiar one—fiction is almost absent, poetry is conspicuous by its absence, and the bulk of the volumes are those that Charles Lamb called "books that are no books:" works of reference; dictionaries, alike of words, events, and dates; cyclopædias; law, medical, clerical, and army and navy lists, and a mass of volumes in which the facts and the personalities of the past and present are recorded and tabulated for easy reference. And could you unveil the secrets of the desks and the docket-holes, you would find abundant preparation for the production of other matter. Here are manuscript biographies of men of the present, for use when they have just become silent; here tables of local records and events, and here compilations and statistics that refer to local affairs that are ever and anon discussed. Litter up the table with papers and copy; let the basket on the floor be partially filled with envelopes, wrappers, unused manuscripts, and torn newspapers; allow telegraph messengers to come and go, and add to these occasional visits from reporters or from the composing-room, and you have some idea of the scene and the surroundings.

The work is varied. To the sub-editor is brought the literary matter a selection from which is to appear next day, with certain exceptions, and it is his duty to arrange, condense, and prepare it for publication, to place it in other hands for dealing with certain parts, or to reject it. Telegrams by public or private wire are brought here; reports of markets, exchanges, meetings, and other events, either by members of the staff of the paper or by correspondents; the evening's newspapers, the letters of volunteer correspondents—everything indeed, except the advertisements and the editorial utterances, passes through the hands of the sub-editor. Night after night he will have fifty to eighty of the buff telegraphic envelopes to open—each with from one to eight slips of "flimsy" written with more or less closeness; possibly as many of the news parcels sent by train from correspondents or reporters; and multitudinous letters and newspapers by post and mail train. He is, of course, aided in disposing of these masses of matter by regulations that vary slightly in different offices. In the one taken as typical, all the reports of markets—either by telegraph, from local papers, or sent by correspondents—pass at once to compositors who regularly set them into type, and who by long use are familiar with the technicalities of the trades, and can instantly interpret the condensed telegrams, or the contractions. In another, all sporting matter is sent to a "sporting editor;" and again, at a sea-port, voluminous shipping reports pass at once to a shipping expert. Even when thus relieved, there is work for the sub-editor for all the night, as an example or two will show.

He receives from 100 to 200 sheets of telegrams, and in addition, a possible "special wire" from the metropolis into the editorial offices pours in at times its flood of telegrams—from Stock Exchange, Coal Market, or in its session from the special Parliamentary reporters. Here is a copy of the message as received by the telegraphic clerks in charge of the "puncher" instrument in the office:—



This oddity of dashes is thus translated by the telegraphic operator, and sent to the sub-editor for revision if needed:—

"P. cent. for the year 1881."

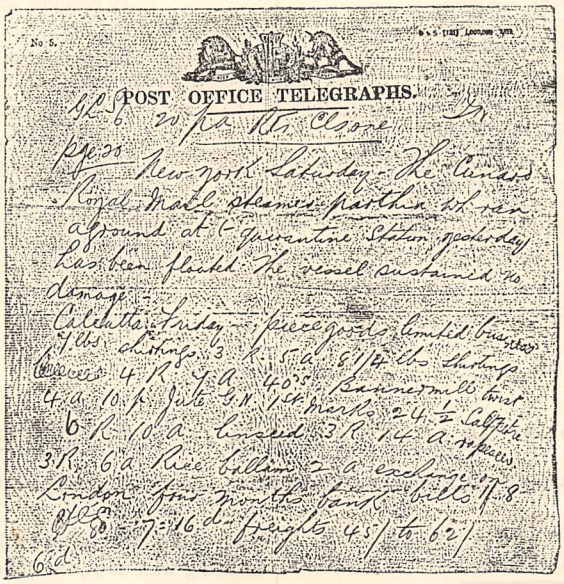
A reading easily understood by the compositors, and so sent through untouched, after a glance. Not so, however, with the "flimsy" that is sent in from the Post Office. On the next page we give a reduced *facsimile* of a sheet as it is sent.

The first part of this, after the introductory line,

needs no alteration, beyond that of a capital for a small letter or so. The introductory line is simply a series of contractions. The letters in the left-hand corner state the time, according to the telegraphic code. The "pa" is simply the initials of the "Press Association," which obtains it from Reuter ("Rtr"), and "Cls. one" defines merely the class of the news-supply. But when we come to the involved second paragraph, it needs experienced eyes to gather its meaning, and hence the following cutting of the message, as printed, will best explain it to the uninitiated reader :—

INDIA. CALCUTTA, Jan. 20.

Piece goods, limited business; 7lbs. Shirtings, 3r. 5a.; 8¼lbs. Shirtings, 4r. 7a.; 40's Bannermill Twist, 4a. 10p.; Jute, G. N. 1st marks, 24½; Saltpetre, 6r. 10a.; Linseed, 3r. 14a.; Rapeseed, 3r. 6a.; Rice ballam, 2a.; Exchange on London four months' Bank Bills, 1s. 8 7-16d.; Freights, 45s. to 62s. 6d.


No. 5.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

Similarly the reports of the correspondents are sent in, in a contracted form, and though the contractions pass to and are well understood by the compositors, and hence entail no trouble on the sub-editor, all the mass of matter that he passes on to the latter must be read by him. Repetitions, whether of messages from different correspondents or press agents, must be removed; reports that are uninteresting may be either condensed from half a column to a few lines, or thrown aside into the waste-basket; newspapers need examination to see that no important intelligence from their locality is omitted by the ordinary means; or if there is such omission, that the scissors duly supply it. When to this is added the fact that the sub-editor needs to keep a watch for such intelligence as is of importance enough to justify a "leader," and to send a proof of it to the leader-writer; that he is in constant receipt of proofs from the printers, which need glancing at, and that ever and anon his attention will be drawn to some volunteer of news that concerns societies or institutions, or persons who want it "noticed;" to reporters who need instructions as to the projected length of reports, or to many other callers, it will be seen that the hours of his night are taxed for his task.

It will be well, however, if this be all. Despite occasional estimates of space, it happens often that the manuscript sent in exceeds what can be compressed into the inelastic columns of the newspaper; and thus it may happen that, when the hour of going to press is approaching, the sub-editor will receive some long report, which he has condensed carefully into half a column, back from the overseer of the printing office, with the request that it be "cut down to a stick"—that is, to the small extent of the amount of type that may be set in one of the composing "sticks." And, possibly, when the matter has passed into the hands of the compositors and been "set," it may happen that on the sub-editor devolves the duty of selecting such matter as must be kept out, owing to advertisements proving longer than had been anticipated, or late and important intelligence crowding out earlier and less important news. The arrival of the news of any unforeseen event—a colliery explosion, a railway accident, an important trial, or any similar intelligence—upsets the whole arrangement and disposal of space of the sub-editor. He must see to that being got into type at once, and a proof sent to the "late" leader-writer, must obtain from the books of reference he has any particulars he can as to the places or persons referred to, and then is called upon to give the "happy despatch" to some of the work he had taken time over and pains with earlier in the evening.

At last, when the ink shows signs of exhaustion, and the pencil for the "flimsy" has been blunt some time, when the desk is littered with scraps and cuttings, and the files are crowded with "items" for use in that future (that so seldom arrives) when space is plentiful; when the gum-bottle is sticky at the mouth, and the scissors snap shortly; when he is almost hoarse with shouting through speaking-tubes, and sick of the sight of the little imp who is the messenger; when the telegraph boys have ceased from troubling, and the printers' boys are at rest, the night's work of the sub-editor is wound up—seldom satisfactorily to him.

This, then, is the work of the sub-editor. To him, in the strong words of Lowell, "by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe." He arranges the utterances of "myriad invisible electric conductors along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women." And then, when his work is done, and has served its brief hour, like Imperial Cæsar's clay, it may pass to the use of "the wrappage of a bar of soap!"

LOST YOUTH.

WHAT song was the river singing
When I sat on its bank in spring?
What sang the glad bird, while flinging
Wild notes from his birchen swing?

They sang of life young and glowing,
When the heart beat high and strong,
Free as the waters flowing,
Sweet as that glad bird's song.

They sang of a fair world breaking
The thrill of its torpor deep,
To youth and beauty awaking
From a cold and dreary sleep.

They sang as in jubilation
Together the bright stars sung,
On that morn when from creation
The world sprang fresh and young.

O season of wondrous glory,
With diviner joy endured
Than that fair young god of story
Whose milk was the grape's rich blood!

O child that springest up laughing
From the winter's icy breast!
Young bacchant, life's hot wine quaffing
With craving, passionate zest!

Drawing from earth and from heaven
The juice of that fervid wine,
Filling thy veins as men even
Fill theirs with juice of the vine.

Nature her youth is renewing
As fabled eagles of old,
Over the fair earth strewing
Emerald and silver and gold.

"O Heaven! give back my lost treasures,"
I cried, in impotent pain,
"My youth, and my love, and pleasures—
My springtime of life again.

"Give them back, O Creative Power!
As thou givest new life on earth—
To tree, and to herb, and flower—
To seed that lies dead, new birth."

In vain, in my desperation,
For youth that is gone I mourn;
Man, thou wast made at creation
Of dust, and to dust shalt return.

But, oh! not in vain the crying
Of the soul for new life again;
Not in vain are we taught by the dying
Of seed resurgent in grain.

In grief and despair no longer
I'll think on the days that are past;
There's a life that through death grows stronger,
A springtime in heaven at last.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

SEARCH AND FINDING.

INSPECTOR DREW was sitting placidly in the cab that Frank Preston had chartered, and which had drawn up at the door of Mr. Job Collins, Attorney-at-Law, Fenchurch Street. We have all our little vanities, no doubt, and the celebrated detective did not care to pose a second time before the limited but critical audience of Mr. Collins' clerks. Very sensibly, he left Frank to do the talking wherever an educated man was concerned. This was not entirely from diffidence. The inspector had a well-warranted belief in his own knowledge of the seamy side of the world, but he knew too that his own book-learning was sadly at fault, his address homely, and his appearance homely too. He was shrewd enough; he knew his powers. Amidst the noise of a fair or the jingle of a refreshment bar, or at a City betting corner, he was the right man in the right place; but the educated had a sort of unconscious freemasonry of their own that chilled and baffled him. He preferred to let Frank extract what crumbs of comfort could be found in Fenchurch Street.

Mr. Collins had not much to tell, but his information was to the purpose.

"Twenty-seven thousand four hundred and ninety pounds, Three per Cent. Consols, did, I find, stand in Mr. Wilmot's name, were duly transferred to the names of Robert Mowbray and Ralph Raeburn, and sold out under the authority of both. Price and Davis, stock-brokers, of Lombard Street, managed the transaction—most respectable firm—and paid over the proceeds to a Mr.—let me see—Tuschi, foreign broker and agent of finance, Golden Arbour Court, City. That, Mr. Preston, is all I have been able to ascertain for you."

So spoke Mr. Collins, the East End solicitor, and he had scarcely relished the flavour of the refreshing pinch of highly-scented snuff which he coyly took—

as knowing his worship of that particular form of tobacco to be obsolete, and liable to the ridicule of later generations—before Frank Preston had jumped into the cab, and given the word to the expectant Jehu. A very brief explanation as they sped along sufficed to make the inspector alive to the apparent importance of the revelations.

"Governor 'll be in from Norwood, gents, in the course of five minutes or so. You'll be first to-day, since there's no ladies—poor things!—on the look-out," said the boy-clerk, who had just had time to assume a proper air of being on duty in the cramped, but costly, business premises, though his shiny hat yet hung quivering on its peg. Soon Mr. Tuschi, fresh, strong, thoughtful, and business-like, came in. He was very courteous to his early visitors. There are Continental gentlemen among us who seem to have elaborated an idea of England as the Highland Line was in Queen Anne's day—a thoroughly lawless place—and who get half hysterical at the sight of an English police helmet or an English bit of stamped paper. But Mr. Tuschi was polite to Inspector Drew, and almost sympathetic towards Frank Preston, when once an explanation of their errand had been supplied.

"Mr. Raeburn was a client of mine, gentlemen, certainly," said the Greek, knitting his massive brows, "but never a confidential client. I have entries here of sums received and expended," tapping his desk, "which at the proper moment I shall be willing to produce at the bidding of competent authority. I seldom take a liberty with my clients—or customers, if you will. I did take the liberty to warn Mr. Raeburn about the recklessness with which, as your English proverb so cleverly says, he flung good money after bad. I did not know then that it was another person's money. I did not see that the man was a robber. He will come no more!" cried Mr. Tuschi when further questioned. "All is up; the game played; the candle burned out. His operations, widespread, were ruin. Had the cards Fate deals been in his favour—which was hardly possible—he would have won, though not what his impatience whispered. As it is, he is a beggar. I pressed a sovereign on him when last he called on Monday, since he seemed so wan and ill, and talked of the casual ward of the workhouse, and I sent him back in a cab, and Sims paid for it. By-the-by, that will give you the tidings you seek."

So thought the inspector and Frank too; and Sims, the sharp London sparrow of a boy-clerk, being summoned, cudgelled his memory with respect to the two shillings and sixpence which he had paid in advance to the cabman to insure the safe delivery of the sick man. "Down by the river, gentlemen. Redriff way it was. Starchy's Place—Starey Street—I can't recollect which—Rodney Road; but it was either a number four or a number two."

There was no more information to be gleaned in Golden Arbour Court; but what had been collected was of great avail. A civil leave was taken of Mr. Tuschi, whose customers, or clients, now began to gather in the ante-chamber thick as crows where a dead horse or a dead cow lies beneath the tropic sky, and off rattled the hansom cab, devouring space as only a well-bred weedy screw with a light high-wheeled carriage at its heels knows how to do. Obstacles allowed for, the distance was well got over. In a lather of heat and foam, the wiry chestnut that drew the hansom reached Rodney Road sooner than any hired carriage from London to Hungary could have managed the transit. We grumble, and often with reason, at our own ill-appointed four-wheel cabs, and murmur at our hansoms—fancy articles, only, save under stringent legal pressure, to be hired at fancy prices; but at least we escape the tyranny to which Parisians are forced to submit. The jingling, lop-sided vehicle, the ill-matched cobs—one from Belgium, one from Brittany—the traditional coachman, who is always asleep on his box, who uses strange expletives, who is rude when he means to be civil, and whose "*Hue, Cocotte! Hue, bêtes!*" chanted in a shrill nasal tone and with a Norman accent, accompany the crack of the short whip, are inflictions which Londoners would not like. Anyhow, Frank Preston's cabman wafted him swiftly to the classic and semi-maritime regions of Rodney Road.

An oleaginous, a greasy, a flabby, unattractive sort of thoroughfare was Rodney Road. Frank, who did not know the queerer and more outlying parts of London well—as why should a young Yorkshire mill-owner know them?—was puzzled at the odd appearance of the place. Pawnbrokers', public-houses, slop-shops, and mysterious marine stores, where battered telescopes appeared in company with rags, bones, and bottles, made up a large proportion of the street. The rest of it was filled up by fried fish, photographers', cook-shops, and a dancing-room. Frank Preston felt himself awkward among these unaccustomed surroundings; the inspector, on the other hand, was in his element.

"Stancy—Starchy—Stacy! It's much the same sort of sound, any way," said the detective quite affably, as, at his direction, the driver of the hansom reined up his panting steed before the portals of a big forlorn hostelry, over the doors of which flared forth, in letters of tarnished gold, "The Lord High Admiral."

We have had no Lord High Admiral of England since one of the sons of the farmer king was good enough to fill the post, and before "My Lords" at Whitehall were the targets of press criticism, but the title is a resonant one, and sailors used to be proud to crony together under such magnificent patronage. The old house was in visible decay, but the inspector, who had done many a stroke of business thereabouts, was confident that he should get some information at the bar of that grandly-named, but mildewed, establishment.

He came back presently to the cab in which Frank sat, with an air of some vexation. A good detective, like a good doctor, does not always pose for the infallible.

"You see, sir," he said confidentially, "the old house isn't what it was, and they've a new barmaid,

bless you! and a new barman, and a till, I'm afraid, that don't hold what it did, and nobody that knows Inspector Drew except the old lady herself in the back parlour, and that is not of much account now, what with nerves and gin, what with dropsy and peppermint. Starchy's Row, Block Buildings, is what the man we're hunting must have given as an address. But it isn't that." And the inspector chewed a straw, of which he had possessed himself somehow, and grew thoughtful.

"Perhaps you expect that when we get to Starchy's Row the bird will be flown?" asked Frank anxiously.

"Well, I do. And they do get very restless, these parties, as they get to the finish of the game," explained the detective. "I have hounded dying men before, sir—and this one I can believe to be mortal bad—and they do turn and twist like a wounded rat—and that's the truth—just to find a hole to die in It's an elephant instinct, sir."

Frank Preston guessed that his shrewd companion meant an animal instinct, not one especially connected with the noblest and mightiest of half-reasoning beasts, and he nodded.

"Perhaps if we went to Starchy's Row at once," he began——

"Right, Mr. P.," chimed in the detective, and under his verbal guidance the bewildered charioteer, who had totally lost his bearings in that unfashionable neighbourhood, steered his active horse and lofty wheels into the queer *cul de sac* entitled Starchy's Row, and where, perhaps, no such vehicle had ever before effected an entry.

"Gimmini! ain't that a lark? It's a dook!" yelled some disrespectful urchins as they capered round the impossible tall cab—impossible, that is to say, in proximity to the dilapidated row of mildewed tenements, all damp plaster and green shutters, dedicated to Starchy. The irate driver was for repressing the gambols of these derisive imps by means of extra-legal whip-cord, but Inspector Drew knew better, and spoke them fair.

"My boys," he said, "I'll want you—some of you, anyhow—in a few minutes for a light job, if sixpence ——"

"Me, sir!"—"Me, your honour!"—cried the competitive youngsters, bustling up, eager and respectful. What will not a water-side boy do amidst his native river-mud for a stray sixpence? The inspector nodded.

"Wait for me, just a minute. I want more than one of you," he said; and thereupon he dived into No. 2, and emerging, entered No. 4. Then he reappeared, and beckoning to Frank, for the first time showed some traces of excitement. Frank Preston followed him in.

A curious place was No. 4, Starchy's Row. There was a little den at the end of the passage, wherein, with her head in dangerous proximity to many oddly-shaped bottles, kegs, and jugs, that were ranged on rickety shelves, sat an enormously fat woman of middle age, and who irresistibly reminded the imaginative spectator of the traditional toad in the traditional hole. This was the landlady, evidently. As for the damp old house itself, all blotched plaster, peeling paint, and broken stairs, it was a temple of dilapidation and untidiness.

"He *was* here, though," said the detective cheerfully.

"Trapped me out o' that, ye land crab!" growled the fat proprietress of the establishment. This was so odd a retort, that Frank, looking sharply at the woman through the gloom of her lair, saw, what the inspector had probably discerned at the first, that she was a mulatto, though there was probably but little negro blood in her veins.

"Now this good lady, from Barbadoes or Jamaica," began the detective smoothly——

"Jamaica, my loafer! I scorn your Badian niggers, though I'm a lady myself, and a Grant, which ranks higher, and could snap my fingers with the best of you buckra!" boastfully ejaculated the stout, dark-complexioned mistress of the house, tossing off a drop of rum that lurked at the bottom of her glass.

Plainly, nothing could be done with this stubborn native of the Antilles; and, by degrees, rough men began to drop in, rum-scented, scowling, amphibious specimens of the river-side population, who seemed to resent the presence of strangers, and to eye Frank's civilised coat and hat with anything but goodwill. A very little of the mulatto woman's random talk would, as the inspector perceived, lead to an altercation and a riot. He took his leave, then, promptly, and he and his companion passed out under the low-browed doorway, the ominous word "Spies!" following them as they went. One motion of the detective's eloquent forefinger sufficed to beckon the cabman to remove himself, his horse, and his vehicle from the unfriendly scrutiny of the inhabitants of Starchy's Row, and, once in Rodney Road again, Inspector Drew appeared to breathe more freely. The cab stood waiting while the policeman, softly tapping his forehead with his expressive finger, seemed wrapped in thought.

"Only one card left to play, sir. We must trust to the boys," said the inspector in a low tone to Frank.

"The boys?" repeated Frank Preston, glancing in some perplexity at the tribe of urchins whom the bait of a possible sixpence had caused to dog every movement of the explorers.

"Ah, yes," rejoined the detective. "A town-made boy, and especially such a one as these young limbs, is sharper than most men, and twice as observant. A stranger hereabouts no more escapes their quick eyes than a crumb on a window-sill does a sparrow's. Just see." And turning briskly to the boys, he propounded his question with admirable terseness and lucidity, gently rattling the while the loose silver in his pocket.

"Shabby-genteel, sick sort of cove, lodging at Mother Grant's—Aunt Sally we call her—I believe you!" cried one lad, panting with eagerness. "Why, I fetched stuff for him twice a day from the doctor's shop yonder—lod'num they called it."

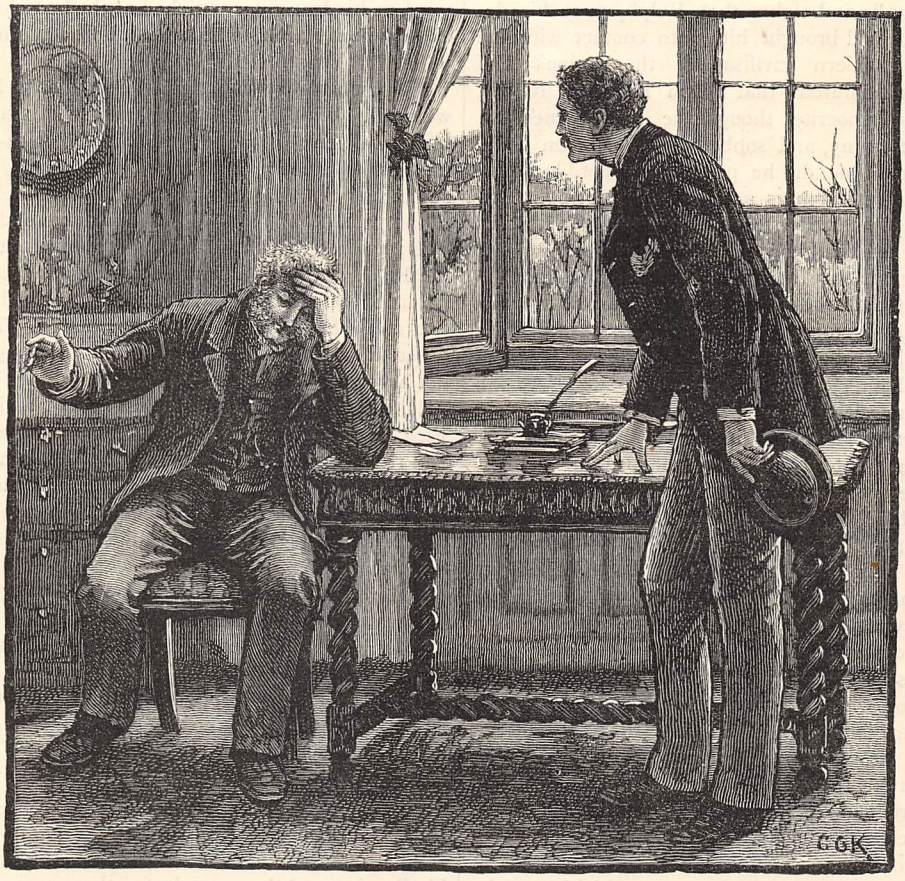
"You get along, Bill—I knows most about him, sir,

'cause I carried his traps for threepence when he got the sack at Mrs. Grant's, and went across to——" burst in a voluble competitor, who was in turn interrupted by a third urchin. "He's at our crib, the 'Traveller's Own,' up Crabtree Court, and I'm deputy there, please, sir!" bawled this candidate for the sixpence. And then there was a squabble and a scuffle, and the clamour of shrill young tongues. The genial inspector checked the brawl.

"Sixpences for all!" he exclaimed; "and half-crowns, mind ye, for some! Show us the way, my kids, to Crabtree Court."

"Yes, he's here; but if you hadn't come I'd have put him out to-morrer," replied the engaging landlord, three-parts drunk, and in his shirt-sleeves, who puffed his pipe as he leaned against the door. "He's not a regular. He's a swell-mobsman out o' work. And none of your crowner's quests for me, if I know it."

"Yes, I am Ralph Raeburn. Ah, Mr. Preston! are you there? You seem a friend almost to me now," said the miserable man, when at last Frank and the inspector stood beside the pallet bed on which he lay. "I am the man you seek, but not long for this world!"



"'I AM READY—QUITE READY—TO MAKE AMENDS'" (*p.* 362).

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

RALPH RAEBURN.

FRANK PRESTON, as he looked about him—now at the long dormitory, full of beds, but vacant just then of the grim, weird tenants who were the habitual frequenters of that ghastly hostelry, the "Traveller's Own," now at the wretched man who lay there, on a mean bed, in the midst of all this squalor, dirt, and disarray—scarcely could help doubting the evidence of his own senses. He had never liked Ralph Raeburn, but he had known him since his boyhood, and it was not without a pang of unselfish regret that he saw how very low his early acquaintance had been brought. What startled him more almost than the horror of the surroundings, the grimy walls, the tainted air, the hideous aspect of this unsavoury den, was the dreadful change in Ralph himself. He was yet a young man—thirty-one, perhaps, but he looked a dozen or fifteen years older, so haggard were his features and so hollow his eyes. It was painful to note how tightly the yellowing skin clung to the high cheek-bones. He was dressed as he lay beneath the frowsy patch-work counterpane and tumbled sheet, except that his coat was off, and this, and a valise, and a black bag were

piled on the bed, near the foot of it. On a dilapidated wicker-work chair stood a hat, a tin candlestick, and a little bottle, at the bottom of which lingered yet some residuum of dark fluid.

The inspector had slipped away to remunerate the boys who had acted as his guides, and to mollify the landlord, and Frank was left alone.

"I am very sorry," said Frank Preston compassionately, "to see you thus."

The gentle tone in which he spoke was so natural to him, and so characteristic—it contrasted, too, so vividly with the sounds and sights that Ralph, since his decline and fall had brought him into contact with the outlaws of modern civilisation, the vicious and vagrant, had endured—that Ralph Raeburn, robber, cheat, and hypocrite though he was, turned his haggard face away, and sobbed like a chidden child. Nor for some time did he pay any perceptible attention to Frank's inquiries as to the state of his evidently broken health, or to his assurances of merciful and considerate treatment. There he lay whimpering, as sad a spectacle as the sun could well shine upon.

"Maudlin with the drink—the opium stuff," whispered the inspector as he returned. "Only it's a wonder, if half the boozy landlord says is true, we found him living. He has swallowed enough to kill Oliver Cromwell, he has. But the question is, sir, what are we to do? No depositions sworn yet, nor warrants out; but if you'd like to speak to the sergeant at the nearest police-station——"

"Impossible! Vengeance and punishment are out of place with respect to a poor wretch in this condition," answered Frank as cautiously. "It is too horrible to leave him here. If we could find a clean lodging, not too far away, to which he could be removed, and a doctor could be procured, perhaps——"

"Perhaps he'd make a clean breast of it yet," put in the inspector, who was good-natured in the main, but who only saw in Ralph a hunted fox that can run no more, and lies down, with stained fur and gasping breath, to await the hounds, but of which the poultry yards are well rid. "I'll see; and perhaps, sir, you'd keep an eye on that bag, and that bit of a valise, likewise the coat, in case any of the light-fingered lot should drop in, and fancy there were pickings to be made. Not that I believe there's a mag left!" he added, shaking his head, and then he went off on his errand of mercy, while Ralph seemed to sink into a kind of stertorous slumber, and Frank Preston watched and waited.

After a time the inspector came back, wiping his heated brow. "I've had a fine search for it—regular hunt the slipper work," he said, "since Rodney Road and cleanliness don't quite go in harmony, Mr. Preston. But it's found: a decentish lodging, kept by a tidy old widow woman from Scotland, and the nurse is bespoke, doctor sent for, and the landlord here left drinking away what wits he has left. And I've a crawler at the door."

Thanking the detective for his thoughtfulness and promptitude, Frank next lent his assistance in the task of removing the invalid to more comfortable quarters. Ralph himself opposed no resistance to this transfer, merely whining out that it was "hard to die in gaol!" but allowing himself to be half led, half supported, to the cab that awaited him. His feebleness, however, seemed to increase, and it was necessary to carry him up the steep stairs of his new abode, where he was laid on a clean and decent bed in a neat little room enough, and placed under the charge of an experienced nurse, who seemed, like landlady and lodging, a good specimen of her class.

"Brought here to die—to die!" muttered the sick man, as his lean fingers picked at the bed-clothes, and as his uneasy head tossed to and fro on the smooth pillow. "Yes, to die!"

"No, no, deary—no, no! We shall soon be better, we shall. Wait till the doctor comes," rattled out the nurse, not one of those angels of the sick-bed that modern sympathy has called into being, but also something very superior to the callous old harridans of the past. Mrs. Welt—people will have odd names—was proud of being the widow of a sergeant-major in the Royal Artillery, and was naturally kind, and really regarded the sick as becoming children for the nonce, and as such, to be coaxed and lectured. There are different schools of nursing, but this, though old, is not a very bad one.

It was not long before the doctor arrived. An East End doctor, a transpontine doctor, he was, rough and ready, as a man of healing in the unfashionable districts bordering on the south bank of the Thames has need to be. But he looked as if he had a good deal of sense and learning nestling behind those shaggy eyebrows of his.

"Here's Dr. Campbell," announced the landlady, whose own name was Gray, and who had an excusable confidence in a surgeon who, like herself, hailed from beyond Tweed.

"Your servant, gentlemen," said Dr. Campbell, bringing his shrewd pale blue eyes to bear on Frank and the inspector. "Ah! here's my patient. Perhaps ye'll leave me alone with him a bit?"

And he pulled out the stethoscope from an inner pocket of his loose light overcoat.

The interview was a long one. Mrs. Gray had kindly given up the morsel of a three-cornered room, with three threepenny geraniums in the window, which she called her parlour, to her gentlemen guests. There the doctor made his report.

"The poor creature, sir," he said, addressing himself to Frank, "is perfectly aware of his danger. That's a weak word. I don't think, in all my experience, as a student or as a medical man, I ever saw such a wreck. The constitution, never of the best, must have been sapped and mined beforehand, no doubt, by large and frequent doses of the deadly drug that lulls the nerves—at first. He's very bad. He's a man of education, evidently, and as such, bears up, but he won't get through forty-eight hours."

Such was the verdict. Of course, the good rough doctor meant to do his duty, and to struggle to the last against the doctors' foe, King Death. He had his palliatives ready, his remedial measures, but he

clearly looked upon the case as hopeless. So did Ralph Raeburn when, comforted by cordials, soothed by repose, he found strength to speak.

"You are very good to me—wonderfully good to me," muttered the sick man, in a low, dreamy tone, as if he really did wonder that any one, and Frank Preston in especial, should care to soothe the last hours of such a one as he. "And yet, Mr. Preston, you ought to hate me—must hate me—for I have wronged you sorely. Why didn't you leave me to die in a ditch or at the workhouse gate?—for I suppose they wouldn't have had me, even there!" he added, half bitterly, after a pause.

"A Yorkshireman, an old acquaintance, a fellow-townsman, deserves a helping hand, surely. I am glad to be of use to you now you are ill," was Frank's gentle reply.

"I deserve that you should have set your foot upon my throat!" peevishly retorted the dying man—"Why won't you, Frank Preston, see me as I am? I always hated you. If I made up to my cousin Constance, it was not so much for her money, at the first, as to mortify you. She wouldn't look at me; but her money—the fortune her father left her—well, sir, it has been spilled like water, dissipated like smoke, in the wild speculations that are rife here in this modern Babel—London. I was in haste, hot haste, to be rich, to make a great *coup*, to realise, and be off. Tuschi, the Greek broker, stood aghast at the way in which I showered down my gold—not mine; I am a thief—the gold of my orphaned cousin. All went ill with me. I was a gambler, and a gambler with a persistent run of ill luck. Well, I deserved it all. But the seventy thousand pounds of the trust fund has passed—has been lavished. Don't you hate me now?" he asked, peering through his dim eyes at Frank's face.

"No, Mr. Raeburn; I pity you. I regret the past, but hate you I neither can nor do," replied Frank sadly. "This talk is too agitating for you in your weak state. Try now to get some sleep."

"Ay, ay, sleep! Plenty of that presently!" muttered the sick man, as he stirred uneasily among his pillows. But Frank Preston did not leave him until he was asleep, and then went away, promising Mrs. Gray, the landlady, to look in before night, and leaving money in excess of any possible expenditure.

"Not a mag, as I feared!" disconsolately remarked the inspector during the homeward drive. "Not a mag! Why, sir, if you'd only been a bit earlier—say ten days, or even a week!" And Inspector Drew gasped as he thought of the purloined riches that might have been rescued from the great black gulf of insane speculation.

"I am too late to save the money. I must be merciful now to the poor dying wretch that suffers most of all from the great wrong that he has done," answered Frank, with his quiet smile; "and then, Inspector, there will be an end of the trouble which has thus been forced upon us."

Frank stayed at his hotel no longer than was necessary for a space of needful rest and a hurried meal, and then went back to Rodney Road. He found the shrewd Scotch surgeon there, carefully feeling the patient's fitful pulse.

"It won't do, Mr. Preston," was his confidential comment. "When the very roots of a constitution are sapped and weakened as this one has been, the end comes quickly. I take off my hat every day to men and women that I know to be as surely under sentence of death as if their heads were bowed upon the block, below the glittering axe of the executioner. This man is more than sentenced."

"You mean that his case is hopeless?" asked Frank.

"He won't get through the night," was the doctor's blunt verdict. "Send for me, of course, Mr. Preston, though I am busy, and it is but little I can do for this poor wreck. He'll pass away about the dawn."

And, indeed, Ralph Raeburn died at daybreak, just when the first dapple of grey-lilac, presently to flush grey-crimson, came up shame-faced in the pale eastern sky. Nurse, and the doctor, and Frank, and the inspector stood around the bed. But these death-bed scenes of reality are grimly disappointing as compared with the death-beds of romance, and Ralph, who had spoken words of intelligent repentance hours before, fell into the lethargy that usually precedes the great change, and died in silence, and barely conscious, at the chill wan hour that so often witnesses the parting of soul and body. His confession had been but broken and imperfect.

"I did not quite know, indeed, what a scoundrel I had been!" this, and "Can you forgive me, Mr. Preston—you and Constance?" were the two valedictory speeches best worth recording. Few or no details of his crime, or of the hasty dissipation of his ill-got gains, did the sufferer give. He died in much pain and fevered unrest, for opium plays sad tricks with its votaries, and his discursive thoughts dwelt more on his own pangs than on those whom he had injured; but at last the sheet was drawn up over the distorted features, and the heavy head rested lead-like on the pillow.

"I've known 'em," hinted the inspector, "to die with hundreds stitched into the lining of something or another."

But nothing, not even a pitiful bank-note for five or ten pounds, was to be found stitched into the lining of any article of clothing that had belonged to Ralph Raeburn. There was some loose silver found in his pockets, and among the shillings and florins were three or four gold coins, half-sovereigns for the most part. The legal documents that had been carried away from Woolton were discovered uninjured in the light valise which had accompanied the wretched man in his wanderings; but the fortune which Mr. Wilmot had bequeathed to his daughter was as utterly gone as though a quicksand had swallowed it up—of that there was no doubt. Frank Preston's errand had been a fruitless one, after all, and he did but linger in London long enough to see the remains of his late enemy decently laid in the grave, and then went home to Yorkshire. "That young chap really is one of a thousand!" muttered the inspector, after

they had parted for the last time—and, indeed, his temporary employer had found much favour in the detective's eyes. It was not merely because Frank was a liberal paymaster, just and considerate. Inspector Drew had acted for others who were free-handed, as well as for clients who were niggardly from ingrained habit, even when parsimony implied failure. What especially struck the veteran police officer was the mild and merciful manner in which Frank never failed to speak of his fallen foe, of the wretch who had pursued him with envious calumny, and to whose arts it was due that Constance Wilmot must come to her husband all but undowried. The inspector was not far wrong. Frank Preston really was "one in a thousand." It would be well if every thousand human units of those who compose the vast sum-total of the census comprised one such as he.

So Ralph Raeburn's uneasy head, quiet enough now, was laid to rest beneath a modest memorial stone in a metropolitan cemetery, and Frank was free, as has been said, to return to Yorkshire.

"HE STOOD UP IN HIS CARRIAGE" (*p.* 363).

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

LOYAL HEARTS.

"YOU won't, dear; no, not really!" exclaimed Miss Ashe, aghast at the magnitude of the sacrifice which her niece proposed.

"I shall do it, aunt," replied Constance, with a sad smile.

"Such a pity!" responded the lady from Leeds; but Constance said nothing, but only looked thoughtful and brave too, in her quiet, girlish way, for heroism is of more sorts than one. Constance had made up her mind. She would do what in her honest young eyes was right. The resolve that she had taken was one that cut her to the heart, but she never flinched, and bore her pain uncomplainingly; and, indeed, what would become of us all without that same sacrificial quality of passive, deliberate courage which our women in such large measure possess? Yes, Constance had made up her mind. There had been tearful moments, anxious vigils, since the day when Frank had come back from London with the news of Ralph Raeburn's death, and with the tidings of the utter wreck and ruin of the fortune that old Mr. Wilmot had spent his life in piling up—all swallowed now by the whirlpool of speculation. Constance had asked herself, poor child, sobbingly, many a time, as her fair head rested on her pillow, in what her duty lay under these altered circumstances, and at last she thought she saw her way—a very dreary way, but still the proper path—clear before her. She must give up Frank Preston. He was rich, and she must be poor. She was no heiress now. Frank—dear Frank—must

not be saddled with the burthen of a portionless wife.

Now Miss Ashe, the girl's aunt, was as honourable and stout-hearted a lady as any in Yorkshire, and would have worn sackcloth and made life an eternal fast had she felt sure that conscience dictated the penance; but, though she admired Constance for her resolution, she was not quite sure that her niece had judged aright. Miss Ashe had come to think very highly of Frank Preston. In this change of opinion she was influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the publicly expressed sentiment of others. The tide of popular feeling at Woolton had decidedly turned in Frank's favour, and nothing had so much contributed to this alteration as the discovery of Ralph Raeburn's rogueries. When the slanderer has been found out, a great revulsion is likely to ensue as to the manner of viewing the slandered. And there were those, a few, who had been true to the young mill-owner while still under the cloud of blame unmerited, and who spoke out louder now, when the scales seemed to have fallen from the eyes of those whom prejudice had blinded to Frank's good qualities. Presently Frank himself rode up to the door of pretty Woodleigh, on which the mellow light of the autumn sunshine fell so softly and caressingly that day, and dismounted.

Constance grew quite white, white to her very lips, and she shivered as if it had suddenly grown cold.

"You are quite positive about what you said, dear?" asked Miss Ashe, very much as well-meaning people used to ask a martyr at the stake or at the gibbet's foot whether recantation and safety might not be the best policy after all. Constance merely nodded; her heart was too full to permit her to speak.

Then Miss Ashe slipped away, and when Frank entered he found Constance alone, waiting for him. She had dressed herself all in black, without a vestige of ornament anywhere; but never, perhaps, had her golden hair flashed out more brightly, or the gentle beauty of her sweet face been more apparent. Yet there was a sad earnestness in her bearing which struck Frank at the first.

"Why, Constance, my love, I hope nothing has gone wrong!" exclaimed the young man, as the little cold hand rested for a moment in his, and was then withdrawn. Miss Wilmot did not immediately reply. She looked down at the carpet, and nerved herself for the final effort. It was harder somehow than she had anticipated to make the plunge.

"I have been thinking, thinking very much, and very seriously," said the girl at last, trembling, but speaking in a steady voice, "about—about what has occurred, and I have quite made up my mind as to what is right and best for us both, and—fair to you. Mr. Preston, we had better both forget the past, and—and think no more of—the engagement, from which I release you. I am sure, so far as I——"

She ended with a piteous little sob that choked her voice. She had meant to be calm. She had rehearsed the scene over and over again in the solitude of her own room, but it was so different now. Frank was half incredulous.

"You are mocking me—trifling with me, dearest," he said slowly; "or can it be," he added, flushing indignant crimson, "that evil tongues are busy again, and that calumny has painted me again as the hypocrite and the designer? If so——"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Constance, as her own colour rose and fell. "I have heard nothing of late concerning you except praises well deserved, for they know you better now. It is not that. But now that poor papa's—now that the fortune that was thought to be mine has made itself wings, and is all gone, I should be very mean, Mr. Preston, very base and mercenary, did I not see—did I not feel—that all must be over between us. I could not bear, indeed I could not, to be a drag and a hindrance to projects which—which—and, in short, I——Oh! let us be friends, dear friends, if you will, but—nothing more."

She was weeping now, and had covered her face with her hands, through the slender fingers of which the tears were trickling, but she had spoken out boldly, resolutely, as she thought, although her own voice had rung in her ears like a death-knell. Poor Constance! To her surprise, and almost indignation, Frank Preston caught her in his arms, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears.

"My darling!" he exclaimed; "you dear little goose! Answer me one question before you torment us both any more. Do you think that I sought for my bride Constance Wilmot, or the heiress of Woodleigh—that it was your own dear self I loved, or the property?"

Constance tried to release herself, to be dignified and self-assertive, but it would not do, and she could hardly contrive to say, "I have thought it over very constantly, and, however painful, I am sure that it is right to——"

"Right!" said Frank, with energy; "right to rob me of my promised dearest wife, because a scoundrel—poor wretch—has robbed you of your fortune! Why, Constance, my own, this is the very Quixotism of feminine chivalry, though I love you the better for the noble feeling that prompted it. As if I cared a straw—except for your sake, sweet—whether you were rich or poor! and as if I would not give up goods and gear, Highview, mills, money, land, and all, rather than lose the one thing—you can guess what that is, dear Constance—that I really care for in this world!"

Then, somehow, Constance found herself sobbing and clinging to Frank as she hid her face on his shoulder, and all was cleared up between them in some illogical, semi-articulate way, as has been the case with true lovers since the world was a world. Miss Ashe, who was presently summoned, was agreeably amazed to find that concord was restored, and that her niece Constance had been induced to swerve from her recent resolution never to marry, but to wear the willow to the end of her days for Frank Preston's sake.

There was another scene that same afternoon—less romantic, of course, but sufficiently emotional in character—between the squire and Frank Preston. The latter found the master of Langdale Park looking

ten years older: a flabby, careworn man, with fresh grey dappling his crisp hair, and unsuspected wrinkles marring the smoothness of his wholesome face. Talks with Lawyer Dawson, much self-communing, and midnight consultations with Clorinda, his wife, had enlightened the somewhat obtuse country gentleman as to the awkwardness of his position, and the serious nature of the liability he had so lightly incurred.

"Look here, Preston," he said nervously; "I know now what I had not the least idea of, I give you my word, when first that fellow Raeburn went off with the trust funds. If I have been an idiot and a dupe, of course I am ready—quite ready—to make amends if you'll give me a little time. I say you, because of course Miss Wilmot, who is to marry you, will be guided by what you advise. Only a little time, you know. George—Major Mowbray, you recollect—he's quartered at Peshawur just now, and must get leave from the Commander-in-Chief, musn't he, especially as he commands the regiment in old Todd's absence, before he can come over here?"

"You mean——" began Frank wonderingly; but the squire went on: "A man like me, of course, who has nothing but the acres, and is but a life-tenant after all, can't pay up, of course, like you regular business men, who do it by a scrape of the pen. But I've written to George in India—wrote yesterday. He must come; and between us we must cut off the entail of Langdale, and sell whatever is necessary—Swoffington and Redscar Farms, and the Vale lands; and I've talked it all over with my wife, and she agrees with me that we must, when Miss Wilmot's money has been repaid, go abroad—draw in our horns a bit—Boulogne or Brussels would do, perhaps—and economise, in fact. But I hope you'll be patient, for it's a slow business to raise the necessary sum when so many formalities lie in the way."

"My dear, kind old friend," said Frank earnestly, "can you think so meanly of Miss Wilmot, or of me, as to imagine for a moment that we attribute blame to you, or that we will suffer you to half ruin yourself to atone for the misdeeds of a plausible knave? If Ralph Raeburn—poor wretch!—deceived you, he deceived us also, and you certainly shall not be made the scapegoat for his sins. If you were credulous, so were we."

"But the law says——" began the squire, dolefully shaking his grey head.

"One thing, at any rate, it does not say," interrupted Frank Preston cheerfully; "and that is that I am compelled to accept what your just and honourable feeling makes you, Squire, so ready to offer. My happiness shall not be cankered by the tribulation of a dear and kind old friend, and I hope that the old Langdale acres may long descend in the old Mowbray line. Anyhow, I will have no hand—and Constance agrees with me—in any scheme for your impoverishing yourself for our benefit. What is lost is gone beyond recall, but I have enough for my bride and myself; so the sooner you write, Squire, to Major George out in India, and set his mind at rest by telling him——'

"By telling him," broke in the squire, fairly crying, as he had perhaps not done since he was an Eton boy, "that—that there isn't a nobler fellow on God's earth than Frank Preston is, nor a sweeter girl than Constance Wilmot!" And as he spoke he caught hold of Frank's hand, and wrung it hard. "I ought not to profit by your generosity, though, Frank, my boy," ruefully added the squire, after a pause. "I have been a fool, and deserve to pay for it. Take time to think it over."

"There are things which admit of no thought," was Frank's hearty answer. "You shall never be a penny the poorer, dear Mr. Mowbray, on account of this wretched business."

Then there was more hand-shaking, and then the squire went out, and came back with his wife, and she too, with streaming eyes, but with a natural womanly dignity, thanked the young visitor, Frank stoutly maintaining that no thanks were due.

"We have always been friends. Let us be friends always," he said, and went his way, leaving lighter hearts behind him at Langdale than he had found there.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH, AND LAST.

"CHANGED times in Woolton, neebor!" grumbled one working man to another fluffy brother of the craft. "There's the old 'Angel' advertised to be let or sold, the Standing Committee broke up, Vamp, the Yankee, gone off to London, and t'other delegate to Leeds. Subscriptions had 'most failed, you may guess, afore it coom to that."

"It's along o' cloth chaps getting to feel so contented," responded his fellow-croaker. "Don't seem a bit like Woolton, say I, when men and masters work so smooth together; and there's the lad that's made the change. Why, I minds the day, not so long ago, the very bairns about the town's streets hounded and hooted after un; and just look at him now, as if he were the prince o' the place!"

And indeed at that moment Frank Preston's open carriage, with his lovely young wife sitting by his side, traversed the crowded market-place, while hats and caps were touched or lifted in sign of salutation, and a low murmur as of suppressed applause accompanied the progress of the newly-wedded pair. It was the first time since their return from the honeymoon trip on the Continent that either Frank or his bride had been seen in Woolton, and the people gave them a welcome that was quite as sincere, if less picturesque, as any natives of the sunny South would have done. Very pretty indeed did Constance look, but those were tears of joy and pride that filled her eyes as she saw the sea of smiling, good-humoured faces, and then glanced up at her handsome, manly husband, remembering his former unpopularity, and rejoicing that Frank was understood at last. The tide had turned; and though a few inveterate growlers in all grades, from sour old Mr. Jenkins downwards, might still hug their obsolete prejudices, Woolton was no longer unjust to its noblest townsman.

Perhaps in this case the clouds of misapprehension had cleared away more promptly than they sometimes do, but then, to be sure, the march of events had been rapid. Had not Ralph Raeburn's detected rascality served as a foil to Frank's sterling merits, perhaps the change in public opinion would have been more tardy and more gradual. But as it was, the roughest and the dullest of the mill-hands had begun to realise the truth that Woolton had something to be proud of in the possession of such a citizen. Very likely it was less on account of Frank's open-handed liberality or his genial sympathy with the unfortunate that he appeared in a new and better light than of old, than because of the dash of romance without which it is all but impossible to hit the popular fancy. Frank Preston was admired now, not because he had tried to shield his poor neighbours and mill-hands from dirt, drink, and disease, not because of his timely rescue of those who, in Blogg's Buildings, were about to be driven forth into the snowy streets, nor even because he had risked his own health and scattered his money broadcast in stemming the tide of the cruel "fever time" that sultry summer.

What really did stir the very depths of the tough, proud, self-contained Yorkshire nature was the fact of Frank's disinterested behaviour. Constance Wilmot had been reputed a great heiress. Her trustee, a plausible rogue—a rogue whose varnish had been too smooth and thick for even Yorkshire eyes to see through it—had robbed her of every available sixpence, and then Frank Preston had married her—and had insisted on marrying her—portionless as she was, for Woodleigh and its few acres did not represent three hundred a year. Then, too, it was buzzed abroad that Frank, as the husband of Constance, had the squire on the hip, could enforce a repayment of his wife's trust fund, and had nobly refused Mr. Mowbray's offer to discharge his legal liability.

"Could ha' sold un up at Langdale, stock and stoan!" was a frequently expressed comment. "But young Frank—'most too good for this world—wouldn't have a bit o' the squire's brass. And they say at Langdale, if there be a gentleman on earth, it be young Measter Preston; an' no wonder!"

The end of all this sort of talk was that in Woolton streets the excited people on the day of Frank's return, with his bride by his side, first bowed and murmured their applause, then cheered, and then wanted to take the horses out of the carriage, and draw the carriage themselves, just as if Frank Preston had been a very popular member just elected for a seat in Parliament. But Frank laughingly declined the proposed compliment of being drawn by volunteer hands to the Guildhall of Woolton. He stood up in his carriage, and took off his hat, and his colour mounted to the cheek that thought and care had paled so often, as he spoke a word or two to his cheering audience.

"I am so glad," he said, "dear friends, fellow-townsmen, and kind neighbours, that you receive me and my dear young wife here in so neighbourly and hearty, ay, and so Yorkshire a fashion. I am pleased to be back among you, and pleased to see, by the signs of your esteem, that you and I understand each other now, and can work together hand in hand and side by side for the good of Woolton and of us all. For masters and men, to my mind, to disagree is as if some part of the machinery were cleaned and oiled and smooth, and the rest rusty and out of gear, so that the looms would not do their duty. I am no speech-maker, and have been taken by surprise, so, in Mrs. Preston's name and mine, I give you sincere thanks, townsmen, for your welcome, and let us all hope that good times are in store for dear old Woolton."

There was hearty hand-shaking, however, before the Woolton cloth-workers would let Frank go, while hats were waved and valedictory expressions uttered in honour of his beautiful young wife, whose eyes glistened with tears as she looked, half timidly, half proudly, round at the market-place, filled by a surging crowd. Then the carriage drove off.

There is not much left to tell. Miss Ashe, with a handsome and acceptable addition to her stinted income, went back to Leeds, evermore to sing the praises of "my dear nephew, Frank Preston;" and, indeed, if a man could be spoiled by prosperity and by being well spoken of, Frank Preston is that man. But Frank, thanks to whose growing influence Woolton is often cited as a model town of the North, and an example to be followed, remains unspoiled. Major Mowbray was thankful, it need hardly be said, when his father's telegram furnished an agreeable premonitory contradiction to his father's letter, and when he found that he had not to hurry back from his hot quarters in India to concur in the sacrifice of half the inheritance of Langdale, to preserve the well-meaning squire from the consequences of his blind trust in Ralph Raeburn.

Mabel Mowbray, whom her mother once destined for Frank Preston, is now the wife of Harry Gaunt, nephew and heir of old Sir Simon, whom she first met at that notable dinner-party that was given in Frank Preston's honour. The beauty of the family, Maud, like some other flowers of the flock, remains unwooed and unwedded, no titled suitor having as yet put in a plea, but as she is a frequent visitor at her sister's London house, perhaps this omission may some day be rectified. The squire himself often dines, both as a host and as guest, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and, although he loves and honours Frank above all men, seldom fails to engage him in a lengthy argument on the subject of, in Mr. Mowbray's eyes, Frank's mistaken principles of action, and his life-long error in not "letting ill alone." But Frank, who is very patient with his old friend, merely smiles, and remains unconverted to the creed of selfishness—the same Frank Preston that we have seen him in these pages to his dying day.

THE END.

A Lullaby.

Words by CLEMENT W. SCOTT. *Music by* WILLIAM H. HUNT, B.Mus.Lond., L.Mus.T.C.L.

Andantino.

PIANO.

p

S. *p*

1. Sleep, my lit - tle one! Sleep, my pret - ty one! Slum - ber mu - sic a -
2. Dream, my lit - tle one! Dream, my pret - ty one! Grief is for - got - ten and
3. Hush, my lit - tle one! Hush, my pret - ty one! Sunk is the sun in the

S.

p

p

- - bout thee rings; Guar - dian an - gels round thee hov - - 'ring,
care lies dead; Ear - ly sor - row is drown'd in ob - li - vi - on,
gold - en west; Clos - ing blooms of blue con - vol - vu - lus

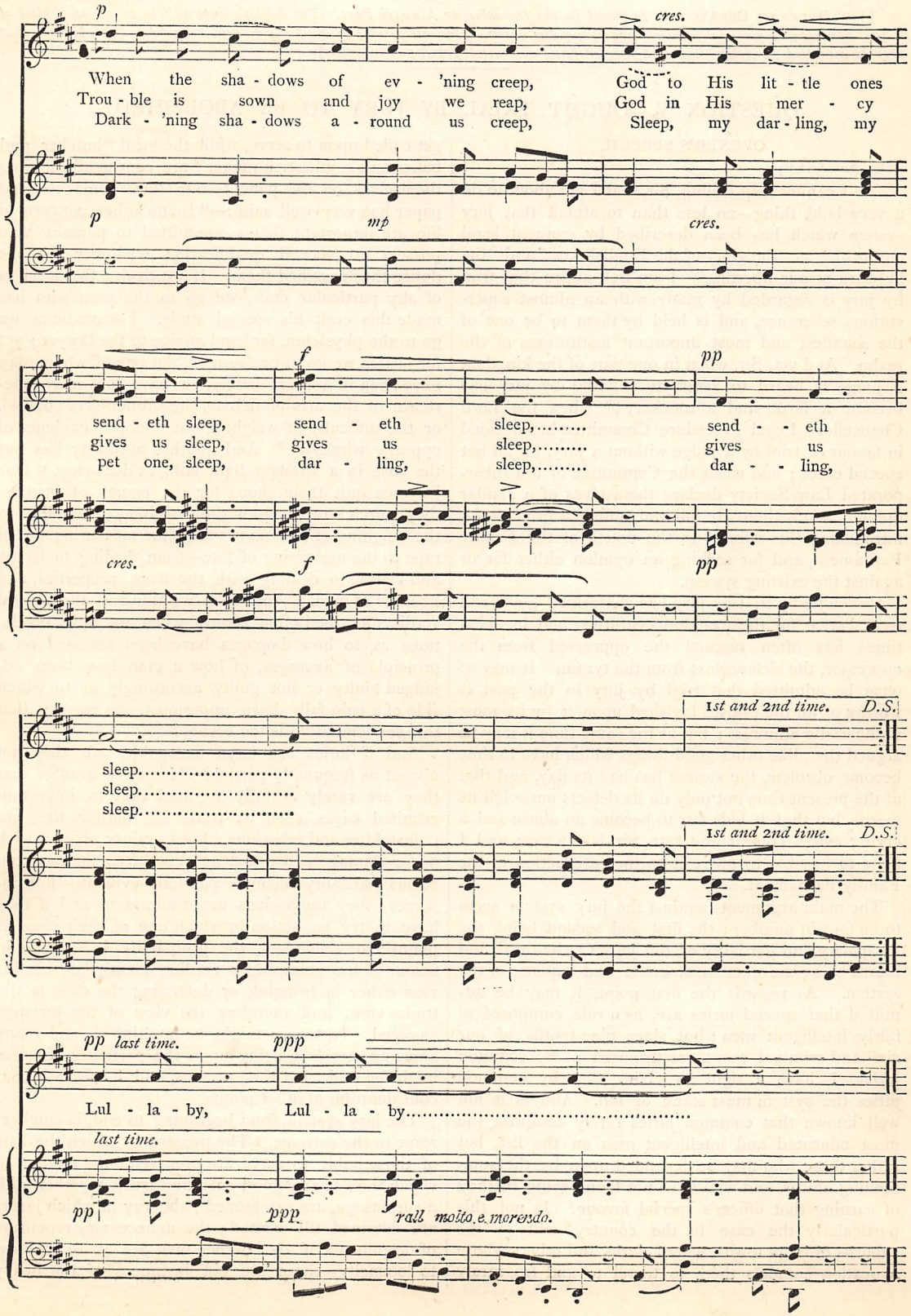
p

mf

Ten - der - ly fold their sil - ver wings.....
Gol - den glo - ry is round thy head.....
Whis - per "Na - ture has gone to rest."

mf

p


p
cres.
When the sha - dows of ev - 'ning creep, God to His lit - tle ones
Trou - ble is sown and joy we reap, God in His mer - cy
Dark - 'ning sha - dows a - round us creep, Sleep, my dar - ling, my
p
mp
cres.
send - eth sleep, send - eth sleep,..... send - - eth
gives us sleep, gives us sleep,..... gives us
pet one, sleep, dar - ling, sleep,..... dar - - ling,
cres.
f
pp
sleep.....
sleep.....
sleep.....
1st and 2nd time. D.S.
1st and 2nd time. D.S.
pp last time.
ppp
Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by.....
last time.
pp
ppp
rall molto e morendo.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION V.—OUGHT TRIAL BY JURY TO BE ABOLISHED?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I cannot help feeling, Sir, that I am about to do a very bold thing—no less than to attack that jury system which has been described by eminent legal authorities as "the glory of the English law," and "the bulwark of our liberties." I am well aware that trial by jury is regarded by many with an almost superstitious reverence, and is held by them to be one of the soundest and most important institutions of the realm. And yet, Sir, when in one part of the kingdom a judge is heard to assert that "trial by jury has become a farce and a mockery;" when the Lord Chancellor's Legal Procedure Committee has decided in favour of trial by a judge without a jury, for all but special cases; and when the Committee of the Incorporated Law Society declare themselves of a similar opinion, surely there are full and sufficient grounds for introducing this subject to the notice of the Family Parliament, and for seeking an opinion either for or against the existing system.

Undoubtedly trial by jury has performed good and true service for the past ten centuries, and in olden times has often rescued the oppressed from the oppressor, the defenceless from the tyrant. It may at once be admitted that trial by jury in the past is worthy of all the praises lavished upon it by its most enthusiastic admirers; but at the same time it may be argued that, like other good things which have in time become obsolete, the system has had its day, and that at the present time not only do its defects outweigh its merits, but that it bids fair to become an abuse and a crying evil. This at any rate, Sir, is my case, and I hope to be able to prove it to the satisfaction of the Family Parliament.

The main arguments against the jury system seem to be four in number: the first and second being the incapacity and partiality of the jurors; the third and fourth being the cumbersomeness and expense of the system. As regards the first point, it may be admitted that special juries are, as a rule, composed of fairly intelligent men; but since nine-tenths of our civil and criminal cases are disposed of by common juries, I have a right to claim that by common juries the system must stand or fall. And is it not well known that common juries rarely comprise the most educated and intelligent men on the list, but rather those who may be depended upon by the summoning officer, and who have not found some method of earning that officer's special favour? Is not this particularly the case in the country, and in the suburbs of large towns, where clerks and others whose avocation compels them to travel to and fro rarely get called upon to serve, while the local "butcher and baker and candlestick maker" are continually finding themselves on the panel? On this point a legal paper has very well said:—"In no other concern of life are important issues committed to persons who possess no special qualification whatever for the duties thus assigned them. If we desire the services of any particular craft, we go to the man who has made this craft his special study. For medicine we go to the physician, for legal advice to the lawyer; yet for justice we go to twelve men, not one of whom may have been in a court before, or have had any experience of the arts of debate, the subtleties of counsel, or the difficulty of weighing the doubtful evidence of opposite witnesses." And another authority has put the case in a stronger light still, in declaring, "Our jurymen quit their shops for the courts of justice; they march straight from the weighing of candles to the weighing of testimony—from the measuring out of tape to the measuring of fate—from dealing in bacon and cheese to dealing with the lives, properties, and liberties of men." And when we think of the absurd verdicts jurymen often return, when we hear revelations as to how damages have been assessed on a principle of averages, of how a man has been adjudged guilty or not guilty accordingly as to which side of a coin falls down uppermost, can we say that this condemnation is too severe?

And if juries are often incapable, are they not almost as frequently partial? It may be granted that they are rarely wilfully so, and that in important criminal cases, such as trials for murder, they are painstaking and laborious; but in minor actions, such as for damages, disputed accounts, &c., their unconscious partiality becomes painfully evident. For instance, they themselves are tradesmen, and if they have to try an action in which one of their class is plaintiff or defendant, the probability is strongly in favour of his obtaining a verdict, mainly because his view either in bringing or defending the case is the trade view, and therefore the view of the jurymen engaged. Instances might be multiplied, and many amusing stories bearing upon the partiality of juries might be told; but time presses, and I must ask your consideration of other points.

The jury system, from beginning to end, is cumbersome in the extreme. The process by which the lists of those liable to serve are prepared; the manner in which the "twelve good men and true," together with a surplusage, are summoned; the way in which jurors are detained till wanted; the unnecessary repetition of arguments if the twelve men are at all inclined to loquacity—these are but instances of the heavy

machinery which, be it oiled never so well, cannot be made to work smoothly.

Moreover, the system is expensive, and entails a large annual loss on the country. Who can estimate the number of working days spent annually by jurors, in investigating cases which might have been settled in half or quarter the time by trained and experienced judges? And what is the approximate value of the labour thus thrown away? And, beyond these indirect losses, there are the direct ones: the cost of preparing the lists and summoning, and the fees, small though they be, paid to common and special jurors. All this would be saved, for the number of judges need not be increased ten per cent.

As I have already stated, the Lord Chancellor's Legal Procedure Committee, and a specially appointed Committee of the Incorporated Law Society, have decided in favour of the ordinary mode of trial being by a judge without a jury, except in a few specified cases, such as libel, slander, false imprisonment, malicious prosecution, and breach of promise of marriage. And, after a careful consideration of the demerits of the system, are we not disposed to agree?

In short, Sir, I have to submit that juries are unsuited to the requirements of the day; that their season, long though it has been, is over; and that the sooner the system is abolished, the better the chance of justice being administered, the safer the freedom and welfare of the country at large.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I am indeed glad to hear, Sir, that the Opener of this debate has deemed it necessary to preface his arguments with apologies. Trial by jury is in very truth one of the most revered and fundamental institutions of Great Britain, and he is indeed bold who will dare to propose its abolition. Are we to lightly forget the numerous instances in our history when an English jury has manfully defended the liberty of the subject —to take one instance only, how in the reign of King Charles II. a London jury gave a true verdict according to the evidence, in the case of the trial of two Quakers, and how the jury in consequence suffered imprisonment for a time because of their opposition to an unjust judge? Are we to forget that this institution originated in the early daybreak of civilisation, and has ever since been the main safeguard of our liberties? Are we to forget that if the jury system had been abolished in the past, tyranny and despotism—represented by sycophantic judges—would have flourished, and the rights of the people would have been trampled under foot? He is indeed bold who dares to assail that which Blackstone, the greatest exponent of our law, has declared to be not only "the palladium of British liberty," but also "the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for."

And what are the arguments adduced in favour of doing away with this "transcendent privilege"? First of all, that juries are incapable and partial! Surely my honourable friend, the Opener of this debate, must be a professional man, or he would not have tried to sneer at the capacities of tradesmen as he has done! I am bold to maintain that the essential quality in a juror is common-sense, and that is possessed in an eminent degree by tradesmen, dealing as they do with all classes. And I have no hesitation in saying that a jury of barristers and solicitors, if such a thing were possible (and, fortunately, it is not), would be the very worst assembly from which to expect economy of time, and they would be the jury least likely to return a just and unanimous verdict.

Furthermore, I am ready to defend juries to the very last against the charge of partiality. All men are fallible, and now and then instances occur where juries suffer themselves to be swayed by personal sympathies, but is it not notorious that such is also the case with some of our judges? To take an instance: one judge justly holds prize-fighting to be a heinous crime, while another, who has probably been a champion athlete at college, looks upon it as a venial offence; where is the distinction between the partiality of this judge, and of a jury who say they consider that goods ordered by a man's wife, and delivered at his house, should be paid for, whether the order be given with or without the husband's cognisance? And surely, Sir, the case of the Opener of this debate must be weak indeed when he quotes an Irish judge's dictum of Irish juries as a defence of his charge against the system, quite regardless of the fact that that Irish judge had in view special circumstances arising from the national sympathies of the time, and that, from the very nature of his remark, he would probably have been the last person to condemn the jury system as a whole.

And even if, as asserted, the system be cumbersome and a few thousands a year more costly than a trial before judges, what matters it if our liberties be more firmly secured? Judges are too apt to be guided by precedent, to refuse to look at anything but the strictly legal aspect of a question; they are often not sufficiently acquainted with the habits and mode of life of the class to which the prisoner or defendant may belong, to be able to take the place now so well filled by a jury. And, moreover, what a safeguard is there in the unanimous verdict of twelve men! If only one of their number be convinced that a man is not guilty of the crime imputed to him, and have strength of mind to adhere to his conviction, a verdict of "Guilty" cannot be returned. Let us for one instant put ourselves in the place of a prisoner in the dock: which should we choose to finally determine the question of our guilt or innocence—a judge who, if biassed at all, is biassed in favour of assuming the guilt of a prisoner before proof, or a jury who hold it as the inestimable privilege of an Englishman that no man is guilty until his crime is clearly proved?

Moreover, trial by jury, while a privilege for the person tried, is of no mean value to the jury themselves. True it is that to serve on a jury takes away a man maybe some days annually from his ordinary business avocations, but in return for this he receives a valuable legal training, his ideas are enlarged,

and his small part in the administration of the law gives him more advanced ideas of privileges, and a healthy pride in the country of his birth. I cannot forbear quoting Dean Stanley's words on this subject, who said of trial by jury: "I have myself only witnessed it once, but I thought it one of the most impressive scenes on which I had ever looked. The twelve men, of humble life, enjoying the advantage of the instruction of the most acute minds that the country could furnish; taught in the most solemn forms of the English language to appreciate the value of exact truth; seeing the whole tragedy of destiny drawn out before their very eyes, the weakness of passion, the ferocity of revenge, the simplicity of innocence, the moderation of the judge, the seriousness of human existence—this is an experience which may actually befall but a few, but to whomsoever it does fall, the lessons which it imparts, the necessity for any previous preparation for it which can be given, leap at such moments to the eyes as absolutely inestimable."

And what is to be the substitute for the jury? A single judge—a man who, admittedly, is superior in intellect and learning to an ordinary juryman, but whose decision is infinitely less trustworthy than the unanimous decision of twelve men! If it be found that loss of time is caused by the fact that juries often cannot agree upon a verdict—although I maintain that such cases are a healthy sign of the system, and a safeguard which in days of lesser freedom would not be lightly parted with—then let the Scotch system be adopted, and let us accept the verdict of a majority. But, in the name of freedom itself, and of all that we hold dear, do not let us part with that which has served us so well in the past, and may once more be needed to preserve our liberties and lives!

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the July Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than May 10.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech on either side of the Question;* no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

QUESTION III.—ARE EARLY MARRIAGES UNTHRIFTY?

H. K. ROADS:—I think, Sir, the hon. Opener is mistaken in his view of early marriages being unthrifty. All women are not milliners' dolls! But many, both in education and intellect, are fitted to be true help-meets to the bread-winner; while with all—and especially young women—*love* is a strong motive-power, which makes them capable of any self-sacrifice and devotion, to promote the honour and welfare of those they love. The younger the wife, the more easily does she adapt herself to circumstances. I know, personally, a young wife who since her marriage keeps her husband's books during his clerk's annual holiday, and constantly writes numerous business letters for him; no wearisome details of her husband's affairs being uninteresting to her. This is one instance of thousands. Few wives, doubtless, receive such a glowing tribute to their intellectual help as that uttered by John Stuart Mill in his dedication to his wife's memory; but every wife can be—and is, in far the greater majority of cases—an incalculable help, encourager, and blessing to her husband, whatever station of life he may occupy. Are not the words of the poet true of a wife?—

> "His house she enters, there to be a light
> Shining within when all without is night;
> A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
> Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

An early marriage provides every possible incentive to thrift a man can have, inasmuch as they are rarely entered upon from sordid motives, but generally from mutual affection; and will not a man's love for his wife, and it may be children too, encourage him to work far harder and more successfully in whatever career he lays out for himself, and purify and ennoble his aims? The weaker and more pleasure-loving natures amongst us are often saved from extravagance and vice through the very strength of their affection for a wife or child. In support of the view that early marriages are not unthrifty, I might mention the names of Sir Richard Arkwright, married when only twenty-two years of age, who from a barber became High Sheriff and received the honour of knighthood; of the sculptor Flaxman, of the industrious historian Niebuhr, of George Washington, and of the Chevalier Bunsen. I believe that to the prevalence of early marriages in this country we owe in no small degree our high standard of morality—in contrast to that of France, where late marriages are customary—and not only our morality, but also our wealth and prosperity as a nation.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

I am afraid, Sir, that at the very outset my Opponent misunderstood the position. Thrift certainly consists in making the most of the resources at one's disposal, but can it be called thrifty to enter upon new responsibilities clearly beyond one's resources, and whose limits cannot well be defined?

Young married people with slender means may, and do at times, live very happily, but only by the exercise of exceptional qualities, and in dealing with the present question we ought to consider what is the *general* result of early marriages. For the reasons I have already given, and which do not seem to have been controverted, I still venture to maintain that early marriages *are* decidedly unthrifty.

SUMMARY OF SPEECHES RECEIVED.—In favour of Early Marriages—51; Against—67; Neutral—4. Total 122.

END OF DEBATE ON QUESTION III.

VOTING ON QUESTION II.—A majority of 143 readers has declared that Public Examinations *are* Beneficial to Young People.

VOTES OF READERS.

Attention is called to the **Voting Paper** on Question IV., which will be found facing the Frontispiece of this Part, and which is to be filled up and sent to "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.," in accordance with the directions given on page 250 of our March issue. The Voting Paper may be enclosed either in a stamped envelope or in a halfpenny wrapper.

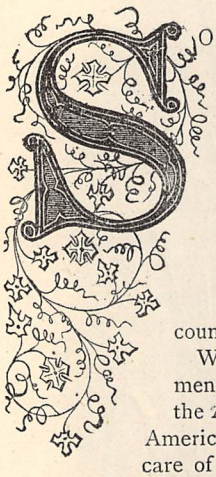
DRIFTING: A SONNET.

PAST sloping meadows sweet with new-mown hay,
Past sedgy nooks the wild swan loves to know,
A broad stream gently glides, with placid flow,
Resistless, halting not by night or day.
And with it wand'ring weeds and grasses stray,
Torn from their homes, borne heedless to and fro;
And with it, too, the laden hay-boats go,
Drifting, yet guided on their destined way.
O Life! on *your* broad stream we all must speed;
By meadow or by wood we cannot rest!
Yet this we know: unlike the drifting weed,
'Tis ours to steer the course that we deem best,
And leave a track that gleams, beyond our will,
To guide posterity for good or ill.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

BUSINESS GIRLS IN AMERICA.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.



SOME time ago I endeavoured in the pages of this Magazine to briefly describe some phases of the life of the out-door business girls of London, and since that time much has been done to improve their condition. The result of observation and inquiries made during a recent visit to the United States, with regard to the position of business girls in that country, may not prove uninteresting.

We have heard much of the treatment of women on the sunset side of the Atlantic. It is the proud boast of Americans that they take much better care of their women than we do; feed them better, clothe them better, invent clever labour-saving contrivances for them—in short, that they will not "beteem the winds of heaven visit their faces too roughly." All that may be quite true of a certain class; but when it comes to the women who work, I think the condition of our English girls will bear favourable comparison.

Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, is considered one of the best places in the United States for women. Great numbers are employed there, in a great variety of occupations, and wages are good; therefore the position of business women there may be taken as a fair, if not favourable, example of the country.

Many of the shops or stores are enormously large, and the first thing that strikes a stranger on entering is the vast number of women employed. They are crowded behind the counters almost as closely as they can stand; and all the way to the top of the high building, as we go up on the elevator, it is the same. In the larger stores the variety of goods displayed for sale is simply amazing—dry goods, or, as we say, drapery, in its endless variations, glass, china, jewellery, ornaments, picture-frames, photographs, perfumery, fancy work, crewels, books, magazines, and candies; the last being by no means the least important department. In the largest store we visited in Philadelphia—and it is one of the largest, if not the very largest, of its kind in America—we were not very favourably struck with the appearance of the girls employed. They did not look as neat and orderly as those we are accustomed to see at home. They were dressed in every style and shade of colour; all wore disfiguring aprons, black, brown, or white, and more than one we observed with her "front hair" screwed up in bits of ribbon wire—the American substitute for curl-papers. We missed the uniformly neat black dress and plain linen collar that we are used to here; indeed, we were struck by a general want of neatness and order everywhere, both in the stores and the arrangement of the stock. Obliging, the assistants certainly are, as far as serving customers with what they actually require goes; but there is an obvious lack of courtesy and polite attention—a sort of rough-and-ready independence about the employés that would take one some time to get used to. Very few of the shops close before eight, and many keep open till nine, or even after; and as business begins soon after seven in the morning, the hours are extremely long. Nowhere do the girls employed live on the premises, nor are there any meals provided for them in the establishment.

They have breakfast before they come in the morning, and either bring their dinners with them, go out during the half-hour allowed to a neighbouring restaurant, or send for something to eat; but as a general rule they bring their dinners with them. Tea in winter they sometimes make on the premises, having little tea-pots, cups and saucers, &c., of their own, and plenty of means to boil water, but very indifferent accommodation for partaking of it when it is prepared; though there are in many places luxurious waiting and refreshment rooms provided for customers. In summer the girls, I have been informed, live almost entirely on fruit, which is plentiful and cheap, and the quantities of peaches, grapes, apples, and bananas consumed are amazing.

Many of the girls employed in the stores live with their parents, who are perhaps in business themselves, for an American girl will rather work anywhere than at home; but the greater number live in boarding-houses, private lodgings being almost unknown.

Nobody walks much in Philadelphia, the state of the streets in winter rendering it almost impossible, and in summer the heat and dust making it equally so. Tram-cars run up and down and crossways in every direction, and the fare is six cents (3d.), no matter how short the distance, and nine cents for a transfer ticket from one line to another. These things must be fully taken into account, as street-car fares are a regular item of expense, and must be made allowance for.

Women are paid, in proportion to the work they are able to do and the departments they are employed in, salaries varying from *three* to *ten* dollars a week. Five or six dollars, however, is the usual sum paid, seven to girls in the silk, velvet, and other expensive departments, and from seven to ten to forewomen, head dressmakers, &c. Ten dollars a week is £2 1s. 8d. English money, and that seems at first sight a very large sum for a woman to earn; but there is to be taken into account the cost of living, board, &c., dress, which is very dear—and going out in all weathers is ruinous to clothing—street-car fare, and washing; the last an alarming item. I met one girl who was receiving 8 dols. a week, and she told me she could not

save a cent. She paid 5 dols. a week for her board, one dollar and a half for washing and car-fare, and the remainder hardly kept her in gloves and shoes; and when one considers the cost of those very necessary articles, it's not so surprising. Gloves of the commonest quality cannot be bought under a dollar a pair, nor the best under four, or even five.

Another girl I questioned, who worked as a dressmaker in a large establishment. She received 6 dols. a week, and paid 4 dols. for board, having breakfast at 6.30 a.m., taking some slight luncheon with her, and returning (by special personal favour) in time for dinner at 7 o'clock.

An American boarding-house is not a particularly pleasant place to live in at best, but a fourth or fifth-rate establishment, such as business girls can afford to reside in, is cheerless in the extreme. The girls sleep two, three, or four in a room, according to the size, and generally two together, and as they are continually coming and going, one cannot be sure of a companion for any length of time. In fact, there can be no comfort, as we understand the word, no privacy, no home life at all, only a sort of scramble through existence from day to day—a scramble for breakfast, a scramble to get to business and a scramble through it, a struggle for sitting or standing room in a car home; and if there is to be any amusement, such as a theatre or concert, it's the worst scramble of all.

Employers of labour in America do not seem to hold themselves responsible in any way for their assistants out of business hours, and the latter would most probably resent any interference, and tell "the boss" to mind his own affairs. Indeed, it seems as if both employers and employed work pretty well all the time. Sunday, their only idle day, they spend pretty much alike, as far as their respective means will permit; in winter they generally go to church, in summer they go to the park.

All working people seem to be entirely at the mercy of their employers. *Instant* dismissal frequently follows some trifling offence, or without any offence at all. It is no way unusual for an employer to say, when paying a girl on Saturday night, "We shall not require your services on Monday." Girls are sent away every day without any further explanation or apology. Even in wholesale establishments the rule seems the same; men are dismissed at a moment's notice, and often without any particular reason. Employers are in a position to do this, because the market is overcrowded with applicants for situations.

After much patient inquiry and many personal interviews, I have come to the conclusion that business women in America are no better off on the whole than women who work elsewhere; they have higher wages, I admit, but longer hours, harder work, heavier expenses, and less comfort. Certainly they have more liberty and more independence, and are treated with more familiarity by their employers, but I do not see that there is any very great advantage in that. During business hours they have little comfort. Dress, millinery, and mantle-making rooms are generally small and overcrowded, and so dark that the gas is usually burned all day during the winter. Lavatories, &c., are insufficient, and the accommodation for dining very inadequate. The system of heating can hardly fail to be injurious to health, and stepping into the keen, cold air from the almost tropical atmosphere of the store produces chills, sore throat, diphtheria, bronchitis, all of which complaints are very prevalent during the winter, as well as numerous forms of lung disease, while headache is a constant companion; this latter being produced without doubt by the over-heating of the houses. The girls, as a rule, are good-looking, though apparently not strong; and while they may, as a matter of fact, dress better, they do not look nearly so well and suitably dressed as our English girls filling similar positions.

I observed that very many of the young women wore wedding-rings, and on inquiry I was informed that they went to business after they were married just the same as before. Men and women marry young, live together at a boarding-house, and go to work every day just as usual, leaving their children to be "raised" by coloured women, or putting them out to nurse. They seem to have little or no idea of comfort or home life, and a young married woman considers it no hardship to live in a boarding-house and go to work every day. Home duties, responsibilities, interests are little thought of, and housekeeping is the ordinary business girl's aversion. A casual observer would be more favourably struck by the appearance of the business girls of New York. They seem brighter and neater, but their conditions are practically the same; they are paid somewhat less than in Philadelphia, but then the cost of living and dressing in New York is somewhat cheaper. They live in much the same way, in boarding-houses. The shops close a little earlier, so the girls have a little more liberty, and infinitely more temptations to abuse it. One thing in New York struck me forcibly, and that was the great number of mere children employed in some of the stores as "cash" clerks: little girls from eight or nine to eleven years old running from the counters to the cashier's office with change. It seems hard to keep such very young children confined all day, and their education must be sadly neglected. In Philadelphia there has been a decided improvement made on that plan. In one of the monster houses I observed an arrangement of pneumatic tubes crossing and recrossing each other in a perfect network overhead, by which each assistant was enabled to hand in money and get back change without leaving her place or calling, or rather screaming, for a "cash." The fitting up of these tubes is expensive, but they answer admirably, and are a great saving of time to the customer, who has frequently to wait ten or fifteen minutes for change, and to the assistant, who in some cases has to go herself to the cashier's desk.

On the whole, I think the condition of business girls in America is no better than at home, nor are their ultimate prospects brighter. *Good* servants can command good prices—as, indeed, they can anywhere; but the business markets in the east are overcrowded—

the "wants" many, the "wanted" comparatively few. There is poverty, misery, destitution in New York and Philadelphia, as in other large cities. Fortunes are made, and lost, and spent as elsewhere, but there does not seem to be any particularly safe and easy road to wealth. I was told by a business man in New York that the time is gone by when ten cents were enough to start with, ten million to retire on; that now a man wants capital, energy, talent, unfailing attention to his business, and even then he does not always succeed in making his way.

But to any one thinking of emigrating I would repeat the advice given me by a good authority, "Go west." If you are able and willing to work and to "rough it," there are names and fortunes to be made in the Western States.

HOW SHALL I INVEST MY SAVINGS?

FIRST PAPER.

MANY, removed from that class whose opportunities for saving are mainly confined to such institutions as the Post Office and other Savings Banks (or maybe the Building Society) are often confronted with the difficulty of choosing a means of investment for such savings—say £50 and upwards—as they may be able to lay aside for future requirements. A few words of caution and advice to such may be useful.

There is a distich often quoted by gentlemen connected with the Stock Exchange, which runs:—

"When stocks are high, the public buy;
But when they're low, they let them go;"

a refrain which investors cannot keep too much in mind, the moral being—never to buy during a period of inflation, or sell under the influence of panic—that is, unless you are compelled by circumstances to do so. A respectable stockbroker is always able to give an opinion to his client as to whether any special security is dear or cheap, considering the income it may earn, and the risk to be run in holding it; and it is far better to put spare capital for a time "on deposit" at a bank, even though the interest be small, than to purchase any security above its average market value.

Then a cautious and uninformed investor should never select an investment which is subject to frequent fluctuations in value. Not only would he be disquieted by every variation in the value of his security—not knowing, too, whether that variation arises from causes affecting its permanent value, or only from Stock Exchange speculations—but he might have occasion to realise at a time when (as too frequently happens) the security would only fetch a price considerably lower than that at which he had bought. He would, too, render himself liable to the influence of panic, falling a prey to the "Bears" of the Stock Exchange, whose business it is to unduly depreciate securities in the hope of frightening timid holders to sell below their proper value.

Another rule to bear in mind is, "The greater the interest, the greater the risk;" that is, the larger the income on your money the investment may promise you, the greater is the risk of losing your capital. You may be certain, were a high dividend-paying security perfectly safe, the greater would the demand be for it among the well-informed members of the investing community, and the natural result would be to force up the price until the high rate of interest would become but a small one upon the purchase-money. Though many perfectly safe securities can, even in these times of high prices, be bought at rates to pay from 4 to 5 per cent. upon the capital invested, yet in its degree there is always risk in anything beyond "the sweet simplicity of three per cents." (Consols, whose history, &c., were described on page 462 of our previous volume).

Unless in possession of special information upon the subject in all its details and bearings, we would strongly advise our readers to beware of investing or taking shares in any of the many new undertakings continually being launched upon the money market, but rather to wait until time has shown whether they be safe or not. In making this remark we do not intend to refer to fresh loans to solvent Governments, or to fresh issues of capital by good and sound Railway Companies, Banks, &c., but rather to the numerous new ventures continually inviting confidence. Their prospectuses hold out golden (and only too often delusive) prospects of dividends to be earned, and in well-informed circles it is known that a very large percentage of new companies fail within two years of their promotion, returning but a small part, and often none, of their paid-up capital to the deluded shareholders. To those behind the scenes in the winding-up of these "bubble companies," it has long been a matter of common remark and regret to find the number of professional men, widows, and small tradesmen ruined by too great and blind a trust in the promises held out at the original promotion of the company. Too great caution cannot, therefore, be exercised with regard to the many investments which postal facilities enable the promoters to be continually laying before us.

We would advise the small investor only to put his money into ventures in which all the capital is "paid up"—that is to say, in Government or Railway Stocks, or in *Limited* Companies whose capital has been fully paid. If this rule be adhered to, there is always the satisfaction of knowing that, even if the prospect of high interest may have tempted one to put capital into a bad security, any failure in, or loss on, the investment will not involve the loss of other moneys.

The shareholder in a Limited Company whose capital is not all called up, always has the prospect before him of a call being made of more capital—perhaps to extend its business and operations, perhaps to meet losses—and it does not always happen that these calls are made at convenient times to the shareholder. If, however, the taking of shares in such a company be resolved upon, the investor should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the probabilities of future calls, and the times at which they may be made.

Shares in Unlimited Companies should never be held by a small investor. His responsibilities are unknown, and, however solvent the company may be, he never knows the extent to which his future may be affected, or the future of those he may leave after him. Recent events in the history of a once well-known Scotch bank are still unforgotten among us; and if anything be needed to enforce the warning, it is the wise action lately and still being taken, by many powerful and thoroughly solvent concerns, in converting themselves from Unlimited to Limited Companies. Careful inquiries as to extent of liability are, therefore, always advisable.

Should the market price of the security selected be above "par"—that is, if the price be above the amount of the nominal capital or the amount paid up by the original holder—inquiry should be made as to whether the original capital is repayable at any time, and if so, when and how. In Colonial Government and Municipal Bonds especially, and sometimes in the bonds and shares of companies, it has been the practice often to provide that the original sum raised shall be repayable at either a given date, or by yearly drawings by ballot. In the former case you or your representatives would at the date fixed receive only £100 for every £100 named in the security itself, and in the latter case you are liable, whether you wish it or not, to have this capital sum repaid you at the time of each drawing, and that irrespective of the amount you may have paid for the security. In such descriptions of stocks, therefore, the probabilities of these events happening should always be taken into consideration.

The names of owners of shares are generally recorded in the books of the company, the holder receiving a certificate showing the number of shares held by him, and cheques for dividends or interest are forwarded by them. In a few cases, however, the holder has the option of having either certificates to bearer (bearing coupons for dividends) for his shares, or of having them "registered" in the books of the company, in which latter case he receives a certificate as described. Similarly, some few Governments give investors the option of having certificates (when dividend warrants are forwarded), or open bonds with coupons attached. Where such choice is given, it is better to have the investment "registered" or "inscribed," as by so doing the risk of loss from fire or theft, &c., is minimised.

Where practicable, securities should be kept in a fireproof safe, as property of this description cannot be insured. Bankers take charge of such documents for their customers, either in a box accessible only to the owner, or among their own securities, in which latter case they will cut off and collect coupons for the owner, thus saving all trouble. Where the owner may not have a banking account, or a safe of his own, for a small yearly charge he can procure a safe on the premises of a company started a few years back for the purpose of meeting such cases.

Supposing you may have selected a security repayable by half-yearly or yearly drawings, you must always watch, at about the date given, the newspapers for a list of the drawn bonds or shares; for the bankers and others having charge of the repayments do not always hold themselves responsible, when coupons are lodged for collection of the dividends, for giving warning of the drawing. On the contrary, it has happened that the interest on the bonds themselves, when thus drawn, has been paid to the holder out of his drawn capital, the banker having treated the amount of the drawn bonds as money deposited without bearing interest.

In buying shares and stock, you have to pay not only the broker's commission, but also the Government stamps upon the transfer, and any fee that the company, &c., may charge for registration; in selling, there is only the broker's commission to be paid. The newspaper reports always give two prices, the higher being the one at which the middle-man (or stock-jobber) is willing to sell; the lower, the price at which he will buy. As the transfer form is always made as from the seller to the *ultimate* buyer, the price named in the form is, therefore, always a little lower than that paid to the vendor of the stock or shares.

The rates of commission generally recognised as chargeable by stockbrokers, for either buying or selling, are:—

British and foreign funds	2s. 6d. per £100 stock.
Exchequer bills	1s. 0d. ,,
Colonial Government and railway bonds	5s. 0d. per cent.
Shares of £1	3d. per share.
,, £5	1s. 0d. ,,
,, £5 to £10..	1s 6d. ,,
,, £10 to £25..	2s. 6d. ,,
,, £25 to £50..	5s. 0d. ,,
,, £50 and above	10s. 0d. per cent.

In a future paper we hope to give our readers some idea of the various species of securities open to the average small investor, and of the respective risks and responsibilities appertaining to each class of investment.

W. J. W.

ON SLEEP AND NERVOUS UNREST.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR

THERE is, in this busy little island which the Briton calls his home, a very large proportion of human beings—many of them well enough off, pecuniarily speaking—to whom the world is all a worry, and life a long-continued fever. People of this class are not invalids in the strict meaning of the term, although they oftentimes suffer far more than the generality of invalids. Pleasures they never know; hard work is a weariness; and yet they are unable to enjoy their leisure when they obtain it. Their symptoms, mental and bodily, taken collectively, constitute a disease which, for want of a better, I designate by the name of nervous unrest.

A person so suffering does not consider himself ill, nor is he looked upon as a subject for condolence by those with whom he comes into daily contact. How could he be? He does not look a bit like the ghost of Banquo at the feast; when you meet him in the street the smile rises readily enough to his lips, and merriment even may sparkle in his eye. If you search for anything lugubrious about him, you will search in vain. He is a ready talker, a ready listener, and in business a perfect ready reckoner. If you ask his opinion about any question of moment, you have not to wait long for your reply. He will be down at the bottom of the page, down at the Q. E. D., in less time than it would have taken most men to arrange their premise. His friends say of such a man, "Poor so-and-so! he never was very robust in health, but how wonderfully lively he is!" while his enemies—if he has any—put him down as bird-witted, and prophesy his sudden extinction some day like the snuff of a candle.

Very kind of both friends and foes, I must say, but as a rule both are in some degree mistaken. For, in all likelihood, hardly has he shaken hands with you, with a hurried *au revoir*, until he heaves a sigh; and if you could see your friend sometimes, when he is all alone, you would not think there was much merriment about him: genuine, mind you, though his manner may have been when you met him in the street. In his moments of loneliness, were he to ask himself the question, "Am I happy?" the answer would be "No; I never know what it means to be happy." Perhaps though—and this is a proof of the truth of Pope's lines:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to be, blest"—

he promises himself happiness some day, even in this world, when he shall have done this, or accomplished that, or succeeded to that other, forgetting that true happiness lies only in contentment with one's present condition and legitimate lot in life.

But while his friends may be right enough in saying that our patient—for so I must call him—was never very robust, provided that he possesses blood free from any hereditary taint, and a heart not over-dilated, there is good chance of his giving his foes the lie, and not going out like the snuff of a candle. People suffering from this fever of life, this nervous unrest, seldom look strong: they do not carry abundance of muscle, and therefore are unfit for any long-continued bodily strain; but, nevertheless, the strength of their muscle compared to its size seems often out of all proportion, and this enables them to do in one hour that which it would take a heavily-built man three to perform. Do not marvel at this, pray, nor doubt the truth of what I am telling you. Nervous force is a wonderful thing. I have seen a boy of seventeen in a fit of excitement and passion whom it required the united strength of four men to hold down. Nor do men who suffer from the complaint we are considering bend very easily before the storms of life, blow they ever so wildly; little things annoy them more, and sorrow itself, which seems at first ready to crush them, is, after a time, cast aside by the very resiliency of their nervous systems. And so, too, they may for a time succumb, and that readily enough, to the little ailments of life, to trifling colds, or rheums, or aches, but these seldom lead to anything very serious; they pass speedily away, and the same causes which may produce deadly inflammations in the heavy-bodied and plethoric will, ten to one, be productive in the nervous of only some trifling inconvenience.

The reader will observe that I am talking about the sufferer from nervous unrest, as what people call a somewhat spare man. And so he is; a person of the true nervous temperament is never obese. But, it may be observed, do we not frequently see fat people who are exceedingly nervous? No, I reply; the term is misapplied: such people suffer from timidity, not from true nervousness; and such timidity has its seat at the heart, which is generally flaccid or fatty, and always easily agitated. Your true nervous man is a brave man. He may march into a battle, up to the cannon's mouth even, with a feeling of dread, something telling him he will never return; but he goes there all the same, and once face to face with something to fight, be it fire or sword or stormy wave, fear is all, all forgotten in the excitement of conquering or being conquered. They are heroes *then*. Yes; undoubtedly the hour of reaction comes sooner or later, and they are low and miserable enough when it does; but, after all, to people of the nervous temperament must be granted the credit of being the salt of the earth, and I

really do not see how this world could well wag along without them.

But, inasmuch as people who suffer from nervous unrest are possessors of a sorrow none the less acute because it is borne silently and uncomplainingly—inasmuch as nervous unrest is a wearying, heart-breaking burden in itself, that if not eased and lightened increases with years, bears down the frame, and even enshrouds with a gloom that cannot be penetrated the latter end of many a long and useful life—therefore I do not think I am wrong in considering it a disease, and trying to prescribe means for its alleviation.

Well then, in the first place, the sufferer from nervous unrest often longs for the quiet of retirement. If free, he thinks, from the world's bustle and care, he would be all right. He longs for the wings of the morning, in order to fly away and be at rest. This is a mistake. To be always basking in the sunshine of excitement, always in the midst of the battle of life, or always engaged in the exciting gamble of business, is killing, but a certain amount of excitement is necessary to the very existence of a person of the nervous temperament. Without it he would droop and die, like a tender plant placed in a semi-darkened room, into which the sun never shines, nor the fresh air finds access.

The great object of the nervous should be, as far as the body is concerned, to establish and keep up a correct balance between the blood and the nervous system. Sufferers from nervous unrest think and live faster than do others, and there is a greater waste of tissue, causing a drain on the system, which must be met by a due supply of healthy nutriment. It is when the demand is greater than this supply that hours of depression ensue, hours of unhappiness and misery by day, and sleeplessness or broken rest at night. Regulation and due selection of diet are therefore imperative, if a certain degree of happiness and comfort in living is to be obtained. The state of the stomach and digestive organs must be carefully studied; whatever is known to disagree must be avoided. The food should be taken as regularly as possible, day after day at the same hour, and not in too large quantities. A hearty meal to the nervous produces a certain degree of excitement, which is assuredly followed by slight dyspepsia, the only symptoms of which may be peevishness and irritability. The food should not be sloppy, and too much liquid should be avoided. No work should be done for half an hour after eating. Breakfast should be early, dinner in the middle of the day, and supper three hours at least before going to bed. But a lunch or milk biscuit may be eaten a short time before retiring. Perfect sleep will not be obtained if the stomach be entirely empty; indeed, going to bed with an empty stomach is generally followed by getting up next morning with that organ partially disturbed by gas, nauseating juices, and bile itself. The food should be nourishing, but at the same time substantial. The stomach is composed of muscular tissue, and deteriorates if not exercised: a truth which few are aware of, but which facts prove.

By judicious management of the digestive organs you supply the nerves with the elements of nutrition. But you must do more: the blood must be as pure as possible; it must be decarbonised by plenty of fresh air; while the heart, the great centre propeller, must be invigorated and kept up to the mark by a due proportion of exercise. This must on no account be carried to the verge of fatigue.

Food, fresh air, and exercise act then on the nervous system through the blood, but the nerves are directly braced and toned by means of the cold or tepid sponge-bath, with occasionally a warm vapour or hot-air bath.

Change of scene and change of climate are nearly always beneficial to the sufferers from nervous unrest. Most cases are benefited by seaside or mountain air, but to some, life in the Midland counties, where trees wave and fields are green, is more soothing and calmative. But relaxing climates on the one hand, and exciting on the other, are as a rule to be avoided. When I speak of climates, I must be understood to mean those of our own country; but a sea-voyage does much good.

Is there no relief to be had from medicines? Sometimes there is, but it is not well-sustained. Flying for help to the Pharmacopœia is not a habit to be recommended, and I would advise the nervous patient to take no medicine without first consulting a physician—cod-liver oil probably excepted; but this is more a food than a physic, and does much good as a calmative in cases where it is readily digested.

I have, last of all, to say a word or two about sleep—"*tired* Nature's sweet restorer." The italics are mine, not the poet's. I wish thereby to draw the reader's attention to the fact that unless a due proportion of muscular exercise be taken during the day, the sleep by night will not be refreshing. Exercise is the first preparation for sleep, and after supper, which, I have already said, should be early, the mind must not be allowed to dwell upon any thoughts that excite or annoy. It is a good plan to read for some time before going to bed, and one pipe of good tobacco may be allowed. Do not read in bed, but read in your bedroom: perhaps lying on the sofa, in comfortable *dishabille*, and ready whenever the inclination to sleep steals over you to get gently and softly between the sheets. The room should be quiet and dark, with the window-curtains drawn to exclude the too obtrusive morning light. The temperature of the room should, if possible, be sustained at about 55° or 60°. Bank the fire, else it will go out, and the temperature will fall, to your detriment. The bed itself should be moderately hard, but very smooth and even, the bed-clothes light and warm, and the pillows soft and rather high. The room should be judiciously ventilated, and the curtains should not go right round the bed. I need scarcely add that narcotics or sleeping draughts are most injurious, whether in the shape of opiates or that slow but certain poison called chloral hydrate.

In conclusion, if he values his life and comfort, the sufferer from nervous unrest must do his best to avoid over-excitement of all kinds, both bodily and mental, and endeavour to maintain the *mens sana in corpore sano*, which, for once in a way, I must translate as a pure mind in a pure body.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

ALL kinds of embroideries are at this moment the prominent feature in ladies' dresses, for you can buy by the yard silk, surah, and cashmere, all embroidered in silk in a species of rich guipure, and for evening and day wear there is a perfect plethora of white and twine-coloured thick muslin, covered with this guipure. You may even obtain it over a yard in width, and intended to be worn covering the front breadth, with a bodice and train of a bright-coloured silk, flounces of the same appearing below this guipure.

Dress is becoming so much an art, it is necessary for us to make a study of many of its details. If you invest in a really handsome toilette this year, the chances are it will either be a soie façonnée or a brocade, and it is well that you should know the difference. The broché is produced by a distinct shuttle from the warp or the woof; in soie façonnée the pattern is formed by the shuttle in passing to and fro.

There are many fashionable colours, but string-colour, twine (*ficelle*, the French call it), predominates; it reigns supreme in silks, muslins, woollen stuffs, laces, millinery, embroidery, and the rest. Porcelain-blue, clover, a terra-cotta which is red rather than terra-cotta, Havannah brown, and a Quakerish grey—these are the best and most artistic tones—artistic, not æsthetic, remember, a term often applied to exaggerated and excruciating combinations, crude and hard. Pinks and buttercup-colour, with eau de Nil and dark greens and dark browns, are to be worn for evening.

If you want an inexpensive but pretty dress, not requiring a great deal of wear, choose a foulard façonné, viz., covered with well-intentioned design, or a crêpe de Chine façonné, which is lighter and brighter; or, if you are prepared to pay a fair price for a really good article, choose satin de France—a vast improvement on the flimsy satin de Lyon, and better than the Merveilleux, having an admirable appearance and really good wear. For trimming and admixture with cashmere, &c., Batavia, a soft twilled silk, commends itself for cheapness and the variety of good colours in which it is to be had.

Many useful dresses for children and adults are being made in small checked silk, the check of the shepherd's plaid order, and of many mixtures of shades.

While their elders are striving to keep young, it would seem that children can hardly be satisfied without trenching as much as possible on the modes of grown-up people. I have just been looking over a large collection of children's millinery. There are toques in brilliant red and yellow plushes, straw bonnets of the poke shape, lined with satin, and wreaths of flowers above and below the brim; drawn bonnets; straw crowns and satin brims; and soft crowns, with points of plush meeting in the centre. The large Beefeater, turned up at the side, seems to be the most remarkable. Indeed when you hold almost any of these wonderful *coiffures* in your hand you are tempted to consider whether the little wearer will not be overburdened by the weight, or at all events eclipsed by the preponderance of the head-dress over the rest of the toilette. The Toreador, or Spanish hat, which has found such general favour, is perhaps as becoming as any hat of the day to young faces, especially when softened by daisies. The poke bonnet, too, has just the necessary amount of quaintness.

Save that plaitings and gatherings are placed in different parts of skirts and bodices, the Princess frocks of last year are not unlike those of the present season. Large lace collars make a pretty finish, and extend almost to the shoulders.

Paletôts with capes, and ulsters with quadruple capes, are made in fancy tweeds; and pelisses with capes, lined with a colour, are made up in black satin. But to be really well dressed a child should look as if it had stepped out of an old picture, and an old picture which another child had copied. Therefore mothers require all their wits about them, and all their artistic perceptions too; but they find their reward, for nothing is more altogether pleasing to look at than a child dressed with artistic simplicity in a mode that is really becoming.

Everybody wears tan Suède gloves now, and I think everybody must be very tired of doing so, for they are soiled directly they are on, and are so costly. The latest novelty in them is the sewing in black on the outside of the hand, and adding elastic to the top, with puffings of ribbon the same shade, leaving long ends on the outside of the arm. Suède gloves have, however, a rival in Italian kid, which is dressed, though sold in tan colouring. These gloves have no buttons, but are long-button length, and will keep clean through much wearing. They are not dear; but cheaper still are some good-wearing

Danish kids made after the chevrette order, and just the very things for ordinary use. If, however, you want stylish gloves for hard wear, in the country, choose the Nantwich, which are soft inside, and have enormously long, thick gauntlets. Silk gloves, long, but without buttons, are now made to match all the new colourings; and if you are contemplating a really picturesque cotton costume for garden-parties, purchase a pair of the Mother Hubbard silk gloves to match ; they reach to the elbow, and are trimmed with two cross-cut puffings of silk ; they are also pretty for evening wear.

There is not much new in the matter of stockings. If you wish to be well dressed, they must match the costume exactly, and should be of silk open-work and embroidered in the same colour ; but Lisle thread are made of just as many varieties of colourings, and at a third of the price. Quite the most costly kind have coloured flowers in floss silk, and satin stitch, and another kind has the embroidery carried round, not down the leg.

Nearly all dark stockings have white feet, and Balbriggan hosiery can be bought with embroidered fronts and open-work sides, which are becoming to the feet.

The season's parasols are extravagantly large, and there is a liberal choice in them. Cotton parasols are assuming an importance. They are of holland chiefly, or Pompadour, or of plain-coloured sateen, the first and last painted with palettes, and birds and fish, and flowers, in English styles. But some black satin I have seen of late had been sent to Japan to be embroidered, and were returned with spiders' webs, and rising suns, and squirrels, and flowers, but all so deftly treated that they were quaint and not ludicrous. The Japanese shape has been modified but not set aside, having some ten ribs now instead of twelve, which produces more of an arch. Japanese handles are covered with cane-work, and are also crooked and carved, for crutch handles have come into favour with women as well as men. The papier-mâché handles in white, black, and colours, covered with Japanese designs in gold, are new ; but the porcelain, when well painted, are works of art. Indeed there is plenty of scope for artistic talent in matters relating to dress, and some of the very best of this season's parasols are painted. There are many plain brochés to match all colours ; plain satins, lined with satin, having bunches of coloured flowers ; some are covered with large lace covers, some with rows of lace, and the Claremont shape has been re-introduced, viz., with a deep scallop of the material between the points. The new sunflower tassel has a button in the centre and fringe round, and further, there are coloured pompons attached to most of the holland sunshades, and bows of ribbon appear on many handles. The children's parasols are the most tempting things possible, small and well-shaped, with either alternate rows of lace and pinked-out cotton, or pretty Pompadour designs with borders.

In underlinen, all that there seems to be new in Paris is that the chemises are cut closer to the figure, and the seams veined so that they form a trimming. It is very usual to introduce a coquille-shaped puffing over the bust, or a square full piece gathered horizontally down the centre. The night-gowns are gathered at the neck and waist, at the back and front, and on the shoulders ; the sleeves are wider, almost of the bell shape, and have insertion let in. The favourite lace for these purposes with Frenchwomen is the fine imitation Valenciennes, but English people prefer the real lace of a coarser make.

Flannel petticoats are most elaborately embroidered in coloured silks, the embroidery being confined to a narrow gathered flounce at the edge. Full-dress petticoats are made of cream and coloured silks, and of nainsook, and have so many lace-edged plaited flounces that the lace falls in quadruple folds.

Dressing-gowns are made in one, with large collars and full gathered sleeves ; there is a choice of materials—twine-coloured striped muslin or a well-covered cotton. Tea-gowns are more things of beauty than they have ever been. The skirts are mostly a walking length, and are made either in satin or in soft silk, the latter always of cream or of most delicate colours. The jackets generally have paniers, and the whole is clouded and veiled in piece-figured net or lace, and bordering lace. Watteau plaits have not gone out, but they assume a fan shape on the back, and the sleeves are loose, often coming only to the elbow, where they are supplemented by a puffing of lace and net.

Crinolines are becoming a necessary part of dress ; they hang only at the back, are graduated into the waist, and have an embroidered flounce at the edge.

Great variety in make and trimming will be found among the accompanying illustrations, for this is the month *par excellence* when wardrobes want fresh supplies, and half-worn costumes fresh trimmings. Neither in new materials nor in garnitures is there any lack this season. Checks, stripes, dots, figures, plain, shot, broché, and chiné, are all in vogue, and examples for both making and trimming them in the most popular styles are included in the cuts.

Stripes are decidedly fashionable ; they are worn in vivid contrasts, and this season they are not monotonous. The popular width of stripes will be understood by a reference to the engravings.

Paniers are also decided features in this season's costumes, as will be gathered from the same source, but they should be handled judiciously. Slender figures may wear them full and bunchy if so inclined, but stout women (if they adopt them at all) should have them indicated by the merest folds.

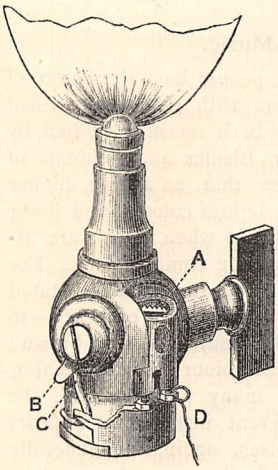
The new padded sleeves likewise require judgment in adopting them ; otherwise they make their wearers look high instead of square-shouldered. The coat-sleeve is cut slightly full at the top, gathered round the armhole, and the padding—in a separate piece of silk lining—is basted inside, so as to make the sleeve stand upwards.

The new colour called *ficelle* is a most convenient one to adopt, for it can be brightened up with ribbons of almost every brilliant hue ; in lace, too, it does not soil easily, a decided advantage for London wear.

THE GATHERER.

A Self-Lighting Gas-Burner.

To save the trouble of applying a lighted match or paper slip to a gas-jet, an ingenious Frenchman, M. Loiseau, has devised the arrangement shown in the accompanying figure. It consists of the ordinary gas-burner fitted with a special device, which on turning the stop-cock completes the circuit of an electric battery, thereby heating to a glow a fine platinum wire, and at the same time allowing a small jet of gas to escape against the wire so as to ignite it. The wire is shown at A, and the circuit is completed by the projecting lug, B, coming into contact with the piece, C. This latter piece is connected to the wire, D, running to the positive pole of the battery, and B is connected to the gas-pipe and the negative pole of the battery. The ignited jet of gas springs up and kindles the larger jet above; and on turning the stop-cock still further the battery circuit is broken, and the kindling jet cut off. While upon this subject, we may mention that Mr. W. Lascelles Scott has succeeded in increasing the illuminating power of gas-flame, by introducing solid substances into it. He arranges the burner at an angle, and allows the dust of certain alkaline earths to fall through it. Thus with a powder of mixed lime and magnesia the illuminating power of a jet rose from 16·7 candles to 18·2. Again, with an Argand burner giving 62·4 candles the light was raised to 68·5 candles.



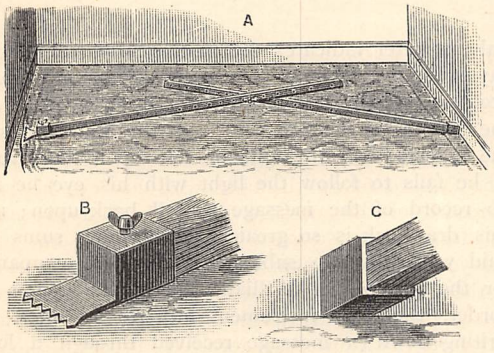
New Telegraphs.

The great power of the modern telescope has suggested a simple telegraph for short distances, which has been tried with success at the Palace of the Trocadéro, Paris. It consists in reading large letters of silvered zinc by means of a powerful refracting telescope. The letters are exposed at the distant station on a blackened board, and by means of their bright surface can be seen a long way off. Letters a yard square, exhibited at the Panthéon, have been readily distinguished at the Trocadéro, a distance of three miles. Another new telegraph, for use on submarine cables, is also worthy of mention. It is the invention of M. Samuel, of Ghent, and consists in making the ordinary mirror galvanometer record its message in permanent characters. At present the galvanometer indicates the message by reflecting a ray of lamp-light from its moving mirror on a paper scale or screen, and the telegraph clerk spells out the letters of the message from the wanderings of the reflected ray to right or left upon the screen. If he fails to follow the light with his eye he has no record of the message to fall back upon; and this drawback is so great that enormous sums are paid yearly by the submarine telegraph companies for the use of Sir William Thomson's siphon recorder, the only instrument hitherto invented for writing down a message received through a long cable. M. Samuel, however, has produced an instrument which may to a certain extent rival the siphon recorder. He fixes two selenium cells, such as Professor Bell uses in his photophone, to the screen or scale on which the reflected ray of the galvanometer falls, and each of these cells is in connection with a voltaic battery and an electro-magnet. Now, selenium has the peculiar property of diminishing in its resistance to the passage of electricity when light falls upon it, so that when the wandering spot of light on the screen passes over the surface of a selenium cell, the resistance of the latter decreases, and a stronger current from the voltaic battery traverses the electro-magnet. The result is that the magnet attracts an iron armature, which in turn presses a metal stylus against a band of paper moistened with iodide of potash, and the point of the stylus leaves a mark upon the paper. Thus, whenever the reflected spot of light falls upon the selenium cell, a mark is made upon the prepared paper; and as there are two cells on the screen, one to the right and the other to the left, a signal will be marked when the light-spot moves to the right and left of the screen. These two signals correspond to the "dot" and "dash" characters of the Morse telegraphic code, and are read accordingly by the clerk.

New Carpet Stretcher.

The accompanying woodcut represents a useful form of carpet stretcher, A, recently patented in the United States. It consists, as will be seen, of two bars of wood perforated at regular intervals throughout one half of their length, and pivoted by a "wing nut," by which the two bars may be fastened together into one rod. The stretcher may be lengthened or shortened to suit the size of the room, and one end of it is furnished with a toothed plate for "catching" the carpet, B, while the other is provided with a cushion, C, for placing against the side-board of the wall opposite that towards which the carpet is being stretched. Its operation is obvious: the cushion being laid against the panel, and the toothed plate inserted in the carpet near the edge to be pushed to the wall, all that is needed is to depress the bars until they are parallel, or until they have reached as

low an angle (when they will have to be bolted) as the laying of the carpet will allow. In this way the



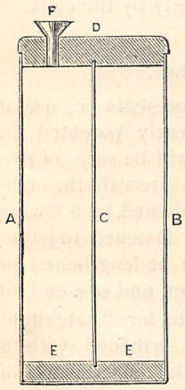
carpet will be stretched throughout the entire width, and not much exertion is required to press down the bars. But would not iron be a more suitable material for the bars than wood?

A Remedy for Asthma.

The newspapers in Queensland and New South Wales have lately spoken very highly of a new remedy for asthmatic and bronchial affections, in the shape of a species of *Euphorbia* indigenous to Queensland, and known scientifically as *Euphorbia pilulifera*. It is said that an ounce of the leaves of the plant placed in two quarts of water, and allowed to simmer till the quantity is reduced to one-half, will afford a medicine which, taken a wine-glassful at a time, two or three times a day, will relieve the most obstinate cases of asthma, as well as ordinary coughs. The leaves of the plant are readily gathered and dried, and will keep for a considerable time.

A New Electric Magazine.

Accumulators for storing up electricity are just now the chief desideratum in electrical research, in order that electricity may be the better adapted for the electric lighting of vehicles and other movable objects. A new electric magazine of this kind has been invented by Mr. Henry Sutton. It consists of a flat copper case, A B, shaped like the outer vessel of a Grove battery, and covered with a lid of paraffined wood, D. From the bottom of this lid depends a plate of lead, C, amalgamated with mercury, the lower and upper edges of the plate being held by grooves cut in the under side of the lid, and the upper side of a block of wood, E E, resting on the bottom of the cell. A vent-hole, F, in the lid allows of a solution of sulphate of copper being poured into the cell. The power of the cell is improved by adding $\frac{1}{12}$ of sulphuric acid to the copper solution. The amalgamated lead plate forms the positive pole of the cell, and the copper vessel the negative pole. When charged by the current from a dynamo-electric machine, the sulphate of copper is decomposed, and pure copper is deposited. When the charging current is cut off, the reverse action sets in on connecting the poles of the cell—the deposited copper is recomposed again into sulphate, and a reverse current to the charging one flows in the circuit.



Colour-Music.

It is known that certain people have the power of associating different colours with different musical notes, and the subject has been recently studied by two Swiss *savants*, Herren Bleuler and Lehman, of Zurich. Their results show that, as a rule, higher notes are accompanied by lighter colours, and lower notes by darker ones. Chords when struck are attended by corresponding colour combinations. For example, a skilled musician who was examined stated that he perceived a distinct colour with each key—to wit, for C major, grey; G flat major, reddish-brown; A major, blue; A minor, lead-colour; F sharp major, yellow; and so on. To many persons, too, the same piece played by different instruments appears in different colours. Noises, again, are generally accompanied by colours of a grey or brown hue. The authors also found that some minds perceive colours on hearing consonants, vowels, diphthongs, words, and sentences. Others perceive sounds on seeing light and colours, so that the reverse phenomenon also exists. Thus a broad, quiet gas-flame suggested the sound *we*, and when the light flickered the sound changed to *l*. The faculty is said to be in a high degree hereditary.

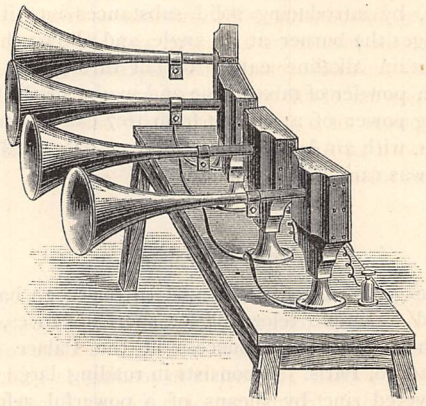


FIG. 1.

The Telephonic Horn.

At the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition, much interest was excited amongst the curious by an apparatus called the "Fanfare Ader," which consisted of four horns or trumpets arranged on a table as shown in Fig. 1, and emitting blasts of sound which were more remarkable for their vigour than their beauty. These trumpets were sounded by electricity,

and represented the receiver of a telephonic circuit running from the Exhibition building to the adjoining Alcazar Theatre in the Champs Elysées, where the transmitter was placed. The latter consisted of four Reiss telephones, in which the air-waves beating on a parchment diaphragm open and close an electric circuit by means of a platinum contact-piece gummed to the parchment. The result was a series of rapidly intermittent currents of electricity from the battery in circuit with the transmitter and the wire. These currents traversed the wire and passed through the receiver, which consisted of four devices similar to that shown in Fig. 2, where A B is a horse-shoe magnet having two coils of wire, E E′, on its poles. From these poles project two pieces of soft iron brought very close together, and in front of them, as will be best seen from the section in the upper part of Fig. 2, there was placed a small piece of soft iron, D, glued to the back of a thin sounding-plate or diaphragm, L, of pine board. Now, when the intermittent currents passed through the coils, E E′, on the poles of the magnet, the piece of soft iron was attracted and released, and thus the diaphragm was set into powerful vibration. A trumpet pipe, C, led into the resonant chamber behind the diaphragm therefore gave out lusty sounds. In this way the blasts of four cornet-players in the Alcazar Theatre were loudly reproduced in the Palais de l'Industrie, but the quality of the music was sacrificed. M. Alder has also attempted to reproduce speech by this device, but unsuccessfully. This failure might have been expected, for the actual interruption of the circuit by the Reiss transmitter renders it impossible to transmit the delicate modulations of the voice.

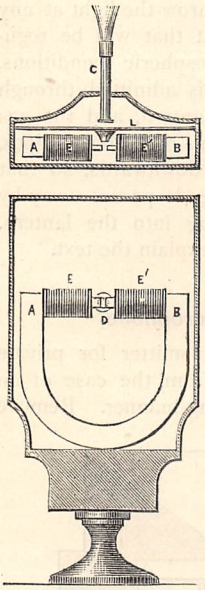


FIG. 2.

A New Door-Fastener.

As a rule, one who has had much experience of new contrivances for getting rid of the ordinary means of opening and closing doors, is apt to fight shy of novelties in this field of invention. But a door-fastener and lock recently patented seems to be decidedly an excellent appliance. Its *modus operandi* is exceedingly simple. A door supplied with this fastener is opened from the inside by drawing towards the person the little handle or knob, or from the outside by pushing it slightly away from the person. This action may be explained in a few words. The knob, being pulled inwards, actuates a small brass rod and powerful spring, that acts as a lever and releases the bolt, which being provided with revolving ends, moves with the utmost ease. By employing this contrivance, the unsightly lock fastened upon the door is not needed, since the appliance is inserted in the door after chiselling out a hole for it. Nor is the comparatively huge handle at present in vogue, and which so often goes wrong, required; and the turning nuisance is, therefore, abolished. In cases where the wood-work has shrunk or warped, security is obtained by the use of adjustable striking-plates. The mechanism is singularly simple and, so far as we can see, there is no reason why these patent door-fasteners should not, as is in fact claimed for them, last a lifetime.

Fires in Public Buildings.

For diminishing the danger of conflagration in public buildings, Signor G. A. Martini recommends the following formulæ for rendering materials non-inflammable in the following three cases :—

1. For light tissues such as dresses, &c.

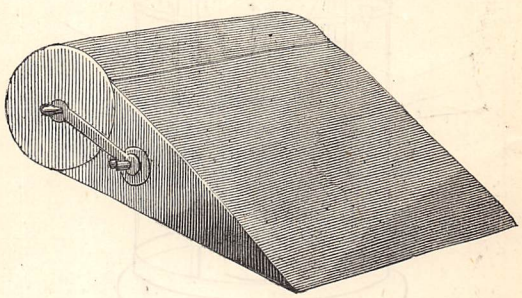
Pure sulphate of ammonia ...	8 parts.
„ carbonate of „	2½ „
Boracic acid	3 „
Starch, dextrine, or gelatine ...	2 „
Water	100 „

2. For timber work, &c.; to be applied with a brush (like paint) at a temperature of 140° Fahr.

Hydrochlorate of ammonia ...	15 parts.
Boracic acid	5 „
Glue	50 „
Gelatine	1 „
Water	100 „

3. For cloths, ropes, straw, &c., which should be immersed for about fifteen or twenty minutes at a temperature of 212° Fahr. and allowed to dry.

Hydrochlorate of ammonia ...	15 parts.
Boracic acid	6 „
Borax	3 „
Water	100 „



A Pocket Pillow.

The illustration represents a portable head-rest for travellers which is likely to prove useful. It consists in a cylindrical tube provided with an air-tight cap. The tube fits into the hollow of a wedge-shaped rest or abutment which can be placed on the seat of a railway car, or the floor of a room. Both parts are made of flexible material. and the air-pipes at the

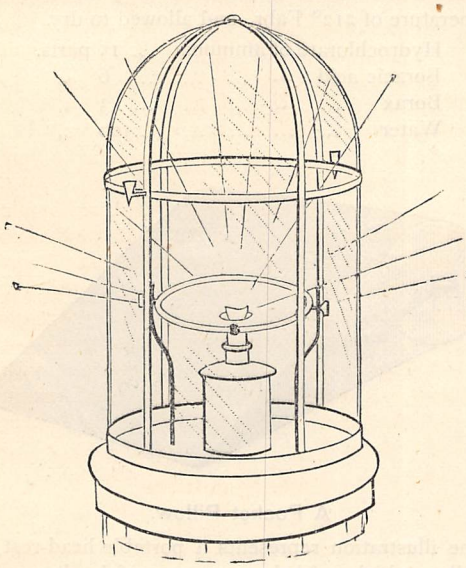
sides admit of their being inflated by the mouth at will, while a link couples them together. When not in use the air is expelled, and the pillow folded up for carriage in the pocket.

Oil on the Waves.

It is well known that the ancient metaphor about "pouring oil on troubled waters" to calm them is literally true; and ships at sea have been saved from foundering by pouring barrels of oil upon the waves around. A striking experiment of the kind was recently made at Peterhead in Scotland, in order to allow a fleet of fishing-boats to enter the stormy harbour with their cargoes. By means of a reservoir and pipes leading to the harbour, a stream of oil was discharged upon the water, and spreading in a thin film over its surface, reduced the rough waves to a mere swell, and permitted the boats to land. The chief action of the oil is probably to diminish the friction between the wind and water, and thus prevent the formation of waves, while the existing motion of the water quickly subsides into a low heaving. Probably the experiment, after the success at Peterhead, will be repeated elsewhere.

A New Lighthouse Lantern.

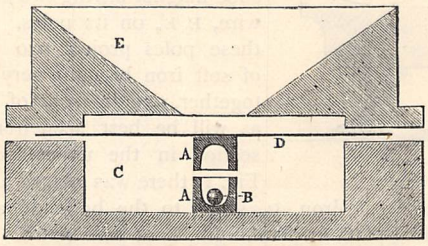
An American inventor has conceived the notion of constructing a lighthouse lantern which should illuminate by throwing the light upwards against the clouds (by which it would be scattered over a wider area) instead of by diffusing it horizontally, in consequence of his having observed, fifty miles from his home, the lights of New York reflected from the clouds. The tower of



the lighthouse is constructed in the usual way, and supports the lantern, the sides of which are of glass secured to a frame fastened to the top of the tower. The lamp chamber is arched in the form of a dome, in one piece or in sections, according to special requirements. The reflector is a circular concave disc, with a hole in the centre through which the flame of the lamp projects. The reflector is placed in a gimbal furnished with clamping screw pivots to enable the reflector to be adjusted so as to throw the light at any desired inclination, an adjustment that will be regulated in accordance with atmospheric conditions. The air to support combustion is admitted through apertures in the bottom of the lantern, and the gas escapes from the lantern by means of "elbow" pipes, the lower arms of which incline downwards, so that rain falling into the open upper ends passes away by these outlets, instead of pouring into the lantern. The accompanying woodcut will explain the text.

The Cup-and-Ball Microphone.

A very good microphone transmitter for private telephone lines can be made from the case of an ordinary telephone in the following manner. Remove



the coil and magnet from the case, and plug up the hole in the latter left by the withdrawal of the magnet, so as to get a wooden box similar to that shown in the figure, where D is the iron diaphragm, and C the resonance chamber, and E the mouthpiece, which is not shown firmly screwed down upon the diaphragm as it ought to be when utilised. At the back of the diaphragm, D, is glued a carbon cup, A, made by drilling out a hole in a piece of carbon rod with a bradawl. Opposite this, and secured to the bottom of the case by a lead rivet, is a similar cup of carbon, A. In this latter cup is placed a pellet or pea of carbon, B, made by turning a little ball on the end of a $\frac{3}{16}$ inch carbon rod. The interior of the cups and sides of the ball should be ubbed smooth with emery paper. The carbon cups are both connected by wires to terminals fixed into the case, but not shown in the figure. These terminals are then connected in circuit with the battery and the receiving telephone. To make this cup-and-ball transmitter speak well, it should be mounted on pivots like a looking-glass, and slightly inclined backward or forward until distinct speech is received in the telephone. This best position can then be retained until a new one becomes necessary.

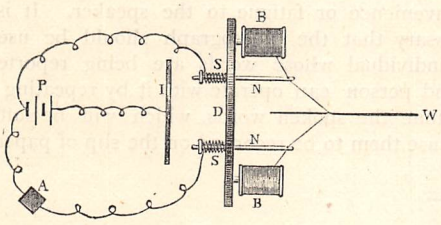
Hospital Trains.

The enormous amount of suffering ameliorated by the use of hospital trains having carriages fitted up as beds and provided with ventilators, coolers, and disinfectants, has already been proved by trials made

during the Franco-Prussian and the recent Russo-Turkish war. But it is clear that no government can go to the expense of providing enough of these trains to meet the requirements of a great battle, and it is therefore important to have some ready means of transforming ordinary railway carriages into hospital ones. At the recent Milan Exhibition, the Società Veneta exhibited two such cars, one a first and second class, the other a third. Both are 50 feet long, and built on the American plan, though the first-class carriage is divided into compartments. They run on bogie trucks and the brake is very continuous and powerful. The carriages are united by wide platforms which can be temporarily covered in by screens. The third-class carriage, when its seats are removed, accommodates eighteen patients on movable litters placed along the sides in two rows, one above the other. In the mixed carriages the first-class compartments are converted into bed-rooms for the officials or attendants, and the second-class into dispensary, kitchen, or dining-room, according to circumstances. The model train of the Società Veneta would consist of 30 vehicles, including 20 ambulances, 6 office carriages, and 4 baggage waggons. It would accommodate 360 patients and 37 officials of all grades.

The Honey-bearing Ant.

The researches of the Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D., in New Mexico have brought to light another peculiarity of ant-life—we had almost said ant-civilisation. Amongst the honey-ants of New Mexico there are three castes of working ants who gather honey from a species of vegetable gall in the night time; but instead of storing it in combs, they pour it into the crops of another caste of ants belonging to the colony. These are the honey-bearers, and their function is simply to store the honey until it is wanted by the other members of the community. For this purpose their crops are abnormally developed, and it requires about 1,000 "rotunds," as they are called, to yield a troy pound of honey. When the other ants require food they go to the rotunds, who feed them by pressing out a drop of honey from their interiors. This honey is pleasant to the taste, like ordinary honey, but is more aromatic, and diluted. It is nearly a pure solution of grape-sugar.



Electricity and Wire-Covering.

In covering wires of iron and copper with silk or cotton for electrical and other purposes, it is of course necessary to guard against the breakage of the fibres; and Signor Sarvalle, an Italian inventor, has devised a plan whereby an electric bell is rung whenever a break occurs. This device, as sketched in the figure, consists in mounting the bobbins of thread, B B, on an ebonite disc, D, which in revolving lays the thread on the wire, W. This disc is penetrated by a series of brass rods or needles, there being as many needles as there are bobbins. For the sake of simplicity only two of these, N N, are shown in the figure. Each thread passes through the eye of one of these needles on its way to the wire, and the tension of the thread pulls on the needle-eye. The needles are prevented from being drawn out of the disc, however, by spiral springs, S S, on their other ends behind the disc. Opposite these ends is fixed an insulated metal disc, I, connected to one pole of a battery, P, whilst the other pole is connected to all the needles. Now, when a thread is running freely the tug of it upon the eye of its needle prevents the point of that needle touching the metal disc behind; but when that thread breaks the spring pushes the needle back into contact with the metal disc behind, and the circuit being completed the current rings an alarm bell, A. This contrivance is similar to those in use for telling the rupture of a thread in reeling yarns, and is worthy the attention of manufacturers.

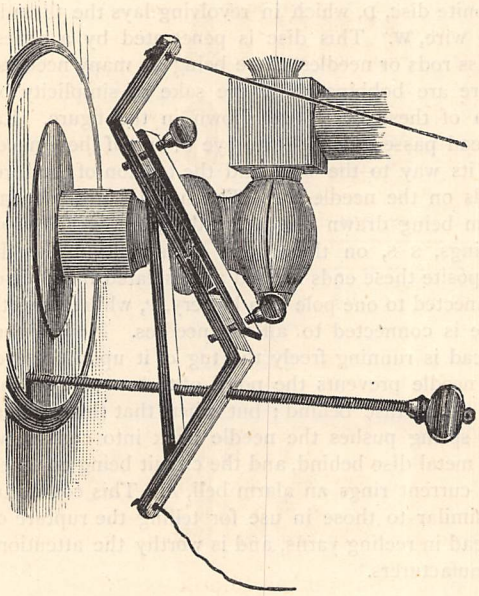
A Giant Photograph.

Without doubt the largest photograph in existence is now being exhibited in the art gallery of the American Institute at New York. It covers an area of ten feet in length by eighteen inches in width, and was printed from seven different negatives forming the parts, but these have been so deftly joined that the picture seems to have been taken in one view. The subject is a panorama of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and the work is by Mr. F. Gutekunst, of that city. Duplicates of the picture are selling at high prices, and one has been presented to Her Majesty the Queen. In this connection we may note that an improved means of exhibiting photographs on a screen as dissolving views, or simple pictures, has been introduced by Mr. W. C. Hughes, of Hoxton, under the somewhat odd name of the "Pamphengos." The chief novelty consists in adding power to the light of the projecting lantern by the use of four wicks, giving a flame eight inches wide, but the lenses and other parts are also improved. With this apparatus a well-defined photographic image twelve feet in diameter can be obtained on the screen.

A Gas-Light Regulator.

A simple and ingenious device for regulating the light from a gas-burner is shown in the accompanying engraving. The appliance—which is the invention of Mr. T. G. Sharpe—is intended primarily for use in connection with brackets, and it will be found to be most generally employed in bed-rooms, though no doubt it could be adapted to almost any form of gaselier. The gas having been lighted, the tap must

be turned so that the end which lowers the light shall move towards the wall. The regulator has then to be fitted upon the tap and screwed down, so as to be retained perfectly secure. The regulating screw at



one end of the appliance being placed in position with the point towards the wall, it is next turned so that when it touches the bracket-plate on the wall the light is at its lowest. The ends of a piece of stout string, long enough to reach from the bracket to the bed or couch, must now be fastened through a hole at the extremity of each arm of the regulator. By pulling one side of the string the light is raised, by pulling the other it is lowered without going out. The apparatus may be readily attached, and it appears to be very well adapted for use by invalids, or by any one desirous of looking at his watch, or by persons suddenly roused from sleep by an unusual or sudden noise in the house.

An Electrical Tram-Car.

At Leytonstone a tramcar was recently propelled along the Union Road by the current from a Faure secondary battery carried under the seats of the car. An electric motor fixed under the bottom of the car was connected to the axles, and when driven by the current it turned the wheels of the car. The battery weighed one and a half tons, a considerable item in itself, but it contained sufficient electricity to run the car half a day, and the promoters anticipate being able to work the car on this plan at less cost than with horses.

The Electric Light and the Eyesight.

Remarking the large number of English students afflicted by shortness of sight, Professor Pickering has investigated the subject, and finds that the heat rather than the light of lamps and gas-burners is the cause of it. The heat radiated from the flame is reflected from the page into the student's face, drying the air about his eyes and temples. The electric light, giving off far less heat than gas or oil, is in Professor Pickering's opinion much better suited to the student in this respect. The flickering of the arc lamps is indeed a drawback; but it is the steady incandescent system which will be introduced into our homes, and there is absolutely no flickering with that. Moreover the globes surrounding the incandescent carbon can be tinted with a refreshing green or delicate blue for those who suffer from weak eyes.

Short-hand Reporting Superseded.

To Herr A. Gentilli, of Vienna, the world is indebted for a new instrument which, if it fulfil the purpose designed for it by its inventor, seems likely to cause a revolution in the art of reporting. It is known as the "Glossograph," and consists of an arrangement of delicately formed levers and blades, which, when the instrument is laid upon the lips and tongue and beneath the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath proceeding from the latter. In connection with the instrument are pencils, which are directly acted upon by means of the vibrations being communicated to them; and these indicate upon a strip of paper, moved by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, various signs caused by the action of the tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils. The signs produced on the paper are those belonging to a system of writing (similar to short-hand) used specially for the purposes of the glossograph; and, owing to these signs being phonetic, the instrument seems to be most successful in its operations when taking down words the spelling of which differs least from its own record of them. It is stated that by means of the glossograph it will be possible to write four or five times as quickly as short-hand has hitherto enabled us to write; and the instrument is not only self-acting, but there is no necessity, when making use of it, for any preliminary study or practice. The signs recorded on the slip of paper are capable of being easily transcribed, and the use of the apparatus does not occasion either inconvenience or fatigue to the speaker. It is not necessary that the glossograph should be used by the individual whose words are being reported; a second person can operate with it by repeating in a low tone the spoken words, which will be sufficient to cause them to be recorded on the slip of paper.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Further Competitions for Prizes, open to all Readers of this Magazine, will be announced in our next issue.—THE EDITOR.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

ON their arrival at his house, Mr. Philip Rossiter had welcomed his two young guests with grave friendliness, and at the summons of the gong he now offered his arm to Cecilia in a half-courtly, half-fatherly manner, and led her to the dining-room. When seated at table, she found herself on his right hand, with Lord Romanes by her side, and Frank and Beatrice just opposite to her.

Poor Beatrice! Already she began to fear that this visit would prove even a greater trial than she had anticipated.

And certainly it was hard for her, poor girl, that "Cousin Frank" should be so excessively attentive, and affectionate, in his manner towards her. At the station he had met her with a demonstration of pleasure nearly, if not quite, equal to that wherewith he had greeted her sister. During the drive homewards he had talked with her almost exclusively, leaving Cissy to make the acquaintance of his mother. On their way to the dining-room he had pressed her hand against his arm, and had murmured, "Dear Cousin Beatrice, how delighted I am to have you here! I wonder if you have any conception how pleasant it is for a fellow to see your sweet little face again?" And now, little dreaming what pain "a fellow" was inflicting, he would persist, as they sat at table, in recalling and dwelling upon every little incident connected with their first meeting and subsequent intercourse at Headport.

"You must pay your respects to Polyphemus tomorrow," he said by-and-by, with his pleasant smile. "I really believe he will recognise you. And I think you ought to have another ride on him, for the sake of the happy adventure which brought about our introduction, and which has led to such wonderful results."

Here young Rossiter grew silent, letting his admiring gaze rest upon Cecilia's face, from which, indeed, it was seldom absent many minutes at a time; and, taking advantage of the pause, Beatrice endeavoured to turn the conversation.

"Lord Romanes and his brother are not much alike," she said, seizing upon the first remark that presented itself.

"No; they are very different in appearance, and quite as different in character."

"I should scarcely have known which was the elder," resumed Beatrice.

"You don't say so? Oh, I *must* tell them that!" laughed Frank. "I say, Clarence, Miss Beatrice would hardly have known whether you or Romanes were the younger, if she hadn't been told."

"Much obliged for the compliment, I'm sure," returned Clarence haughtily. "My brother, Miss Beatrice Rossiter, is fifteen years older than I."

"How perfectly ridiculous!" muttered Effie *sotto voce*, but quite audibly.

"Come, old fellow! *thirteen*, not fifteen," corrected Lord Romanes, deliberately wiping his moustache—"You were twenty-five last birthday, and I was thirty-eight. But Miss Beatrice," he continued coolly (bowing to Beatrice, who was blushing uncomfortably at having her little personality repeated), "has excuse enough for what she says. I do *not* look much older than you. The fact is," he went on, now addressing Beatrice directly, "that I prefer to burn the candle of life at one end only, whereas Clarence likes it lit at both. *He* tells me that I stagnate; *I* retort that he spends existence in an express train. But every man to his tastes!"

"Or his hobbies," said Clarence, who was evidently losing temper. "What a self-conceited prig you are, Ughtred!"

"Come, come, gentlemen!" put in Mrs. Rossiter, smiling; "I shall have to quote Dr. Watts: 'Let dogs delight,' &c."

"I beg your pardon," apologised Clarence sullenly; and then every one began to talk at once and very fast.

"You should not have repeated my unlucky remark," remonstrated Beatrice under cover of the babel.

"Indeed, I am very sorry. Please forgive me, Cousin Beatrice. But who could have foreseen that it would raise a storm in a tea-kettle?" answered Frank. "But both those fellows have such peculiar tempers. One never knows where one has them."

Beatrice glanced across at her *vis-à-vis*, who was eating his dinner with unruffled composure.

"It's not very polite to talk about people at one's own table, I know," went on young Rossiter, "but I must just tell you something. Romanes, there, has been married once. He is a widower, and yet he pretends that he cannot bear women, professes to despise them, the silly fellow! But on other points he is quite sane; indeed, decidedly clever."

"Perhaps his wife was not a nice woman?" suggested Beatrice.

"I don't know about that," returned her companion. "I have never heard him speak of her. But he seemed very fond of a little boy, his only child, whom he lost lately. This is the first time he has dined with us since his child's death. I was glad he came to-day, for I wanted him to see Cissy. It always aggravates me to hear him babbling his cynical misogynistic nonsense, and the best cure is to get him into the society of good, sweet women. If he is not charmed with *her*, I give him up!" said the young lover proudly. "And, to tell the truth, I've caught him casting two or three furtive glances of admiration at her already. He is exerting himself to talk, too, more than I have ever seen him do with a lady before."

Beatrice smiled, and glanced across the table. But to her observation it appeared to be her sister rather than her aristocratic neighbour who was exerting herself to be agreeable. And Cecilia, at all events, it was who had commenced the conversation now in progress between the two.

"Have you some hobbies, then, Lord Romanes, as your brother says?" she had asked.

"I have two favourite pursuits, which I suppose Clarence chooses to designate by that term."

"I wonder what they are?" said Cecilia, contriving to appear as thoroughly at her ease as though she had all her life been accustomed to the society of noblemen.

"You are very good to interest yourself in the question."

"But you do not intend to gratify my curiosity," she laughed.

"Certainly, since you own that it *is* curiosity. My 'hobbies' are botany and music."

"Music! Oh, are you fond of music?" in an enthusiastic tone.

"Of *music?* Yes," he answered, marking the emphasis further by a perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"And so am I, passionately."

"Indeed! Your sex is not musical. I look upon a really musical woman as a kind of wonder."

"Dear me! What a sweeping assertion!" returned Cecilia, somewhat piqued. "But, after all," she added sweetly, on a moment's reflection, "there have been no great composers who were women."

"Nor any really great performers," he subjoined. "A woman is occasionally blessed with a *voice*, but rarely with the faculty for managing it."

"What a bear!" thought Cecilia. But she merely said, "What instrument do you play, Lord Romanes?"

"I play six instruments."

"And all *well?*" she inquired archly. "I find one as much as I can master creditably."

"*Have* you mastered one creditably?" he asked, with cool satire.

Cecilia began to feel a little annoyed. To be treated in so cavalier a fashion by any gentleman was a new experience for her.

"Well, which instrument have you mastered?" he demanded, in a more courteous tone. And, turning towards him, Cecilia surprised one of those furtive glances whereon Frank had remarked, and which made her heart give a little throb of triumph. Her patrician interlocutor, she saw, was less insensible to her charms than she had imagined.

"Mastered is too large a word. It was absurd of me to use it," she said, with pretty humility. "But I began to learn the violin when I was seven years old; and for the last three years I have devoted eight or nine hours a day to it. I have had one of the first teachers in Germany, too, so that I ought to play it pretty well."

"Humph! the king of instruments! Marvellously few people *do* play it well. But I should like to hear you."

"I shall venture to brave your lordship's criticism, upon one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you accompany me on the piano. Most of the music I have brought with me requires a pianoforte accompaniment. My sister usually plays with me; but she is not very proficient, and if I am to do myself what justice I can, I ought to have the support of a good musician."

"Which you are willing to take it for granted I am without any proof? That is very obliging of you. Well, Miss Rossiter, we will test each other's capabilities and the forbearance of our friends this evening, shall we?"

When the ladies left the table, young Rossiter, who was almost an abstainer, followed them to the drawing-room. Drawing Cecilia within the seclusion of a bay window, he gave himself up to the delight of her society, which, sooth to say, she managed to make very delightful indeed; for, moved by the intense gratitude which she experienced towards him, she began this evening to feel really fond of her lover. During his brief courtship in her own home she had never, of course, lost sight of the fact that he was the son of a millionnaire, but until now, it seemed to her, she had never fully realised all that this delicious fact signified. Looking out from her secluded corner over the sumptuous drawing-room, crowded with costly and elegant trifles, and lit by the soft radiance of innumerable shaded lamps, an ineffable contentment filled her soul. At the farther end of the apartment, Mrs. Rossiter, Christine, and Beatrice were clustered together, and their voices reached her ear pleasantly refined by distance. Effie, a little withdrawn, was bending unsociably over a dainty piece of fancy-work, her golden hair gleaming in the clear subdued light.

Wealth and luxury, elegance and beauty, aristocratic society: ah! what more could she desire? Here was all that in her moments of highest aspiration she had panted and longed for. This was what suited and satisfied her. This was the kind of life for which she was fitted. Already Cecilia began to feel as though "to the manner born." And here, by her side, was the good genius who had provided her with all these glorious things, who had opened up to her such rapturous prospects for her future life. Surely, the least that she could do was to repay him

by being very charming; and to be charming under the circumstances was not difficult. For, in his evening dress, and surrounded, as he now was, by the meretricious advantages of his position, her good genius took the shape of a very handsome and highly agreeable young man. Never, in fact, had she found him so agreeable before; for, intoxicated by her beauty and the additional enchantment which she had put on for his benefit, Frank confined his conversation this evening to enraptured inanities, instead of seeking, as he was wont, to leaven his love-making with some sensible discourse. She was almost sorry when their pleasant *tête-à-tête* was at length interrupted by the entrance of other gentlemen and the appearance of tea.

Still, here was Lord Romanes again. Cecilia was perfectly aware that the sense of satisfaction it gave her to be in the company of a lord was a very vulgar one, and argued a nature innately vulgar. But then, as she told herself, what did it matter whether her nature were vulgar or not, so long as she let nobody know the fact? And she would take care not to do that. She had treated his lordship at dinner-time, so she flattered herself, with the dignified *sang-froid* of a person to whom peers were the common associates of daily life; and she would persevere in this demeanour when he joined her again, as she could not help expecting he would do.

Lord Romanes, however, proved in no hurry to approach Miss Cecilia Rossiter. Cup in hand, he stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, talking to Mr. Rossiter; and when he had finished his tea, he dropped into a chair by his host's side, and continued apparently absorbed in the subject under discussion.

Viscount Romanes, future Earl of Finchinbray, was considerably below the average stature, and of a slight, agile build. His features were delicate and refined, almost effeminate, and his colourless complexion was clear as a girl's. His eyes and hair were dark, and, with the exception of a small moustache, his face was clean-shaven. It was this, perhaps, which helped to give him that very young appearance which he certainly had for his years. Yet, notwithstanding his small size and over-refinement of aspect, there was something about the set of Lord Romanes' mouth and the expression of his eyes, as likewise about his whole air and carriage, which forbad one to associate with him any idea of weakness of character—unless, indeed, it might be the weakness of excessive self-esteem.

Now, Cecilia was under the impression (by no means a correct one) that since his entrance into the drawing-room his lordship had not even glanced in the direction where she was sitting; and by-and-by she began to feel sure that he had forgotten all about the music. Mortified by this conviction, she had turned her back upon him, and was engaged in looking over with Mrs. Rossiter some views which she had collected during her American tour, when by-and-by a shadow fell on the engraving she held, and the viscount's rather thin high voice inquired—

"Well, Miss Rossiter, when are we to inflict our performance upon the company?"

"Not at all, if it is to prove an infliction," laughed good-humoured Cecilia. "But I don't expect *my* share in it will do so, however it may be with yours. Mrs. Rossiter, may I send for my violin and music-books?"

The instrument having been brought and tuned, Cecilia opened the volume that lay uppermost, and selecting, apparently at random, one of Haydn's finest symphonies arranged as a duet, inquired, "Shall we try this?"

Lord Romanes acquiesced, and sitting down to the piano, began to play in an indifferent perfunctory kind of way. At the end of a few bars, however, his whole manner changed. Uttering a little expletive of surprise and pleasure, he threw all his heart and soul into the task of accompanying the principal instrument, and following Cecilia's lead in the interpretation of the music. When it was over, and the grand strains had died away, lost in a burst of applause, he rose from his stool, and held out his hand.

"Brava!" he cried. "You *can* play!"

Conscious that she had outdone herself this evening (for never in her life before had she played so well), Cecilia allowed Lord Romanes' long fingers to close over her own, whilst, with a blush of modest delight, she murmured, "Your lordship considers, then, that I am entitled to be looked upon as a 'wonder'?"

"I consider that you are entitled to take what revenge you please on me for my incredulity in regard to your ability. But be merciful to a fallen foe, and so show yourself as superior to the rest of your sex in this as, it seems to me, you are in every other respect."

"I don't feel the least inclination towards revenge," Cecilia answered, with a melodious little laugh. "But I cannot accept compliments, Lord Romanes, at the expense of my sex."

"Then I won't pay you any more," he rejoined, giving her a look from his dark expressive eyes, which Cecilia deemed to be worth a great many verbal compliments. "Let me take your violin. It is not a bad instrument for a modern one," he went on, examining the maker's name, "but it does not do justice to your touch. I wish you would try mine. I have quite a collection: some genuine Cremonas. But come and see them, will you?"

"Here, Rossiter!" he continued, addressing Frank, who was standing near, "I have just been asking Miss Rossiter to come and try my fiddles. Couldn't you all come over to luncheon to-morrow? I'll get my mother to send an invitation. And we have two lions, Miss Rossiter, at Finchinbray Court which are considered worth a visit: our pictures and pineries. Perhaps your sister, Miss Beatrice, would like to see them?"

"To be sure she would," said young Rossiter. "And you would be delighted, Cissy, with the paintings—Miss Rossiter understands art almost as well as she understands music, Romanes. Yes; get Lady Finchinbray to endorse your invitation, and we'll come by all means. Shall we not?" (to Cecilia).

"I shall be delighted, I am sure, for my part,"

returned that young lady; and there was no hypocrisy in her use of the conventional phrase.

"And Ughtred will bore you also, I must warn you, Miss Rossiter, with his *hortus siccus*," put in the Hon. Clarence, who had dawdled up to the trio at the piano.

"What is a *hortus siccus?*" asked Cecilia, who, beyond her two accomplishments, was profoundly ignorant, turning the battery of her lustrous eyes on the new-comer.

"A collection of dried plants, with a mouldy smell. My brother looks on them as worth all our hereditary Murillos, Vandycks, Cuyps, and Greuzes put together. He gathered and pressed most of them, you see, with his own hand; and I believe he intends to leave them to the nation."

"And you, my dear fellow," retorted Lord Romanes, in a tone as though he were saying the politest thing in the world, "will leave nothing to the nation, unless it be a new breed of pups, or a variety of your own feather-brain."

"Come and sit down, dearest," whispered young Rossiter, laughing. "These admirable brothers are always sparring. Ha, my darling!" he went on, when once more he had ensconced himself in a quiet corner with Cecilia, "I thought if that fellow could resist *you*, it would be a miracle!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

A TOO VALUABLE PRESENT.

THE next morning young Rossiter proposed a visit to Martin Callender's studio. He was anxious for Cecilia and Beatrice to see his friend's great picture of Hypatia, shortly to be sent up to London, and which, Frank was assured, would find ready admission to next season's Academy. He also was anxious, though he did not mention this fact, that Martin should see his Cecilia. As a matter of course, his Cecilia amiably acquiesced in the suggestion, which was warmly supported by Beatrice and Christine. Accordingly, it was arranged that the three girls, with Frank for their escort, should drive into Wharneside, and return from thence to Finchinbray Court. Euphemia, knowing how keenly her lover disapproved of any association with "that shoemaker fellow," and who meekly pinned her faith to all his opinions, declined to accompany the party.

It was a hot day—pleasant enough to drive in at the rate of twelve miles an hour in an open carriage, but close and sultry amid the bricks and mortar of a crowded town. When the ladies were ushered into his presence, poor Martin Callender, little anticipating the honour in store for him, was working in his shirt-sleeves. Springing from his seat on their appearance, he began to struggle frantically into his coat, blushing crimson.

"Never mind, old fellow," laughed Frank; but seeing that the shy youth was really discomposed, he diverted the girls' attention for a few moments until he had recovered himself. Christine and Beatrice then advanced to shake hands, and Cecilia, on being introduced, offered hers likewise, observing in her tuneful accents that she had heard a good deal about him. In touching Martin's hand, however, Cecilia was doing violence to a strong feeling of repugnance which had seized upon her at sight of his disfigurement. Her over-refined tastes and sensuous love of beauty made her shrink from any description of ugliness or blemish of form; and without his coat, and in the attitude wherein he had first caught her eye, poor Martin's deformity had been very plainly visible. She felt satisfied, however, that she had in no way betrayed to its object that involuntary emotion of disgust; but in this she was mistaken. By some instinct, or second sight, sensitive Martin had perfectly divined her feelings. Once more the colour rushed into his handsome face, as he fell back whilst the visitors gathered round his painting, and stood there earnestly studying Cecilia's countenance with his great dark eyes.

That Martin Callender was a genius no one could doubt, in face of this now nearly finished work, on which he had been labouring for fully two years. The picture was called "Hypatia's Last Lecture." It represented the vestal philosopher on the rostrum, with a crowded audience of students, philosophers, fine gentlemen—men of various nationalities and strange dress—all hanging upon her words, with eager upturned faces. The audience itself was a study; but the attention was at once arrested and absorbed by the principal figure. The white Ionic robe flowing about her in graceful folds, her golden hair confined by a band, but with one glittering tress falling loose upon her shoulder, Hypatia stood, with uplifted hand. Her short curved Greek lips were open in the act of speaking, and her clear grey eyes looked, not at, but over the heads of her auditors. Gesture, eye, and lip were informed with courage, simplicity, and the power of stainless purity. But on the enkindled countenance, calm and beautiful, despite its enthusiasm, there rested many shades of feeling. The harmonious features, as you gazed upon them, seemed to be set with the half-shrinking but resolved air of a martyr. The shadow of her swiftly approaching and fearful doom, and the light of an unseen world, fell upon them together—wistful doubt, wonder, disappointment at the apparent failure of her mission, mingled with a proud determination not to believe in ultimate ruin, an unshaken purpose to die rather than herself prove a traitor to the cause.

"What an exquisitely beautiful face!" exclaimed Cecilia, who was the first to break the silence. "I could study this painting for hours." And then she went on to point out in technical language various perfections of style, colour, drawing, in a way which showed that she thoroughly appreciated the manipulation of the work, but which caused Martin, as he bowed in acknowledgment of her liberal praise, to say within himself, "She has no soul."

"Ah! that all sounds very clever, Cecilia," observed Christine, in her strong, rather loud voice; "but, if you'll excuse me saying so, that kind of criticism affects me like a sacrilege. I am not an artist myself, and don't understand the minutiæ and detail, but I

"HALF SITTING UPON THE TABLE BY HER SIDE, LORD ROMANES WATCHED HIS COMPANION" (*p.* 391).

know how the picture touches me as a whole. I feel, when I look at it, something like I do when I look through my telescope on a clear night. That girl seems to me to be standing alone, face to face with the mysteries of the universe—fearless because of her unsullied innocence, but with a great inward awe overshadowing her noble soul, and deepening the light of those clear, star-like eyes. Your picture is not 'beautiful' to me, Martin; it is *grand!*"

"Oh, Christine! you have put into words the very impression it has upon me," cried Beatrice, with a sudden going out of her heart towards this brusque-mannered cousin of hers.

Christine's reply was a kind smile; and the two girls then turned simultaneously to Martin, whose fine face was glowing with pleasure.

"Oh! thank you," he said, looking from one to the other. "What you have said has pleased me more than if the painting had won £5,000."

Meanwhile, a little offended by Christine's remarks, and sensible that she had been outdone in her well-meant efforts to please the deformed youth by the praises of these ignorant and incompetent judges, Cecilia had strolled away, followed by Frank, who now proceeded to show her all the artistic treasures of the studio. His own copy of "The Dead Warrior" was then subjected to examination, and awarded its due meed of admiration, and several other paintings by both the young men, in a finished or unfinished condition, were exhibited. At length, at the suggestion of Christine, who had always been a staunch champion of her brother's friend, the little party forbore to

take up any more of the young artist's time. Leaving the girls in the ante-room, however, on their way out, Frank ran back for a moment to say, "I'll try to ride over some time to-morrow, old boy, if it's only for five minutes. I want to hear what you have got to say *now* about my choice. Am I not a happy fellow? But I won't be insufferably conceited, if I can help it."

Finchinbray Court lay about a mile beyond Dunscarley Hall—the boundaries, in fact, of the two estates touching each other. The carriage, therefore, had to return along the road it had come, and just as it was getting clear of the town it was met by a gentleman upon horseback.

"Hello, Romanes!" cried Frank, recognising him. "Whither away?"

"No whither," returned his lordship, wheeling round, and lifting his hat to the ladies, "excepting to escort you back. I rode over with Clarence to your place, to make sure you were all coming to us," he continued, rather sheepishly, "and they told me you had gone into Wharneside to see that artist *protégé* of yours, so I thought I might as well come to meet you. Warm weather, is it not, Miss Christine?"

"Remarkably so," said Christine. Then lowering her voice, "Frank, explain this mystery. Who has tamed our Polar bear? Beatrice, have you been exercising any arts of witchcraft?"

Beatrice laughingly rebutted the charge; but it was not without a sense of uneasiness—a vague presentiment of evil to come—that, looking up, she chanced to surprise in her sister's eyes a bright gleam of gratified vanity.

There was plenty of time, as Lord Romanes suggested, to view before luncheon one of the family lions—to wit, the Pinery, supposed to be in the most flourishing condition and to bear the finest fruit of any pinery in the kingdom. Directing the coachman, accordingly, to stop at a certain part of the grounds, the Polar bear (as Christine had nicknamed him, from his usually frigid or cynically rude manner towards ladies) led the way to a long succession of glass-houses. Here, in addition to a great abundance of huge, ripe, and deliciously fragrant pine-apples, the girls found plenty to see and admire in vineries and peach-houses, conservatories of flowers, and lastly, a wonderful fernery, all in a marvellously productive and well-kept condition.

It wanted only a few minutes to the luncheon hour when they issued from the conservatories, and the little company had to hurry towards the house. This was a large square-built edifice of grey stone, having a courtyard in the centre, and a flat roof. There was a ponderous air of self-assertion about the massive and ugly building, and surveying it as she approached, Miss Cecilia Rossiter felt her heart fluttering and palpitating with conflicting awe and pride. Was it possible that she—a country doctor's daughter—was about to be received as a guest beneath that roof—the roof of an earl? Was she indeed to sit down at table with a countess?

It required all her effort to sustain her calm and ladylike composure of demeanour. An introduction, however, to Lady Finchinbray helped very materially to restore her assurance; for the countess proved, in Cecilia's opinion, to be a commonplace and remarkably plain woman.

Noting her red hair, freckled complexion, and large, almost coarse hands, the fair Cecilia's bosom swelled with tranquil self-complacency. After all, did not great beauty impart distinction as well as great rank? With her youth and radiant physical attractions, was she not in some respects the countess's superior? She held the key to hearts, and could command worship and service, such as might be denied to elderly red-headed women, even when their rubicund locks were crowned with jewelled coronets.

So thinking, Miss Cecilia ate her luncheon with a healthy appetite in the great oak-panelled dining-room, hung about with ancestral portraits of many generations of the Romanes family. When the meal was at an end, Lady Finchinbray, attended by the major-domo of the establishment with a catalogue, accompanied her guests to the picture-galleries, which extended along three sides of the quadrangular building. With the exception of her future daughter-in-law, to whom she was really attached, her ladyship, though perfectly polite, was a little distant in her demeanour towards her companions. She had taken Effie's arm, and kept her continually by her side, though directing many courteous explanations about the pictures to the rest. Clarence condescended to walk beside Beatrice, and Cecilia had to confine her superficial art criticisms to the ear of her *fiancé*. She was growing a little weary of the sight-seeing before it was over, and was glad to turn her back on the long rows of ancient and modern masters.

She was glad, too, to see Lord Romanes awaiting their descent at the foot of the staircase. Declining to join in the inspection of objects wherewith he had been familiar from childhood, the viscount had declared his intention of paying, whilst his friends looked at the pictures, a filial visit to his father. The old earl, still confined to his room from his recent paralytic stroke, had for years been a confirmed valetudinarian; and, save from his elder son, who was decently attentive, he received but little notice from any member of his household.

"Well, Miss Rossiter, I hope you haven't been very much bored," observed the youthful-looking widower to Cecilia, as she gained the hall. "And now, you will come with me to my music-room, will you not?"

"I suppose Miss Beatrice and I may come too?" asked Frank, preparing to follow.

"Well, I don't see why you should," returned Lord Romanes. "Come and see the organ, if you like. But I want Miss Rossiter to try every one of my violins. She will enjoy it, I know; but, you see, you don't understand the instrument, and it would be tiresome for you to listen, as well as a bore for us to have you 'around,' as the Yankees express it. What do you say, Miss Rossiter?"

Cecilia laughed and blushed a little. "I think I would quite as soon be without an audience," she answered.

"Very well; then you shall," rejoined Frank pleasantly. "Cousin Beatrice and I will just take a look at the Temple of Harmony, and then leave you to your professional *séance*, or whatever you like to call it."

The "Temple of Harmony"—or, as Clarence chose to designate it, "The Lunatic's Asylum"—was a large oblong room, containing an organ, a grand piano, a harp, violins, violoncellos, and divers other musical instruments, of which, their owner was very proud, but of which on this occasion he did not seem disposed to make any very prolonged exhibition.

"There, I'll let you go out by the glass door, my dear fellow," he said presently, undoing a window that reached to the ground. "You can walk Miss Beatrice about in the larch alley, and listen to our screechings and wailings from the distance."

"Ha! that's nice! Now, Miss Rossiter," he went on when they were alone, "now let us see if our tastes agree; or rather, tell me which of these instruments you think the best. I have a Stradivarius, a Stainer, and a Klotz, all that I can swear to as genuine. Try them without looking at the name, and guess which is which."

"Oh, you cannot expect me to be such a connoisseur as all that, Lord Romanes," expostulated Cecilia, putting on her most fascinating air. "But I think I can distinguish between the Tyrolese makers and the Amati brothers, because the tone of one is so much deeper than the other, like the difference between the clarionet and the flute, you know."

The *séance*, as Frank had inappropriately termed it, lasted a long time, and was not much more honest in its nature than some other kinds of *séances;* for although Cecilia really essayed all the five valuable instruments which Lord Romanes had placed on the table before her, she only played a few bars upon each, and there were lengthy intervals filled up with conversation. Half sitting upon the table by her side, Lord Romanes watched his companion whilst she touched the violins, throwing herself into attitudes of apparently unconscious grace, listened, when she spoke, to the sweet music of her voice, drank in the strange intoxication of her glorious eyes, and was carried away, just as young Rossiter and poor Mr. Trevor had been before him, with the power which her rare beauty seemed to possess of swift, irresistible captivation. Deeply interested now in all that concerned her, he sought to learn something about her parents, and social position. He had already, it is true, received from his brother Clarence some gratuitous information on these points; but it was before he had seen Cecilia, and the matter had appeared too utterly insignificant to occupy his attention for a moment.

In answer to his very leading questions, Cecilia was obliged to own that her father was merely a medical man, and a poor one, and that, accordingly, her own status in life was very different from that of her rich kinsfolk.

But as she read the signs of her victory in Lord Romanes' face (signs which she was not slow to discern), and as she reflected how her father believed himself to be the rightful owner of his cousin's possessions, a wave of exciting and agitating thought swept through her mind. Were the case actually so, could it but be proved that her father, not Mr. Philip Rossiter, was the millionnaire—the man of untold wealth, the Crœsus he was reputed to be—then she, Cecilia, might—yes, she was *sure* she might—become Lady Finchinbray—a countess, a peeress! The ambitious idea shook her to the very centre of her shallow soul. Oh, that it could be proved! Oh, that it could be proved! The strength of her emotion made her tremble physically, and she laid her hand on the table to steady herself.

"You are tired," cried Lord Romanes, noting the action, and springing up to get her a chair. "What a careless brute I am to have let you stand all this time! Do sit down."

"No, no," said Cecilia, gently pushing back the seat he had brought, and glancing through the window, where Frank and Beatrice had just appeared within sight. "I must go now to my sister, thank you."

She made no motion, however, to carry her words into effect, but taking up a bow from the table, bent over it, mechanically tightening one of the strings. A sudden impulse had seized her to tell Lord Romanes the secret of her father's suspicions in respect of his cousin and his cousin's property, and she had actually opened her lips to speak. But, fortunately, good sense and prudence, or the tact and instinct which with her supplied the place of these qualities, came to her aid, and she remained silent. During the moments of her hesitating reflection, however, her lovely countenance had worn an aspect of shy embarrassment, which enhanced the viscount's fascination. Drawing nearer, he now touched one end of the bow she held, and began to talk about nothing in particular, but in a low, unmistakably lover-like tone. Cecilia neither showed nor felt any displeasure, but looking again through the window, she perceived that Frank and her sister were approaching in that direction; and repeating that she must rejoin them, she really made a move this time to do so.

"One moment, Miss Rossiter, just one moment," pleaded Lord Romanes. "You haven't told me yet, I think, which of the violins you prefer?"

"Oh, yes, I have," she returned, laughing. "I told you distinctly that I considered *this* decidedly the best. It is the most magnificent instrument I ever heard in my life."

"Ah! the Stradivarius! Of course, I was sure your discriminating taste would lead you to a correct judgment. It *is* the best. Miss Rossiter will do me the honour—will you give me the great pleasure of accepting it?"

"Accepting it! Oh, Lord Romanes, I couldn't think of such a thing!" exclaimed Cecilia, blushing crimson. "Why, it must have cost a fortune!" she added, looking at it with a covetous light in her eye.

"Then you shall pay me for it with what I consider worth a fortune," he murmured, taking her hand, and before she realised what he intended, kissing it several

times. "Now we are quits! I have taken its full value."

"But I shall not have it; indeed, I shall not! And, Lord Romanes, don't you know that I am engaged, or *almost* engaged, to Mr. Frank Rossiter? You should not have done that!" So saying, Cecilia hastened towards the open casement, throwing a glance over her shoulder which condoned his offence, and stepped forth to meet her lover. Lord Romanes followed, but only as far as the outside of the glass door, when, having paused for a few seconds, he turned, and re-entered the apartment. Approaching the table whereupon lay his treasured fiddles, he stood regarding them with knitted brows, and an expression almost of consternation upon his face. "What a fool I am!" he muttered to himself, moving away, and beginning to pace the room to and fro with quick excited steps. "My Stradivarius! My poor Stradivarius! Is it possible? What an impulsive school-boy action! But she must have it now. There is no help for that." And picking up the case which belonged to it, he proceeded to fit in the violin with a lingering, caressing hand, to the accompaniment of a deep sigh. "There is not another in Europe to equal it!" he pursued, resuming his walk and his soliloquy. "But I will have it back, and the girl with it. That will be her dower, her *sole* dower, I suppose—my own Stradivarius! How lovely she is! What eyes! What a deliciously soft voice! '*Almost* engaged?' There would be no difficulty. But with my experience, my resolutions, what madness it is!"

The afternoon was already far advanced when Cecilia rejoined Frank and Beatrice (the former of whom was altogether unsuspicious, but the latter by no means so easy in regard to the prolonged interview), and half an hour later the carriage was brought round to the door to convey the visitors home. Just as they were in the act of starting, a footman came running down the hall steps, and motioning to the coachman to stop, handed into the carriage the violin-case.

"What is this, dearest?" inquired Frank, who had taken the case. "Is Romanes lending you one of his precious violins?"

"Yes; at least, I believe he has *given* it to me," answered Cecilia, hesitating, and colouring with a shade of confusion; "though I certainly said that I should not accept it."

"*Given* it to you?" echoed Frank. "Not one of the Cremonas, Cissy?"

"It is by an old maker, Stradivari. I didn't know you were so learned about violins, Frank," she returned, with assumed gaiety.

"His Stradivarius!" again repeated young Rossiter, the smile it had hitherto worn fading from his face. "Oh, Cecilia! you cannot accept that. Do you know that he paid six hundred guineas for it? And I have often heard him boast that he considered it an immense bargain at that, and that he would not part with it for double the money. I don't understand it. Do you really mean to say that he has actually made you a present of it?"

"Well, he certainly did ask me to accept it, but perhaps the offer was only made in joke. Pray don't look so serious, Frank. Of course I shall not keep it. I had not the slightest notion, I assure you, that it was so valuable. Six hundred guineas!" And she laid her gloved fingers on the instrument with a quite involuntary clutch.

"You must send it back at once, Cecilia!" exclaimed Beatrice, looking white and troubled, and speaking in a tone of unconscious command.

"To be sure I will, Beaty dear," rejoined her sister, who was nevertheless determined that if she could help it she would *not* send the violin back. "And I cannot imagine what made Lord Romanes offer it to me," she went on innocently. "A thing of so much value! And I almost a stranger to him! He must be a very peculiar man."

"He *is* a very peculiar man," observed Christine drily; "but this is quite a new development of his peculiarity. It excites one's curiosity and interest."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

"IS YOUR SISTER A WATCH-DOG?"

IT was the 13th of August, Euphemia's twenty-first birthday, a day also upon which, for the last twelve years, the millionnaire had been accustomed to give an annual treat to the employés of his two coal-pits and his numerous tenantry.

The rustic fête was to take place in a large meadow belonging to Mr. Rossiter's home farm. Shortly after luncheon, the whole family had repaired to the scene of action, accompanied by Beatrice, and also by the Hon. Clarence Romanes, who, although the affair was not one that aroused any sympathy in his manly bosom, had condescended to wait upon his devoted Euphemia.

On the plea of a slight headache, however, Cecilia had excused herself from driving down to the field, and had been left, at her own urgent request, to take a few hours' rest in the boudoir attached to her bedroom. She was now alone there, and very glad to be alone, as it gave her the opportunity for a little quiet reflection.

Since her arrival at Dunscarley Park, ten days had now passed. They had been spent in what seemed to Cecilia a whirl of gaiety. They had been days of excitement, of pleasure, self-gratulation, yet not altogether of unalloyed bliss. Several crumpled rose-leaves had disturbed the perfection of her contentment, and a thorn of anxiety, daily growing larger and sharper, had troubled her tender flesh.

That thorn had taken the shape of Lord Romanes or, more correctly speaking, of ambition, alternately stimulated by hope and depressed by doubt. Every day, upon some excuse or other, Lord Romanes had called at the Hall. He had sent up a violoncello, and Cecilia and he had practised together a good deal upon the two instruments which form the true complement of each other. She still retained the Stradivarius, allowing it to be understood that she had merely consented to gratify the viscount by using it

during the period of her visit at Dunscarley; and in this arrangement her lover had expressed a somewhat reluctant acquiescence. But, notwithstanding the opportunity which these musical performances might have been expected to afford of promoting intimacy between the two, they had not been permitted to serve very far towards these purposes. For they had always been held under supervision, and not once since that interview at Finchinbray Court, when he had ventured to kiss her hand, had Cecilia found herself alone with Lord Romanes. She believed, however—and not without reason—that, instead of diminishing, the influence of her beauty had day by day taken deeper hold upon his lordship's sensibilities. And the fact was patent to others as well as to herself. Frank perceived it without wonder (for how could he wonder at any one admiring his Cecilia?) but not without some mental disturbance. He had desired that Romanes should be to some extent captivated by the loveliness and grace of his inamorata; but he had certainly not desired that he should fall in love with her, as he appeared to be doing.

It was not, however, by young Rossiter that Cecilia had been watched and shielded from any mischief in her intercourse with Lord Romanes. Frank's nature was by far too large and trustful to suffer him easily to fall a prey to the ignoble pangs of jealousy. He had, it is true, been troubled and a little puzzled by the fact that Cecilia had not at once peremptorily declined Lord Romanes' valuable present, or that she had even allowed herself to borrow the violin; but to shake his faith in his promised wife would require a great deal more than this.

And to have shaken Beatrice's faith in her sister would likewise have required a great deal more than that—only, unfortunately, that great deal had already in her case been supplied. And poor Beatrice it was who, constituting herself her sister's duenna, and anxious to save her from the disgrace and danger of indulging her coquettish impulses, had, whensoever and wheresoever she had been in Lord Romanes' company, kept close by Cecilia's side. But besides those earnest grey eyes, which of late had grown so sad and wistful by reason of the new out-look they had been compelled to take upon life, other organs of vision, also feminine, had been employed in observing pretty keenly Miss Cecilia's relations with Lord Romanes.

From almost the first moment of their introduction an antagonistic feeling had sprung up between Cecilia and Christine, which closer acquaintance had only served to strengthen. The two girls had nothing in common.

And certainly, in Cecilia's regard, Christine had proved rather stony. Quick to read character, and placing perfect reliance on her own discrimination, she had come to the conclusion that the amiable and accomplished Cecilia was both shallow-hearted and empty-headed; and loving her brother with deep fervour, though little demonstration, she had grown daily and hourly more dissatisfied and distressed about his engagement. "Oh, if it had but been Beatrice!" she had said more than once to her sister. But the aspiration had met with no support from Effie, who, so far as she could like any one in her present self-absorbed condition, had learned to like Cecilia. So likewise had Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter. Finding herself, therefore, in the discouraging minority of one, Christine had kept silence regarding her own doubts and suspicions, but she had watched with Argus-eyed vigilance for some confirmation of them. Hitherto, however, saved by Beatrice's steadfast guardianship, and still further protected by her own prudence, Cecilia had given no handle to the enemy.

That the son of an earl was to be preferred to the son of a millionnaire was, of course, a question which admitted of no debate in her mind; but until last evening she had felt by no means certain that Lord Romanes' intentions were matrimonial. That he admired her warmly was clear enough, but whether he would venture, if she were free, upon an alliance with a poor doctor's daughter was another thing. Influenced by this consideration, Cecilia had not allowed herself to forget that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Last evening, however, something had occurred which portended, Cecilia thought, a crisis of events. Seizing a moment when Beatrice had been reluctantly withdrawn from her affectionate espionage, Lord Romanes had whispered with impatient eagerness—

"Is your sister a watch-dog, Miss Rossiter, that I can never get a word with you unheard? One might suppose Mr. Frank employed her in that capacity. But I have something which I must and will say to you without further delay. Miss Rossiter, will you give me an opportunity of speaking with you alone some time to-morrow?"

Jumping to the very natural conclusion that this request must have some serious significance, Cecilia had murmured an affirmative reply. And Lord Romanes, who appeared to be troubled with as little sense of honour in Frank's regard as herself, was then proceeding to make some arrangement for this private interview, when Miss Christine, marching up to the pair, had abruptly demanded when he was going to Scotland, adding that she "supposed he was aware that it was the twelfth!"

As Cecilia had already been informed, the viscount possessed a shooting-box in the Highlands, to which he was accustomed to betake himself at the orthodox season for a little shooting, the only species of dissipation wherein he ever indulged. It had not been difficult, however, for Cecilia to guess the cause of his this year still lingering at home, and she had formed her own conjectures as to what he meant when (evidently much annoyed by her interruption) he had curtly replied to Christine that the time of his going "depended upon circumstances."

Quite as vexed as Lord Romanes himself at that *malapropos* interruption of their conversation, Cecilia had hoped throughout the evening that he might find a chance of renewing it. But no such chance had occurred, and the viscount had been obliged to leave

without having arranged any definite time or place for the interview he had requested.

The morning, too, had passed without bringing him to call; and nervously excited by hope, fear, and suspense, Cecilia's headache of this afternoon was not altogether a pretence. Relieved to have secured a few hours' solitude, she now lay on the sofa in her boudoir, trying to face her position, and determining that, if possible, she would this evening give Lord Romanes that opportunity for private speech which he had solicited. And that it *would* be possible she felt almost sure; for the celebration of this important day was not to be confined only to the operatives' fête. There was to be a dinner party at the Hall, and the evening was to close with a dance; and to the dinner and the dance Lord Romanes had been invited.

With a delicacy and kindness of manner which it had been impossible to resist, Mrs. Rossiter had insisted on presenting her two young visitors with dresses for the occasion. Upon the bed in the adjoining room lay a beautiful diaphanous robe, which Cecilia had many times to-day contemplated with intense satisfaction, and which, feeling greatly refreshed by a cup of tea that had been brought to her, she was by-and-by moved to go and contemplate again. Engaged in this delectable occupation, she was startled by the entrance of a maid, whose knock at the boudoir door she had not heard, and who carried in her hand a magnificent bouquet of hothouse flowers and a card. The card bore the name of Viscount Romanes, and the maid delivered with it a message to the effect that his lordship would be greatly obliged if Miss Rossiter could see him for a few moments in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

THE VISCOUNT'S PROPOSAL.

HAVING delayed until she could do so with a composed mien, Cecilia Rossiter entered the room where Lord Romanes awaited her. The latter, pacing the floor with a watch in his hand, was neither looking nor attempting to look composed.

"Ah! there you are at length," he exclaimed. "I was beginning to be afraid you were not going to see me."

"Thank you for the beautiful flowers, Lord Romanes," said Cecilia, accepting the hand he had tendered her. "But how did you know that I was at home, and alone?"

"I learnt it at the field where the worthy colliers are disporting themselves," he replied. "I had gone in the expectation of finding you there; but they told me that you had a headache. *Have* you a headache, Miss Rossiter?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of," laughed Cecilia softly. "I am better *now*."

"So I hurried home for the flowers," he went on, again consulting his watch. "And now, there is no time to waste. Our good friends may be back at any moment, and you would not care, I suppose, to be caught with me here?" He paused, and looked at her with an expression of strong passion, not unmixed with a dash of contempt.

Cecilia drew herself up with some dignity. "I did not think, Lord Romanes, that I was acting with any impropriety in receiving your visit," she began; "but——"

"No, no, you are not," interposed her companion hastily, as she made a feint of withdrawing. "Forgive me, and please listen. Miss Rossiter, you know, I think, that I have been married—that I am a widower?"

"Yes," responded the placable young lady.

"May I tell you something about my first wife?—my *wife*, I mean," he corrected himself. "I have not got a second one yet; and I little dreamt until lately that I should ever *wish* to have a second."

"Oh, yes! do tell me about her, Lord Romanes. Was she very nice?—a very delightful person?"

"Oh! very delightful indeed. Extremely so!" sneered the viscount, his lips suddenly drawing back from his teeth with an ugly, even vicious look. But becoming conscious perhaps of the expression, he raised his hand to his mouth, and pulling at the corners of his moustache, continued—

"My wife, when I married her, Miss Rossiter, was young and pretty. She was the daughter of a commoner, and therefore considerably below me in social position. As a rule, I consider such unequal marriages a mistake."

"Yes," murmured Cecilia faintly.

"But I loved her; and, although this did not in the slightest degree influence my choice, she had a good fortune. That was settled on our child, but it now reverts to me," he observed parenthetically. "Well, as I have said, Miss Rossiter, I loved my wife; but very shortly after our marriage I discovered that *she* did not love *me*—that she had married me merely for my rank and title. She was rash enough to own the fact without disguise; and from the moment that she did own it, I never spoke to her again till the day of her death. We continued, however, to live together. Her nature was passionate, and my silence served to excite in her a perfect fury of exasperation. Then, Miss Rossiter, she took to *drink*, my charming Clara! When her child was born, I took care, for reasons that you can easily guess, that she should not have any charge of it. It was placed out at nurse, but I would not tell her where. This treatment—which I think you will own was not worse than she deserved—drove her almost mad. She drank worse than ever, and in six months drank herself to death. I watched the progress in silence, lifting not a finger to stay it; for I believed, and still believe, that the best thing such a woman could do, both for herself and others, was to die."

"What a dreadful thing!" ejaculated Cecilia, shrinking a little further away from Lord Romanes, who had re-commenced tugging at his moustache. "Did she die at Finchinbray Court?"

"Finchinbray Court! No, indeed! I kept her

out of England. She died in the depths of the Black Forest. I rented a lonely house there, and kept my treasure in solitude. There was no *esclandre*, and scarcely a soul knows of my disgrace. But do you wonder that, after that experience, I should have vowed never to love or marry again? or that I should have fancied I had learned to dislike and distrust all women?"

"Poor Lord Romanes!" sighed Cecilia compassionately.

"Now, why have I told you this?" he resumed, drawing nearer, and taking both her hands in his. "Because, Cecilia, I *do* love again, a thousand times more deeply and strongly than before! I love *you*, Cecilia. I adore you! And yet, I am afraid—afraid for you and for myself."

"Why?" faltered Cecilia, a little alarmed at this strange manner of wooing.

"I am afraid because, in the first place, my love—*our* love, if your eyes have not deceived me—has its birth in dishonour. You are engaged to Frank Rossiter, and I have no right to try and take you from him. Still, you do not love him—I am convinced you do not."

"One can make a mistake, I suppose, as to one's feelings," protested Cecilia, a little pettishly, and with tears in her beautiful eyes.

"Yes. But *was* it a mistake? Did you ever think that you loved him, Cecilia? Or was it his wealth that tempted you? And now—confound it! how am I to know that you love *me?* You would not marry me in order to become a countess, Cecilia? Pardon me; I am not acting like a lover, I know: I ought to be supplicating for your favour with humility; and, indeed, I would kneel willingly in the dust at your feet to beg for your love. But I want to know the *truth*. I want to know if you really love me. Rossiter is younger, richer, handsomer than I. Cecilia, *do you love me?*"

"I don't think I shall answer you, Lord Romanes. You are so strange and mistrustful. You wound my feelings—— and you are hurting my hands! Please let me go. There, yes, I *do* love you."

"My darling! My darling! Oh, I hope you do! I think you do!" he cried excitedly. "But take me, whether you love me or not, for I cannot live without you, Cecilia. Be my wife. Send young Rossiter to the right-about. Give him his *congé* this very evening. Will you? Tell me, will you?"

"Give me till this evening to think about it. Oh, Lord Romanes, there they are! There is the carriage! Let me go now; I *must* have an hour or two to think it over. It is such a serious matter." And springing away as Lord Romanes released her hand, Cecilia fled up-stairs, and regained her room.

But it was with no very enviable feelings that she threw herself upon the couch and endeavoured to realise what had occurred. Graced with conquest, she could not, as yet, exult in success. Lord Romanes had actually asked her to become his wife! She, a girl without family or fortune, had the option placed before her of being raised to the rank of a peeress! In these first moments, however, Cecilia questioned whether the game was worth the candle.

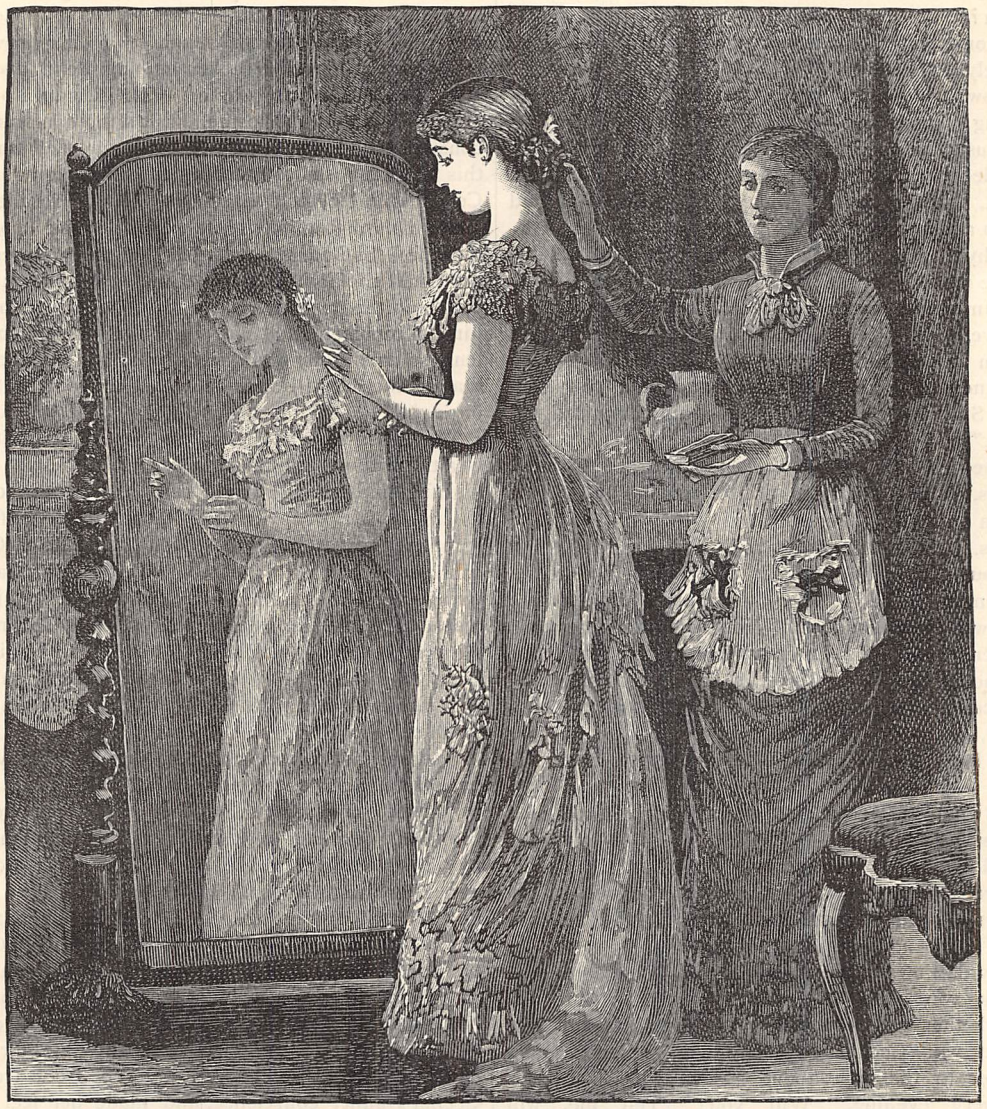
Her triumph was overborne by a shrinking dread of the immediate consequences it would entail, and worse still, by a distracting misgiving as to its ultimate advantage. In giving up Frank Rossiter she would have to face shame and disapproval, to acknowledge herself treacherous, ungrateful, deceitful. Her sensitive vanity shrank with dismay from the ordeal of this self-disclosure. But a more momentous consideration lay beyond. What manner of man was this who proposed to become her companion for life? Cecilia found herself shuddering as she recalled the look on Lord Romanes' face whilst he had spoken of his wife. She could not forget that ugly expression; nor could she help seeing that, whatever the faults of the unfortunate lady, his own conduct, as he had himself represented it, had been marked by cool relentless cruelty, by a vindictiveness that appalled her. Dared she trust herself and her happiness in his hands?

Would it not be better to content herself with wealth without rank? with a husband on whose faithful kindness she could rely, rather than one of whom she felt already afraid? Agitated by conflicting emotions, oppressed by these doubts and fears, Cecilia consoled herself with the reflection that she had not yet absolutely committed herself. It was still in her power to refuse Lord Romanes' offer—to decline the glittering honours, which might turn out to be gilt and tinsel, and to rest satisfied with the safe and substantial favours wherewith propitious Fate had already supplied her.

She was just resolving that she would, at any rate, put off her final decision until the morrow, that she would beg the viscount to let her sleep over his proposal, when her meditations were broken in upon by Mrs. Rossiter and Effie. After kind inquiries about her headache, both ladies sat down for a chat; and Mrs. Rossiter proceeded to give a voluble account of the afternoon's events. To this Cecilia listened with a smiling countenance, but a wavering attention. The presence of Frank's mother oppressed her just now like an incubus. The glance of her kindly bright blue eyes, the affectionate terms of endearment of which she was so free, troubled Cecilia's guilty conscience, and made her feel like a double-dyed hypocrite. But it was worse presently, when Beatrice entered the little sitting-room, followed by Frank himself, who begged permission to join the party—a permission which could not well be refused. He had brought, too, for Cecilia a bouquet of almost equal beauty to that with which Lord Romanes had presented her; and remarking that Beatrice and he had gathered and arranged it between them, he begged her, with a lover's confidence, to wear some of the flowers in the evening. Cecilia, as a matter of course, assented, saying nothing about the other bouquet, which lay in the adjoining chamber, but noticing with satisfaction that there were in this some

sprays of a white flower resembling others contained in the viscount's bouquet.

But Cecilia was not destined to wear the flowers of either of her lovers this evening. She had, indeed, allowed some of them to be arranged in her hair, and with a very pleasing effect, by the maid who had assisted her to dress. Her toilette was all complete. The beautiful new dress became her to perfection. The French lady's-maid was in raptures over her appearance; and, surveying herself in a full-length mirror, Cecilia felt inclined to go into raptures too. "Surely," she thought, her spirits rising in view of that flattering reflection, "surely nothing very dreadful can happen to any one who looks like that! Ah! what a luxury it is—what a power—what a pleasure to be so handsome!"



"CECILIA FELT INCLINED TO GO INTO RAPTURES TOO."

Something very dreadful, however—though as far as possible from anything Cecilia could have anticipated—was about to happen. At this very moment, when disturbed self-love was recuperating itself so pleasantly and vanity was soothing the troubled waters with the oil of hope, a telegram was put into Cecilia's hand. It was from Dr. Rossiter, and contained these words: "Take the first train home. Mother dangerously ill. No hope!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

DROPS OF DEW.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S.E.

AMONG the varied phenomena of nature, there is none more attractive to the poetic imagination or more suggestive of gentle beauty than the deposition of dew. Spreading so silently and unobserved over the face of the earth, it seems to descend in the night, like manna, direct from heaven, fraught with blessings to the parched and thirsty ground. Its origin seems mysterious. The day may be hot and sultry, and the grass languishing as the sun goes down, but behold, in the morning all is fresh; the dew is spread over the face of the earth; the thirsty ground drinks up its precious moisture, and flourishes green again; while the dewdrops, those

> "—— gems of light,
> Sparkle in beauty 'mid the morning haze,
> Like tears of parting night."

The deposition of dew, though attracting the attention of mankind from the earliest times, was never properly understood till Dr. Wells turned his attention to the subject, and in a masterly manner showed the whole process in its simplicity and beauty. He began, as all real scientific workers do, by carefully observing the facts first, and seeking for their explanation afterwards according to known laws. In endeavouring to give a short account of this subject, we shall follow in his steps, and note the following facts.

First. Dew is *never deposited* except on surfaces *colder* than the air. If we use a thermometer, we shall always find that when dew is being deposited it will indicate a lower temperature when laid on the ground than when supported some distance above it.

Secondly. Dew is never deposited in cloudy weather; the sky must be clear entirely. A cloud passing over a spot where dew is being deposited will arrest the deposition until it passes.

Thirdly. Dew is never *copiously* deposited in places sheltered from a clear view of the sky. Even such light substances as paper or muslin hung over any spot will effectually protect it from dew. We may have often wondered at the light piece of matting a gardener puts over his plants to protect them from the cold of night; we shall see the principle in both cases is the same.

Fourthly. Dew is most copiously deposited on all bodies which are *good radiators* and *bad conductors* of heat, such as grass, paper, glass, wool, &c., and but little or not at all on *bad radiators* and *good conductors*, such as polished metal. What we mean by good and bad radiators and conductors of heat we shall explain presently.

Fifthly. Dew is never deposited if there be much wind.

Sixthly. It is much more plentiful in spring and autumn than in summer, and we must note that the difference in temperature between night and day is greater in the former seasons than in the latter.

Seventhly. Dew is most copious on those clear and calm nights which are followed by misty mornings.

Keeping these facts before us—and we may verify them for ourselves by actual observation—we are able, on well-known principles, to give a complete explanation of the phenomenon. We know from daily experience that water rises into the atmosphere in the shape of invisible vapour. If we put a basin of water in the open air, we may note the gradual disappearance of the water even at ordinary temperatures; or if we put a kettle on the fire, and boil it till the steam comes off, we see that steam disappearing in the room. As the greater part of the earth is covered with water, there must be this vapour rising continually into the air. This cannot go on for ever; the water cannot ascend in the invisible form without limit. There is a point when it ceases to be invisible, and appears as mist. For instance, if we had a large boiler in a closely-shut room constantly giving off steam, we should find the steam at first disappearing, but as more was produced the room would get misty and full of steam: the water vapour would no longer be invisible. Now, this point when water vapour ceases to be invisible is determined by the temperature of the air; the hotter the air is, the more invisible vapour it can contain. Now, suppose we have the air in a room very warm, and containing as much vapour as can rise into it at its temperature, and we bring into it some cold body, and consider what happens. The cold body cools the air in its immediate neighbourhood, and in consequence of this cooling so much vapour cannot remain invisible, and is therefore deposited on the cold body as damp, as we call it: in fact, it is the same as dew. We may see an example of this in crowded assemblies, where the air gets saturated with vapour from the breathing. The window-glass, however, being kept cool by contact with the outer air, acts as we have described, and the vapour is deposited on it as a mist, or even trickles down in little streams.

From these considerations we can easily understand so far the deposition of dew. We have the warm spring or autumn day raising up the watery vapour in considerable quantity; then we have the comparatively cold night, bringing down the temperature so much that the vapour is almost, or actually, at the point when it must become visible, as is seen by the mist on dewy mornings; and lastly, we have the colder ground, bringing the temperature of the air in contact with it lower still, when the vapour finally condenses into the form of liquid water.

The next point we have to consider is, How does the ground become colder than the air? Some have imagined that the dew actually cooled the ground; but this is impossible, because we know that when a

vapour becomes a liquid it gives out heat: therefore, the dew in depositing ought to warm the ground, and not cool it. A little consideration will explain this difficulty. If we place a heated body, such as a hot iron ball, or kettle filled with boiling water, in the middle of the room, out of contact with anything else but air, we shall find it cools by sending out its heat on all sides. This is termed "Radiation of Heat;" and we find bodies differ very much in the rapidity with which they lose heat in this way, some radiating very rapidly, and others more slowly. Thus a black tea-pot will radiate and cool the water contained in it much faster than a bright metallic one. Again, if we put the end of a poker into the fire, and allow it to remain there some time, we shall find that the heat travels outwards from the fire along the poker, and in a short time the end farthest from the fire will be quite hot. This is called "Conduction of Heat," because the heat is, as it were, conducted by the metal of the poker from one part to another. In this property there is also great difference among bodies: some, such as metals, conducting rapidly, and others, such as marble, scarcely at all. Thus, if we put hot water into a metallic kettle the handle will soon become very hot, unless there is some bad conducting substance, such as bone or ivory, inserted between the handle and the body of the kettle. The handle of an earthenware vessel in similar circumstances will remain cool for a long time.

The reason, therefore, why dew is most copiously deposited on good radiators and bad conductors is very apparent. These bodies radiate rapidly into space or the upper portions of the air, and being bad conductors, this loss of heat is not made up by conduction from the earth or other bodies in contact with them: that is, they give out more heat than they take in, and consequently become cool enough to condense the dew on their surface. On the other hand, little or no dew is deposited on bad radiators and good conductors, because they lose little heat by radiation, and that little is immediately made up by conduction, and so they never get cool enough for the condensation of the vapour above them.

The other facts we have noted can be equally well explained on the same principles. That dew is not deposited in cloudy weather is easily understood. If we have a heated metallic ball in the middle of a room, its heat will not be radiated away if we surround it with a non-conducting screen; the heat will all be reflected back again to the ball, which, therefore, will not cool to any extent until the screen itself gets hot and begins to radiate from its outer surface. The clouds act exactly like this screen, returning the radiation of the ground, and preventing it cooling below the temperature of the air, which, as we have seen, is essential to the manifestation of the phenomenon. This same principle explains the covering of plants with matting: it prevents radiation.

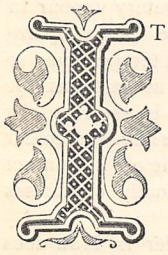
Then, again, dew is never deposited where there is much wind, because the wind makes a continual circulation of the air, and never allows any portion of it to remain long enough in contact with a cold surface to reduce its temperature to the point of depositing dew. Thus we get a complete and satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, and we can intelligently follow the whole process. We have first the warm day, evaporating the watery vapour to a large extent; then follows the colder night, reducing the temperature almost to the dew point. Then we have the good radiating grass and other bodies sending the heat acquired during the day freely up into the cloudless space above them, and rapidly reducing their temperature below that of the air in contact with them, which is in consequence cooled still further, and the dew copiously distilled and the thirsty land refreshed.

We may thus have abundant supplies of moisture to invigorate the vegetable kingdom, even when the sun is hot and sultry and the rain refuses to fall. Thus in the wise arrangements of Nature we find ample and varied provision made for causing the grass to grow, that there may be plenty for man and for beast, and no famine in the land.

THE LIFE OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.)

HIGHER PROMOTIONS.



IT will be right now to refer briefly to the still higher positions which exist in every regiment, and which some men may prefer to the appointments just spoken of. The next step upwards for a sergeant to take will bring him to the rank of colour-sergeant, or, as it is now generally termed, "pay-sergeant," and he will find the duties of this position very important; for the colour-sergeant is the head of the company to which he belongs, having under him eight non-commissioned officers and perhaps sixty men; and the Company officers will look to him to see that all these do their duty, and that discipline is maintained. It would, indeed, be the truth to say that the whole well-being and good conduct of the company depend, to a very great extent, upon the ability and tact with which the colour-sergeant does his duty. Besides this, he is usually the captain's accountant, and is generally held responsible that the accounts of the men are correctly kept; that they are really entitled to the pay given them by the captain, and that the proper amount of money is deducted from their pay whenever necessary. He is also responsible that the

proper issues of bread and meat are made to the men, and he must be well versed in all the detailed regulations as to the men's clothing, &c. Every week he will have large sums of money passing through his hands; for the company could not be paid under about £20 a time. Happy, then, is the captain who has a colour-sergeant under him to carry out all these duties with intelligence and strict honesty.

The colour-sergeant will, of course, be a member of the sergeants' mess, and unless married will use it for his meals, &c.; but, as a matter of fact, it is generally the case that by the time a man reaches this rank he has also got a wife, and lives in the married quarters which form a part of all barracks. His pay is 3s. a day, and he has all the other additional advantages which have been referred to before.

Passing on still higher we come to another class of non-commissioned officers, termed staff-sergeants, who are at the head of their special respective branches; for instance, one is employed on the issue of bread and meat, coals and clothing, made to the whole regiment, another has similar duties as regards the pay of the regiment; and another, as clerk, manages the correspondence. There are altogether nine staff-sergeants in every regiment, and their pay varies from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a day.

At the head of all there is one man (in many respects the most important soldier in the regiment), who is called the sergeant-major. He holds a rank which is distinct from all those below him, and which is, indeed, but very little removed from the rank of an officer.

It is unnecessary here to attempt to describe the duties of the sergeant-major. Suffice it to say that, not taking the officers into account, he is virtually the head of the regiment; every man, whatever his work may be, coming more or less under his influence; and thus he holds a position which any one might be proud to have filled satisfactorily.

The sergeant-major is what is called a warrant officer—*i.e.*, he holds his appointment by "warrant," signed by the Secretary of State for War. A soldier must not be below the rank of sergeant, nor over forty years of age, when recommended for the position of sergeant-major, and at the age of forty-five he will be forced to retire. There are altogether in the army about 400 sergeant-majors, either connected with regiments or doing duty in garrison towns, and nearly 200 warrant officers in addition, employed with the various departments of the army. These get pay varying from 5s. to 6s. a day, which comes to about £90 to £109 a year. This may be considered well worth striving for; but even now the limit has not been reached of what is attainable by deserving and ambitious soldiers.

It is pretty well proved that it is quite an exception to find ordinary soldiers anxious to obtain commissions as officers—that is to say, commissions as lieutenants. There are certainly a limited number of non-commissioned officers who are fitted by birth and education for that position, and if they have private means to enable them to live as other officers live, and if they can pass a tolerably severe examination, it is provided by the regulations that they can raise themselves in that way; and there are a certain number of officers thus selected every year from the ranks.

But there is a far larger number of appointments of another sort open to deserving soldiers, which also confer on the holder the rank of a commissioned officer; and there are also many non-commissioned officers perfectly fitted for these positions, which may be especially mentioned owing to the high rate of pay connected with them.

The rank referred to is that of quarter-master or riding-master; and, as was said above, this gives the possessor the position of a commissioned officer. The pay varies according to length of service and corps—viz., from 9s. to 15s. a day, or from £160 to £270 a year. There are approximately about 340 of these appointments, and it may be clearly understood that every one of them is filled by some deserving soldier who has enlisted as an ordinary recruit, and worked his way up through the various grades to this excellent position, holding the relative rank of either a lieutenant or captain; and thus, having started in the army with a shilling a day, he now is able to draw in pay alone, at the very least, £160 a year, and able to add on another £100 by length of service.

In the case of these officers, also, a considerable addition is made to their pay by certain allowances; for they would either have lodgings found them, and be given fuel and light and the services of a soldier servant, or have an equivalent in money.

Having now briefly described the ordinary course of the soldier's life, it only remains to refer to one or two cases of a somewhat exceptional nature. Thus we find that although the prescribed period of service is seven years with a regiment, yet a discretionary power is granted to enable men to leave after only three years, completing their time in the reserve.

Many men may fancy they would like army life, and yet, after a bit, find that they can do better elsewhere. Here, then, they have a chance afforded them of returning to their homes, or taking advantage of any opening they may have found in civil life, and, at the same time, reaping the benefit of their army service; for by leaving the regiment after three years they would have nine years still left to be in the reserve, and while working at their new trades would be able to draw their pay and deferred pay for belonging to the reserve.

Let us take a case. A lad grows up working in the fields as a farm labourer, or perhaps learning his father's trade as carpenter or mason, or serving an apprenticeship to some business. At the age of nineteen he gets tired of his quiet home life, enlists into his county regiment, and serves in it until he is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, when we may imagine him returning to his former occupation as a member of the army reserve. He has, by this time, about £10 deferred pay owing to him, and may have saved a few pounds besides. He has been taught habits of punctuality, regularity in work, attention to the call of duty in things small and great, and may

have gained experience and self-control both in obedience and command. For the next nine years he will be able to draw £9 a year, which will be a substantial help to him in his new start in life. His friend of former days, who has never left his home, will of course have got on at his trade and improved his position meanwhile; but it is probable that the soldier's comparatively short absence of three years will not prevent him from very soon regaining an equally good position, and he will then have the advantages mentioned above all to the good, and in favour of his ultimate success in whatever line of life he follows.

Another case, a little out of the ordinary order of things, is that of a soldier who has enlisted into his county regiment, and having reached the rank of sergeant, wishes to marry and settle down without sacrificing his army prospects. There is a grand opening for such an one in the permanent staff of the militia or volunteers, for after ten years' service in the army he will be eligible for the militia, and after seventeen years' for the volunteers; and having once joined either of these forces as a sergeant on the permanent staff, he can make a comfortable home for himself and his wife, without fear of having to move about, or of leaving his own county, and will be able to follow his soldier's career until entitled to retire on a pension. This refers to all the upper ranks, including quartermasters, warrant officers, and ordinary sergeants. They will be able to remain on the permanent staff to complete their original army engagement, and will become entitled to their pensions, as described in a previous paper.

The number of these appointments is, with the militia about 3,600, with the yeomanry about 250, and volunteers 1,500.

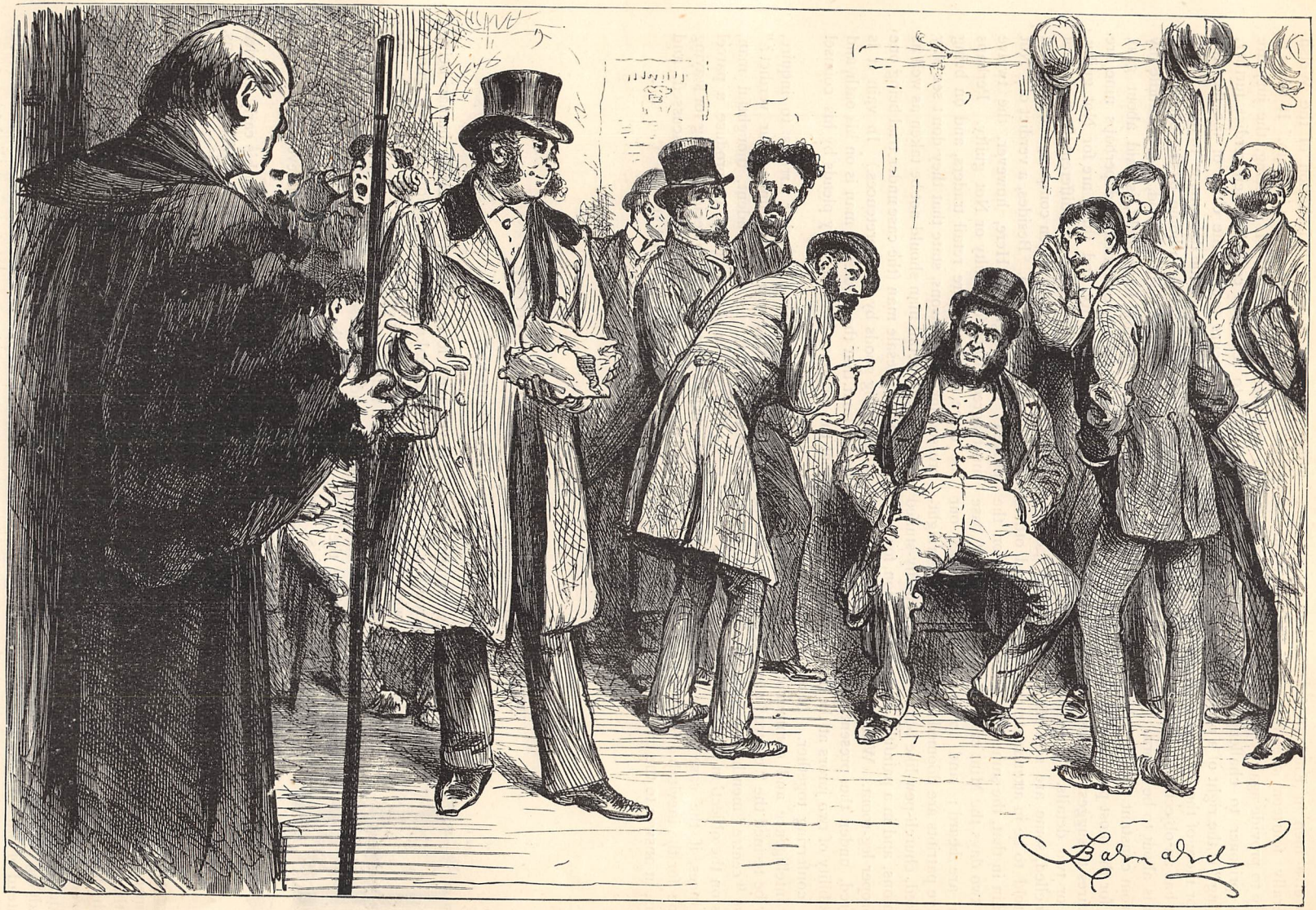
Most of the principal phases of a soldier's ordinary career have now been referred to, with an attempt to show how much has been done of late years to improve his position and raise him above the level of soldiers of former times. But, it may be added, these pages have been written not so much to entice young men into the ranks by soft words and pleasing accounts of a life which must often entail hardships and rough living, as to show the general public what is the actual state of things now existing in the English army.

ON AN OLD BAILEY JURY.

HE must be, at the least, a promising disciple of Mark Tapley who, upon returning from business, can smile and be cheerful for the remainder of the evening when he finds awaiting him a post-letter with a printed heading over the address, "Petty Jury Summons." About once in every five years each London householder may expect such a notice; and he may be almost equally certain it will reach him at an inopportune period. Either the date fixed will interfere with "stock-taking in the City," or will cut short the annual holiday, or prevent the intended run across to Germany with the girls to school, or will follow close upon recovery from illness, when all business duties have fallen into arrear; but whatever the inconvenience, as a rule the duty must be faced.

To those who have not yet been called upon to serve, we may be able to afford some information which will be useful when the time does come. The sessions at the Old Bailey begin for the most part on Mondays; and at half-past ten on the first day the jurymen assemble in the New Court, to answer to their names and to be sworn in. There is not much, if any, difference now between the social status of the Grand Jury and the majority of the Petty Jury. When the Clerk of the Court calls out the name of a juror, he answers, if present, "Here," and if he has a sufficient reason for not serving, he adds, "Excuse." After some fourteen have been drafted into the jury-box, those who have thus far pleaded excuse are examined on oath as to the nature of their excuse.

A medical certificate of inability through bad health is, of course, the most effective plea, next the infirmity of deafness, and then some exceptionally pressing matter of business. If the reason assigned satisfies the judge, he says, "Excused," but in many cases he directs the summoning officer to repeat the summons for the following sessions. An exemption for "over age" (above sixty) is not valid unless the householder has taken the precaution to have his name erased from the "List of Persons liable to Serve on Juries;" nor does it avail, to get release from the Petty Jury, to plead service on the Grand or Special Jury; nor will a substitute be accepted; nor will residence in another town or city, or the fact of travelling abroad even, stave off the attendance permanently. The Judge, if he excuses a juror for one particular occasion, will, as previously remarked, instruct the officer to summon until the juror does come. In the event of no answer being given when the name is called, the usher calls the name again thrice, and bids "James Slyman, come forward and answer to your name, and save yourself the fine of one hundred shillings!" It is only fair to add, however, that in the case of those who put in an appearance, and who show a readiness to serve, the presiding Judge will endeavour to meet individual necessities. For instance, if a juror wishes for urgent reasons to be exempt for any particular day, or even for two specially-named days in the week, every effort to give effect to such requirement will be made by the Court. This can be done without serious inconvenience; for a larger number are summoned than will actually be required, so as to make full allowance for contingencies.



"NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE PRUDENT, THOUGHTFUL MAN . . . . TO PRODUCE A PARCEL OF SANDWICHES."

"ON AN OLD BAILEY JURY" (*page* 402).

Twelve men in England form a Petty Jury, and generally fourteen are first impannelled. This is partly to provide against possible illness, or the right of a prisoner to challenge a juror. This "challenging" is the right of a prisoner to take exception to one or more of the jurors who are to try his case; but if he has an objection, he has to state it when the juryman is about to be sworn.

From constant practice, the working of the jury system for the most part is very perfect, but the writer ventures to suggest there is room for improvement in one or two details. Supposing now that all are impannelled, some are sent off to the Old Court, others are told to be in attendance the next day, and others remain in that, the same (New) Court. Here on the first two days the Mint cases against utterers of base coin are heard; and up to five or six o'clock our twelve patriots are doomed to sit in two old, straight-backed, church-pew-like boxes, on hard, badly-stuffed cushions, and in a painfully-cramped position, for want of proper leg-room. When the verdict has to be considered, under the present arrangement there is no possibility of two jurors at the respective ends of the box conferring together. Much, then, depends upon the intelligence and communicative power of what may be termed the "centre" men. If there is a doubt, these "centre" men have to listen in one direction and pass on the objection to the other section. In some instances, if the case is not very serious, it affords scope for the inevitable facetious man to be "funny." Thus, in answer to the query "What do you say?" the whispered reply will be in imitation of the Welsh jury, "Not guilty, but mustn't do it again." If there is no reasonable probability of agreeing, the jury are instructed to retire, to consider their verdict further, and if this occurs toward the close of the day the prospect is appalling to the delicate, or to those whose "better halves" expect them home by the usual evening train. To a room without food, fire, or candle (by legal fiction nothing, fortunately, is said about gas), the twelve unfortunates retire, and perhaps nine are for a verdict of Guilty, and three are for Not guilty. In England the jury system is different from that of Scotland. In the latter, fifteen compose the jury, and a verdict of nine is taken. Besides, a verdict of "Not proven" can be given. Here, however, the twelve must agree, either for Guilty or Not guilty. Perhaps the three obstinates are retail traders, and on being pressed for their reasons, state that they don t see why the word of a retail man should not be taken as well as that of a wholesale man (the case under trial being one of obtaining goods by false pretences.) In vain it is pointed out that the wholesale man is on his oath, and that the prisoner (retailer) only pleads by his counsel or denial.

As the hours pass, an usher arrives to inquire, "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?" Now is the time for the prudent, thoughtful man, if he belongs to the majority, to produce a parcel of sandwiches, and express a decided liking for staying up late. The matter is once more discussed, and finally an agreement is arrived at.

HOW TO MAKE MEN FOND OF HOME.

(A HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED.)

HOME life, its duties, amusements, atmosphere, and routine, all depend on those who form part and parcel of the family circle. Foremost among them is the master, who should be the first consideration. A wife's real happiness, and much of that of her household, depends on her and her husband being one. Love is the ruling power of happiness—as it is the vital principle of religion—between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters. Many women throw away their opportunities at starting. If they begin as they all should begin. and some do, with love on both sides, the wife has the most powerful weapon in her hand. It will be well for her if during courtship she has devoted her energies to studying the character and tastes of her future lord, instead of wasting precious time dwelling too much on her own sensations, and the wearying question—"Loves me? loves me not?" Every human being has certain weaknesses and prejudices, which ignored bring them more annoyance than apparently important matters. Much of the happiness of home life depends on these being generally recognised and respected, and the wife who studies them has journeyed far on the right road. Little kindnesses breed much love, and our hearts go out even to strangers who show unselfish thought for us.

It is a great mistake for a man, in his early married life, to be overdone with domesticity. A few, perhaps, have lived with their relatives; but, as a rule, a husband's most recent experiences are of club and chamber life, and much society, which falls off often when he marries, unless his wife has a large circle of acquaintances. She, probably, is quite content with his company alone, while the man is apt to weary of the *toujours perdrix*. To enjoy home life, therefore, cultivate your friends, lest the woman dwindle down into a mere housekeeper and head nurse, with a spice of the dressmaker. Shut out from family life before marriage, many men have expe-

rienced but little family affection, and affect to disbelieve in it, and to give themselves up to excitement and money-winning. But deep in the heart of each one is a yearning for the love of some good woman, who, to keep his love, should be also a wise one. Club life and the world may have set a hardening crust over the husband's heart, but this is most easily broken through in those early days of love and marriage by tenderness, sympathy, and tact. Do not, however, make the sympathy futile by over-talking—a kindly pressure of the husband's hand, a little forethought, waiting until he wishes to unburden his mind, without forcing confidence, will best establish your claim to be a worthy friend and help-meet. Men are apt to consider women more or less playthings—mistrusting their power of keeping a secret. If, puffed up with the importance of his confidence, the wife confides in her dearest friend only once in her married life, she has irrevocably confirmed the impression.

Life's happiness and home happiness depend, as I have said, however, so much on the husband and wife having one heart, that no woman should consider the few first years of wedded life lost in securing this. Heaps of patience are required : faith, hoping against hope. In the hurly-burly of the world, men have so much to try their tempers and worry them, it is not surprising they bring traces of life's struggle home with them, just as the best of them will now and then unwittingly hurt a woman's sensitive notions of refinement, and pain her by want of thought. If she sulks, or expects them to own they are wrong, she sins against home happiness. If they are worth anything, they will make it up to her in their own often rough, awkward way, but it will be sweet to her, nevertheless.

Il faut se faire valoir is a trite saying. A good wife is a priceless treasure ; and the husband is none the worse that he is made to realise she is a lady, and to be treated as such. Surround your lord with tender care and thought for his comfort, but it does not become you to fetch and carry, and wait on him hand and foot, or he will come to expect it as a right, and think the less of you rather than the more, therefore. What holds good between husband and wife applies equally to parents and children, brothers and sisters, and all those who form parts of home life. A kindly thought for others is the best of discipline, but it may be carried too far, and do positive harm to the person for whom you deny yourself.

> "From kind concern about his weal and woe,
> Let each domestic duty seem to flow,
> Endearing every common act of life."

Lord Lyttelton's is sound advice. A wife should throw herself into the life of her husband, and make his interest hers, which does not mean the hurling at him of all kinds of questions as to his day's doings as soon as he reaches home. He seeks there an atmosphere of repose, and a smiling welcome, domestic worries kept in the background.

Appearances should not be disregarded in home life ; husbands attach much importance to what others think of their wives and their homes. It is part of the science of home life to present a good face to the world ; it argues bad housekeeping to be seen at a disadvantage.

The most difficult position for a woman is to make home life run smoothly where her husband is indifferent ; but even the coldest and most unloving are to be won by cheerfulness, patience, and good temper. Temper ; yes, a very admirable thing in men and women is an even temper. A want of self-restraint mars home life more than anything else. Neither children nor servants should be permitted to give way to bad humours; but it is difficult to enforce in others what you do not practise, and a little tact and consideration for others' weaknesses will save a great deal of misery in this way. Some men are always inclined to be cross in the early morning, when their minds are intent on the day's work, possibly with some unpalatable items in the day's programme before them. Forewarned is forearmed ; the fact that it is so should be duly recognised, and nothing done to ruffle or annoy them. Children also should be studied, and not be allowed to be over-tired or to over-eat—a fruitful source of ill-temper. The body acts so much on the mind that many mental troubles may be avoided by a due regard to health. A mother should especially make the knowledge of food a study : its nutritive qualities, its freedom from adulteration, and its due proportions.

Some of the lagging, often wearisome, hours of girlhood might be very well spent in preparing to be worthy mistresses of the homes young women hope to rule ; more men would be inclined then to venture on matrimony. Young people should be kept busy and employed : it makes them happy and contented ; and a habit of grumbling about trifles, so prevalent in many houses, should be stopped at once on the part of both children and servants. Half the battle is to put a good face on things, and hope for the best. If you take a chaise and pair to meet troubles, they greet you half-way ; but hope for the best, and the best often enough falls to your lot.

A persistent life of pleasure does not get girls husbands, and the over-strain on both mind and body is apt to produce peevish restlessness and ill-temper.

Girls, as they grow up, should be encouraged to take their part in the housekeeping ; children are proud of being trusted, and once made helpful, are a great comfort to their elders.

Parents must make sacrifices for their children ; they are a solemn trust, which entails much self-denial. Because the elders have ceased to care for society is no reason that their offspring should be deprived of a healthy share of it. Many a son would have sown but a scanty crop of wild oats had he found evenings at home commonly enjoyable. Music, games, any amusement, in fact, which brings an interest and enjoyment with it should be encouraged. Children should be brought up with a sense of duty and a due regard for the responsibilities of life, but their happiness should be cultivated as much as their accomplishments and mental powers. God has given

us a beautiful world, pure affections, health, youth, and a hundred other means of happiness. He means us to be happy, as well as to bear with fortitude the trials sent to us; and young people should early learn to recognise this. Between them and their parents there should be confidence and sympathy.

A waste of time should not be allowed in any household; the employment of spare minutes brings profit to all. Many a pair of cuffs, or a nice warm comforter for the poor, may be knitted at odd moments, and give pleasure to the suffering.

Where it is feasible, gardening is an art worth the notice of young people. Home is much brightened by the presence of flowers, and at a very small expense pretty blooms and foliage plants may be reared in-doors and out.

Young people and children are the sunshine of home life. It is good for young and old that they should spend much time together; but the children's own domain should be well cared for, and prepared with a special view to their wants and wishes. The nursery walls should be gay with pictures; the room airy, well ventilated, with bright paperings, and the carpet easily moved. As they grow older, provision should be made for them to have plenty of room to play unchecked. The boys' holidays are not always a time of unmixed pleasure; but they will be much less so if sons are allowed to wander all over the house, and be constantly reprimanded for making a noise and being in the way. Rabbits, pets of all kinds, are dear to the hearts of boys and girls. They humanise, and teach many an unspoken lesson.

Above all things, do not be *constantly* lecturing your children on the necessity for economy. It is well that they should know what they may spend, and abjure waste; but it takes the life and spirit out of the young to be continually reminded that they cannot do the same as others on account of want of means. They may be taught to recognise the inability to spend, without feeling the self-denial and the sting. Cut your coat according to your cloth; do not try to make two coats out of what is only enough for one: in plain speaking, do not attempt too much, and live with £500 a year as if it were £1,000. Nothing is so fatal to peace of mind, or so wearing. If you will have more pleasure, more entertainments, and more fine clothes than you can afford, good-bye to home comfort; and you will find each year less happiness in the domestic circle, and more desire to seek it elsewhere. But the making of your happiness in your home will give you a constant source of content; begin quietly, and go on increasing your expenditure as your means increase. There is no actual pleasure in spending money, and the little there is palls quickly; but there is an infinite satisfaction in making the best of everything. "Life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality."

Home life is brimful of interests and capabilities, and all alike should realise that they ought to contribute their quota to the general good, and that a healthy interest in the topics of the day will make their conversation more acceptable. Charles Kingsley tells us, "the meanest actual want may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryo of the very noblest faculties." Every day proves the truth of this; we may make small things great by our mode of application.

ARDERN HOLT.

A BRAVE DEED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOST KEY," ETC. ETC.

I.

ADA CARFIT was decidedly the belle of Sharborough; and as that small but bustling Midland town had a reputation amongst its neighbours for lovely lasses, the distinction was a great one. In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight; but in feature she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and of tint. She had a lofty, well-proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves of auburn hair. She had eyes of dreamy blue, cheeks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carmine to throw into relief the pearly whiteness of her teeth. The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled her.

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being a very considerable heiress. Naturally she had of suitors not a few. But Ladies Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry. She relished her power over susceptible hearts, and did her best to extend it. The breath of homage was as life to her. She led her wooers gently on till the toils were all about them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impalpable, impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for newer comers. It was an amusement, half the zest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims. Men were strong, and must protect themselves.

The last to enter the charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlestone was two-and-twenty; but his thick-set, burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older. He was heavy in feature, uncertain in movement, and awkward in address. As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston and Marsh, cotton-mill owners, his prospects were very good.

But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-confidence.

Roger's many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was probably this that caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition, to treat him with marked favour. Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Roger to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one. But once again she was kind only to be cruel.

"I cannot tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger Herlestone to his younger brother, Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. But this I am sure of, she is all the world to me."

"Then I'd ask her, old fellow."

"But—but—she has always so many round her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I——"

"'PORLEY DAM BE BURSTEN!'" (*p.* 407).

"Have been the best of sons, the best of brothers, and, I have no doubt, would make the best of husbands."

"And I," said Roger, resuming slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and homely man, who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming Prime Minister as of winning such a wife."

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily

modest. You are as good as she, and the girl must know it."

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly, "I'll put it to the test and see. If Ada refuses me it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the worst."

The opportunity soon came. The two were thrown much together at a summer pic-nic party, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gracious. It seemed to her that she had at last succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliments he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile. She little suspected the commotion that was working beneath the surface. They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretence of examining some curiously-shaped rocks.

"How still the air is, under the sun!" said Ada, stopping at a low fence that crossed the hillside. For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at his face. What Ada saw there made her start and slightly shiver.

"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning-point too, Miss Carfit; and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped that by this coldly-spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted. She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve, "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than any one else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada—surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes, gleaming within their shaggy recesses, emphasised their truth. The man was transformed, and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart. But he was—could be—no more to her than others she had rejected. This triumph she was used to and gloried in; though usually she had been better on her guard, and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied; "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love——"

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well-nigh into madness. He had heard rumours of the girl's heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy. Now he could believe. The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"Is it also an error that you encouraged me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accepted my advances?"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologise, Miss Carfit," he replied bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to our party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over. A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of that afternoon. Even the mirth of other courters failed to do more than galvanise her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humour.

II.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands. For day after day, and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale. Wind and rain, wind and rain, was the dreary record; until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasture-lands submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances. Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown. Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to an uncle at Baysditch, five miles away. There it rained still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain. But Baysditch was in the open country, and behind it were the Porley Hills. The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little. He was grown graver and more reticent, it appeared, than ever. And he had lately been taken in as junior partner by Marston and Marsh. That was all she knew. But somehow his face frequently haunted her. He had looked so resolute and manly on those Porley Downs. She even sighed, thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation. But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; "I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders? It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back, then, by nightfall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off. The young man was quickly under weigh. He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there. But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not. The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration. How high the waters were, and still rising! Many houses in the valley were already isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business. But it arose in redoubled fury as he commenced his return journey. Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him. He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes, gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursten!"

"No!—Sure?" Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through t 'embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

"Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin' to warn 't."

"Jump up here." And Roger drove as if for his own life instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the on-sweeping torrent grew louder every instant. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hillsides while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carfit lodging? Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some distance beyond the clustering village-roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it. The inmates, only three in number besides the two maid-servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware of it. Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger remembered afterwards how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable that the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered. "Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees, and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed? How the spectators held their breath and trembled! At last, with a faint "Hurrah!" he made *terra firma* with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

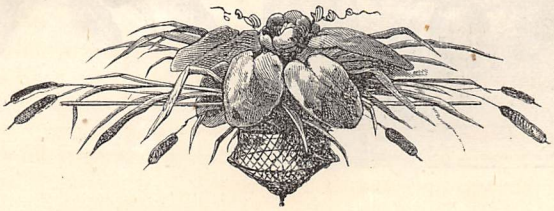
That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain-fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered, "Ada!"

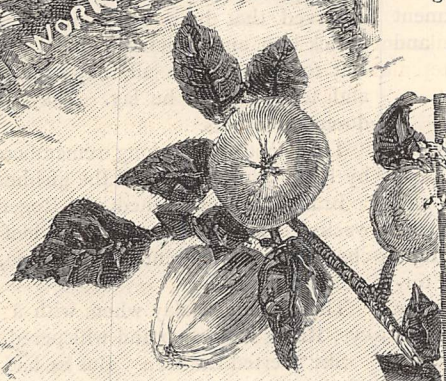
She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfulness and joy. He took her unresisting hand. "I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all—care a—little?"

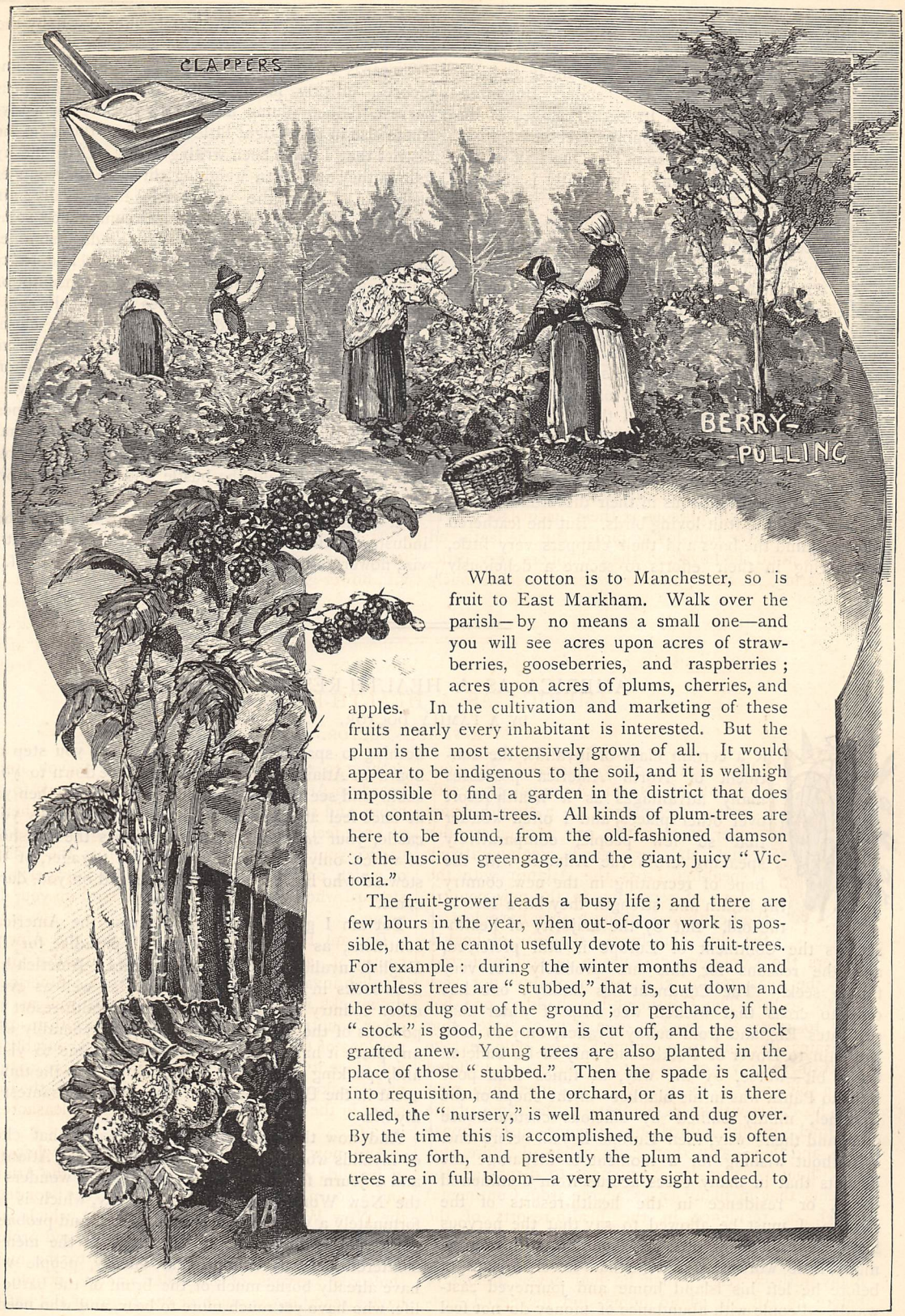
"Forgive! And I—let me tell too," she cried brokenly, "I loved you though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger."



FRUIT-CULTURE IN NORTH NOTTS.

TRAVELLERS on the Great Northern Railway may probably have noticed the great number of fruit-trees growing on each side of the railway near the sleepy old town of Tuxford, six and a half miles south of the important railway junction of Retford. Alighting at Tuxford Station, and passing through the town, they would quickly find themselves upon the Great North Road, the old turnpike-road from London to York. About a mile from Tuxford, the road crosses a very high hill, said by coachmen in olden days to be the coldest piece of road between the two cities above named. An extensive and pleasing prospect is before them, and upon each side of them. The wide expanse of woodland before them is none other than Sherwood Forest, the scene of Robin Hood's famous exploits. To the left is a wide expanse of undulating meadow and arable land, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and bounded by a range of hills running north from the village of Wellow. To the right may be seen the village of East or Great Markham, formerly the residence of the renowned Judge Markham. It is to this village that I wish to direct our supposed travellers' steps, and another quarter of an hour's walk will land us there, in the midst of a thriving and important industry, to wit, the fruit-growing of North Notts.





What cotton is to Manchester, so is fruit to East Markham. Walk over the parish—by no means a small one—and you will see acres upon acres of strawberries, gooseberries, and raspberries; acres upon acres of plums, cherries, and apples. In the cultivation and marketing of these fruits nearly every inhabitant is interested. But the plum is the most extensively grown of all. It would appear to be indigenous to the soil, and it is wellnigh impossible to find a garden in the district that does not contain plum-trees. All kinds of plum-trees are here to be found, from the old-fashioned damson to the luscious greengage, and the giant, juicy "Victoria."

The fruit-grower leads a busy life; and there are few hours in the year, when out-of-door work is possible, that he cannot usefully devote to his fruit-trees. For example: during the winter months dead and worthless trees are "stubbed," that is, cut down and the roots dug out of the ground; or perchance, if the "stock" is good, the crown is cut off, and the stock grafted anew. Young trees are also planted in the place of those "stubbed." Then the spade is called into requisition, and the orchard, or as it is there called, the "nursery," is well manured and dug over. By the time this is accomplished, the bud is often breaking forth, and presently the plum and apricot trees are in full bloom—a very pretty sight indeed, to

be followed in a few weeks by the apple and pear bloom. Then the proprietor often indulges in speculations as to the kind of crop he is likely to have, providing the trees do not get a "smit." But oftentimes, when the fruit is in its earlier stages of development, there comes a "nipping eager" east wind, and then—woe to the "plooms!" One half of the prospective crop may be, and frequently is, blasted in a single night.

There is no help for it, however; and so the grower turns for consolation to his gooseberry-trees. These are usually planted midway between the rows of plum-trees. Currant-bushes are treated in like manner. By the time the longest day has arrived, the green sorts of gooseberries are ready for picking, and then work commences in real earnest. "Berry-pulling" being the order of the day, bevies of women commence robbing the prickly trees of their fruit. Soon the "rasps" will be ready, and the strawberries and cherries too. Then all the youngsters who can be got are pressed into the service as "bird-tenters." Armed with a set of clappers, supplemented by stentorian lungs, they make daylight hideous in their discordant efforts to scare away the fruit-loving birds. But the feathered pilferers mind the boys and their clappers very little, persevering in their efforts to secure a deliciously juicy meal, to be perhaps ruthlessly shot down by the irate grower himself.

Towards the end of August plum-gathering commences, quickly followed by the apple and pear harvest. Such plums are surely never grown anywhere else in this "tight little island" as those in the district that I have been writing about. Great fleshy fellows they are, often weighing three or four ounces each. And then the strawberries! I really am afraid to say how many inches in circumference some are. The apples, too, include all kinds: summer apples and autumn apples, dessert apples and sauce apples, apples that require immediate consumption and apples that will keep till apples come again.

I must now, however, draw my paper to a close; but I hope I have said sufficient to show the denizens of our great cities that even country people (whom they are apt to look down upon as clownish) have a very useful work to perform; and that the honest labours of these humble ones contribute in no small degree to the comfort and happiness of those whose lives are passed amid the bustle and turmoil of town life.

At some future time I hope to speak of another industry carried on in the East Markham district—viz., flower-gathering. H. I.

AMERICA AS A HEALTH-RESORT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR a certain class of invalids, the continent of North America possesses many advantages as a health-resort over other places, and I often wonder that so few people, comparatively speaking, cross the Atlantic with the hope of recruiting in the new country the health and strength they have lost in the old. But by the majority of health-seekers the Continent of Europe is still preferred, and the reasons for this are probably not very far to seek. The Continent lies handy; one has only to cross that wicked wee strip of water that separates England from sunny France, only to take the train to Dover or Folkestone, only to be buffeted for a bit—worse, by the way, at times than poor Sancho Panza was in his blanket—in the chops of the Channel, mildly bullied by officious custom-house men, and then—why, then Europe lies all before one.

Without wishing for a moment to disparage the benefits that in many cases accrue from Continental travel, or residence in the health-resorts of the Riviera, I must be allowed to say that the nervous invalid cannot help rubbing shoulders with a good many little worries, which he had never dreamt of before he left his island home and journeyed eastwards. People with abundance of money do not feel these so much; it is the traveller with just enough but nothing to spare that does. As soon as you step on board an Atlantic steamer, you can dive down to your cabin and see that all your things are right, then you at once feel at home, and your cabin becomes your castle, your *sanctum sanctorum*, across the threshold of which only perhaps a companion voyager, or the steward who has been told off to attend on you, dares come.

But am I going to laud and praise the American continent, as a kind of terrestrial paradise for the English invalid? Nothing of the kind. America has drawbacks in the shape of climate as well as every other country in the world, but as a health-resort for portions of the year it compares most favourably with any place it has ever been my good fortune to visit; and, speaking personally, I can look back to the time I spent in the United States as one of the pleasantest in my life.

And now the question may be asked, what class of invalids would I recommend to cross the Atlantic, and sojourn for a few weeks among the wonders of the New World? That class, I reply, which is unfortunately a very large one in England, and probably getting every day more so. I allude to the men of shattered nervous or muscular energy, people who have already borne much of the brunt of the battle of life, who have yet much more to bear, and who need a breathing-spell of complete rest and change of scene,

to enable them to re-enter the ranks with renewal of health and strength. Add to these, if you like, people who have partaken too unsparingly of the pleasures of the world, and who are beginning to feel jaded and tired of existence; and also dyspeptics and melancholics of every description.

The autumn and the spring are the best months for visiting the States, Liverpool and London the best ports to sail from, and New York undoubtedly the best place to take passage to.

Before making up his mind to try America for health's sake, an invalid naturally asks himself the questions: "Can I spare the time? and spare the money?" As to the time—call it two months, or three at the farthest—if it can possibly be spared, it will doubtless be well spent; and this answer is equally applicable to the question about money. But about the latter I can give more information. Some addition to the wardrobe, then, would be necessary; this would entail an outlay of, say, eight or ten pounds, money "well-wared;" everything in the shape of clothes is expensive in the States. Add to this a supply of the medicines likely to be needed, or better still, a small medicine-case, also plenty of paper, pens, and even ink; for if you purchase even a pin in New York you will have to pay five cents, if not ten, for it. Indeed, an American shopkeeper's mind never sinks beneath the level of a five-cent piece, when selling.

Before leaving home for America, the intending voyager would do well to procure a copy of the part of the FAMILY MAGAZINE for August, 1881, containing my paper entitled "The Sea as a Physician." He will therein read many valuable hints which I have not space to-day to re-write.

Everything on board the Atlantic liners is the quintessence of comfort. The whole expense of the voyages out and home—all found, save spirits, beer, and wines—is only thirty guineas first-class, and I believe it can be done for ten guineas less than this, by taking a deck-cabin and having meals in the saloon. A few shillings extra are expected to be donated at the end of the voyage to the stewards, bathmen, and hairdressers. The bill of fare is unexceptionable, and the *cuisine* as good as that of a first-class English hotel. The cabins are most comfortable, and everything connected with bed and berth all that can be wished. There are seldom more than two passengers in one cabin, although there are berths for four, so there is little fear of any over-crowding.

The passage out takes from ten to thirteen days, and I believe it is sometimes completed in nine. Arrived in New York, although there are the usual custom-house formalities to be gone through, the officers are just as speedy and obliging as those in England.

Sea-sickness is generally got over about the second or third day, so that, what with the absence of all worry and business and care, the invalid's cure may be said to commence from the very moment the ship strikes her prow into blue water, and the *mal de mer* just as often does good as not.

The first thing probably that will strike the stranger on leaving the custom-house is the roughness of the streets. Roads are, so far as my experience goes, only in embryo yet in America. There are no hansoms and no cabs, and you find your way to your hotel—you have, of course, taken the precaution to get recommended to a good one—in a large, lumbering, patriarchal kind of carriage, which takes the mind away back to the Middle Ages.

You have hardly set out on your first ramble through the great squares or parks about the city, ere you feel that you are indeed in a new world, and a spirit of buoyancy steals over you, to which you have probably been a stranger for months or even years.

Your life in the hotels of America will be a very pleasant one, and this applies to every portion of the great Republic which is worth visiting. The bills of fare are liberal even to extravagance, the cooking excellent, the waiters most obliging. Breakfast is served from seven to eleven o'clock, luncheon from one to three, dinner from five to eight, and supper from eight to twelve. Everything included, with the exception of wines, costs but about twelve and sixpence of English money. I ought to add that American hotels are palatial as to get-up and furnishing, but there is a homely comfort about them, which is unknown in the great hostelries of the mother-land.

There is a deal for the invalid to see in New York itself, but he will not stay there. On the sideboards of the large lounging-rooms, he will find beautifully illustrated time-tables of the different railways, and there are guide-books by the score to be purchased, so that he can make up his mind quietly in his own room where to go to, take the train to the station, and start. No need to ask questions of any one.

Railway travelling in America is most luxurious and cheap as well, a little slower perhaps than it is in this country, but a person in search of health will hardly grumble at this. Dinner and refreshments of all kinds can be had on board, and at whatsoever town or city he halts the invalid will find the hotel system all that heart can desire. The hotel porter, too, awaits the arrival of all trains, and into his hands you hand your "baggage checks," and the next you see of your luggage will be in your own bed-room. This system of checking the baggage is a very good one, especially for long journeys, as the passenger has no care or worry about anything except the hand-bag he may take into the car with him. Travelling by train is as cheap if not more so than it is with us, and there are no fees to porters, *expected* at all events. There are sleeping-cars on all long routes; in a word, railway travelling in America has been reduced to a system, and the comfort of the traveller is considered paramount to all other considerations.

Where the invalid should go, and what places he should visit—with the exception of the Falls of Niagara, which every one pays his respects to—will depend very much on how he feels physically, and on what his peculiar tastes are. There is one thing I feel pretty certain about, and that is that the voyage out will do him so much good, that it will indeed be curious if he does not feel himself strong enough to

travel anywhere, even across the great continent to the distant plains of Utah, or beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific slope itself and the wonderful city of San Francisco.

He may spend all his time, and spend it well too, in lounging from city to city, visiting such towns as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, &c. In doing so he will lead a kind of *dolce far niente* life, a lazy lotus-eating sort of feeling may steal over him, and this is to be encouraged rather than the reverse, for if there be anything more deleterious to the health of the travelling invalid than another, it is hurry and excitement, and trying to do too much and see everything. Let him study his comfort then in every way, and live quietly and regularly; let him conform to the customs of the people in the matter of diet, whether in the North or in the South; and, above all, let him avoid late hours and study moderately early rising. At most of the hotels, bed-rooms with bath-rooms adjoined can be got; this is a very great comfort.

The cities of America cover a vast deal of ground, but the tram system is superb, the public buildings are beautiful, the streets and squares spacious and tree-lined, and the parks, once seen, will not be easily forgotten.

Every invalid should take a trip up the Hudson; the scenery of that grand river is worth going all the way to America to see. He can take his time about it, there are so many charming places where he will do well to stay for a night or two. If he wants sport, fishing or shooting, he can go farther afield, but there is one thing in his favour—he can sleep every night in a comfortable house.

In travelling the invalid should not forget to wear warm underclothing, and, if he can bear it, fortify himself every morning by taking a cold bath.

On the whole, then, the reader will gather from this paper, that I do not wish to recommend any particular town, village, watering or bathing-place on the great continent. I do not advise the health-seeker to settle down anywhere, but to keep quietly moving; the absence of care and worry, the ever-varying scenery, the purity of the atmosphere, and the newness of life of every kind which he sees around him, these are the things to banish *ennui*, and restore blood and brain and nerve to health, however much they have lowered in vitality by sickness, hard work, or carking care.

THE COOLIN HILLS.

PICCADILLY is not exactly the place where one would expect to receive one's first impressions of the Isle of Skye. Yet it is there that observant passers-by, as they gaze into Mr. Vernon Heath's windows, may become aware of a certain weird and misty glen, with a wide boulder-strewn watercourse in the foreground, and strange isolated mountains looming darkly in the rear. Very mysterious and impressive is this picture of Glen Sligachan, but far more powerful is the reality of the scene itself to one who stands at evening on the bridge at Sligachan, when the glen and its surrounding mountains and moors are lit up by the glow of the setting sun. On the left he sees the strange pyramid of Glamaig, and the Red Hills, now still ruddier in the fiery light; and beyond them Marscow, their more graceful outlier, advancing an arm across the glen towards the black mass of the Coolins on the right, where Scuir-na-Gillean itself rises into a graceful spire, with its sharp outline clearly defined against the evening sky. In other directions the moors stretch away dreary and silent, except where one sees the waters of Loch Sligachan, and hears the monotonous piping of its gulls and curlews. Above the rocky shore, on the lower slopes of moorland, one may see herds of Highland cattle reclining peacefully on the turf; while a few peat-gatherers—women with scarcely human forms, bent double under their heavy burden—are toiling slowly homewards to the village of huts which lies hidden beyond the distant headland.

Very different is the scene at Sligachan Inn, where all is bustle and activity—discussion of the adventures of to-day, and preparation for the expedition of to-morrow. In the case of most tourists there is not room for much variety of route, for, as the guide-books inform us, the usual time spent in Skye is only three days. The shortness of this stay may probably be accounted for by the fact that it is difficult to obtain much choice of easy and pleasant walks in Skye. Hotels are few and far between, and, splendid as the corries are, the paths are in general so rough and tedious as to preclude all but very indefatigable walkers from undertaking such expeditions. Then, again, the parts of Skye that are open to tourists are not the best of places for those who care only for a quiet stroll or a lounge by the seaside. The shore is mostly bleak and rocky, and offers few advantages to bathers; and if you attempt to sit and read on some heathery bank, the chances are ten to one that you are presently driven in hot haste to your hotel by the myriad swarms of midges that are the plague of the west coast of Scotland. At any rate, from some cause or other, visitors seldom spend more than a day or two in the neighbourhood of the Coolin Hills, and then rush on to see the Storr Rock and Quiraing before taking boat for Gairloch and Loch Maree, the next stage on the orthodox holiday tour. Even these few days are often days of difficulties and disappointment, either owing to the weather, or the nature of Glen Sligachan, or the inherent inability of the tourist to find the right way. But if disappointments are great and numerous, great also is the

MARSCOW, FROM SCUIR-NA-GILLEAN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Vernon Heath, of Piccadilly.)

"*THE COOLIN HILLS*" (*page* 412).

patience with which they are usually borne. The elderly clergymen who try a day's fishing in the Sligachan river, and are themselves deeply submerged in the pools of that treacherous stream; the benighted tourists who arrive at midnight after floundering for hours in the bogs; the ladies who failed to find the way to Loch Coruisk, and the gentlemen who failed to reach the summit of Scuir-na-Gillean—one and all leave the hotel cheerful and satisfied, convinced that they have done, or tried to do, the right thing, even though their visit may have left a somewhat feeble impression on their minds.

MARSCOW, FROM THE SLIGACHAN BRIDGE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Vernon Heath, Piccadilly.)

The chief and most remarkable characteristics of the Coolin Hills are the dark and sombre appearance of their hypersthene rocks, and the extraordinary wildness of outline in their upper ridges. Climb into one of the corries, and you will find yourself in a huge amphitheatre, surrounded with walls of black rock, in some places descending in almost perpendicular precipices, in others receding into vast sloping slabs, resembling to some extent the smooth slabs of granite which are so marked a feature in the mountain scenery of Arran. Above these lower rocks towers the main ridge of the Coolins, a rocky semicircle, with a continuous skyline of eight or ten miles in length, rising here and there into peaks of over 3,000 feet in height, and never sinking lower than about 2,500. There are some places where this ridge is a mere knife-edge, and so broken and precipitous as to be wholly inaccessible; in others a safe but rough footing may be found among the "screes" and *débris* of the mountain-side. In winter and early spring, when there is snow upon the hills, climbing becomes a very dangerous affair; in fact, as a native of Skye once remarked to me, the whole of the Alpine Club might at that season find plenty of pastime among the Coolin Hills, and ample opportunity of breaking their necks.

The semicircle of Coolins faces the east, enclosing within its concave side the basins of Loch Coruisk and Harta Corrie, which are separated by a ridge called Druim-na-Ramh ("The Ridge of Oars"), which juts out at right angles from the main line of hills. It is obvious that the best starting-point for the ascent of the Coolins would be some place on the inner side of this semicircle of peaks. Unfortunately there is none such but a farm-house at Camasunary, where there is no regular accommodation for visitors; and the same state of affairs prevails at Glen Brittle on the western and outer side of the hills, so that the

ascent of the central peaks above Loch Coruisk must generally involve an additional walk from Sligachan and back, a distance of some sixteen miles.

The most impressive view of the Coolin range is, probably, that obtained from the entrance to Loch Scavaig by sea. But for those who wish to understand the relative position of each mountain, the most comprehensive views are to be had on higher ground, such as the summit of Blaven, or Marscow, or the ridge Druim-na-Ramh, from which points one sees the full sweep of the whole semicircle of hills. Perhaps the most satisfactory way to get a good view, and at the same time to enjoy a fine climb, is to make the ascent of Blaven, which stands in an isolated position to the east of the Coolins, and is itself considered by many people to be the grandest mountain in Skye. It consists of a narrow, serrated ridge, running north and south, and flanked by some tremendous precipices on either side. There are two summits, each over 3,000 feet, and almost equal in height—the northern one being the higher by eleven feet. These summits are separated by a small depression called "The Saddle," the descent to which from the southern cairn involves a scramble over some rather dangerous rocks.

Blaven presents a magnificent aspect when seen from the east or west. Towards its northern end the skyline is especially strange and fantastic, rising into jagged turrets and spires, which have hitherto proved inaccessible to the most daring climbers. The southern ridge, which falls more gradually towards Camasunary, is perhaps the least formidable part, but easy ascents can also be made from the head of Loch Slapin on the south-eastern side. On the west there is a steep precipitous slope of about 3,000 feet, rent by deep chasms and watercourses, of which the most conspicuous is an immense fissure descending direct from the "Saddle" down the very middle of the mountain.

Blaven can be reached from Sligachan; but we found it a much more convenient method to drive from Broadford to Loch Slapin, from which the ascent can be made in less than three hours by following the stream which flows into the head of the lake. As we neared the highest ridge we were enveloped in thick mist, but we trusted to the compass and pressed on, and on reaching the summit we found that, though the clouds hung heavily on the sheltered side by which we had ascended, all the other side was swept clear of vapour by a brisk wind from the west. The effects of this cloud-land scenery were very wonderful. Looking back on the mist which was shifting and swirling below, we saw a phenomenon which I had once before noticed on Ben Nevis, the reflection of our own heads on the mist, surrounded with circular rainbows. On the other hand, a single step brought us into sudden and startling view of the whole semicircle of the Coolin Hills.

HOW SHALL I INVEST MY SAVINGS?

SECOND PAPER.

WE will now describe the various descriptions of stocks and shares dealt with in the Stock Exchanges, with their various degrees of responsibilities and risks, beginning with those of our own Government.

Consols.—These are divided into three classes—Consols (Consolidated Annuities), Reduced Annuities, and New Annuities—the Government security being the same in each case. No person can hold stock of less nominal value than £10 in any one of these, but that amount once taken or exceeded, investments of any odd amount, even of only a few shillings, can be added to the original holding. (Subject to certain restrictions as to the total amount held, and as to amount purchased within a given time, Consols can be purchased without the intervention of a stockbroker, through most Postal Money Order Offices and at a small rate of commission.) The owner of any of these British Government Annuities has the choice of receiving his dividends personally at the Bank of England (which administers the loan for the Government), or, by filling up an authority for that purpose, of receiving warrants for his dividends by post—or in the case of purchases through the Post Office he can receive his dividends through that agency.

Exchequer Bills are bonds of the British Government issued every six months, at varying rates of interest, which fluctuate according to the value of money at the time of issue. In the course of the month preceding the maturity of these bills, notice is given by the Treasury of the rate of interest which will be paid during the following six months, and the holder has the option of receiving them at the new rate, or of being paid off. *Treasury Bills* are of fixed amount payable at fixed dates, and do not bear interest, but are sold from time to time to the highest bidders by public tender, the operation being of the nature of bill-discounting. These two descriptions of stock are from their nature open only to temporary and large investors, such as Banks and similar institutions.

Colonial and *Indian Stock* and *Bonds* are loans made to the Governments of our dependencies and Colonies, and though often administered by the Crown Agents for the Colonies, do not (except in special cases) bear any British Government guarantee. As our Colonies are yearly increasing in population and wealth, and as most of these loans have been raised for remunerative purposes, they are considered a safe and convenient means of investment. A few Colonial and Foreign Government Loans have been guaranteed by the British Government, and where such guarantee

exists, the securities are really as safe as "Consols," though as a rule they give a little higher rate of interest to the investors.

Foreign Stocks and *Bonds* (being loans to Foreign Governments) consist of three descriptions:—1, of Irredeemable Bonds; 2, of bonds payable at given dates; and, 3, of bonds payable by periodical drawings by lot. In most of these securities the purchaser receives a bond acknowledging the indebtedness of the State for the principal sum, and the bond bears coupons for the periodical amounts of the interest due; but in a few cases (like French Rentes) the investor buys only a perpetual income of so much a year, and not a debt due by the Government concerned. The choice of any of these bonds must depend upon the investor's belief as to the good faith of the Government concerned, and its means of paying not only the interest but the principal of its debt at the time of maturity. Most Foreign Government Loans have not been raised for reproductive purposes, but generally to meet war expenses, and unfortunately some few Foreign Governments are now in default of payment, or are only paying a portion of the stipulated interest.

Next, we have the *Stocks* and *Shares* of *Railways* and other *Companies guaranteed* by the *Government* in whose territory the undertaking may be placed. These always require some investigation. Some, like the Indian railways, have a guarantee of so much per cent. upon the total capital (the guaranteeing Government having in return all of or a share in any profits earned beyond the amount of the interest guaranteed, and often the right of purchasing the undertaking itself at a given date), in other cases it may be a guarantee pure and simple. Sometimes the guarantee is simply one of so much per cent. upon a portion of the capital only, and in such cases the investor need inquire what interest this guarantee, if required to be acted upon, would yield upon the total amount of the capital of the concern.

The *Corporations* and *Governing Bodies* of many of our own and colonial *Towns* have of late years come into the money market as borrowers, the money being required for water works, drainage, harbour works, and other improvements, and generally for reproductive puposes. These loans, from those to the City of London and Metropolitan Board of Works downwards, are quoted under the heading of *Corporation Bonds*, and are a favourite means of investment, the principal and interest being a charge on, and guaranteed by, the rates and tolls of the borrowing city.

Many Continental cities and small States figure as borrowers, but are not known on the English stock-markets—their loans generally taking the shape of lotteries, or having lottery prizes, and transactions in them are forbidden by the laws of this country.

Dividends on all the above stocks (the rate of interest being fixed) are paid by coupons attached to the bonds themselves, except in a few special cases, or where the owner has exercised an option of having his bonds registered, as already described. In all the cases alluded to above, the owner has no further liability, and no risk beyond that of the amount already invested.

We have now to consider *Shares* and *Stocks* in *Public Companies*—where dividends fluctuate according to the profits made, where periodical meetings are held by shareholders to decide upon questions submitted by directors, and where profits are from time to time divided by means of cheques or dividend warrants.

First, and the most important, are *Railway Companies*, whose shareholders, if the shares or stocks be fully paid up, have no further liability. As a rule, debenture and preference shareholders do not have the right to attend meetings, nor to participate in future allotments of new stocks. We will consider the different classes of railway stocks in the order of their priority as regards dividends.

1. *Debentures* and *Debenture Stocks*, which are of the nature of mortgages. Their rate of interest is fixed, and is a first charge upon profits made, and should the company be unable at any time to pay the full interest, the arrears would be a first charge upon any future excess of profits. In buying debentures (but not debenture stocks) of British and Indian railways, the purchaser pays to the seller the amount of any accrued interest in addition to the agreed price, instead of following the ordinary rule of its being included in the price paid.

2. *Rent-charge Stocks*, which are of the nature of a mortgage of income derived by way of rent from another railway company having "running powers" over a portion of the line belonging to the company issuing the stock.

(*Lloyd's Bonds* are simply acknowledgments of the company's indebtedness to the holder, with an undertaking to pay him interest, and are made out in his name. Not being recognised by the Acts of Parliament of the Railways, they are not negotiable on the Stock Exchange.)

3. *Preference Shares* and *Stocks*, which are divided into two classes: (*a*) those which, like debentures, can claim any arrears of unpaid dividends, and (*b*) those whose dividends are contingent upon the profits of each separate year, and cannot claim arrears. Holders of preference stocks have only a claim for dividends preceding ordinary shareholders, and are not, like debenture-holders, mortgagees.

4. *Ordinary Shares* and *Stocks*, whose holders, like tradesmen paying interest on borrowed capital, share all income remaining after the debenture and preference stock have received their full dividends. These shareholders, as a rule, alone have the power of managing the affairs of the company.

5. *Preferred* and *Deferred Stocks*, the former being often confounded with preference stock. These are only divisions of ordinary stocks, whose original holders have exercised an option of dividing their ordinary stock into preferred and deferred stocks—the former taking all dividends upon the ordinary stock up to a fixed amount, and the latter receiving any remainder. Thus, supposing £100 ordinary stock to have been divided into £50 preferred 6 per cent. stock and £50 deferred

stock, and the dividend on the ordinary stock to be 2½ per cent., then the preferred stock would receive 5 per cent, and the deferred nothing (5 per cent. upon £50 preferred being equal to 2½ per cent. upon the original £100). Similarly, if the ordinary stock received 3 per cent., the preferred stock would have 6 per cent., and the deferred would have nothing—if the ordinary stock had 5 per cent., the preferred would have 6 per cent., and the deferred 4 per cent. (6 per cent. upon £50 preferred plus 4 per cent. upon £50 deferred being equal to 5 per cent. upon £100 ordinary), and so on.

Colonial Railways, as a rule, divide their stocks like the English companies; but many *Foreign Railways* issue *Obligations*, payable to bearer, instead of preference and debenture stocks. These obligations are numbered, bear coupons for interest, and are paid off by periodical drawings—the difference between the price at which they have been issued and the par price being a description of premium.

We now have to consider a very wide field of investment—that of *Stocks* and *Shares* of *Public Companies*. Embracing, as these do, all classes of enterprise, it is not possible to describe these in detail, and we can only give general rules for use in selecting investments in them.

All companies, whether limited or unlimited, have now to be registered by the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies under various Acts of Parliament. Any person can, upon payment of one shilling, inspect at the office of the Registrar the articles of association, the last balance-sheet, list of shareholders, &c. By sections 19 and 54 of the Companies Act of 1862 each company is, upon payment of a fee, obliged to deliver to a shareholder a copy of its articles of association, and every investor should therefore either see or obtain a copy of them; for it has been decided that in joining a company his knowledge of the articles is implied.

When a company has been registered as with *Limited* liability, that word has to be added to its title (unless in the cases of companies registered by the Board of Trade, but as companies so registered are bound not to divide profits, but to devote them to the charitable and other purposes for which the company may have been formed, they do not present themselves to the investor). In the case of limited companies, the liability of the shareholder is confined to the amount of the difference between the nominal capital of his shares and the sum paid upon them by the original holder.

When shares of *registered* limited or unlimited companies are sold, the vendor's liability does not cease until after the expiration of one year from the date of the sale, and in the case of *unregistered* companies the liability does not cease until after the expiration of three years. The property of the purchaser has, however, to be exhausted before the vendor can be called upon to make good any deficit.

Insurance Companies, when unlimited, as a rule, insert clauses in their policies which limit their liability to the amount of the subscribed capital, and as such companies should have but a small liability beyond that to the policy-holders, they can be looked upon as practically limited in liability.

Stocks and *Shares* of *Gas*, *Water*, *Dock*, *Canal*, *Shipping*, and *Tramway Companies*, incorporated by special Acts of Parliament, have no further liability, provided the amount of the capital of such stocks and shares be fully paid up.

Sometimes the stocks of trading companies are divided into *preferred* and *deferred*—the distinction being the same as described under the heading of railways, and no further explanation is therefore necessary. *Preference* stocks or shares and debentures of trading companies also follow the same general ruling, the only exception being that in the event of winding-up there would be, from the nature of the business carried on, a much smaller probability of a return of capital than in the case of a railway, a great part of whose property would consist of freehold land.

Finally, while selecting an investment in any company, it is never safe to make calculations upon the profit of any one year, but an average of from three to five years should be taken. Some companies, especially those having to do with agricultural and other matters affected by fluctuations of the weather, are especially liable to variations of dividend.

Mortgages (where money is lent upon the security of a deed transferring the property to the lender, with a contract for re-conveyance in the event of repayment) are looked upon as a favourable field of investment, but, of course, are not negotiable on the Stock Exchange. Not more than three-fourths of the value of the property is, as a rule, advanced; and it is customary, unless stipulated to the contrary, for the borrower to pay all the lender's expenses, including those of his solicitor and surveyor. There is therefore no reason for the lender, or mortgagee, not taking proper precautions for the safety of his investment. In cases of large properties, where one lender would, perhaps, not be able to advance all the money required, two or three mortgages may be effected on the same estate. In such cases, the mortgages, in the event of realisation, rank in their order of date—the claim of the first mortgagee having to be satisfied before the second can derive any benefit, and so on.

As a rule, the mortgagor can pay off the mortgage upon giving six months' notice, and should the mortgagee desire repayment, he has various courses open to him. He can (1) transfer the mortgage to a third party willing to pay him his money for the security, or (2) he must give the notice stipulated for of his intention to demand payment. In the event of the mortgagor not being able to repay him, he can (3) take proceedings for recovery as in the case of an ordinary debtor, or (4) he may let the property and pay himself the amount of his loan and interest out of the rent (in which case, when his claim is satisfied, the property must be re-conveyed to the mortgagor), or (5) he may sell the property, paying himself out of the proceeds, and handing over any surplus to the mortgagor.

W. J. W.

"'WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?' HE ASKED QUICKLY" (*p.* 418).

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HALF-WAY between the villages of Enderby and Kingsdown, which lay amongst the sloping hills of a Midland county, separated from the high road by a narrow old-fashioned garden, stood the comfortable house in which Joseph Ellison, steward to Lord Enderby, had lived for the twenty years of his married life.

The Ellisons were in good circumstances, and had many friends, so there was nothing to prevent the young folks of the neighbourhood from making a pleasant bustle and great preparations for the first wedding in the family—of Rose, the eldest daughter, with James Tiverton, a near neighbour, and head clerk in the timber-yard, which was one of the chief sources of wealth on the Enderby estate. James's father had held this position before him, and had done well in it; but being a man who spent money as it came, without much thought for the future, it was found when he died, somewhat suddenly, that there was but poor provision made for his wife and their only child, a boy of fifteen.

Mrs. Tiverton, who was the daughter of a clergyman, and had been for several years governess to Lord Enderby's younger children, was above her husband in position and education, and this was a fact he never forgot, and which made him, rather against his own judgment—for he looked upon much education as waste of time—consent to sending their son to a school a few miles away, to which most of the clergymen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood sent their boys. The neighbours were not sparing in their comments on this piece of presumption; and Mrs. Tiverton met with little sympathy when, as time went on, it was found that James took more after his father than herself, and though he was a steady, hard-working boy, and made the most of his time for his mother's sake, he did not value learning for itself, and thought he would have been doing better in learning his father's business than in puzzling his head over Latin and Greek, which he was sure would be of no future use to him.

But his school-days early came to an end. Soon after he was fifteen he was summoned home to his father's death-bed, and when the family affairs were examined, it was discovered that there was but slender provision made for the widow and her son.

When this trouble came Lord Enderby showed great kindness. He allowed Mrs. Tiverton to stay on rent-free in her comfortable house, gave her a small yearly allow-

ance—which, with a small sum she had of her own, was enough to live upon—and took Jem into the timber-yard, holding out the hope that if he proved himself fitted for it he should some day fill his father's place. The boy worked hard, and got on well, and as years went on Lord Enderby fulfilled his promise, and at twenty-five Jem became head clerk, with a salary good enough to support himself and his mother, and even to warrant his taking a wife.

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Tiverton, who was anxious to be independent of Lord Enderby's bounty, had opened a day-school, to which most of the farmers and tradespeople of the neighbourhood sent their daughters. Amongst the others, came little Rose Ellison, who, being the youngest of the scholars, and living at a considerable distance, often stayed at Mrs. Tiverton's house for days together when the weather was cold or wet.

From the first Jem made a pet of the little girl, and liked to have her to play with when he got home in the evenings; and even when Rose grew up and had done with lessons, she was a frequent visitor, for her sweet temper and useful ways, and the pleasant change she brought, made her at all times a welcome guest. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that she and Jem should marry, and no one had a word to say against it; and as Mrs. Tiverton had saved some money during the ten years she had kept school, she felt that she need not be altogether a burden on her son, who would, of course, bring his wife home to her.

There was not much novelty or excitement for Rose in the prospect of her marriage. Mrs. Tiverton's house was almost as much like home as the one she shared with her three sisters, but quiet every-day duties, brightened by every-day love and care, was all she wished for, and perhaps all for which she was fitted. A placid disposition and a sweet temper, which were reflected in her pretty blooming face and ready smile, were the best possible qualifications for making quiet, hard-working Jem Tiverton happy; and though perhaps a little more variety of character and quickness of intelligence would have made her more of a companion for Mrs. Tiverton, the mother stifled her own slight regret by the thought that Rose, just as she was, was undoubtedly the very wife for Jem, and that their quiet home would be a hundred times the brighter for her cheerful presence.

One midsummer evening Rose stood at the garden-gate talking to her lover. They were to be married two days hence, and both had been too busy of late to spare much time for each other, so when Jem called in on his way to Enderby they found endless things to say, and the few minutes he had intended to spend lengthened into an hour. His horse, which had been tied to the gate, had become impatient of the delay, and as soon as his master had mounted again, started off at a gallop, cutting short the last good-byes.

"Good night, Rose darling," shouted Jem in the distance; and she, half-smiling, half-frightened, stood and watched him out of sight.

It was getting dusk now, and the day's work indoors was over, so Rose allowed herself the indulgence of a stroll in the orchard before going in to supper. There were many thoughts in her mind that evening, which of late she had had no leisure to pursue. She thought with a little quiet regret of the home she was leaving, and with happy contentment of her new prospects. "Surely," she thought to herself, "no girl has ever before had a life so free from trouble as mine; from first to last everything has gone well with me. How good and thankful I ought to be! Oh, I do hope I shall make Jem happy!" It would not be a difficult task, her thoughts went on: he was so kind and wise, so unselfish and easily satisfied; and with a mother—for she seemed hers almost as much as his—to help her, she would indeed be wicked if she failed in her duty.

"Oh, Rose dear! I have been looking for you. Mother says, come in; we won't wait supper any longer for father," said Emily, Rose's youngest sister, running up the garden path, and calling from the gate; and Rose, with a little sigh, turned in her walk and joined her.

"I believe it will be fine—I believe it will be lovely on Thursday," said Emily, clinging to her sister's arm. The younger ones were all very fond of her.

"Hark! what's that?" cried Rose, stopping suddenly as a horse galloped past the gate.

"Some horse got loose. I don't think there was any one on it," answered Emily carelessly. "Rosie, the dresses have all come home, but mother won't let us look at them to-night."

"Oh, yes, she will if I ask her," said Rose, trying to laugh away a foolish fear which for the moment had struck her to the heart.

It was dark now, and as the girls passed the garden-gate a woman came up to it, and called them.

"Mrs. Tiverton?" cried Rose.

"Yes, dear. Jem is late, and I thought he might have stopped here, so I came to meet him."

"He left me an hour ago, and went to Enderby," said Rose, in a trembling voice. She wondered why she felt so nervous.

"He ought to have been back before now, if nothing has gone wrong. I will go home and see," said Mrs. Tiverton, who was always in fear of some accident happening to Jem when he was out riding, for it was an accomplishment he had only lately learned, and she was ingenious in this method of self-torture.

"I'll go a bit of the way with you, mother," said Rose. "Emily, ask father to come and meet me when he has done his supper." But as they went down the road together, Ellison met them.

"What is the matter? What have you heard?"—he asked quickly, putting his hand upon Rose's shoulder.

"Heard? Nothing! Oh, father! what is it?" cried Rose.

"Nothing, I dare say; but we're afraid Jem's got thrown. He mayn't be hurt a bit, you know."

"He's killed! I know he's killed! I felt it all along!" cried Mrs. Tiverton wildly, leaning so heavily on Rose's arm that the girl's strength almost gave way.

"You'll kill the child if you talk such nonsense!" said Ellison sternly. "Rose, dear, we *don't* know any such thing. What we do know is that his horse must have thrown him; but many a man comes out of that with only bruises. I thought—seeing you together—you'd heard something, or I'd have held my tongue. I dare say it's all nonsense."

"Father, will you go and see? I'll go home with Mrs. Tiverton," said Rose quietly. The idea of anything being wrong was too awful to be realised; but her father insisted on taking them to Mrs. Tiverton's door.

"Maybe we'll find him safe at home," he said; but no one believed it, and they found the house dark and silent.

"There's no good thinking the worst," he said, almost roughly, as he saw how Mrs. Tiverton clung, helpless and trembling, to Rose's arm; and then he opened the door for them, and left them. As he went quickly down the road several people stopped to speak to him.

"They say Jem Tiverton's been thrown, and is killed," said one. "They've gone along the Enderby road to look for him." Such speeches he heard, but did not stay to answer. The thing could hardly be believed, but doubt crept into his mind. Presently a cart drove quickly up.

"Who's that?" he cried.

"Is that you, Mr. Ellison?" said a neighbour's voice. "I was just coming for you. Here's an awful thing happened! Poor Jem Tiverton's killed!"

"Nonsense, man! It can't be true!"

"I've seen him myself. His horse must have kicked him; he's quite dead. I thought you would tell his mother. Oh, Ellison! I forgot your poor girl for the moment."

With a groan Ellison turned back at once to his task. He could still scarcely believe it—it seemed too terrible to be true—that in that short hour since the summer day had ended one life should have suddenly passed away, leaving two desolate hearts to mourn.

No one ever knew how it happened, but they found Jem Tiverton lying dead on the road, and his horse was caught next morning many miles away.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE blow which fell at the same time on Mrs. Tiverton and Rose Ellison differed widely in its effects upon them. In the hard times which had followed her husband's death, Mrs. Tiverton had shown herself independent and self-reliant—had seemed neither to need nor to look for sympathy. She had managed her own affairs unaided, and with discretion; and even when her son grew up, and was placed in a responsible position, he sought and valued her advice in many difficulties. She held herself rather above her neighbours, and they, perhaps, felt for her more respect than liking; her scholars, too—with the exception of Rose and her friend, Agnes Baring—stood in considerable awe of her; and it was the general opinion that she had more strength of mind than warmth of heart, until under this sudden bereavement she helplessly broke down, and clung to Rose as to the one person in the world who could help or comfort her. Then Rose's character seemed to change.

Firmly and steadily she put aside the thought of her own loss; night and day she watched over Jem's mother. Her blooming face grew pale and thin, her eyes ached with a weight of tears to which she had no time to give way, but she never shrank from her task. She would be a real daughter, she thought, to this lonely widow, who had lost her last tie to life; she would try to make her feel that she had still a child to live for, who loved the dead and shared her sorrow. Gradually Mrs. Tiverton roused herself; and when her care was no longer necessary, Rose's strength gave way, and, worn-out by grief and watching, she lay for many days between life and death. Her mother was in ill-health and unable to come to her; her sisters were too young to undertake the charge; but in this emergency her friend Agnes Baring came forward, filled the place first of nurse and then of comforter, and gradually won her back to health and peace.

Agnes had been for years a fellow-pupil with Rose at Mrs. Tiverton's, with whom she was distantly connected. Her mother had died when she was very young, and her father had soon married again; and when the second Mrs. Baring had children of her own to attend to, she had no leisure for teaching Agnes, and allowed her to spend as much of her time as she liked with Rose and Mrs. Tiverton.

These two favourite pupils, Mrs. Tiverton, with doubtful wisdom, resolved should be something different from their companions. She herself, a lady by birth, set a high value on education and refinement, and scarcely reflecting that she was doing the girls no kindness in unfitting them for their homes and surroundings, she taught them to look with distaste upon many things with which they must inevitably be familiar in the probable course of their after-lives. On Rose—except for the moment—this training had little effect. It did not trouble her that in her own home the speech was broad, and the manners unrefined, while there were kindly ways and warm hearts; and though she knew she differed from her sisters, it never entered into her head to set herself above them. But on Agnes the effect was different. She did distinctly dislike and despise the want of refinement she met with at home. She hated to soil her hands with the rough work of which she knew she ought to take her share; she shrank from her father's clumsy jokes and her stepmother's gossiping; it was a constant struggle to her to sit at the table at meal-times, where the children were allowed without reproof to be noisy and untidy; and it was a perpetual source of complaint with the whole household that she was unsociable and idle.

Strikingly handsome, with delicate features, and dark hair and eyes inherited from her mother, intelligent, fond of reading, of music, and anything else Mrs. Tiverton could teach her, and above all, of listening to or joining in conversation concerning matters beyond her own knowledge and experience,

it was scarcely to be wondered at that Agnes should feel unhappy and out of place in the rough farm-house. She had long wished to leave home, and go out as a governess or into a school, but at first her father had opposed it, and after awhile she had herself put a difficulty in the way, which was no sooner made than regretted.

When Rose Ellison was first engaged, it was to Agnes she had confided her hopes and happiness—to her she described her lover's excellences, and boasted with simple pride of the dignity and advantages of such a position; and hearing this, and seeing Jem's devotion, it had seemed to Agnes that it must be very pleasant to have a lover, some one to whom she would be first and dearest, who would work and plan for her, and whose coming and going would make change and excitement amongst her every-day duties. She was not popular with the young people of her own class in the neighbourhood. She held herself above them, and they did not care for the things which interested her; but they were the only companions she had, and there were some amongst them to whom she could not refuse respect and liking, though their tastes and their ways differed widely from her own. Besides Rose Ellison, the Crossleys, who held one of Lord Enderby's largest farms, were the people with whom she was most intimate, and when weary of the dull home routine, the slovenly management, and noisy children, it was at the Crossleys' she often took refuge, perhaps scarcely realising that the chief charm of their society lay in their ungrudging recognition of her superiority. But after awhile she made a discovery, which, though it caused her to make her visits less frequent, was not displeasing to her. She and the Crossleys had been boys and girls together; Mary had gone to school with her; Jack had brought her pets, and given her rides on his little rough pony; the younger ones, having faith in her wisdom and learning, had come to her in many a difficulty; but it was some time before she discovered that Frank, the eldest son, who—as they grew up—seemed to hold himself rather aloof, did so from an excess of feeling which made him fear to displease her. He had had more advantages than the rest of the family, had been sent to a better school, had gone out more into the world, and had gained some of that outward polish which was important in Agnes's fastidious eyes. He was not all she wished, but he was the best she knew; she might sit down and dream for ever of a romantic hero, a polished gentleman coming to woo her, but it was not likely he would come; and so, urged by Rose, who longed to see her friend as happy as she was herself, Agnes allowed herself to drift into an engagement, the wisdom of which she doubted from the first. But for awhile it was delightful. Frank was devoted, and worshipped her to her heart's content, but it was not very long before she began to find this devotion inconvenient. She had looked on the matter rather as an amusement, a pastime, without having any definite thought for the future, but she soon found, to her dismay, that Frank considered their engagement sacred and binding, and looked forward to their speedy marriage, and to a life which, being spent together, would be as perfectly happy as was possible in this world.

She had rather shrunk from thinking seriously over it beforehand. She did not mean to do wrong, but she would not deny herself the gratification of taking her share of that which seemed to give Rose and others so much happiness. She felt that if she ever made up her mind to marry Frank she would be rather throwing herself away—that her education and talents fitted her for something more than the routine duties of the mistress of a farm-house—but from the first she scarcely realised that she ever should marry him. She had known many engagements lightly made and broken, and no one seemed to think much of it, and she had never imagined that Frank would take it all so seriously. And yet sometimes she was very happy; Frank's love for her and pride in her were so great, and he was such a fine handsome fellow, a lover to be proud of, as she was unceasingly assured by her friends, who also did not fail to dwell on the solid advantages of the comfortable home he would be able to give her. Perhaps it was this very comfort, more than anything else, which was distasteful to her. Her life would be such a dead level of ease and plenty, nothing to wish, or hope, or work for, she knew that in a week she would hate it, and doubted whether she had ever really meant to marry him.

She tried often to make him feel that the whole thing was uncertain, but he gave no heed; of course, she only did it to tease him—there was no reason in the world, as far as he could see, why their wedding should be even delayed. His father had bought a farm for him, which would come into his hands almost immediately; he would not lose a day in getting it ready for his bride, and had no serious thought of her putting him off. But when that terrible sorrow came upon Rose, Agnes, only too glad of an excuse, declared that for the present their marriage was an impossibility. She could not be so heartless as to think of wedding festivities while her friend was in such grief, and Frank, who was tender-hearted, although he thought it hard upon him, could not but agree.

During Rose's illness Agnes had many quiet hours of watching, in which she was at leisure to think over her own prospects, but her reflections did not bring her peace. She seemed to see more clearly day by day what a terrible mistake she had made. She loved Frank, she was proud of him, her heart ached at the thought of giving him pain, but she could not marry him; her love would turn to weariness, as, alas! it was already doing; and it would be better a hundredfold for him that he should learn his mistake in time. Perhaps, after all, the fault was not entirely hers: he had hurried her too much, had talked of their house and furniture before they had been engaged a week, while she would have wished to think of their marriage as a possibility far away in the future; he had been exacting—selfish she tried to call it, but her eyes filled with tears at thought of the love which made him so, and she felt bitter regret for the careless vanity which had led her on to win the heart she could not prize.

"If only I could get away for awhile," she thought,

"'I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO TELL YOU—I AM GOING AWAY FOR AWHILE'" (*p.* 423).

as she sat at Rose's window in the summer twilight. "If I could see what life is like elsewhere, and whether, after all, I am fitted for anything better. If I could know the thoughts and ways of people above me, and try if I could take my place with them, perhaps I might be glad to come back to my poor Frank and his dull farm-house. I might find that he was the only person who cared for me, and I should get rid of this longing for change and freedom, which is growing greater than I can bear."

But Agnes's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of quick firm footsteps upon the road beneath the window, as her lover passed by, whistling the tune of a song she had often sung to him. Her heart was full of regret for him, of sorrow and self-reproach. She knew that at the end of a long day's work he had come a couple of miles out of his way to pass the house where she was staying, and leaning out of the window she called softly to him, "Good night, Frank," and he heard her, and stopped for a moment to answer—

"Good night, my darling," and went on down the road with a lighter heart for the greeting which, a moment after, she felt she had no longer a right to give him.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ALTHOUGH Agnes had endeavoured—and for the most part successfully—to hide from her friends her growing discontent, Mrs. Golding, the wife of the Rector of Kingsdown, the parish in which the Barings lived, had not been blind to it. Before Rose's illness, Agnes had found time hanging heavily on her hands, and had offered to spend an hour or two every day in teaching Mrs. Golding's young children, saying that she should be more than repaid if she were allowed now and then to play on the grand piano in the Rectory drawing-room, or to borrow books from Mr. Golding's varied library. The offer had been gratefully accepted. Mrs. Golding was too wise to suggest payment, which she could ill afford and which would have spoiled Agnes's satisfaction; and Agnes was careful never to allow herself to be in the way. Every one knew of her engagement to Frank, and nearly every one approved of it; but Mrs. Golding, knowing, perhaps better than any one else, her unfitness for her proposed position, had heard of it with regret, which increased as time went on.

Not that she could have suggested a satisfactory scheme for Agnes's future: there were so many difficulties to contend against; but she saw from the first that the marriage would be a mistake, and quickly discerned that Agnes knew it equally well. She could not, of course, openly interfere, nor did she think it right to invite confidence on the subject, reflecting that it might be only a passing discontent, which, if unexpressed, would die away of itself; but one day, when Agnes had stolen an hour or two from Rose's room to spend at the Rectory, she said a few words which convinced Mrs. Golding that she would be doing kindly and wisely by encouraging her to speak of her difficulties, and Agnes found relief in talking openly to her.

"If only I could get away for a time, I should know better what I was fitted for," she said; and Mrs. Golding promised to help her.

"Don't be too ambitious for your favourite," said Mr. Golding, when his wife spoke to him on the subject. "Her surroundings will be better when she marries than those at home; she might well be satisfied with them. I was talking to young Crossley to-day; there seems nothing wrong with him, but she is naturally restless, I fancy, and perhaps tires of such smooth love-making."

"I never thought it a good thing for her," said Mrs. Golding, with a sigh. "She is so handsome, and so ladylike, she is fitted for anything, and for all her education and cleverness to be sunk in the cares of a poultry-yard and dairy is too vexatious."

"Well, well, my dear, perhaps that's true, but it is not for us to interfere. I don't think myself that she would be a fit wife for Frank Crossley, but he ought to know best. However, I see no objection to your getting her away for awhile, if you can, but I would try to choose some place which will put her rather in than out of conceit with her present prospects."

Mrs. Golding wasted no time, but began to inquire immediately amongst her friends for some temporary employment for Agnes, and by the time Rose Ellison was well enough to be left she believed she had found the very thing she wanted.

Miss Fanshawe, a young lady well known to her by name, was suffering from an injury to her eyes, which almost blinded her for the time, and was seeking for a companion to read and talk to her, write her letters, and lighten the weary hours of inaction which for six months she was condemned to spend. It was not a prospect which promised great variety for Agnes, or opportunity for seeing much of the world which she looked at from a distance with such longing eyes, but it would be a change, and give a new direction to her thoughts, and, at least for a time, would relieve her from Frank's importunities. She was eager to go, though both Mr. and Mrs. Golding warned her of the many probable drawbacks she would meet with, and begged her to take time for consideration. This she promised to do, but her mind was made up from the first.

"I am a little doubtful whether we are right in proposing this to you, Agnes," said Mr. Golding; "and of course you have some one else to consult. I wonder what Frank Crossley will say to your running away?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Agnes carelessly, and she might have added that she did not care. She was quite determined to take the offered opportunity, and if Frank chose to make a quarrel about it, she could not help it, and it would be a good thing that he should begin to feel that matters were still uncertain. It might be for his good as well as her own in the end; for if she married him and was miserable, would his fate be better than her own?

She tried to convince herself that he could not reasonably find fault with her, that she had often striven to prove to him that it was more than possible that something would come between them, but she knew that he had never believed it, or doubted that when his home was ready his wife would come to it. At any rate, there must be no delay in letting him know that she had determined to see a little bit of the world—a very little bit it would probably be—before making preparations for her marriage, and as she was now at home again, and Frank came in nearly every evening, she had no excuse for putting it off. She had said nothing to her father, but she did not think he would oppose her, and she would at least pay Frank the compliment of letting him be the first to hear of it. So when he came, she went out, as she often did, and sat with him in the little green arbour while he smoked his pipe; but though this was such a good opportunity, she could not begin at once, but sat silent, giving a half attention to his eager description of the improvements which were already begun for her at the Homestead. It was only when he was going away, and she had gone down to the garden-gate with him, that she summoned courage to rush desperately at the difficulty.

"Frank," she said, "I have been wanting to tell you—I am going away for awhile."

"Going away! Why, where to, Agnes?"

"To stay with a blind lady, near Warwick, that Mrs. Golding has told me of. She wants some one to read to her and write her letters."

"Just for a week or two, of course," said Frank, after a silence, in which he had made a great effort to get over his vexation.

"For more than that, or it would not be worth while going. She wants me for six months."

"Six months! Nonsense, Agnes! you can't think I'd stand that. Why, we're to be married and settled long before six months are over."

"No, Frank; I've always told you I couldn't be married in such a hurry. I am not old or wise enough to settle down yet—if you would only believe it. I want to see a bit of the world first; you know there would be no chance of doing that afterwards."

"You're treating me very badly," said Frank, in the first tone of anger he had ever used to her. "If you had chosen, we might have been married by now, and have taken our holiday before the farm was ready."

"You must have patience with me," said Agnes gently. "I know I couldn't be contented now, Frank, if I didn't go, and perhaps I shall come back all the wiser for the change."

"If you want to go, you must; *I* say no more, for it's clear you don't care about vexing me." And he hurried through the gate and down the road without another word.

"Frank! Frank!" she called after him; but he took no notice, and she went indoors dull and vexed.

"Is Frank gone?" asked her father, who was sitting comfortably in his shirt-sleeves by the kitchen fire.

"Yes."

"Have you settled the day?" Mr. Baring went on, bringing out his favourite joke, which it was quite impossible for him to comprehend could be displeasing to his daughter.

"No, father," answered Agnes, with resolute patience. "We shan't talk about that just now. Frank is a little vexed with me just now because I want to go away for six months to stay with a lady Mrs. Golding has told me about."

"Six months!" exclaimed her father. "I don't wonder he's vexed. What fancy has taken you now? You'd better not be playing fast and loose with him; you won't get such another in a hurry."

"I'm not playing at anything, father," said Agnes wearily; "but I don't want to be married yet, and Frank teases me about it. I shall do better if I go away for awhile, and perhaps I shall be glad to get back again."

"I think she's right. They're both young, and it won't hurt them to wait a bit; she'll settle all the better for it by-and-by," said Mrs. Baring, when she had heard all about it.

"When you women stick up for each other, it's all over," said her husband, laughing. "I don't see any harm myself in her going if she has a mind to it, but she shouldn't go against Frank."

"Oh, I'll settle that, father; he'll soon come round," answered Agnes eagerly, confident that Frank would appear the next evening as usual, and after a little coaxing, would get over his dislike to her plan.

But the next evening passed, and he did not appear; then two more, and still he did not come; and she began to feel really uneasy. She had expected that he would be rather pitiful than angry, and did not understand his present mood. But on the fourth evening he came again, looking shy and uncomfortable, and Agnes managed, to his disappointment, to receive him as usual. He had intended—and she had divined his intention—to have a tender little scene, where she would be penitent and he forgiving, and though he would take his rightful place as master, he would be considerate and lenient, while taking care that their proper positions towards each other should be more clearly defined. But Agnes, hoping to avert this scene, did not even allude to his absence. She dreaded an explanation, after which Frank would be a good deal more affectionate than was agreeable, and thought it best to ignore his displeasure altogether.

So Frank, being incapable of fighting against this treatment, had no course open to him but making the best of it, and was rewarded for his efforts to seem cheerful by the gentle consideration which Agnes's self-reproach caused her to show him.

Miss Fanshawe wanted Agnes as soon as possible, and as there was no reason for delay, she settled to go at the end of a week.

"If I don't like it--and very likely I may not—the sooner it is over the better; and I am quite sure it is best for Frank that I should go at once," she thought, and Mrs. Golding upheld her.

"You'll write to me often, dear?" said Frank, when he came the last evening. "I'm not much of a writer myself, but I will manage to answer your letters."

"You mustn't expect many from me. I've promised to write to Rose, to cheer her up a little; you must go to her for news. Such busy folks as we are can't have much time for writing," answered Agnes, with a little shudder at the idea of what her lover's letters would be like.

"You'll promise not to stay *more* than six months?" asked Frank anxiously.

"Indeed, I can't promise. I will come back when I can. You mustn't be selfish, Frank. Miss Fanshawe may still want me very badly."

"I've a right to be selfish about you, dear. She can get some one else."

"Ah, yes! but then, you know, every one isn't like me," said Agnes, laughing. But though she could joke and seem brave and independent, she did feel forlorn and miserable when the last good-byes had been said at the station, and she felt that for six months she would live amongst strangers, without one familiar face to make her new surroundings seem home-like and natural.

It was now the end of October. Four months had passed since Jem Tiverton's death, and Rose Ellison had slowly struggled back to health and cheerfulness.

Agnes's patient nursing and sympathy had done much to lighten the burden of sorrow which, if borne in silence, would have been too much for her strength; and with the great object before her of endeavouring to make Mrs. Tiverton's loss more bearable, Rose set herself, with all the power of her brave, cheerful disposition, to put new life into the dreary future, which seemed to stretch hopelessly before them both.

There were so many sisters at home that Rose had no hesitation in deciding that if Mrs. Tiverton would let her she would live with her, for how could she better do honour to Jem's memory than by being a help and comfort to his mother? She would work for her, be her servant if necessary, that she might be no expense; and she could at least lessen the terrible loneliness of the empty house.

Rose had a talk with her father about it, and he agreed to her wishes, and promised that no expense should fall upon Mrs. Tiverton; but Rose met with opposition where she least expected it; Mrs. Tiverton said decidedly that she wished her to go home.

"I can do very well by myself, and this dull house is no place for you. You will have other thoughts and hopes," she said.

"But I want to stay with you," pleaded Rose, "and be a daughter to you, as I should have been if dear Jem had lived even a day or two longer."

"You don't understand, child. I am very jealous for my poor boy, and you are young. I could not bear—I tell you I could *not* bear—that another man should come here and try to put himself in Jem's place. I should hate you if any one talked of loving you; it would be like killing him over again. Go away, and let me forget what you were to him. Why should your life be wasted in mourning for him? Leave that for his mother, and be as happy as you can, only don't let it be before my very eyes!"

"Mother dear, how *can* you think such things of me?" cried Rose tearfully. "How *can* you believe that I could ever think of any one else? Of course you wouldn't care to have me if you think that. It's cruel of you! You've no right to say such things!" she went on, changing from sadness to anger. "Haven't I mourned for him as much as you? Isn't my loss as great as yours?"

"Oh, child, forgive me!" said Mrs. Tiverton, dropping her work and smoothing Rose's hair. "I can't be patient even with you. I can't believe that any one ever had a loss like mine, for I have nothing left. You have father, and mother, and sisters, and you are young and strong; but what have I?"

Poor little Rose! she did not know how to answer. She could only cling to the unhappy woman, and try by kisses and tender words to make her feel that she had still a child who loved her, who would never leave her, but gladly spend her life and strength in her service.

So at length it was settled that Rose should stay with Mrs. Tiverton for the winter, and that further plans should be left until the spring, and Rose hoped and believed that by that time they would have become so necessary to each other that any thought of parting would be impossible.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Piping down the Valleys Wild.

Words by WILLIAM BLAKE. *Music by* C. A. RANKEN.

Allegretto giojoso.

PIANO.

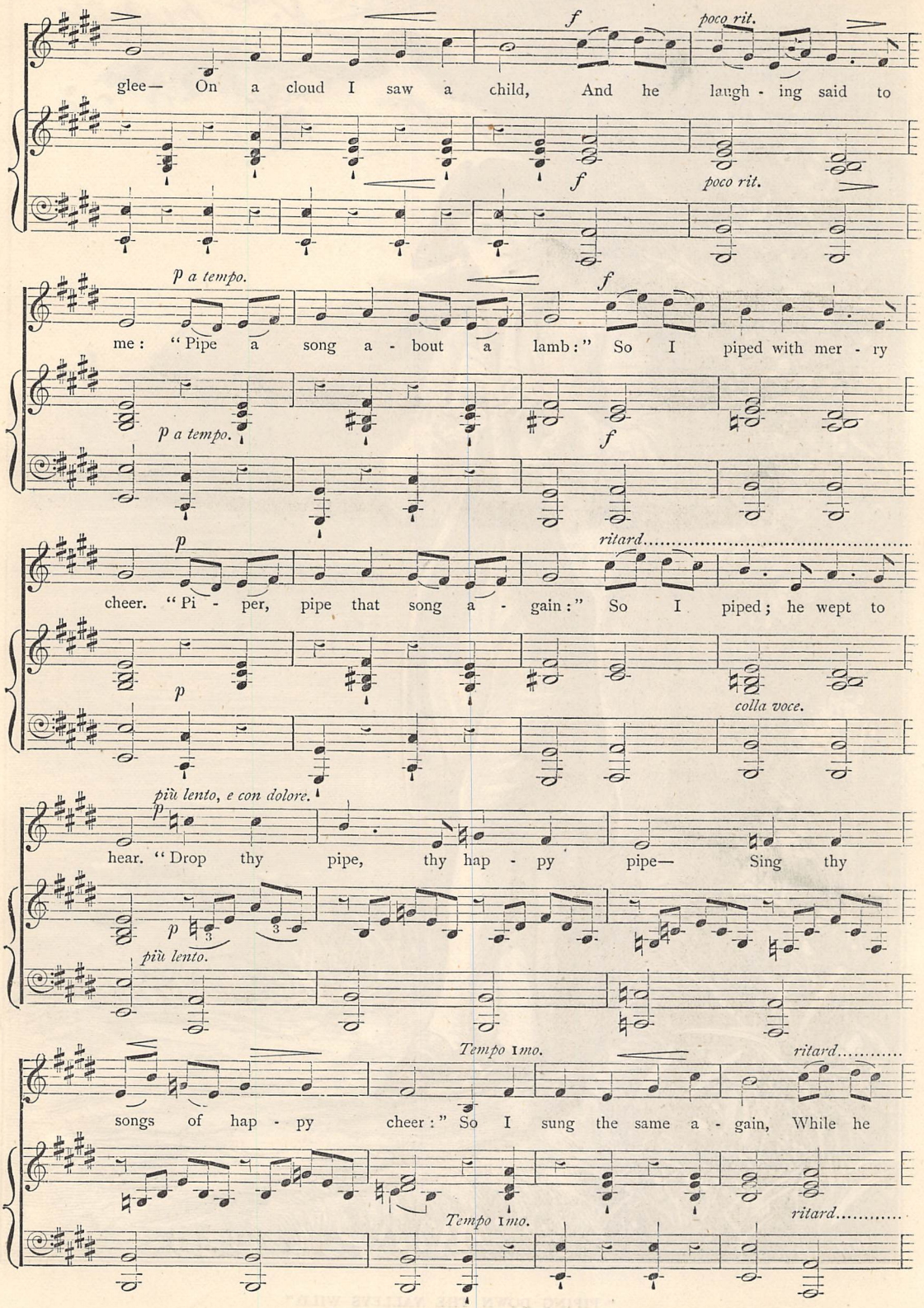
p *f*

p semplice.

Pip - ing down the val - leys wild— Pip - ing songs of plea - sant

p

" PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD."


f
poco rit.
glee— On a cloud I saw a child, And he laugh - ing said to
f
poco rit.
p a tempo.
f
me: "Pipe a song a - bout a lamb:" So I piped with mer - ry
p a tempo.
f
p
ritard
cheer. "Pi - per, pipe that song a - gain:" So I piped; he wept to
p
colla voce.
più lento, e con dolore.
p
hear. "Drop thy pipe, thy hap - py pipe— Sing thy
p
più lento.
Tempo 1mo.
ritard
songs of hap - py cheer:" So I sung the same a - gain, While he
Tempo 1mo.
ritard

a tempo.

wept with joy to hear. "Pi - per, sit thee down, and write In a

a tempo.

più lento.

p

book that all may read."— So he van - ished from my sight; And I

più lento.

ritard. ..... *Tempo 1mo, con gioja.*

plucked a hol - low reed, And I made a ru - ral pen, And I

ritard. ..... *Tempo 1mo.*

f

stained the wa - ter clear; And I wrote my hap - py songs, Ev - 'ry

f

poco rit. ..... *a piacere.*

child may joy to hear, Ev - 'ry child may joy to hear.

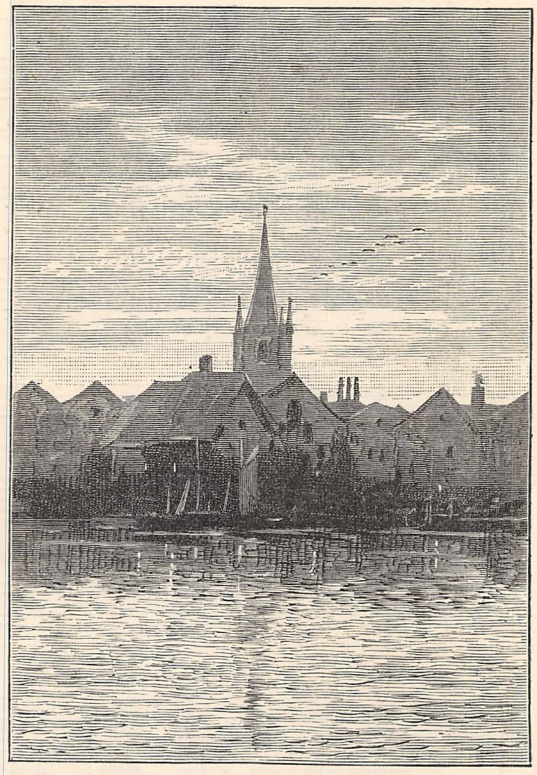
poco rit. ..... *colla voce.*

THE ART OF WATER-COLOUR LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

IN painting a picture, the first thing is to draw a perfect sketch. A pencil outline should first be put in correctly, and at the same time delicately, as hard pencil-marks are difficult to obliterate. The sketch should be completed as far as it is possible without erasures; if a mistake is unfortunately made, the faulty marks must be taken out with bread alone, for india-rubber injures the surface of the paper. When clouds are marked in—and it is only necessary during learning that they should be—the faintest lines should indicate their forms, but whenever possible they should be represented by the brush simply. Should strong pencilled outlines be allowed to remain, the first wash sets them in, and it is most difficult to remove them entirely. Though to make a correct sketch takes up time, and the student is doubtless longing to commence colouring, yet the advisability of doing so will be sufficiently apparent later on.

(*Unfinished.*)



(*Finished.*)

WATER-COLOUR LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Now, if we take a lake scene, with a soft, warm sunset lighting up the mountains that surround the water's edge, we may work somewhat as follows:—First, a wash of yellow ochre, warmed with the least amount of rose madder, is passed over the sky and mountains, and gradated off until all colour is lost, but the whole paper is to be washed; it will be easy to understand that the wash must not be strong, or the lighter portions of the sky will be too dark in tone. This is allowed to dry. Then pass the brush, filled with clean water only, over the sky near the horizon, and while still wet, wash in vermilion and bring it over the picture in the same manner as the former wash. Dry it, and wash the whole with water. When again dry, wet the part that requires the introduction of blue with water first, then place the blue in its position in the upper part of the sky, leaving any clouds clear on the light side, and shading off—while the blue is still damp—with soft grey on the shadowed side; now touch up the light side of the clouds with colour, and leave to dry. The whole is then washed again with water. Next put in the shadows of the mountains, and soften them off with a grey tint—a mixture of cobalt and pink madder produces a soft grey; at the same time wash in the shadows in the water. The reflections of the objects above in still water should be represented, before

beginning the local washes, in horizontal lines of the same colour as the objects reflected. Broad washes of colour are laid with a large brush, the strokes of the brush to form outlines in preference to adding them with the point.

A wash of raw sienna is most desirable for water. Vandyke brown, indigo, and Indian yellow will also be required for waters of various depths and for shadows. When water is very clear, washes should be most carefully laid, that the transparency may be preserved. Wash over the fore-ground with Vandyke brown, and mark out any rocks and stones that stand up from the water's edge; but the darkest markings and strongest touches must be left for the finishing process. Now increase the strength of the mountain tints; warm those that are tinged with rosy sunset hues, and darken those that need it, but let no blackness or heaviness mar the picture. Purer tints are often developed by glazing an opaque colour with a transparent than can be secured by mixing the two. The foliage of the trees is added after the washes are concluded. Those in the middle distance require to be a bluish-grey tint, and the foliage to be laid in with washes rather than decided touches; the form of the trees must determine the species, as they will appear too near if much worked up with the point. Venetian red, added to the blue and yellow, will produce the grey tint; more or less of blue or yellow can be mixed in, according as either colour predominates.

Never complete one part of a picture before the rest, but keep all the parts as far as possible equally forward. In working, a mountain or rock, if more finished than its surroundings, will often appear too prominent, and the student will feel disposed to wash it out as faulty; but when the remainder of the drawing is worked into as finished a state, he will find that the offending mountain has assumed its right position. Thus the completion of the fore-ground will cause the middle distance to recede, which before appeared too distinct and near. The rocks and stones require greys; brown and blue will give some shades, yellow ochre and sepia others; they may have the colour dragged over them to make them appear rugged, and body colour may here be used if preferred. Other portions of the fore-ground need colour to be dappled, stippled, or hatched in; the main point is to insure strength and solidity of texture. The strong markings and touches that give force and character to the whole conception are put in last of all with freedom and decision, and on these, to a great extent, the worth of the picture depends. If they are weak, false

(*Unfinished.*)

(*Finished.*)

WATER-COLOUR LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

in position, or faulty in form, the painting is so far worthless; but if, on the contrary, they are telling, mark out the strong features, and add strength and character to the objects they are intended to enhance, they stamp the picture at once as a work of art.

Tints are lightened and high lights taken out in various ways—artists use one or more of them as occasion demands. Experience will teach which is most suitable to carry out a desired effect. Soft feathery clouds may be taken out with blotting-paper while the wash is still wet, or during the laying of a wash the same brush may be used in a drier state to lighten any part of the tint. Blotting-paper folded, and the edges torn off, may be used on a wash while wet in parts that require high lights; when dry, the tint is rubbed with a clean cloth or silk handkerchief, and the lights remain clear. High lights may be also scraped out with a penknife when the painting is quite dry; the ripples on water are imitated naturally in this manner. Pumice-stone finely powdered, sifted, then sprinkled on the drawing and rubbed round with the fingers, is said to produce aërial effects, and the use of a piece of soft flannel with plenty of water is also advised.

The student can complain of no want of means for procuring certain appearances that he desires to obtain: the principal thing is to use them one and all with caution; for although he is enabled thus to produce beautiful effects legitimately, yet he should remember that if over-done and used too freely, a coarse rough picture will be the result. He may paint in his lights with Chinese white, or white mixed with colour, if he prefers it to the other methods, but many strongly object to the employment of any body colour whatever.

The artist should invariably work at a distance from his picture, and when putting in those parts that require him to work more closely, he should rise now and again, and view it from some distance. Especially in adding the last touches is it important that he should stand back from the painting, that he may be enabled to know more certainly where they can be used with the greatest advantage. Greater freedom and a broader manner is thus gained than by sitting close to the paper and working with minute touches, that are only permitted in the finishing up of a miniature. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," says:—"From young artists in landscape, nothing ought to be tolerated but simple, *bonâ fide* imitation of Nature. They have no business to ape the execution of masters, to utter weak and disjointed repetitions of other men's words, and mimic the gestures of the preacher, without understanding his meaning or sharing his emotions. Their duty is neither to choose, nor compose, nor imagine, nor experimentalise; but to be humble and earnest in following the steps of Nature and tracing the finger of God."

GARDENING IN JUNE.

ONCE more we have come round to the roseate month of the year, when every gardener is—or ought to be—in full work, for our days are at the longest; and the weather, too, is as a rule not too violently hot for exertion in the month of June. By the end of May then, or early in the month upon which we have just entered, our green-house to a very great extent is empty, for all our bedding-out stock has been turned out to take its chance in the open. We never allow our green-house to be idle, least of all in the gayest of the summer months; but, where we are growing no grapes, it is as well certainly to select some time between June and Michaelmas for any necessary repairs in the way of carpenter's work or painting, so that when the season comes round for storing away all our stock of August cuttings, &c., everything may be in readiness to receive them. No house ought to go more than three years without *outside* painting. It is a very false economy to allow a longer time than this to elapse without the painter's visit, for, owing to the constant and full exposure to the sun and the rain, the woodwork and frame generally, where paint is absent, become liable to decay, and in addition to this the putty cracks and slips off, the wet begins to find its way through, your plants are spoiled by the drip, while the glass on the first gale is liable to rattle down with a smash. Once rid, then, of our bedding-out work, we give our house a thorough cleaning out, and afterwards make a selection of our most showy, least hardy, and best-grown plants, and place them at intervals along our stand, at a distance from each other proportionate to the number of plants at our disposal; or we retain, for example, any plants requiring a hot sun to develop their florescence, such as some of the large lily tribe. One or two orange-trees or large myrtles, geraniums on a large scale, and some tall and fine fuchsias will perhaps make up our summer conservatory display. If we are able to add to it in the endless variety of ways that could be suggested, so much the better.

Or, now that we have more room in our green-house, we can turn our attention to the growth inside of a few tender annuals, while any seedling plants that we have perhaps recently raised may be potted, our object being so to forward them and get them well established by the fall of the year. We shall want the watering-pot pretty frequently, for nothing is more hurtful to plants that are growing rapidly than a slack water-supply. And yet the soil must not be actually saturated, though the plant should be getting *nearly* dry before a fresh watering is given. Never,

however, allow a plant to begin to droop before you water it. Pay a little attention just now to the preparation of your chrysanthemums. If they have been growing pretty freely, place them out of doors. They want plenty of light and air, but should not be in too large pots, at least at this time of the year. A little liquid manure will do them good. If you want eventually to have them dwarf, shrubby, and strong plants, keep them in their small pots till August; then, in the course of that month, pot them some two sizes larger, and in so doing coil a part of the stem under the soil. In this operation, if you are afraid of breaking the stem off short—as we should say—let the plant wither slightly before you make your attempt, it will by that means become more pliable. Water will soon revive your plant when re-potted.

We have not, however, space to devote much attention to many individual flowers. One exception we may though, perhaps, make, and say a few words about the cultivation of a very popular favourite, the pink. The richness and variety in its colour, as well as its clove scent, combine to make it rank amongst the gayest and most desirable for our flower garden. And first, then, as to the best situation and soil for our pinks. Nothing very out-of-the-way is necessary for the soil beyond that recommended for many other flowers: good decayed turf, taken from our heap of that material which we ought always to have in stock; and then there is the usual precaution also to be had, namely, the picking out from it of all grubs and any sort of vermin that takes delight in feasting on the root. Or, failing our turf-heap, we must have recourse to our ordinary soil; but this, at any rate, must be dressed with some three or four inches of decayed manure or cow-dung. This must, of course, be well mixed with your garden soil. Should you desire to raise your pinks from seed, the seed should, of course, have been originally saved from the most perfect flowers, or from the choicest varieties. The seed should have been kept in its pod until the time for sowing has arrived, and this is in the month of March or April, and under a frame in soil such as has been described; then, when your young plants are large enough to admit of it, prick them out, and plant them with some three or four inches between each. Here they can remain till they bloom, and, if you have a large assortment, go over them carefully, marking all those that are imperfect, or only single in their bloom, for speedy removal. It is important to get them out of the way before they spoil others by their seed.

Very effective in your garden is a fine set of pinks, carnations, and picotees—for they are all of the same family—arranged along a stand during their blooming season, the great variety of their shade and colour being always charming. Thus much, then, for our pinks; and we must now hurry away in this long month to another branch of our gardening subject. And while speaking of flowers in particular we may as well at once advert to our window-garden display. And in the month of June there ought surely to be no difficulty in having this a very brilliant one. Here again, and indeed for the next three months, we must redouble our caution in one respect. Recollect that in what is popularly called window-gardening our stock of plants has no moisture of mother earth to fall back upon when the weather is very hot. Our flowers and shrubs stand in their solitary pots, and nearly always exposed for the livelong day to the full blaze of a midsummer sun. We do all we can, then, to husband moisture by means of moss kept as wet as we can, or by ornamental work outside our balcony to serve as far as possible for a protection from the sun's rays; or we stand our flower-pots inside a larger one: this last is as good a remedy as any, the chief drawback being that it makes a large demand upon the space at our disposal. Moss pushed down between the pots, too, is an admirable plan for husbanding moisture.

A good amalgamation of colour in the window just now is a scarlet geranium, a nice shrubby yellow calceolaria, a good deep-coloured blue lobelia, and a fuchsia; but do not let your plants stand all huddled and crowded up together, as touching each other involves entanglement, and their after disentanglement as often results in a breakage. Give copious waterings after sunset, and keep the foliage of your flowers free from dust. If you are attempting the cultivation of the popular maiden-hair fern, bear in mind that this likes moist heat, but no sun's rays, which in a day or two would destroy it.

Turning to our fruit and vegetable garden, we hope to find everything in rich luxuriance in leafy June. Unhappily those caterpillars upon our gooseberries and currants never seem to forget the beginning of the "leafy" season; but it is a fatal mistake to suppose that, since we find our fruit in its green state and apparently intact, therefore the caterpillar is doing us no wrong in considering himself entitled to the leaves. A leafless gooseberry or currant-bush will only result in fruit that is still green and sour in July when it ought to be red, so never declare a truce with the caterpillar. The gooseberries, however, must be thinned uniformly for bottling: by uniformly we mean going over all the bushes and not stripping one or two entirely. Then the wall-fruit must be likewise thinned, and so must the grapes. Get away the strawberry-runners, and water in a very dry season. The fruit as it ripens becomes a prey to the blackbirds and starlings, not to mention the slugs. Some tan is a good preventive to the last-named, while net-work, and early rising for garden-work, are a considerable check upon the birds.

In our kitchen garden, which ought now to look and to be well stocked, perhaps our chief labour lies this month in keeping down that superabundant supply of weeds. If this be not done, our young and growing crops will be seriously damaged. And then the early-sown beans must be topped and the potatoes earthed up. The fortnightly sowings, too, of peas may be continued where you have space for it, and spinach may also be got in. Nor forget this year to gather the herbs earlier in the season, instead of allowing them to grow on until almost rank and coarse in

the autumn. Perhaps the best time for gathering them is about when they are coming into flower. They should then be tied up in small bundles and hung up in a dry, not in a damp place. Rhubarb gathered for too long a period weakens the next year's supply, and one of the secrets of successful gardening really consists in looking ahead.

The lawn, and our roses that are upon it, occupy us considerably this month. A good syringing is highly beneficial to the standard roses, as it helps to rid them of the caterpillar, an old enemy that makes us ever vindictive.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION IV.—SHOULD WE SEND OUR GIRLS TO BOARDING-SCHOOLS?

(*Debate continued.*)

RIENZI:—The subject which my honourable friend has brought before the House, though of a homely character, is one of great importance. It is a matter concerning not only the present, but also the coming generation; and for this reason, if for no other, I beg honourable members to discuss it in a calm and dispassionate frame of mind. The contention of my honourable friend is that, in a boarding-school, girls do not receive that parental love which they may claim as their inheritance and their right. That view, so obvious, and so fair, is, I am sure, entertained by the majority of this House. The honourable member who followed my honourable friend does not, however, appear to think so; but we scarcely expected that he would, for I notice that whenever any subject is brought before the House from this side the honourable gentleman always gives it his most cordial opposition. Some of his arguments can, as usual, be well used against himself.

M. ROWLAND:—As a girl educated partly at school, partly at home, I must give my vote very decidedly in favour of boarding-schools. The Opener and Opponent have not touched on two of the most important effects of school education—first, the immense impetus which competition gives to learning. A child learning at home with her brothers and sisters may be cleverer than they, and finding herself far in advance of the rest, become in consequence conceited and idle; if she were at school she would find herself only on a par with, perhaps very much behind, children of her own age, and if possessed of an ordinary amount of ambition would strive to work well and equal her companions Secondly, the routine of school teaches children orderly and methodical habits; they find that a day in which every hour has its appointed task leaves them happy and busy; had they been left to their own devices, not half the work would have been accomplished, and they would have been far more tired. At home, if their mother is their teacher, she is often called away to some necessary household duty, and cannot give the undivided attention to her pupils which is an essential in teaching; and if a governess is in charge of the home education it is little better; the authority is divided; father, mother, and governess seldom agree on the subject of punishment. Then, too, how easily a holiday is obtained at home! A drive with mamma, a very fine afternoon, an imaginary headache, are all excuse enough for shirking lessons, which at home are generally disliked.

C. B. BRIGSTOCKE concludes an admirable speech as follows:—The question before us is simply this, whether the education of girls is best carried on in the home or the boarding-school? and on this point it seems that the Opener of the debate and his Opponent are agreed. Both admit that home education wherever possible is the most desirable. Both, doubtless, would also admit that boarding-school education, if the only possible one, is infinitely better than none. Thus the Family Parliament is for once unanimous, and you, Mr. Speaker, are spared the responsibility of giving a casting vote.

FERGUS IMRACH:—Even supposing the home influences are not quite what might be desired, and that the school atmosphere is far superior, the chances are that a girl will yet lose more than she gains. As "home" and "mother" mean more to her than "school" and "teacher," any change of treatment will probably be resented by her simply because differing from that at home. She will then make common cause with those of her school-fellows who, considering school as banishment, pay to its rules the least attention possible, short of open resistance.

H. R. ROADS:—Surely the hon. Opponent is mistaken when he hints at "the inferiority of home education." I maintain that it is far more varied and complete than a boarding-school one, where the system is essentially cramping; while a girl acquires an originality and individuality, and preserves a freshness and purity, impossible except in a home. Notice the difference between girls of fourteen and fifteen, according to their respective educations. The home-girl amuses you readily and cheerfully, conversing upon most subjects, from politics, poetry, and books, down to the pet kitten; while the school-girl is shy and constrained, with apparently no ideas upon any subject.

MRS. JOHNSTON:—That home education is the safest and best for our girls few would deny, but in very many families this is wholly impracticable. I take one case out of the many, and that one of constant occurrence.

There is a family of some six or seven children; the eldest is a girl. She is an intelligent, clever child, and for some happy years she and her two brothers next in age keep apace in their study of algebra, Euclid, and Latin, under the home instruction of a morning governess.

But, alas! a day comes all too quickly when it is decided that "the boys must go to school." This matter once settled, a suitable school is soon selected, where amid the rougher natures of those with whom they now associate, the softness of home rule is rubbed off, and by contact with the outer world these boys begin to learn some of those stern realities of life in which they will soon be called to take their part.

But the sister! who shall replace to her those brothers? how is her education from henceforth to be conducted? The younger sister, some three or four years her junior, is but a babe in intellect compared with her elder sister; how then can their education be carried on together? Is the younger to be pressed forward to the standard of the elder, or should the elder be kept back and so brought down to the level of the younger? Either would be equally cruel and unjust. What then must be done? The only answer is, "She too must be sent to school."

MRS. HORSFIELD:—It appears to me impossible that any right-thinking woman could allow her daughter to be banished from home to a boarding-school. Granted that the school-mistress really loves her pupils, she cannot possibly know the disposition of each one, and therefore cannot give to each that sympathy which every warm-hearted girl craves, and which none but a mother can bestow.

JAS. BLACK:—While rising to support Opponent's view of the controversy, I cannot agree with him when he says that the hon. member opposite is right in using the sentence with which his speech commences, that "there is no lawful personal authority without love." This is a statement which cannot be too strongly condemned; it is simply telling people (school-girls in this case) that if they take a dislike to their superiors, those superiors cannot exact obedience from them. It is an assertion strangely at variance with that part of his speech in which he says, "A dull girl never turns out a clever woman, she simply gains experience;" does this not mean that the head of a school is the person capable of using authority in the best possible way, that she is the most likely person to win that loving compliance due to her as the representative of parents? When we take into consideration the great amount of worry and pain which school-mistresses have to undergo, we see more clearly that it needs a

woman of perhaps unusual nobility and kindness to win the respect of her pupils.

D. BEYNON :—In reading the memoirs of our eminent women, it will be found that they invariably sing the praises of home education and discipline. The heart and the head go hand-in-hand better in the work of imparting knowledge under the roof of home, than it is possible for any fashionable boarding-school to accomplish.

SILVERSTAR :—Now, Sir, is it not a fact that, after completing their terms, most young ladies return home from boarding-schools proud, arrogant, and scornful, with false ideas of modesty and dignity, disdaining the companionship of those who were once their dearest friends? They are said to be "accomplished young ladies." Yes! they are perfect in pride, and they have acquired a sound knowledge of all the cold forms of etiquette; but, alas! they know hardly anything (if, indeed, anything) of domestic duties, they know hardly anything of the duties they owe mankind, they know but half the duties they owe their parents. This may be considered strong language, but we should bear in mind that "facts are stubborn things," and no one can deny that I am speaking the truth. If those girls had been placed in high day-schools, they would have been for a few hours every day under the guidance of their parents; they would have been taught in domestic affairs; they would not have been in want of parental care, love, and advice; they would have mixed more in society, and been better able to discern good men from bad; they would have been more sociable, graced with more humility, and, consequently, free from that detestable affectation which is characteristic of the majority of young ladies who have received a boarding-school education.

J. ROBERTSON :—Allow me to say a few words in answer to the Opener's arguments against sending our girls to boarding-schools; I should think his ideas of boarding-schools must be gathered from his grandmother; perhaps in her school-days they were the sort of places he describes, a kind of female Dotheboys Hall; but about a century ago children had not so much liberty as now, and even at home there was iron rule.

Our honourable friend says, "Girls would never be sent to boarding-schools could their fathers know what the life is by experience." A girl generally has a mother, and she knows from experience what the life is, and if she had been unhappy or had had her childhood murdered, the remembrance would remain with her always, and she would endeavour to save her daughters from such a "barren wilderness." Instead of that, a mother is generally the most anxious for her girls to go to a boarding-school; and what girl has not been intensely interested in her mother's tales of her school days, and longed for the time when she would be able to go too? At school a girl has a busy life, and this teaches her the habit of employing her time usefully; she has several companions, and the daily intercourse with so many different tempers makes her think less of self and more of doing some kind act for another. Girls at home often grow selfish and idle; take for instance one who is an only child, where her parents indulge her in every possible way; if that girl were educated at home she would perhaps be only half educated, some fancied ailment or some new pleasure would very often interfere with study, and from being always considered of so much importance she would grow up a selfish, egotistical woman.

Other speeches supporting Opener's views received from J. East Shattock, H. M. Holliday, F. J. S., A. B. Brown, Dr. Kegan, Norna, MacLean, J. Hinton, E. G. G., Jumbo, S. A. G., B. Mellor, Harold, Dulce Domum, Eta, Beatrice, Benedick, A L. O. D., R. W. Williams, G. H. Le Neveu, W. King, S. E. C. Young, W. Wakeford, E. Milne, E. E. Hubbard, E. C. H. Stamford, W. Shearer, E. P., G. D. Clark, Annie E. Myers, W. A. Jubb, R. Over, and others.

Other speeches supporting Opponent's views received from J. M D. S., Pierrepont, L. Hyth, Montgomerie, M. McMillan, E. H. James, J. Eaton Fearn, Mrs. Swindells, A. C. Eaton, Jeanie Tulloch, C. Snewing, "A Girl who has just left School," A. E. L., M. Horobin, C. J. C., L. Holmes, L. M. Paine, Jessie Donisthorpe, M. E. Rangdale, H. S. S., junr., T. G. Parrott, J. H. Goulding, E. Norton, E. M. A., L. A. W., J. Beckett, M. F, Myrtle, Winifred Grey, W. J. Ritchie, W. Speakman, Sparkhall Brown, E. Butt, E. Carter, Millie Rundle, J. M., Isabella Elliott, J. J. M. Davis, and others.

The Honorarium of £1 1s. has been awarded to Miss Catherine D. Logan, 10, St. Stephen's Crescent, Bayswater, W., whose speech, together with the Opener's Reply, will be given in our next issue, when the Debate on this question will be continued and concluded. No further speeches can be received on this question.

THE TINCAL TRADE OF ASIA.

WHAT is "tincal?" Considering the importance of this trade, and the fact that it is daily increasing, it is somewhat remarkable that the majority of people in this country are entirely ignorant of the existence of such a trade, and in all probability most of the readers of the heading of this article will be moved with curiosity to know what "tincal" *is*, prior to their interest being awakened concerning the trade in it. It may be well, therefore, before treating of the trade in tincal to explain in a few words the nature of this important natural product of the East.

Tincal is crude or rough borax, which is imported from Calcutta in crystalline masses, which contain borax combined with soda and a fatty acid. The salt is never termed borax until refined or purified. It was very early known to the Arabians, but they applied the term "baurach" indifferently to carbonate of soda, the *nitrum* and *natron* of the ancients, also found as an efflorescence on the soil. "Baurach" is among the many chemical preparations noticed by the Arabian, Geber, who lived in the eighth century. It was employed by him for one of the same purposes for which it is used at present, viz., to assist in reducing the oxides of certain metals to the metallic state. Tincal is a saline compound or combination of soda with boracic acid, and this acid is a compound of oxygen with an elementary substance to which the name of "boron" is applied.

Thibet is the natural home of this mineral salt, where it is found in extensive districts. Quantities are dug out of the earth and crystallised, and a great many of the shepherds of Thibet are engaged in collecting this substance. The earth in some districts of Thibet, especially in the neighbourhood of Tasso Lumbo, is so impregnated with it, that as the dew falls it becomes saturated with it, and the stunted vegetation is soon covered with this crystalline salt. Large masses of it are obtained from Lake Pelta. The

natives report a lake 100 miles from this spot where still larger masses are found. This lake is said to be surrounded by precipitous rocks, no rivulet having access to it, and being supplied only by springs containing the tincal in solution. The constant evaporation of the water causes the deposition of the tincal in the bottom of the lake, whence it is removed by the natives. Though thousands of tons have already been removed there is no apparent decrease in the quantity, the supply seeming almost unlimited. Thibet exports very few articles of commerce to India; tincal, musk, gold-dust, and a little wool being the most important. Huc, in his "Travels in Tartary," gives the following account of the district:—

"On the 15th November we quitted the magnificent plains of the Kokou-Noor, and entered upon the territories of the Mongols of Tsaidam. Immediately after crossing the river of that name, we found the aspect of the country totally changed. Nature becomes all of a sudden savage and sad; the soil, arid and stony, produces with difficulty a few dry saltpetrous bushes. Mineral salt and tincal abound on this arid and almost wholly pastureless soil. You dig holes two or three feet deep and the salt collects therein, and crystallises and purifies itself without your having any trouble in the matter. The tincal is collected from small reservoirs which become completely full of it. The Thibetians carry quantities of it to their own country, to Lassa, where they sell it to the goldsmiths, who apply it to facilitate the fusion of metals."

Tincal is collected by the poor native population from the side of the lakes in September, October, and November, and is brought into the villages in Thibet and sold at the bazaars. Large droves of sheep are kept by these men, and these animals are used for transporting the tincal across the mountains, which are so rugged and inaccessible that no conveyance could pass over them. About 30 or 40 lbs. of tincal are packed upon the back of each sheep, and some few goats are also used in the trade. The sheep-owners then start on their long wearisome journey. Every driver carries a distaff and bobbins, and as they travel, every bit of wool which falls from the sheep, or sticks to the thorny bushes which from time to time are passed on the way, is carefully collected. This wool is spun into yarn or strong thread, and then woven into cloth, out of which these thrifty drovers construct bags. These bags are covered outside by sheepskin to prevent the tincal from getting wet. From 800 to 1,000 sheep make a drove, and the progress made per diem is about seven to nine miles, and it takes from six to eight weeks for the journey from the starting-point to Moradabad, where the tincal is disposed of.

The tincal is sold in the bazaars at Moradabad by the Bootees to native dealers, and from Moradabad it is sent on to Calcutta. The owners of the sheep take back on their return journey, salt, rice, sugar, cowrie shells (which pass as coin), and small Birmingham and Sheffield wares. In some districts tincal is known by the name of "swab," but it is more generally known as tincal. Unfortunately tincal, like other articles of trade, cannot claim immunity from adulteration. The adulteration commences at Moradabad and other points on the Indian side of the Himalayas. It arrives in Calcutta most of it more or less mixed with sand and other impurities, though some of it arrives pure. As the purchaser of a box of figs generally finds all the prime fruit in the first layer, so in a similar manner when the European merchant goes to a native dealer in Calcutta to purchase a few hundred bags of tincal, he is prepared to find that all the visible bags contain the pure article. The buyer completes his purchase, but the moment he is gone many of the bags of prime tincal are put aside, and the adulterated stuff thrown in with his lot. The tincal is then shipped for Liverpool or London, good and bad all mixed together, and on arrival the buyer discerns the inferior article, and claims arbitration on account of inferior quality. The tincal is analysed by chemists in London and Liverpool, two brokers are selected to make the allowance or award, and the result is generally a loss of from £2 to £8 per ton to the owner or shipper. It has been suggested that this adulteration might easily be prevented if the European firms would agree only to ship tincal that has been sifted through sieves of, say, twenty meshes. If this were done the trade would materially increase, as most of the manufacturers, both in this country and in Germany, prefer tincal to borax for their enamelling. Some very fine crystals have lately been received from a newly discovered deposit in Nepaul, perfectly free from "dust," and if the bulk parcels are equal to the samples, adulterated tincal will soon be a thing of the past.

On its arrival in England the tincal goes through an elaborate process of refining and purification before it is ready for use. Very fine purified tincal yields an extremely high percentage of borax, viz., 98 to 99 per cent.—almost *pure* borax. This borax, or tincal, which is its more correct name, is used to produce that beautiful glaze or enamelling that we see on the articles manufactured in the earthenware trade; it increases the fusibility of the glass or glaze, which is composed of silica, or felspar, lime, and soda; lead is also added to increase the fusibility and density. The finer the quality of the glaze required, the greater quantity of this pure borax or tincal must be used. After it is run down into a glass it is called by the potters "frett," and the operation is called "fretting." This frett is ground in water until it is very fine and smooth and about the consistency of cream, when it is ready for use. The calcined or biscuit porous ware is then dipped into it, and absorbs a portion of it; the ware is then dried, and again fired, when the glaze on the surface fuses and covers the ware with a thin coating of glass. Borax or tincal is also used for domestic purposes, by the laundress, who finds that when put into the starch it improves the colour, and renders muslin incombustible. It is used also instead of soda for softening water and increasing the whiteness of linen, it is useful as a hair-wash, and makes an excellent dentifrice. So our readers will now understand that there is a good deal in "tincal," one way and another.

H. A.

A LIFE-PICTURE. IN FIVE PANELS.*

I.—A CHILD.

Like a gleam of sunshine breaking
through a cloudy sky,
Like a wayside blossom making
bright a wearied eye,
Like an April swallow bringing hope
upon its wing,
Like the voice of mavis singing in
the early spring,
Like—oh! like all sweet surprises,
coming when or how,
Is the vision fair that rises clear
before me now;
Vision of a little maiden counting
years eleven,
One with cares already laden—
eldest-born of seven.
But her cares bring nought of sad-
ness, only make her strong,
For her heart is full of gladness, and
her life of song.

III.—A WIFE.

"They who over seas are ranging,
far as they may fly,
Not the mind within are changing
with the change of sky;"
"As the heart is, so the life is," live
it where you will;
"As the daughter, so the wife is,"
both for good and ill.
Proverbs true of her whose story I
I am glad to tell—
Record not of gaining glory, but of
living well.
Strange is now each life-surround-
ing — land, and home, and
name;
Claims increase on claims abound-
ing—she is still the same.
"Safely trusting," justly "praising,'
is "her husband's heart;"
Simplest duties she is raising, doing
well her part.

II.—A WOMAN.

All the past is marked by stages
—as a travelled way,
Memory turns over pages filled
from day to day.
Turn them now with rapid finger,
time has journeyed on;
With the child we may not lin-
ger, for the child is gone:
Gone, but only as the petals fa'l
from setting fruit;
Moulded, as are molten metals,
higher ends to suit.
All the charm, revealed so
sweetly, all the varied good
In the child, shown more com-
pletely crown her woman-
hood.
Service rendered "not by mea-
sure," but to meet the claim,
Duty done and reckoned plea-
sure—this her constant aim.

* To this Poem was awarded the Prize of Five Pounds offered for the best Poem on the Domestic Affections.—Ed.

IV.—A MOTHER.

Of a circle wide the centre long
the wife has been,
Steward of the treasures lent her,
of a realm the queen;
Ruling with a sceptre royal, with
a sceptre right,
Ruling over subjects loyal-owning right her might;
Mother of her children, knowing
all the children's need;
Mother to her children, showing
motherhood indeed;
Sharing in the children's troubles
—half have ceased to be,
While the children's pleasure
doubles with her sympathy.
In the hours of soft caressing, in
the tasks of life,
She is blessed and she is blessing
—as when child and wife.

V.—A HOME.

Look upon a landscape ending in
a sunlit sea—
Hill, and vale, and water blending,
all in union free;
Listen to the chorus swelling with
the growing morn—
Nature's voices blithely telling
that a day is born;
In the picture there is never dull
monotony,
In the music there is ever perfect
harmony.
Such the home with members
many who in mind are one,
And the things affecting any are
unfelt by none—
All possessing, using, sharing wisdom from above,
One another's burdens bearing—
law of perfect LOVE.

GEO. R. TAYLOR.

MAKING BREAD AT HOME.

BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

PERHAPS it will be considered that the last word has been said on the bread question; that with all which has been written on that subject no more is necessary; yet surely the last word has *not* been said until home-made bread ceases to deserve Hood's contemptuous couplet—

"Who has not met with home-made bread?—
A heavy compound of putty and lead,"

and the heavy dark-hued loaf becomes the exception, not as now the rule.

One reason, perhaps, why home-made bread is so rarely used in cities, is the idea common in England that it can only be well baked in a brick oven. I think this has more to do with the general dependence on the baker than the tempting convenience of being able to buy bread ready to eat.

Another thing to be considered is the economy, not a small matter in large families of growing children, though in economising we must always remember that even where the need of economy is most urgent, it is poor management to attain it by giving uninviting food.

Perhaps, too, I shall induce some wise housewife to try making brown bread at home (can anything be more delicious than brown bread and fresh butter?) and even to give a trial to rye-flour—how excellent an article of food this is, few people know, and they take a prejudice to it from eating or hearing of the disagreeable, sour, black rye-bread of the Continent. Rye-bread is usually heavy and very sour, but the last characteristic is not natural to rye, which has the flavour of wheaten flour to which a very little sugar has been added; but the sourness is purposely produced in Germany, I am told, by the leaven, and is relished by those who are brought up on it beyond any sweet bread.

In this country, where tradition has little power to paralyse experiment, the woman was not prevented from trying to have home-made bread because she lived in a town-house with a small iron oven. Her experience is that any oven that will bake a piece of beef or a leg of mutton will bake a loaf of bread. Of course it is not necessary for comfort to have huge loaves; the half-quartern size is most convenient to cut and to bake, and people who deal with a baker use them as much as the larger size. Where the home-made loaf has a crust an inch thick, there would be very little inside it perhaps, but my bread has no such crust, nor will yours if you pay attention to my rules for baking, and make the bread as I shall direct.

In the first place, be careful to weigh and measure until you are quite familiar with the process, when your eye will direct you; in the next, do not attempt a large baking at first, even if your family is large—it is better to bake three times a week, three loaves each time, than nine loaves at once, and in the end it is less trouble. Say you wish to make, then, two half-quartern loaves, or thereabouts, at first; you will need about three pounds of flour, or a little more—flour varies very much, but the *very best quality* of household whites is the most economical in the end—half an ounce of German yeast, a tea-spoonful of salt, and warm water.

Dissolve the yeast in half a pint of *warm* water (*not hot*, or your yeast will be scalded), then take one pound of the flour—if in winter it should be warmed and well dried—put it in a large bowl, and make a hole in the centre, in which put the salt. Add the yeast well mixed with the water, stirring it the while; add more warm water if necessary to make the pound of flour into a batter thick enough for a spoon to stand up, or as thick as porridge; beat it for a minute or so, cover it, and if in winter set it in a warm place all night. In summer it will be light by morning if set anywhere out of a draught. This is called setting the sponge. When it is quite light—that is, as porous as a honeycomb, double the bulk it was when first set, and covered all over with bubbles—your sponge is ready. Now take the remaining two pounds of flour and nearly a pint more of warm water. Let the flour be warm and dry, add it to the sponge, stirring it in with the right hand and adding enough water to make a *soft* dough; the most general fault in bread-making at home is getting the dough too stiff; bear in mind that you cannot have it *too soft*, provided it is not sticky. It should be soft enough to spread a little when turned out to knead on the board, but not to run; in kneading, if it sticks to the board, dredge a very little flour over it, and work it in, bringing the dough always from the outside to the middle. It will take about ten minutes to bring this to a smooth and very soft mass, which, though so soft, will stick neither to your hands nor the bowl. Be sure in adding flour while kneading, it is done from the dredger, not thrown in by the handful. If you have very little time, this dough may be divided into two loaves, and put into two half-quartern square-end cake tins, which cost little, and the novice in bread-making will be much aided by having them. Later, when practice has made you perfect, you may bake your bread without, or in any form you please.

The dough need not be spread evenly over the bottom of the tin, if it is the right consistency it will soon spread itself as it rises; merely when divided drop it in; the tin should not be more than half full; if it is, take off so much dough as will leave it about half full *when spread*. Now set them to rise with a cloth over them in a warm place—not in front of the fire; the warmth should come from beneath.

In thus putting the bread in the pans after once

kneading, I am giving only the simplest and most expeditious plan; and the result of it will be a very excellent loaf; but where one can give a reasonable amount of time and care to the work, it is best to work the bread twice, which is my own way. After the dough is well kneaded, as before directed, instead of putting it in the pans at once, set in the mixing bowl to rise; when it is twice the bulk it was, knead it down thoroughly with both hands, for seven to ten minutes; now divide it, and put it in the tins to rise; we are now again at the same point as with the first plan. The bread, kneaded either *once* or *twice* as convenience allows, is put in the pans to rise, and in the rising and baking lies the secret of success. Bread is generally put into the oven much too soon—that is, before it is sufficiently risen; the crust forms, and it is impossible for it to attain its proper bulk. Bread so treated is tough, even if porous, is dark, and shows its ill-usage by a crack along the top or round the sides—not a crack from lightness, filled up with light bread, but a cavernous crack into which you can lay your finger. If your bread looks so, before you cut it you may know it is wrong. To avoid this let your bread rise to *double the bulk* it was when first put in the tins, which will now be nearly full and feel very light to the touch; or lift a little dough aside with the finger—if it looks full of small holes like a *very fine* sponge it is ready for the oven, which must always be ready for it. To insure good bread, or cake or pastry for that matter, your oven must bake at the *bottom*.

The oven, contrary to the general opinion, should be quite hot, so hot that when you hold in your hand you can count twenty with ease, but at thirty be forced to draw it out. Then put in the loaves; do not look into the oven for twenty minutes, then change the position of the loaves if they are beginning to brown, open the damper for five minutes, then close it; in half an hour the bread should begin to colour, and in an hour the loaves will be done. Turn them out on a cloth and tap the bottom. It should be pale brown, feel crisp, and smell cooked. Now stand the bread up against something as you would toast to prevent it steaming. If your oven was very hot, say if you could only bear your hand in it while you counted twenty (if you could not bear it so long, it was too hot, and must be cooled before the bread is put in), the bread may be taken out after it has been in three-quarters of an hour, and the bottom tested as before; the bread will no doubt be done; if the bottom, however, is still soft and not brown, return it to the tin, and bake another quarter of an hour. If your oven "catches" at the top before the bottom browns, cover the bread for the first half-hour with a stout piece of cardboard.

The idea of long slow baking has come from the days of brick ovens, no doubt, when huge two-quartern loaves were baked that they might keep fresh; because, as a fire had to be expressly built for baking, the trouble was taken not more than once a week; and these great loaves, of course, could only be very slowly baked, or they would have been raw in the middle. But now-a-days, when we know that the oven if properly managed is ready whenever there is fire enough to roast a leg of mutton, that it takes five minutes over-night to set the sponge, and a quarter of an hour next morning to make the bread, there is surely no reason why the baking should be a huge task left for one day in the week; for, it must be remembered, the large weekly baking consumes all at once quadruple the time needed for each smaller one; three or four pounds of flour can be kneaded thoroughly in a few minutes, its bulk is so small, but not so twelve or sixteen pounds.

I have given the quantity needed three times a week for a *very* small family, a *jeune ménage* perhaps, because if you fail, it is better to fail after less labour and loss than much, and you must try again; and once a quartern of light, white, crisp bread is produced, you can make two by doubling everything. Four tins will not easily go into a small oven, though three perhaps will, two lengthwise and one across; try them, and if one loaf or two must be left to bake after, put so many as your oven will bake (*on the bottom*) to rise as directed, put the others in a less warm place, approaching them to the warmer spot when the other loaves go into the oven. This requires only a little management; I know one mother of a family of ten hearty children, who bakes her own bread, eight loaves at a time, in a little oven that just holds three; her bread is excellent, and never sour, which of course it would be if she did not manage so that each three loaves are just ready as soon as the previous three are baked (if all had risen at once, those having to wait would be sour and tasteless; and bad as bread is which has not risen enough, bread too far risen is much worse). The economy is so great and so necessary that she finds it pay to take this trouble.

Never attempt to bake bread on the top shelf of the oven; it will always be spoilt; therefore, though the top is empty, and your loaves waiting, let them wait.

Remember a few things, and your bread must be good:—The best—therefore the cheapest—flour, a hot oven, and sufficient time to rise. As flour and yeast differ so much, I can give no rule for time, but an infallible one is for it to *double its bulk* before being put in the oven.

The quantity of yeast may be increased if it is not strong, which will be known by the length of time it takes to rise; as a rule it should not take more than three or four hours after it is made up in the morning. If you have mixed your sponge over-night as directed, and it is not light at six in the morning, set it in a warm place for two hours; if not light and bubbling then you may conclude, unless the weather is very cold, that the yeast was either stale or insufficient. Inquire where you bought it as to the quantity of bread an ounce will make.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte, in bread as in other things; and perfect bread once produced, the lightest rolls, twists, horns, and kringles may be made with very little trouble.

CATHERINE OWEN.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IN the height of the London season, and, what is far better, that delightful time of year when nature is seen at its very best, there is every encouragement to dress well. The sun shows up all defects, and you must don your freshest attire. There are many tasteful novelties now, indeed all the new fashions seem pretty. Moire and watered silk are universally worn—striped moire, checked moire, and the new Moire Haïtienne, viz., striped with alternate moire and a thick cord. Broché moire, I consider, is now the particularly favourite fashion for elderly ladies' full dress. In order that you may distinguish between a broché silk and what the French call "soie façonnée," I must tell you that the pattern in a broché fabric is formed by means of a separate shuttle working quite distinct from the weaving, while in the other case all the work is done by the shuttle going across.

If you ask whether stripes, checks, or broché are worn, I can only say that all are in vogue, but in Paris, at all events, the stripes are more generally applied as trimmings, especially velvet and satin stripes blended, but vividly contrasting in colour, such as red and green, blue and gold, and so on. I saw last week, at a fashionable dinner, a skirt of myrtle-green satin, elaborately trimmed with lace, worn with a coat bodice of striped velvet and satin, of the same shade of myrtle-green, mixed with old-gold, and this is a style much in favour; though, speaking generally, I consider coat bodices quite distinct from the rest of the dress are going out. Chinés are gaining great favour, and both in foulard and richer materials are being worn with plain-coloured satin and silk skirts, having gathered flounces; and a sort of apple-green is the favourite colour. But gros-grains are certainly replacing satins, and at some of the most fashionable weddings, of late, brides have worn rich corded silk, with a coarse reps and of an ivory tone, instead of satin.

In cotton and woollen goods, printed and embroidered borderings are almost the only trimmings used; indeed, except a few fringes, trimmings are in the minority, unless it be lace, and for that the demand is so great, it is almost impossible to get a sufficient quantity from wholesale houses. Mauresque is the latest novelty, like embroidered net, and you may now buy net by the piece, treated in the same way, and liberally used on silks, satins, and washing materials. It is very pretty on silk or bobbin-net. Spanish lace is almost the only black lace used, but the patterns are more of the guipure order, and there is no doubt that next year everything will be guipure in black lace. We call it all Spanish, but in truth Calais and St. Pierre are the two places where it is chiefly made. England is, however, making a reputation for itself in that way, and excellent black bright silk Spanish lace is made in Nottingham.

French dressmakers use a great deal of imitation Valenciennes lace, with the same quaint designs upon it that were wont to characterise the early darned laces, viz., griffins and quaint animals; this is mostly of a deep yellow tone, and of a pinky yellow, the latter more becoming to the skin. The finest imitation Valenciennes finds much favour, only in Paris it is exquisite but so costly. "Duchesse brodé" is another elaborate lace used in trimmings. I give the preference for originality to that class of it which has the foundation of twine-colour, the pattern raised and white. Olivette is a kind of lace, the pattern covering the ground, but nothing is really so much the *furore* as fan lace, which has a design of fans all over it; this repeats itself over and over again. The same idea is carried out in embroidery, and many stylish washing dresses are trimmed with twine-coloured linen, the fans embroidered *à jour*, each in a distinct colour—red, blue, brown, and so on. The most expensive kinds are worked in silk, but coloured ingrain cotton washes better. Never were there more beautiful embroideries worn on cotton and muslin dresses. The whole fronts of skirts are hidden beneath broad flouncing of ficelle-coloured cambric, covered with Mauresque designs *à jour*, viz., open-work.

Aprons are coming in, and if you want a most dressy addition to a morning or evening toilette, let me suggest one made of piece lace, bib and skirt in one, gathered at the waist, and bordered with a frilling of lace, one end turned up and secured by a bunch of flowers and long loop bows of ribbon. The collarettes and fichus worn now are very varied in form and generally pretty. Some turn down from the neck, others take the form of gilets or habit-shirts, for a sort of under-waistcoat of muslin is a very usual way of trimming and arranging many dresses for demi-toilette, but there is always with these a great bunch of spring flowers on the left side. If you have by you a light silk or satin which you wish to transform into a home dinner-gown, add this muslin gilet and it will be done.

Some wonderful parasols are now keeping off the slow-coming summer sun; some have row upon row of red lace, some have stripes of moire and satin,

WHAT TO WEAR IN JUNE.

some are of crocheted straw, but the prettiest are large and entirely white, with fall upon fall of lace.

Metal buttons are much worn, especially those worked in gold, also horn and pearl. The latter are studded with steel, but most of the ornamentations on buttons have their designs borrowed from Japan, such as the sunk plate in carved pearl, the metal mottled buttons, and the tortoiseshell with gold.

I always approach the question of millinery with diffidence, there are so many styles and so much individuality. There are close-shaped bonnets and large ones, even to the old poke, and hats which look like bonnets, and bonnets which it is difficult to distinguish from hats. Twine lace is used on all, and it looks best on satin of the same shade. Wreaths of roses and other flowers appear beneath the brim of the largest and the newest bonnets. Three tones prevail in millinery—dark myrtle, butter-colour, and ficelle. The lace ribbon is new ; this has an open-work centre, hence its name. The ribbons are very handsome. Some have a large brocade quite covering them, and there are all kinds of striped ribbons. Alternate stripes of plaid and plush, and of moire and chiné, are admirable; watered and satin stripes are frequently blended ; and satin stripes with flowered borders, and corded stripes with chiné ribbons, are more used for bonnet-strings than aught else ; but "failletine," a soft corded silk, is occasionally employed, as well as for trimming.

The new mantles bring to mind old Tudor pictures ; the one object would seem to be to get the shoulders as high as possible, and for that purpose they are padded, and in Paris even kept out by steels. Only the richest stuffs are employed—brocaded velvet, gauze, "Sicilienne façonnée," which has the brocade in satin and the foundation repped ; and "soleil," a soft, rich, ribbed silk. The visite with ends is a favourite shape ; there can hardly be too much lace upon them, and the other trimmings are all arranged to fall in drops between each of the plaitings. You rarely see a long mantle except on old ladies ; they come just to the waist and nothing more. Cut jet glitters on all, but does not diminish the cost by any means. Moire, especially moire brocade, is used for some of the more expensive cloaks, and has the great merit of wearing well. Some of the prettiest have lace sleeve-pieces coming over the shoulder ; this is a marked improvement, for the moire is apt to stand out and add to the bulk of the figure.

It is to be hoped you are not going as the month advances, in England, to burst out in the same plethora of pink as last season, but an immense number of pink cottons have been prepared ; not zephyrs, but really cotton and sateen, covered with a running white pattern hardly to be distinguished from the ground. Tiny white spots threaten to be as universal as the pink zephyrs. One of the simplest and prettiest little costumes I have yet seen was a light blue gingham with white spots ; where it is to be bought I have not since found out, but it was decidedly pretty and *distingué*-looking. It was made as most people who study dress have their things made now, viz., to look picturesque. We are borrowing our notions from the Directoire period here, chiefly in hats ; and we are veering towards the leg of mutton sleeves. We decidedly show a *penchant* for the reddish tinge of hair that prevailed in the eighteenth century, and is produced, I hear, by occasionally only damping it with golden wash.

For country wear small-spotted gauze veils are much in vogue, and for travelling we could not do better than copy our American cousins, who tie a gauze veil entirely over the hat or bonnet, so that all dust is excluded. There is a little art in putting it on : it is knotted at the back, and the ends brought to the front.

For dinner-gowns for young girls white barège has become a special fashion. The skirts are short, have some three tunics, each bordered with straight white silk fringe, the bodices made full and belted, cut square at the neck, and sleeves to the elbow. If the proper wire-grounded barège is chosen, it is durable, does not crush, and shows up any leaves or flowers arranged upon it. In our day people, I think, care more that dresses should look pretty for the passing season than that they should last long.

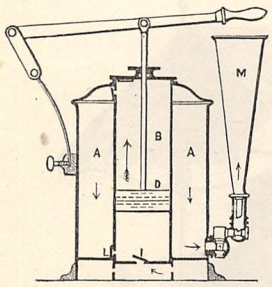
How very generally polonaises made with paniers are worn, may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations. For in-door costumes they are as popular as for walking dresses, and after all they are both convenient and economical wear, for it is not imperative they should always match the skirt they accompany. As a rule they are drawn away below the waist in front, curtain fashion, while at the back the drapery is arranged to look as bouffant as possible. Skirts (as will be seen on reference to the engravings) are both flounced and bouillonné, and most have an important ruche or kilting at the edge, but perhaps the skirts that are box-plaited in perpendicular lines are now the favourites ; for examples of these, refer to the second and fourth of the in-door costumes. The fourth makes a pretty home dinner toilette in nun's veiling or in grenadine combined with satin. The third, with its moire skirt and soft foulard polonaise, is a simple style suitable to a very youthful wearer.

Three figures in the lower row of illustrations wear washing costumes—sateens and cambrics—combinations of plain and figured fabrics, and these with their demi-long sleeves sewn in high at the shoulders, bunchy paniers, and rich embroideries, the parasol *en suite*, are eminently picturesque this season. The two last figures are equipped for travelling in soft light woollens, of which there is an ample choice this summer in both Paris and London. English manufacturers now produce fine woollens that drape in graceful lines in all varieties of beautiful artistic and æsthetic shades of colour, and alpaca so long discarded is again worn in both countries. In England the example has been set in high places, for Her Majesty has had a piece of black alpaca expressly manufactured for her in Bradford, and in the trousseau of the Duchess of Albany there was a pretty grey alpaca, daintily trimmed with grey chenille and red satin. In Paris fine alpaca was wont to be considered admirable for useful costumes. It is light to carry and does not take kindly to dust.

THE GATHERER.

A Mechanical Fog-Horn.

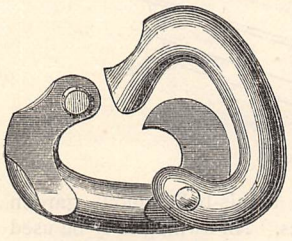
A continuous fog-horn which is blown by mechanical means has recently been introduced to our notice. From the annexed diagram its mode of action will be readily seen. It consists of a cylinder, A, in which stands a concentric cylinder, B, wherein a piston, D, can be moved up and down by the hand-lever shown. This cylinder forms a double - action pump. When the piston is raised, air is forced through the top valve into the annular chamber, A, which serves as a receiver of compressed air ; when the piston is lowered, the air admitted below it by the valve, I, is also compressed and driven into the chamber, A, through the valve, L. By this means a constant supply of dense air is kept up in the receiver, and can be let off by the fog-horn, M, which can be pointed in any direction by turning it on a universal joint.



Asbestos Board.

The new uses of asbestos are many and various, one of the latest being a species of boarding made from it, and used as a foundation for dynamo-electric light machines, among other applications. The board can be made of pure asbestos, but to render it more insulating and solid it is steeped in melted ozokerit, or "black earth wax," a species of wax paraffin from which candles have been made. This millboard of asbestos and ozokerit is also a cheap substitute for ebonite in certain electrical apparatus, such as the vessels for voltaic batteries or accumulators. Gloves of asbestos cloth, lined with india-rubber to render them waterproof as well as fireproof, are being manufactured for the use of electric light engineers, to guard their fingers from sparks and accidental shocks in handling electric lamps.

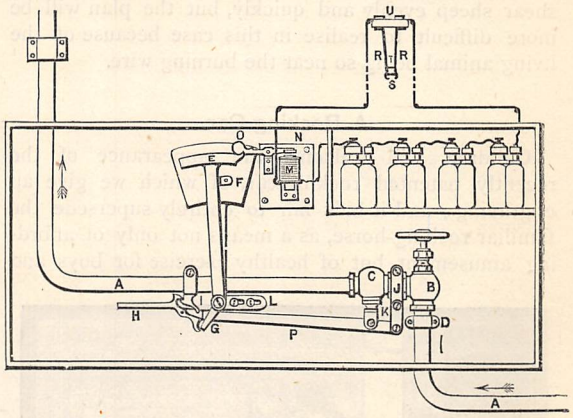
A Handy Chain Link.



A useful link for repairing broken chains is shown in the accompanying figure. As will be readily seen, it is composed of two half-links pinned together so as to be easily opened and closed—the shape of the divided part converting it into a spring fastening.

A Self-acting Fire-Extinguisher.

An ingenious system for extinguishing a fire by means of water has been devised by Mr. Maxim, the well-known inventor of an electric lamp. As applied to theatres it consists of a series of water-pipes under the stage, and communicating with the mains of the town. Ordinarily these pipes are filled with compressed air ; but by means of stop-cocks, closed by strings, the outbreak of fire is made to liberate this air and allow water to take its place. This is done by the fire burning the strings and opening the stop-cocks. To cause a discharge of water at any given point, Mr. Maxim employs combustible strings which act as fuses to a small quantity of explosive material placed in a cap closing the stop-cock. When fired the explosion blows off the cap and allows the water to escape. A better plan, however, is his electric system, which will be understood on reference to the annexed diagram, where R R are two metal springs separated by a small piece of fusible metal, S, insulated from the plates by paper. The heat of the fire melts the metal and allows the springs to come together, and an electric current from the battery shown opens an automatic supply-cock. This device consists of an electro-magnet, M, which under the influence of the current attracts an arm, N, thus freeing the lever E. The weight, F, then



turns from right to left, and falls upon the lever H, whilst the part G removes a check which has kept the lever P in position. Under the action of the weight F, and by means of the lever P, which has its fulcrum in the point J, the supply-cock, C, is turned, and water rushes into the pipe A, to be discharged above. The cock at B, which is worked by hand, serves to stop the supply when the fire is extinguished. When it is desired to localise the discharge of water, a quantity of gun-cotton in a cap of the stop-cock can be exploded as in the other system, but by means of a red-hot platinum wire instead of a burning thread.

A Table-Bed.

A handy bed which serves the double purpose of a bed and table is about to be introduced into the French army. It is shown in

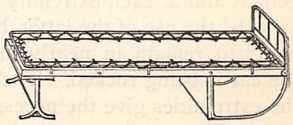


FIG. 1.

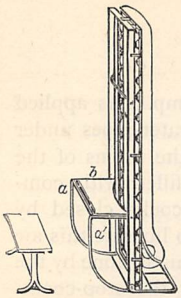


FIG. 2.

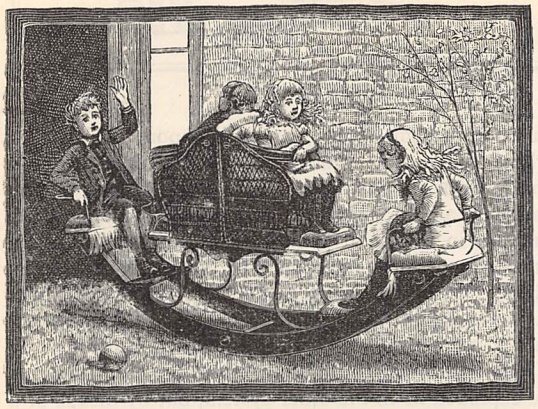
its two-fold capacity in Figs. 1 and 2, where all the parts will be recognised. It is the device of a Lieut. Bertillon. The stead or frame is iron, and the mattress is suspended from it by cordage. When in a horizontal position the foot rests on the form, which serves as a stool when the bed is used as a table. The runners, *a a'*, support the board of the table, *b*, which can serve for writing or for meals. The curvature given to the runners, *a a'*, renders it very easy to tilt the bed up into its vertical position, where it stands of itself or can be fastened to a hook in the wall.

Electrical Shears.

Sir C. M. Lampson has invented a method of utilising electricity in the preparation of seal-skins. The skin is fed over a knife-edge bar, above which is stretched a fine platinum wire, which is raised to a white heat by the passage of an electric current, and meeting the longer hairs or bristles which rise above the under fur, mows them down. A similar idea has been proposed by a New Zealand sheep-farmer to shear sheep evenly and quickly, but the plan will be more difficult to realise in this case because of the living animal being so near the burning wire.

A Rocking-Car.

Children will welcome the appearance of the recently patented rocking-car, of which we give an engraving; and it bids fair to entirely supersede the familiar rocking-horse, as a means not only of affording amusement, but of healthy exercise for boys and



girls. As will be seen, its framework, which is very simple, consists of two curved rockers connected together, and at each extremity is a seat mounted upon an axle, the use of the latter being to allow the occupants to remain in nearly an upright position while the car is being rocked. The children on the seats at the extremities give the necessary impetus to produce the rocking motion; and the central car, or basket, can be made for the occupants either to face each other or to sit back to back. Not the least of the advantages of the car is that, while occupying only a little space, it is perfectly safe. One of the first of these cars was made for the children of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

FIG. 1.

A New Garden-Seat and Table.

This new combination appears to be a very ingenious yet simple contrivance, by which a comfortable garden-seat (Fig. 2) may, in a moment or so, be converted into a serviceable seat and table (Fig. 3). The movable parts, which are made of iron and seem to combine strength with lightness, secure themselves automatically by their own weight, thereby dispensing with the necessity of bolts, pins, or screws. Under the seat is a commodious locker-box, which

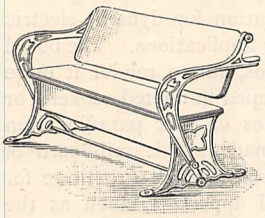


FIG. 2.

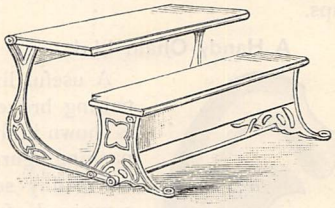


FIG. 3.

may be used for holding tennis-balls, quoits, garden tools, and such-like articles. An awning may be used with this useful piece of garden furniture (as shown in Fig. 1).

Floral Chandeliers.

The adaptability of the incandescent system of electric lighting to ornamental purposes is beautifully

illustrated by the splendid chandeliers fitted up with Edison lamps in the Entertainment Court and Concert Room of the Crystal Palace, and shown there during the Electrical Exhibition. The central chandelier in the Entertainment Court was quite a masterpiece of decorative art and metal workmanship, and represents an enormous bouquet of flowers, rising from a basket which is suspended from the roof. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that it is 15 feet high by 10 feet wide at the base, and weighs about half a ton. The flowers, which are chiefly heaths, harebells, and tulips, spring from the basket on gilded stems, and bend over towards the spectator. The cup of each flower is of coloured glass, pearl-white, ruby-red, olive-green, or clouded blue, and sprays of sunflower, passion - flower, and tiger-lily are intertwined. From the centre of each flower projects an incandescent lamp, like an enlarged pistil. There are nearly a hundred of these lamps in the tapering cluster, and the effect is truly gorgeous. A smaller chandelier, more suitable for an ordinary drawing-room, is also exhibited. This is composed of golden chains and festoons of crystal drops, set round with a ring of fourteen clear lamps, and containing a lamp of ruby glass in the centre.

Edison's lamp, it will be remembered, consists of a thin loop of carbon heated white by means of the electric current, and enclosed in a glass bulb shaped like a jargonelle pear and exhausted of its air. The bulb can be blown of any kind of glass, red, green, yellow, blue, or clouded, and thus the colour of the light can be easily changed, either for æsthetic purposes to harmonise with a room, or to suit the chemical process of a photographer, or the weak eyes of an invalid.

Moreover, since it requires no air and gives off very little heat, besides being sealed up and prevented from causing fire, the new light can be burned under water to illuminate aquaria, or hung in globes of coloured water.

A Phosphorescent Coral.

A beautiful specimen of phosphorescent coral has been secured by Mr. C. F. Holder, of New York, and placed in his aquarium. As described, it consists of five branches, each ending in a luminous cell, which glowed at intervals with a greenish light sufficient to illumine the water for a distance of several inches. The light was intermittent like that of a firefly, and its cause is quite unknown.

While upon the subject of phosphorescence we may mention that Captain Abney, R.E., has found that the substance known as Balmain's luminous paint does not give out any phosphorescence if excited by red light. It is the blue rays of the spectrum which chiefly excite it, and if the spectrum be projected upon a luminous screen of Balmain's paint in a dark room, the blue rays will enhance the luminosity and the red rays will quench it, so that the red end of the spectrum is seen as a series of black bands on the glowing paint. Moreover, Captain Abney has found that there are certain regions of the blue end of the spectrum, or, which is the same thing, certain blue rays in sunlight, that do not produce this phosphorescence in the sulphide of calcium which is the active basis of Balmain's luminous paint.

Driving Piles by Electricity.

One of the latest applications of electricity to motive-power in this country is the driving of piles. At Hatfield House, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, a number of piles to form a dam across the river Lea were driven by a dolly lifted by the power of an electric current. The current was supplied by a dynamo-electric machine put in motion by a water-wheel at some distance from the scene of operations.

A Seat for Shop Assistants.

Seemingly to remove the objection against the introduction of seats in shops put forward by some

employers, that their room when not in use cannot be spared from the narrow space behind their counters, a capital seat was exhibited at the late Building Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Fig. 1

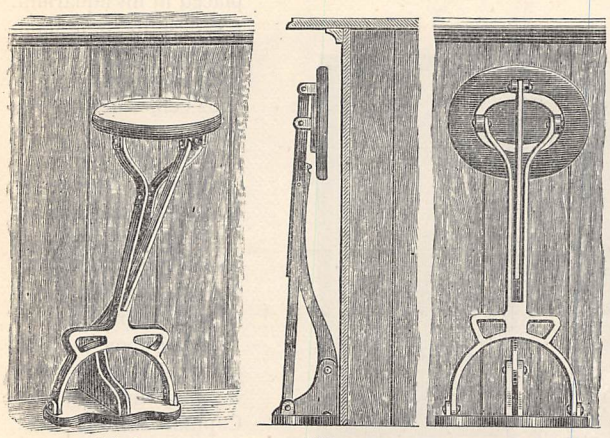


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

gives a view of the seat when in use. When not in use the seat may be made to rise up almost flush with the counter, as shown in Fig. 2, thus taking up very little space indeed. Fig. 3 gives a back view of the seat when closed. Although designed for shops, it is obvious that it may be used anywhere where space is an important object.

Fireproof Ink and Paper.

A German chemist gives the following receipt for a fireproof printers' ink:—Take 10 parts by weight of dry platinum chloride, 25 parts of oil of lavender, and 30 parts of varnish, and mix them with a small quantity of lamp-black. The action of fire on this compound is to reduce the platinum salt to the metallic state, and leave a brownish-black stain. A fluent ink for writing with an ordinary pen can, according to the same authority, be made from 5 parts of platinum chloride mixed with 15 parts of lavender oil, 15 parts of Chinese ink, and 1 part of gum arabic; the whole dissolved in 64 parts of water. When this ink is written with on fireproof paper the burning of the paper renders the writing transparent, so that even though the ink has faded the writing can be rendered legible by heating the paper. Such paper is prepared by mixing 95 parts of asbestos with five parts of woody fibre, and beating into a pulp with borax and glue-water. Pigments for painting can also be rendered fireproof by mixing with the ordinary metallic colours the chloride of platinum and painters' varnish, together with some aquarelle pigment to strengthen the "covering power" of the colour. We doubt, however, if these pigments would retain their original purity of tint after passing "through the fire."

Paper Felt.

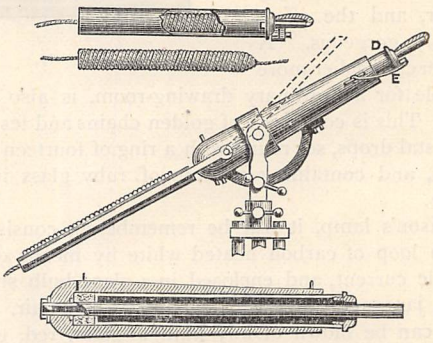
A cure for gaping crevices between the boards of flooring that has shrunk on drying is to be found in the material somewhat oddly called "paper felt." The dust and draughts which attend these open floors are troublesome and injurious to health, and layers of brown paper placed beneath the carpet have been resorted to as a remedy, but a layer of the woolly felt in question is far more wholesome and comfortable. It adds to the warmth and dryness of a room, and being heavy lies quite flat under the carpet, to which it gives a soft pleasant feel under the feet.

Asbestos Filters.

Asbestos felt, or fine tissue, is now employed in the laboratory as a filter for chemicals. Its peculiar merit consists in the fact that it resists the corrosive action of strong acids as well as the heat of fire and flame. For this reason gloves of asbestos are useful in handling acids, to protect the skin. Similarly a sheet of asbestos paper protects a table from acid stains. Asbestos also makes excellent porous cells for galvanic batteries, and when kneaded with plastic clay is a good luting for the stoppers of bottles containing chemicals. At a recent meeting of the *Société d'Encouragement* of Paris, M. de Luynes drew attention to the air-filter of M. Eppé, which consists of a bed or layer of cotton-wool, or asbestos, six inches thick. The air is blown through it by a fan, and is deprived by the meshes of the filter of dust particles, and germs of disease or fermentation.

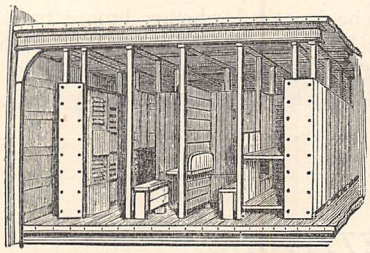
A New Life-Line Gun.

This new arm is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut, and consists of a small cannon mounted on a swivel carriage, and containing inside a tube, E, which holds the line. This tube runs through the



bore and butt-end of the gun, so as to enable the line to connect with the spare line to be paid out. The projectile, D, is a steel cylinder longer than the bore of the gun, but not so long as the central tube just described. The forward end of this projectile or cylindrical case is closed with a "cop" fastened by a bayonet joint, and it contains a cop carrying about 250 yards of line. A hole is made in the axis of this cop large enough to allow the central tube to pass through it,

and when the gun is loaded with an annular cartridge the cord is led down the central tube and out through the breech of the gun. On the front of the projectile case is a small bracket for carrying a signal rocket, and when the projectile leaves the gun, the pull on the cord attached to the bracket and the outside of the gun, as shown, ignites the composition and fires the signal.



Movable Berths.

At the recent Naval and Submarine Exhibition, Islington, some movable berths for emigrant ships were shown. The engraving represents a series of four berths running parallel with the ship's side, and giving room for a passage. The right side of the figure shows the berths ready for use at night, and the left side shows them folded up by day, leaving the greater part of the deck clear. In each berth there is a table which folds down at night, and opposite a locker. The s.s. *Dalhousie* has recently been fitted up with them for service to Australia.

A Water-bearing Tortoise.

Most of us have heard of the giant cactus of the Mexican deserts, which contains a great quantity of drinkable water in its soft fleshy lobes, and sometimes relieves the thirst of travellers in those arid regions. Another water-bearer has recently been found to exist in the desert tortoise, a fine specimen of which has been presented to the Academy of Science at San Francisco. It was brought from the Cajon Pass in San Bernardino County, California. The water is contained in a bag under the carapace, and a pint of it can be taken from a full-sized specimen. It is believed that the creature gets the water from the above-mentioned cactus, on which it feeds. The cactus and tortoise are almost the only life of these wastes, and Nature has doubtless found it necessary to endow them with this water-bearing power.

An Electrical Boiler.

It is well known that when a current of electricity is sent through a metal wire which offers considerable "resistance" to its passage, the wire becomes heated; and this property has been applied by Mr. St. George Lane Fox in making a little electric egg or coffee boiler. As exhibited at the Crystal Palace, this utensil consists of a sheet-metal vessel with double walls, between which is wound a coil of German silver or iron wire as the case may be. This wire is bare of insulating material in order to allow its heat to radiate freely, and the coil encircles the inner hold or well of the vessel, which is capable of containing a pint or more of water. The ends of the wire are connected to two terminals on the exterior of the boiler, and when a sufficiently strong current is passed through it the water in the hold begins to boil. With the boiler exhibited connected up to the wires leading to one of Mr. Lane Fox's incandescent electric lamps, it is possible to boil a pint of water in ten minutes. When electricity is supplied to every home the contrivance will be useful.

A Storm-Lamp.

A lamp for use at sea in the strongest gales and showers of rain was recently exhibited at the Naval and Submarine Exhibition in the Agricultural Hall. As illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2, these lamps consist of an oil reservoir and burner, which is surrounded by a dioptric lens like a light-house flame. The burner is enclosed in a vapour-tight chamber, and surmounted by a copper chimney, so that it is quite wind and water-tight. The vapour-tight chamber of Mr. Blake allows the mineral oil used to be heated to a high degree without any danger, and thus a more brilliant light is produced. Moreover there is no waste or smell from the escape of unconsumed vapour. Several railway companies have, after long trials, adopted these lamps for semaphores, platform lamps, and other signals, as they can be used with perfect safety where other lamps would catch fire.

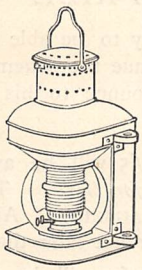


FIG. 1.

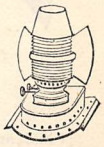


FIG. 2.

A New Food-Preserver.

Professor Barff has discovered a new antiseptic for preserving flesh and other fresh foods liable to decay. It is well known that boracic acid is an excellent preserver, but it has the drawback of not being easily soluble in water, and hence is difficult to apply in a liquid state to the purpose in question. Professor Barff has, however, found a promising solvent in glycerine, and the mixture of these two substances, or "boro-glyceride" as it is called, is the antiseptic discovered. A quart of cream treated with an ounce of boro-glyceride keeps quite good even in the hottest weather, and a quantity of it has been sent to Zanzibar through the furnace of the Red Sea without impairing its sweet qualities. Fresh fruit, guavas, tamarinds, green sugar-cane, as well as raw turtle and pigeon, were sent from Jamaica preserved in the fluid, and proved to be good and wholesome, retaining still their characteristic flavours. Professor Barff proposes to save railway carriage on milk by condensing it in the country and mixing it with boro-glyceride, so that it has only to be mixed with water when required for use. The meat now wasted on the South American

plains could also be preserved for transport to the coast and the European markets. Beef-tea, raw beef juice, which is recommended by medical men for some conditions of the digestive system, soups, and other delicacies can be preserved for any length of time by the new substance. When introduced into liquids capable of fermentation it prevents the process, unless the latter has already begun, when it only exercises a moderating influence. Professor Barff is also the inventor of the plan for coating iron with a rustless skin of oxide of iron, and we may add here that frying-pans, saucepans, and other vessels usually made of copper, are now made of iron treated by the Bower-Barff process of preventing rust, and found very convenient. In working this process it has been found that the cost of enamelling the iron with the magnetic oxide forming the rustless coating is much reduced by first oxidising the articles before enamelling them. Further, it has been discovered that a skin or bloom of all the more ornamental metals can be given to the grey surface of the rustless coating, by simply brushing it over with a wire brush of the metal required to be deposited, whether bronze, brass, copper, silver, nickel, or gold. The particles of the brush rubbed off by friction fill up the pores of the coating, and by slightly heating the article they are fixed there.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE Editor is happy to be able to state that the Proprietors of the MAGAZINE have decided to continue the scheme of Prize Competitions, and he accordingly has the pleasure to announce to his readers the nature and conditions of the following Prizes :—

1. A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded for the best PRACTICAL PAPER on *Domestic Training for Girls.* The length of the Paper should not exceed four pages of the MAGAZINE. All MSS. must be properly authenticated, and sent to the Editor not later than September 1st, 1882.

2. A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded for the best POEM on *Happiness*, or any subject directly bearing thereon. To be in rhymed verse, of any metre the candidate may select, and the length not to exceed fifty lines. All Poems must be properly authenticated, and sent to the Editor not later than December 1st, 1882.

3. A PRIZE of £5 will be awarded for the best MUSICAL SETTING of the following words :—

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave—
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the dark'ning sea—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

MRS. HEMANS.

The Song may be arranged for any voice, with suitable *Pianoforte Accompaniment.* Competitors must send in their MSS., properly authenticated, to the Editor not later than February 1st, 1883.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Every reader of the MAGAZINE is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered.
2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subjects. *The descriptions given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*
3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that *the work is original, and entirely the sender's own,* to be signed by the author, and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.
4. In all cases, the copyright of the successful works will become the property of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., the Publishers of this Magazine.
5. In cases where the two best works in any one Competition are of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor.
6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work during transmission, and all letters or packets must be *pre-paid.* The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.—copies should therefore be retained by the senders.
7. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day in each section, addressed—

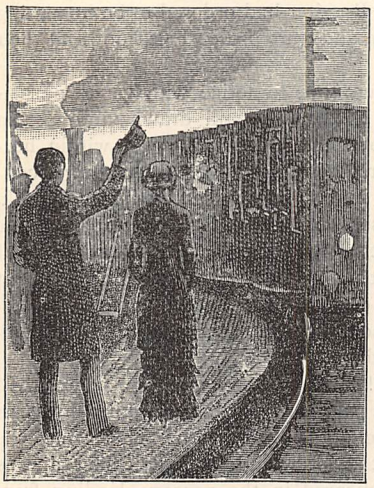
THE EDITOR OF CASSELL'S MAGAZINE,
LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LONDON, E.C.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

A SAD HOME-COMING.



EVERYTHING had been done with the very greatest expedition. Throwing off their elegant evening dresses (for Beatrice, too, had completed her toilet) the poor girls had donned their travelling attire, leaving all their other belongings to be packed and sent after them. Mrs. Rossiter had seen that they had snatched a hasty meal; Mr. Rossiter, consulting the railway guide, had found that a train left Wharneside in the right direction in about an hour from the receipt of the telegram, and had ordered horses to be put into the brougham. Then hurried adieus had been spoken, and the girls had driven off from a side entrance, accompanied by Frank and Christine. Mrs. Rossiter, full of sympathetic kindness, had wished also to have gone with them to the station. Some of the dinner guests, however, had already arrived, and her presence as hostess being, of course, imperatively required, she had been unable to render this attention. To have put off the dinner would now have been impossible; but, shocked and troubled by the affliction which had fallen upon her departing visitors, Mrs. Rossiter had declared that there should be no music in the evening.

Taking it as a matter of course that he would be allowed to protect his affianced wife through this long night journey, and intending to stay a day or two with Sir John Rutherford, to whose house he had a standing invitation, Frank had caused a small valise to be packed with such things as he might require. But on his communicating his purpose to Cecilia during the drive to the station, she had opposed it with such eager peremptoriness that, hurt and astonished, the young man had forborne to press his escort. He had been relieved, however, to find on arrival at the station that there was very little necessity for any escort. The young ladies would only require to change carriages once, and that at but a short distance from their journey's end; and having bribed the guard very heavily to see that no one else was put into the compartment they occupied, he stepped in to say "Good-bye," just two minutes before the train started.

"I can see that you are hurt, dear," whispered Cecilia, as he drew her aside for the farewell salute. "But, believe me, Frank, I have a good reason for asking you not to go with us this evening. I cannot explain it now; but will you not trust in my motives?"

"My darling, I will trust you through life to death!" exclaimed the young man passionately. "I need no explanation of your motives. But you will write? And if the trouble comes, my own love, you will let me come down later, and try to comfort you—will you not?"

"Yes, yes; of course I shall write," Cecilia answered.

It was only as the whistle sounded that Frank tore himself away, and there was no time left then for more than a fervent hand-clasp and hasty word of sympathy for Beatrice. As he sprang to the platform beside Christine, who had taken her leave beforehand, the train moved off. Both girls looked through the window, waving their hands in the gathering dusk so long as the brother and sister remained within sight. Scarcely, however, had the train swept out of the station, before Cecilia, throwing herself back into a corner, gave way to a sudden and hysterical burst of weeping. The suspense she had endured in the morning, the agitation of her interview with Lord Romanes, the torturing doubt and indecision that had followed, all culminating in the shock occasioned by the telegram and the bustle of their unexpected departure, had upset her fine organism. She felt nervous, unstrung, and wretched; and, losing all her usual power of self-control, cried and sobbed convulsively.

"Let me alone, Bee," she begged of her sister, when, attributing her distress to alarm on their mother's account, Beatrice attempted some affectionate consolation. "Do let me alone, dear. I shall be better soon if you will only not speak to me."

Obeying this injunction, Beatrice, whose own heart was aching with dumb anguish, sat watching in silence whilst the fit of vehement weeping gradually wore itself away, the sobs becoming fainter and fainter, until they ceased altogether. Then, observing that she was "*so* tired," Cecilia took off her hat, nestled back against the cushions, and in three minutes was fast asleep. That sleep lasted sound and undisturbed by the movement or stopping of the train, or the noises at the stations through which it passed, and was calm and untroubled as that of a child.

But for Beatrice there were neither tears nor sleep. She could not cry, poor girl, though she longed for the relief that to do so would have afforded.

Her white little face drawn with suffering, she sat

gazing through the window whilst the darkness fell and deepened, until her eye could no longer pierce it. Every other feeling and consideration was, with her, swallowed up by the thought of her mother, by one wild intense desire to be with her. She did not, and *would* not, believe there could be any truth in those last two terrible words of the telegram, "No hope!" There *must* be hope! Oh, if she were only with her! Beatrice felt sure she could do something to bring her round. She had been her mother's nurse all through the long term of her invalidism, and she understood her symptoms, and the management of them, better than any one else. How she regretted now that she had ever consented to leave her! It was thoughtless and unkind of her father, she could not help feeling, to have insisted upon her going with Cecilia. If this were one of mother's ordinary attacks, she, Beatrice, knew so well what should be done. But every moment was of importance. Oh, how the train crawled! For three dreadful torturing hours it crept along, at what seemed to Beatrice a pace very little quicker than she could walk, making long pauses at every tiny station upon the way. And all the while her poor mamma might be getting worse, and some remedy might be neglected which her experience would have suggested. Beatrice began to feel as though she could scarcely endure the racking impatience which possessed her. Yet she sat almost motionless, looking out into the blackness, which seemed like an emblem of the "horror of great darkness" which closed over her spirit at the bare thought of losing her mother. Her mother—her sweet and gentle mother—to whom her wounded young heart clung now as to the one true and stable affection that could never fail or disappoint her—was it possible that she could lose her? In her impotent agony and impatience, the poor little woman clasped and wrung her hands together till the delicate flesh was sore, and her wan face grew more pallid, her tearless eyes larger and brighter with feverish pain. But she did not awaken her sleeping sister, even when Cecilia had slumbered for hours, and the train began to put on more speed, and to fly past all the minor stations without calling. It was only as they approached the large town whence they were to take a new route that that young lady at length aroused herself from a very delightful dream, wherein she had been figuring as the Countess of Finchinbray, and came back to the stern realities of the present moment.

To their dismay, the girls found that they would have to wait here nearly two hours—a fact that had not been ascertained before they left Wharneside. And a very trying ordeal those two hours proved, stretched to double their length by dreary enforced inaction, and spent in a deserted, dimly-lighted waiting-room. The elder sister, refreshed physically by her protracted sleep, and tormented by no keen impatience to reach a troubled home, bore the trial, it must be confessed, much better than the younger one. She made several amiable attempts to beguile the time by conversation, all of which Beatrice repressed by monosyllabic replies, whilst she continued to pace the room restlessly to and fro, looking every five minutes at her watch, and frequently raising it to her ear, under the conviction that it must have stopped. But as everything under the sun, no less than the sun itself, must eventually come to an end, this miserable journey at length reached its termination. In the clear soft light of an early summer morning, the girls were driven through the still slumbering town of Merely, in a cab which Dr. Rossiter had ordered to be in waiting to meet the train, and were presently set down at their own door.

Beatrice had just time to notice with vague uneasiness that all the blinds were still drawn, and Cecilia to run her eye over the house, and to say within herself, "What a wretched little hovel! How *can* I contrive ever to live in it again?" when, without a knock, the door unclosed, and Mrs. Ettrick stood in the entrance. That good lady's face was tear-stained and swollen almost beyond recognition, and at sight of her both girls experienced a shock of alarm.

"Oh, aunt! how is she? How is she?" they inquired in a breath.

"Hush, hush! Come in, my darlings. Papa will tell you," sobbed poor Mrs. Ettrick, breaking down as she embraced them, and hurrying her nieces into the sitting-room, just as Mary and Jane, with their aprons to their eyes, appeared in the passage leading from the kitchen.

Crouching over a fire, which he had ordered to be lighted, notwithstanding the warmness of the weather, Dr. Rossiter lifted, on his daughters' entrance, a countenance stamped with the marks of many hours' bitter anguish through which he had passed, and of a deep dejection that had now taken possession of him.

"My poor children!" he cried, rising, and holding out his arms to gather them both to his breast, "my poor, dear children, you have no mother! She has gone away from us. She has left us desolate."

"Oh, papa, papa! Is it really true?" sobbed Cecilia, clinging to him. "How—when did she die?"

"She died in sleep, my pet, yesterday afternoon, without any warning to us, and, I trust, without any pain to herself. She was dead when I sent you the telegram; but I worded it as I did to prepare you for the shock. Beatrice, my child——"

But as he turned to address her, Dr. Rossiter's younger daughter slipped heavily to the ground, with closed eyes, and no vestige of colour in cheeks or lips.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

THE DISCOLOURED LETTER.

WHAT time in the mourner's experience is more unutterably wretched than those dismal days which intervene between death and the grave? when one goes about through darkened chambers, with hushed tread and bated breath, conscious that the beloved dead still remains in the house, and tortured by the sight or the knowledge of that awful presence in absence. There is a reaction nearly always when the strain of that terrible period is over, when the funeral has taken place, and the blinds have been drawn up,

and the house has once more resumed its normal appearance.

That reaction—a relief which made her feel that the first brunt of her affliction was past—kindly Mrs. Ettrick was now experiencing as, on the morning after her sister's interment, she stood looking out of the dining-room window and waiting for her breakfast. It was already considerably past the usual hour for that meal, but neither Dr. Rossiter nor Cecilia had yet made their appearance. The servants, too, had over-slept themselves a little this morning; and Beatrice, who had resumed all her domestic duties, quite undeterred by the consideration that she had once lunched with a countess, and had been waited upon of late by liveried and powdered domestics, was in the kitchen, trying to hasten the preparations for this matutinal repast. Descrying the postman at the gate, and reflecting that the maids were busy, Mrs. Ettrick went to the door, and received herself the bundle of letters which that functionary, with a touch of his hat, handed in.

Blessed with a fair share of the curiosity popularly attributed in a special manner to the *daughters* of Eve, but possessed in quite equal proportion by the *sons*, Mrs. Ettrick, when she had carried them to the dining-room, naturally fell to examining the outsides of the envelopes.

There were two which particularly attracted her attention. One of these was addressed to Dr. Rossiter in a small stiff hand, with faded ink, and on soiled and yellow paper. A corner of the envelope was torn off, and the document presented altogether a disreputable appearance. The other, directed to Cecilia, had a band of black round it half an inch wide, and was sealed in black wax, with a monogram surmounted by a coronet.

The good lady was endeavouring in vain to decipher the monogram, when Miss Cecilia herself entered the room dressed in deep mourning.

"Any letters for me, aunt?" she inquired, with a ring of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, my dear, there's another from your lover, though I don't believe you have answered his last," rejoined Mrs. Ettrick; "and one from Germany, and this"—holding it forth—"which is also from Wharneside, Cissy. It has a coronet on the seal, and——"

"At last!" exclaimed Cecilia, taking it eagerly, and turning the envelope over in her hand. "What deep black! Can his father be dead? That would account for his silence," she muttered to herself. Then, moving a little away, she tore open the letter, and having hastily perused the first page, thrust it into her pocket, and turned again to Mrs. Ettrick.

"Aunt," she said, blushing and smiling radiantly, "*that* letter is from the gentleman I'm going to marry; not *this*," taking up young Rossiter's. "It is from Lord Romanes—the Earl of Finchinbray now, for his father is dead. I am not going to be Mrs. Frank Rossiter, auntie, but the Countess of Finchinbray!"

"Oh, my dear! what *do* you mean?" cried Mrs. Ettrick.

"Hush, auntie! don't get excited. Lord Romanes made me an offer before I left Dunscarley. I should have told you about it sooner, only that he has not written to me before, and I could not understand why. But all is explained in this letter."

"Oh, my dear!" repeated Mrs. Ettrick, "Oh, my dear! is it possible? An *earl!* But I can't make it out. Are you not still engaged to young Rossiter?"

"Yes, I suppose so," faltered Cecilia; "but I shall break that off at once now. And Lord Romanes knows all about it, aunt."

"But, my love, Clarence Romanes' brother! The Earl of Finchinbray!" ejaculated Mrs. Ettrick. "Is it really true? Do you think, Cecilia, that he wishes actually to marry you? I am so taken by surprise."

"He has *asked* me to marry him, aunt dear. But here comes Bee. Please don't say a word to her, or to papa, about the letter at present. I will tell you everything another time——Good morning, Mousie. I'm glad to see you have got some colour in your cheeks again, darling. How much better you do look this morning!"

"The effect of frying ham," rejoined Beatrice, smiling; "though I certainly do feel very much better, thanks."

"Frying ham? Oh, Bee! you shouldn't do such things as that," remonstrated the future Countess of Finchinbray, reddening violently as she wondered what the earl would think could he have heard that remark, or how he would feel about her home and life altogether should he ever visit Merely—which she devoutly hoped might be avoided, though she could see no way yet out of the difficulty.

She was reflecting discomposedly over this problem, when Dr. Rossiter at last made his appearance, and apologising for having kept the breakfast waiting, sat down to table.

Now, on bringing in the coffee, Jane had laid the morning's newspaper upon the top of Dr. Rossiter's letters, and it was not until the meal was half through that it occurred to him to ask after his correspondence.

"Nothing for me this morning?" he said, lifting the paper as he spoke.

"Dear me, yes! I beg your pardon, Doctor. I quite forgot to tell you," remarked Mrs. Ettrick, whose thoughts had been entirely absorbed in her niece's surprising communication. "There are three letters, you see; and one of them looks rather as though it had been in the wars, doesn't it?"

"Or written half a century ago," rejoined the doctor, examining the faded superscription. "The handwriting seems familiar, though. Why, whose can it be? I suppose the best way to solve the question is to open it, eh, Tiny? And in the meantime you may give me some more coffee," he subjoined, passing up his cup, and speaking in a more cheerful tone than he had yet used since his wife's death. Then, cutting open the envelope with a knife, he extracted a folded sheet, almost as yellow, though not so soiled, as the outer covering, and spreading it out, read aloud:—

"'My dear Nephew'——Why, it's not for me," he laughed. "Yet——" He paused, turned the leaf

sharply to glance at the signature, then, looking back at the date, uttered a low cry that sounded like terror.

"What is it, papa? What is it, dear?" questioned Cecilia.

"I—I don't know," he stammered, turning ghastly white, and staring at the paper, which quivered and shook in his hand. "I—I can't read it. I can't comprehend."

"May I look at it, papa?" said Beatrice softly, rising, and laying her hand on his shoulder. "Shall we read it for you?"

"No, no. Don't touch it, child!" answered her father. "I—I'll go to my consulting-room, and read it there. Excuse me; go on with your breakfast. I shall be back directly." And abruptly rising, Dr. Rossiter seized the yellow envelope, which he had laid on the table, and hurried from the apartment.

Springing up as he passed out, Cecilia followed him into the hall, but returning immediately, exclaimed, "He has locked the consulting-room door! Oh, Aunt Ettrick! what do you think it means?"

"Good gracious! my love, how can I tell?" responded that lady, lifting up her hands with a gesture of dismay. "But I am afraid something dreadful is the matter. May the Lord deliver us from further trouble!"

"He read, '*My dear Nephew*,'" pondered Cecilia; "and the letter must have been for him, or he would not have been so agitated. Yet he has neither aunt nor uncle alive. Did you ever know anything more strange?"

"Who took in the letters?" demanded Beatrice; "are you sure that they came by post? Could it be an old one, that by some chance——"

"It came by post this very morning," interposed Mrs. Ettrick. "I took it myself from the man. I noticed it particularly because it looked so yellow and crumpled, and the ink so brown."

"Yes, like an old, old letter—brown and yellow with *age*," put in Cecilia, with emphasis. "Oh, Bee! isn't it curious? Could it by any possibility——I'm thinking of Uncle Philip——But no, that is absurd, ridiculous!"

"It is of no use speculating, Cissy," replied her sister; "we must wait until papa returns, and then I hope he will explain the mystery. But, oh! I trust it may not prove anything very serious."

That it *was* something very serious, however, each of them felt; and although they continued for some time longer to sit at table, neither Mrs. Ettrick nor her nieces tasted any more breakfast this morning. At length, as if by simultaneous impulse, they all rose, and had just disposed themselves about the room when the doctor re-entered.

It needed but one glance at his face to show that he was still labouring under intense excitement, though he had now got himself under some measure of control. Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, the veins of his temples were swollen and protruding, his eyes scintillated with blended emotions of triumph, joy, and fierce wrath. Dropping into a seat, he waved his hand to silence the questions by which he was besieged.

"Not all at once, good people!" he begged, clearing his throat after the remark, for his voice had sounded unsteady and husky. "Now listen without interrupting, please; for I have only half an hour to spare. I am off to Wharneside directly," he went on, tapping a railway time-table, which he held in his left hand along with the discoloured letter. "All is coming to light at last!"

"Coming to light? Wharneside? Oh, papa! what?" interjected Cecilia, her uneasy conscience suggesting, before she had time to reflect, some untimely disclosure of her own secrets.

"The proofs, my girl, the proofs!" shouted her father, flourishing his letter. "Conclusive evidence of that consummate villain's guilt! Clear testimony that I have been robbed, defrauded, swindled, kept out of my own for twenty-three years! Twenty-three years! Oh, the scoundrel! But he shall pay for it. War to the knife!" And in his savage excitement the doctor positively ground his teeth.

"Papa, papa! do explain what you mean," cried Beatrice, clasping her hands with agitation.

"Dear me, doctor, how you frighten one! I'm all trembling," said Mrs. Ettrick. "Is it your cousin Philip you are talking of? Oh! what would Mary have said?"

"Ay, indeed! what would Mary have said? My poor wife! My poor wife! She can never know now that I was right. It is the only thing we used to disagree about, poor darling! And she can never enjoy now——Ha! the thought is distracting, maddening! I must not dwell upon it."

"No, no. And, papa, you have told us nothing yet about the letter," urged Cecilia, crossing the room, and drawing a chair nearer to him.

"I will, my dear. Yes; there is no time to waste in useless talk. Let us all try to be calm. Attend, and I will read you the letter. But first, I must tell you that, although the date upon this envelope is that of yesterday, it is directed in my Uncle Philip's hand, and sealed with his seal. Fortunately, I cut it open, and so did not break the seal; and from the condition of the seal, it is evident that the letter has never been tampered with. Twenty-three years ago my uncle addressed and closed this envelope, and whoever has kept it back through all these years has posted it at length—posted it yesterday—without looking into it!"

"What a mysterious thing!" commented Cecilia. "Oh, papa! who could have done it? and why?"

"That remains to be discovered, my love, and it *shall* be discovered. There are clues——But we will recur to this afterwards. Now for the letter. It is dated—mark!—the day before my uncle's death—the day before that accident which killed him on his way to the railway station. I will read it through. It is, as you will see, curiously circumstantial and clear. Considering that he was expecting to see me next day, it is astonishing that he should have written so fully: almost, indeed, that he should have written at all. Had he foreseen his own sudden death and that

of the lawyer, and intended to insure me against what really occurred by proving the existence of the deed of gift, he could scarcely have worded his letter differently. It begins :—

"'I HAVE ONLY HALF AN HOUR TO SPARE. I AM OFF TO WHARNESIDE DIRECTLY'" (*p.* 452).

"'My dear Nephew,—Being a man of my word and prompt of action (as your cousin Philip will shortly find, to his cost), I lost no time after my return from Merely in putting into force the resolution I had gone down to announce to you. The deed of gift which makes over to you every farthing of my property, landed or funded, has now been drawn up, signed and sealed. At the present moment you are, *ipso facto*, the owner of Dunscarley Hall, and of all my stocks, shares, houses, lands, or other property whatsoever, whilst I, virtually, am a beggar. Nevertheless, I do not fear, Ernest, but that you will give your old uncle a home so long as he lives, and that you will suffer me to feel no difference in my position. I had considerable difficulty, though, I may tell you, with Meadowcroft before I could get him to fall in with my scheme, and had to threaten to take the business to some other attorney. However, in the end he drew up the document with his own hand, and my signature to it was witnessed by Mr. Clintock, his head clerk, and a charwoman who happened to be cleaning out the office passages. Thus, not an inkling of the matter has got abroad, and it will burst upon Master Philip like a thunderbolt. He paid yesterday a surreptitious visit to his wife. No doubt they comforted each other with cheerfully prognosticating that the old man of eighty-two must soon be dead, and all further necessity for concealment over. Ha! we will show him, my boy, that the old man of eighty-two is not quite a dotard, who can be defied and deceived and hoodwinked with impunity! But as I shall see you to-morrow evening, I need write no more. Meadowcroft is coming with me to deliver the deed, and to make arrangements with Dr. Blair to let you off your engagement without notice. We must give him a handsome compensation, if necessary; and we can all return together on the following morning.—Your affectionate Uncle,

'Philip Rossiter.'

"There, that is the letter!" said Dr. Rossiter, growing livid again with agitation as he brought his reading to a conclusion. "That is the letter which reaches me to-day, twenty-three years after date! Had I received that letter at the proper time, you, my girls, would all your lives have been rolling in wealth; your mother——"

"Papa," said Cecilia, dropping on her knees by his side, and grasping his arm in both her hands, "Papa, will the letter be of any use *now?* Can you, will you be able to recover the property?"

"Ay, that I shall! The laws were of precious little use else."

"And Dunscarley Park, then, will be ours, papa? The carriages and horses, that magnificent house, the money—everything?"

"Everything. Every bawbee and stick about the place! I'll turn the whole family out neck and crop! Neck and crop!" he repeated, as though the words pleased him.

"Oh, Aunt Ettrick! Bee, darling! Shall we sing the Te Deum?"

"And Frank, Cecilia?" Beatrice moaned. "Oh, Cissy! you are not thinking. You do not realise what all this means, or you could not speak so. And, papa, if you act as you say, so unjustly and cruelly, you will break my heart. But you will not, I know, dear, when you have had time to reflect."

"Dear me! a second Daniel come to judgment!" observed her father satirically. "I must not have my pound of flesh, then? Are we to sit down quietly with our wrongs, and let the criminal go scot-free?"

"No; but, dear papa, are you sure that he *is* a criminal? The letter proves, of course, that the deed of gift was made; but it does not prove that Mr. Philip Rossiter knew anything about it. May not the person who has kept back the letter have got possession of the deed also?"

"Oh, wise young judge! And who but Mr. Philip Rossiter would have an interest in getting or keeping possession of the deed? Tush, Beatrice! you are not fit yet to play Mentor to your father. But it is justice only that I want, and will have! And now I must be off," he continued, rising. "It's awkward about my patients; but Stokes must manage as well as he can." (Mr. Stokes was a new assistant, who, a few days ago, had arrived in place of poor Mr. Trevor.)

"But, papa, what are you going to Wharneside for?" questioned Cecilia.

"I am going to find out, if I can, who posted that letter yesterday. If I succeed in doing so, I shall also, I have no doubt, find out other things which lie behind this mystery."

"And do you think you *can* find it out? How can you, papa?"

"Well, my dear, consider a moment. To whom do you think my Uncle Philip would have been likely to have entrusted his letter to post? As far as all probability goes, he gave it into the hands of one of his servants to take into Wharneside. It was written at Dunscarley Hall. Possibly the servant neglected to post it, in the first instance, through carelessness; but you may be sure that the withholding of it all these years has been Philip Rossiter's doing. But why it was never destroyed, and why it was forwarded at this juncture, are circumstances which puzzle me. However, what I have to do is to learn all about the servants who were in my uncle's employ at the time of his death—to find out if any of them still remain in the house, or have been pensioned by that rascally thief; and above all, if he has lately given any such servant cause for offence. You see now the theory I have formed? The clue to the mystery, it appears to me, is pretty clear. But I shall put the matter into a detective's hand, and we shall soon see whether or not my hypothesis be correct."

"Good gracious, doctor! it's the very strangest thing I ever heard of in all my life!" broke in Mrs. Ettrick. "I am so flurried. To think, then, that you are a rich man—a millionnaire, if you get your rights! And these dear girls! And all to have come on us so suddenly! It's like a dream."

"A very real dream, you'll find, Caroline. But I must be gone. There is no time to spare. I'll write if I don't come back to-morrow evening."

"But just tell me, papa," urged Cecilia, "will you call at Dunscarley? Will you let Mr. Rossiter know about the letter?"

"Not just at present, Cissy. The letter would be sufficient, I should say, to prove my case in any court of law. But we'll pile up the evidence: make assurance doubly sure. And now good-bye. I told Jane to put me up a few things in my bag. Ah! here she is with it."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

"I SHALL THINK YOU HAVE NO HEART."

As need scarcely be said, a great deal of excited talk and speculation took place between the ladies after Dr. Rossiter's departure. To Beatrice, however, the tone which the conversation presently assumed became of so painful and distasteful a nature that, not wishing to render herself disagreeable by continual expostulation, she slipped quietly away. Whereupon, finding herself alone with her aunt, Cecilia reverted to the news which she had imparted to her before breakfast, and which to that good lady was scarcely less astounding than the singular occurrence which, for the time being, had driven all recollection of it from her mind.

"Ah, auntie, what a glorious thing this is!" she exclaimed joyfully, drawing the noble earl's letter from her pocket, together with that of Frank Rossiter, which still remained unopened. "Now I shall feel more on an equality with him! In exchange for rank, I can give him wealth as well as—ahem!—beauty; and I know that he values money. It will make me feel more independent and comfortable. And perhaps now he need never come down here, and see us in this wretched little house. Oh, what a lucky girl I am! Am I not? I am sure I must have been born under a fortunate combination of stars."

"But, Cecilia, my dear, think of that poor young Rossiter!" exclaimed Mrs. Ettrick. "I declare I have never properly taken it in until this very minute. What an awful calamity this will be to him, and to all Philip Rossiter's family! Why, they will be beggars—as I recollect your papa calling them at Headport—if he can really prove that everything they have belongs to him. And he is such a nice young fellow, that Frank. Hey! who could have thought of all this happening that day he took us out in his yacht? Don't break it off, my dear. Oh, don't! Marry the poor lad, and then your father must make some compromise with the family, and smooth things over. Upon my word, child, I shall think you have no heart—I shall, indeed—if you go and give him up just now, when he may lose everything else in the world."

"But, my dear aunt, you must please to remember that I had decided upon giving him up before I knew that he was going to lose everything else in the world," rejoined her niece argumentatively. "Besides, consider, auntie. Do you think that papa could ever be brought to listen to such a thing as my marrying him now that his suspicions regarding the property are confirmed beyond all question? And even if papa would continue his consent, do you think that Frank, as an honourable man, would ever *wish* to marry me when he learns that he is not only penniless, but that his father has all these years—all through my life—been defrauding *my* father of his heritage? No, aunt; look at the matter in a common-sense light, and you will see that, even if there were no one else in the case, it would now be an utter impossibility for me to marry young Rossiter."

"Yes, my dear, I'm afraid it would," assented her aunt. "But I do so feel for him! I could cry, upon my word, though I felt so delighted a little while ago at the notion of your all growing so rich."

"*I* feel for him too, auntie darling, and for them all," sighed Cecilia. "But it is no use dwelling upon uncomfortable topics, is it? Come, I'll tell you all about Lord Romanes—Lord Finchinbray, I mean. Shall I read you some parts of his letter? Tell me, aunt, now, would you not feel proud to have a niece who was a countess?"

Mrs. Ettrick's countenance kindled. She drew herself up, and complacently smoothing out her cap-ribbons, was obliged to confess that she should indeed feel very proud. And at the end of another hour, when Cecilia had duly impressed her with a description of Finchinbray Court, the valuable picture-galleries, the great size of the house, the servants, and the state kept up by Lady Finchinbray—and when she had drawn a picture of her own future life, all rosy and untroubled, of her presentation at Court, and other honours and glories of her anticipated lot—Mrs. Ettrick's jubilant satisfaction and sympathetic delight would have passed all bounds, but that it was dashed by sorrowful regret that her sister had not lived to enjoy her daughter's triumph, and also by recurrent reflections upon the terrible reverse of fortune that awaited young Rossiter and his family—the double blow that was to fall upon the former.

And all this time Cecilia had not taken the trouble to open poor Frank's letter. But at length she did so, and immediately remarked—

"Oh, aunt! he is coming down. He has taken alarm at my not answering his letters, and he is coming to see what is the reason. He will be here to-morrow evening. Oh, dear! what am I to do? I wanted to break off the engagement by letter. I was intending to write to-day. It will be horribly disagreeable to do so personally; still, perhaps, after all, it will be the safest way. And I must tell Bee to-day. Poor little Bee! I wish now——"

"What, my dear?"

"Nothing particular, auntie. Well, I shall write this afternoon to Lord Finchinbray, and seal my fate. But I must refer him to papa. Dear old papa! what will he say? How astonished he will be! There can be no marriage, though, of course, for a long time," she added, "on account of poor mamma."

It was not until the evening of this eventful day that Cecilia could summon resolution to inform her sister of her intention in respect to Frank Rossiter. Sitting then on the sofa where Frank had lain with his injured arm, and where he had first confessed his love for herself, she told Beatrice of her design to break off the engagement. But she represented the matter in rather a different light to her from what she had done to Mrs. Ettrick. She made no allusion to Lord Finchinbray, or to her purpose of transferring her faithful heart into his keeping, leaving this further communication until another day. But she acknowledged that whilst at Dunscarley Park she had discovered that she did not truly love "poor Frank," and that, since her return home, she had determined to remedy the mistake she had made in accepting him, without delay. This determination, as she very truly affirmed, having been formed antecedently, had not been actuated or influenced by the startling discovery of this morning.

Beatrice received the news with very little comment, but she was conscious that her heart had leaped with joy as she heard it. A great gladness and relief, which she did not attempt to analyse, took sudden possession of her. In vain, shocked to find herself experiencing these sentiments, she tried to reflect that, in losing Frank, Cecilia would lose one of the kindest and noblest husbands in the world; and that, through his disappointment, Frank himself would no doubt suffer keenly. It was all of no use; the little woman could not help rejoicing that this marriage was not to take place—could not help that pleasant sense of having had a weight of anxiety and trouble lifted from her breast. The present was all strangeness and mystery—the future all darkness; but here was one bright little ray of light, which seemed to have pierced through the overhanging darkness to cheer and warm her heart.

The following morning brought a letter from Dr. Rossiter, which was eagerly opened and read by Cecilia. It contained some remarkable information

which quite upset the physician's theory in regard to the detention of his uncle's letter; for that letter had not, as he had supposed, been kept back by any personal agency. It had been found at the Wharneside general post-office, sticking in a panel of the letter-box, which had been just taken down in order to be enlarged or repaired. How it had contrived to find a lodgment in the position wherein it was discovered was a thing difficult of explanation. But there, for twenty-three years, that important missive had lain, hidden away and unsuspected—a silent witness to Philip Rossiter's guilt (if he were guilty)—an imprisoned messenger of good fortune to the doctor. Growing weather-stained and dusty as the long succession of summers and winters rolled themselves away, it had lurked in that strange hiding-place, awaiting the appointed moment for bringing the truth to light.

But its loss being thus accounted for without blame to any one, there remained nothing further to be done in regard to it, and no hope of additional discoveries through its means. Directly upon leaving the post-office, however, Dr. Rossiter had set to work in another direction: viz., to find out the address in Canada of McClintock—the man whom he had all along suspected of having a share in the suppression of the deed of gift, which, as it now appeared from his uncle's letter, he had signed as witness. And before the departure of the late post he had actually accomplished his purpose—at least, he had been so far successful as to learn where the man had been living a year ago. This information he had obtained from a sister of McClintock's wife, who resided in Wharneside, and of whom he had heard through a chance inquiry from the landlord of the hotel at which he had put up. The sister-in-law, to whom, as a matter of course, he had not explained his true motives for desiring to know it, had appeared quite willing to give him McClintock's directions, which were in the town of Quebec; but, as she acknowledged, she had heard nothing from him or her sister for fully a year. That both were alive, however, she believed, since the decease of either would, she felt sure, have been communicated to her.

Delighted at having obtained so readily this most important intelligence, Dr. Rossiter—so his letter concluded—had resolved straightway to take the first vessel that sailed to Quebec. Could he find McClintock, as he had little doubt of doing, he hoped to be able to terrify or bribe him into acknowledging that Philip Rossiter, with his connivance, had destroyed the deed of gift; and, with this supplementary and clinching evidence in his possession, he would return to crush his enemy at a stroke. His daughters, therefore, were not, he wrote, to expect him home for a considerable time; but he would, he promised, write on every opportunity that occurred; and he trusted that Mrs. Ettrick would kindly remain with them until his return. In his letter to Cecilia the doctor enclosed a note for his sister-in-law, begging this favour at her hands—a favour which, as he had felt satisfied, the good lady was quite ready to accord.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

A GRAND MISTAKE.

AT a very short distance beyond Dr. Rossiter's house, the lane in which it stood came to an end. A turn-stile admitted thence to a narrow passage, some twenty yards long, lying between two tall hedge-rows, and separated from the fields into which it led by one of the most atrociously awkward stiles which thoughtless inaptitude could well have devised.

Over this inconvenient structure an elderly woman, impeded by a huge basket, was attempting to clamber on the evening of the day wherewith the last chapter closes—that upon which Dr. Rossiter's letter had reached his family, and he himself had set sail for Canada. It was about nine o'clock, still quite light, and the coolest and pleasantest hour of an August day. The old lady at the stile, however, was neither feeling cool nor looking pleasant, as she descended for the third time from a vain effort to surmount the difficulties of her task.

"Allow me to hold the basket whilst you get over," said a voice at her elbow. "It is a most stupid stile."

"'Tis that! Eh, thank you, sir; you're very good," rejoined the woman gratefully. "I've been used to it all my life; only, what with getting into years and having hurted my foot, and——Law bless us! if 'taint Mr. Francis!"

"Nurse Dean? I beg your pardon. I didn't recognise you at first," returned the young man addressed. "I hope you are quite well?"

"Yea, thankee, sir, I be tolerably spry. But 'tis more 'n you be, I do fear. Save us! 'ee do look as pale as a ghost, sir."

"Oh, I am all right, thanks," was the hasty reply. "I suppose I can get out on to the Tilbuster Road this way? I am walking to Clumbar Court."

"Be you, now? Well, 'tis a tidy stretch, but naught for young legs. Ay, take the top path, and 'ee 'll come out on the road. But I didn't hear you was down again to Merely, sir. 'Tis a sad thing this about the poor missis dying so sudden."

Frank acquiesced, and made a motion indicating a desire to pass on; but Mrs. Dean, standing with her foot on the lowest rung of the stile, pursued—

"Maybe 'twill hinder that you and Miss Cissy do get wed so quick as you had counted to?"

Young Rossiter hesitated a moment, flicking at the hedge with a stick he carried. Then he answered—

"Miss Cecilia and I are not going to be married, nurse, either sooner or later."

"Do 'ee tell now?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, bringing her foot to the earth, but securing her vantage-ground by turning round and leaning against the stile. "Well, that's a good hearing! Law, be it the t'other one, then, after all?"

"The other one?" he repeated interrogatively—"How do you mean?"

"There, I'd like to ease my mind. But don't 'ee go and take offence, sir, at an old woman—old enough to be your grandmother—and as has nursed you through sickness."

"No," said Frank, forcing a smile. "I am not given to taking offence, my good friend, when none is intended."

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Dean, encouraged by this assurance, "I do declare, sir, when first they tell'd me as you had took up with Miss Cissy, I was that struck aback I could do nought but stare. After all as you had said when you was raving, 'ee know—about 'dear Cousin Beatrice, sweet little Beatrice. Oh, Martin! how I do love her!' and the like. Why——"

"Oh! did I really talk like that?" demanded the young man, flushing crimson even to his brow and neck. "But, Mrs. Dean, I hope—I *do* hope—you did not repeat that nonsense to any one, least of all to Miss Beatrice herself?"

"Yea, but I did, though; and main sorry I was for't afterwards," replied the nurse. "I made sure that you was in love with her, don't 'ee see? And I tell'd her so, like a great fool, and every blessed thing you'd said, till she wouldn't hear any more, but ran away, with her pretty dimples showing, and her face shining all over with joy. But when I see her next, all the sunshine had gone out of her eyes, and out of her heart too, 'twas plain, poor dear! And I've blamed myself ever since for the mischief I'd done."

"Good gracious! You don't mean to say that you think she——she cared for me? I oughtn't to ask the question, Mrs. Dean, but——" he paused, blushing still, and evidently much disturbed by the suggestion.

"I do, then, and that's the truth, sir," she rejoined. "And, look 'ee, now—if I might make so bold—I've know'd they two young ladies ever since the day they was born; and, I tell 'ee, 'twas a grand mistake for to pick t' eldest. Little Miss Beaty's worth a dozen of her, so she is. Bless you! when they was children, sir, I've lived in the house a month at a time, and *I* knows how 'twas then. Th' biggest was all for herself: keeping all the toys, and taking th' largest apple or bit o' cake, or what not. And the little 'un give in always, as sweet and pleasant as an angel. And 'tis just the same yet. Folk may talk as they pleases about Miss Cissy's lovely face and her nice ways, but give me t'other sister. Look 'ee, now: who was't waited on her poor dear mother, hand and foot? as I sez to my Jane; and which of 'em do all the housekeeping and all the bit of helping as has to be done with dusting, and pies, and such like? And which of 'em won't lift her hand to aught but her painting, and fiddling, and just what she lists? for all the world like she was as a child—all self, and let t'others go hang?"

"My good woman," remonstrated Frank, "comparisons, you know, are odious. And I'm sure Miss Beatrice would not like to hear you speaking so of her sister."

"Well, I don't suppose she would," admitted Mrs. Dean. "And I wouldn't have made so bold as to say they things, sir, only I was hoping 'twas Miss Beatrice after all. Look 'ee here, sir: 'taint many young gentlemen as I'd think half nice enough for her; but I know as she likes you, poor dear! and I took a great liking to you myself, sir, if you'll excuse me telling 'ee, when you was ill. And 'twas me helped to make her poor little heart sore with chattering, like a silly goose as I was; and so I'd be main glad to see things come right. Take you an old woman's advice, sir, and choose *her*, and you'll get one as there isn't the equal of, not in the three kingdoms, as the saying is." With this remark, accompanied by a sagacious shake of the head, Mrs. Dean turned to mount the stile.

Having passed over her basket, young Rossiter followed, and held out his hand to bid her good-bye. As he was aware, Mrs. Dean lived in the first of two cottages standing by the river's side, at the foot of the sloping meadow upon which they had now entered. He had taken a walk past her house with Cecilia, shortly after his engagement; a very beautiful walk which followed the windings of the river. But his present path was one which diverged sharply at the stile, and led by a gradual ascent through a couple of fields on to the high road which ran over the hill at the back of Dr. Rossiter's house.

"Well, good-bye, sir; and God bless 'ee. You didn't take no offence, then, at the old woman speaking her mind? But do 'ee think over what I've tell'd 'ee, now do!"

Think over what she had told him, indeed! There was little need for that injunction. Frank felt as though the news just given to him had revolutionised all his thoughts and feelings. The idea that Beatrice loved him seemed to have set his heart and brain on fire. She loved him, and she knew that he had first loved her—that he had deserted her for her fairer sister. Could this really be true? The young man kept pausing every now and then in his walk, standing stock-still, as people are apt to do under the influence of strong emotion or the occurrence of some startling conception. "The sunshine had all gone out of her eyes, and out of her heart too, poor dear!" *Could* it be so? Ah! had he not himself observed some subtle change in her sweet child's face? Had she not appeared to have grown all at once older and graver? And were there not many little circumstances which, as he now recalled them, went to confirm the notion? Willingly at this moment would Frank Rossiter have submitted his back to the cat-o'-nine-tails. A sound flagellation would have relieved his feelings, as meeting what he conceived to be his deserts. He was possessed—this simple-minded young fellow—with a kind of chivalric sentiment, which would have moved to sneering contempt most of his acquaintance—all, nearly, who moved in anything like fashionable society. For sooner would he have permitted himself to be torn to pieces by wild beasts than have wilfully and wantonly trifled with a girl's heart—and least of all this girl's.

Dear little Beatrice! Oh! had she not been dear to him all along? Dimly yet, but with increasing clearness each moment, he began to discern a strange truth which lay at the bottom of his consciousness—the truth that his best, truest, most real, and lasting affection had been hers all the while. Cecilia's beauty had dazzled, bewildered, intoxicated him; but why

had he always sought to attribute to her the virtues which he knew to belong to her sister? to persuade himself that she was a second Beatrice, only fairer to look upon? Why, excepting that it was the beauty of character which, in reality, had won his heart, though the beauty of person had entranced his senses?

And where was the beauty of character which he had dreamt of under that lovely exterior? "All self, and let t'others go hang!" Strong words, Mrs. Dean, forcible, though not elegant. But were they true? How had she behaved towards himself? From the brief interview which he had this evening held with her, young Rossiter had come away tingling through all his mental fibres with pain, but at the same time distracted by surprise.

Her usual coquettish manner scarcely concealed beneath a thin guise of pretended regret and sentimental apology, Cecilia had given him his *congé*.

After having declared, times without number, that she loved him, she had now confessed, with very little apparent shame at the contradiction, that she had never really loved him at all. Moreover, she had acknowledged, under the pressure of his questions, that she had received Lord Romanes' addresses even whilst beneath his father's roof (whither she had been invited as his *fiancée*), and that it was her intention to become Lady Finchinbray. And was not this title—the desire of self-aggrandisement—the bait which had drawn her from her fidelity to her promise? "All self." Yes; and how much compunction did she feel in respect to the suffering she must have expected to inflict upon him? And he had supposed her to be like Beatrice! He had loved to conjure up this fancied resemblance; had constantly assured and reassured himself, despite occasional misgivings, of its existence. Alas! had he not in truth, as Mrs. Dean had said, "made a grand mistake?"

While thoughts and questions such as these, reluctantly admitted, and perhaps not so distinctly formulated, were passing through his mind, young Rossiter had traversed one long field, and had nearly gained the end of the second. Here, close by the gate which opened into the road, he came suddenly upon the very person of whom his disturbed reflections were full. That Beatrice had been out of doors at the time of his call on her sister he had learned from the latter; and he was in the act of regretting sorrowfully that he might have to leave Merely on this occasion without seeing her, when an exclamation of surprise, in a voice which he recognised as hers, fell upon his ear. Turning in the direction whence it issued, he perceived Beatrice rising from a log of wood upon which she had been seated, and which had been hidden from his observation as he came along by a haystack beside which it lay.

"Beatrice! Cousin Beatrice!" he ejaculated, advancing to meet her, and taking one small hand between both his own, as he narrowly scanned the pallid little face, which bore evidence of recent tears. "How glad I am to have met you!"

Misinterpreting the emotion which betrayed itself in his glistening eyes, Beatrice inquired gently whether he had been at the house, adding that she knew her sister was expecting him this evening.

"Yes, I reached Merely about seven o'clock," he replied; "thinking, however, that you might have taken tea, I stopped to eat something at the 'Mitre,' and sent my valise on to Clumbar Court with Sir John Rutherford, who had driven over to meet the train. And now," he subjoined, glad to recover himself a little whilst making these explanations, "I am walking to Clumbar Court."

"Yes; I see," she returned, looking troubled and confused. "And——and you have been to the house, then? You have seen Cecilia?"

Frank coloured. "I have," he replied; "and she has broken off our engagement. You knew that she was intending to do so, I can see."

"Only from last evening. She only told me last evening," rejoined Beatrice. "Oh, Cousin Frank! I hope you don't feel it very much? I hope you are not very unhappy?" she asked, stretching out her hand to him again, whilst her grey eyes filled with sympathetic moisture.

Possessing himself very willingly of the proffered hand, young Rossiter unconsciously lowered his voice. "No," he answered; "I do not think, dear Beatrice, that I *am* so very unhappy."

"Really? Are you not really? Oh, how glad—how thankful I am!" she exclaimed.

Frank pressed the little fingers he held, and restrained himself with difficulty from drawing their owner to his breast. "You would not wish me to have been very wretched, then, Beaty," he inquired (using this diminutive for the first time), "even had I deserved it?"

Beatrice blushed faintly, and regarding him in some surprise, quietly withdrew her hand. "Deserved it?" she repeated. "*You* deserved it? That is nonsense, Cousin Frank. Did Cissy give you any reason for—for her resolve?"

"She told me that she did not love me," he rejoined, with a passing return of the bitter pain he had suffered during his late interview. "She declared that she had made a mistake as to her feelings. And she admitted, Beatrice, that she is going to marry Lord Romanes—or, as I should say, the Earl of Finchinbray."

"Oh! is that true?" faltered Beatrice, in evident consternation. "I did not know that he had asked her to marry him. She has not mentioned it to me. What a very dreadful thing!"

Young Rossiter smiled. "It is not every one," he said, "who would think it a dreadful thing to have her sister become a countess."

"Cousin Frank, are you sure," resumed Beatrice, "that you are not suffering much? Surely this must have been a shock to you? And, besides, there is that other dreadful affair! Yet you do not seem——Oh! I was afraid that you would be quite crushed."

"And did you run away this evening so that you might not witness that calamity?" he asked, gazing tenderly down on the sweet face, so full of sympathy, which was looking up into his own. "No, Beatrice, I am not quite crushed, because of a curious dis-

covery which I have just made—because of some reasons which I cannot explain to you now—which it would not be proper or seemly to speak of at present—but which——" He paused, and then abruptly changed the conversation by making some allusion to poor Mrs. Rossiter's death, respecting which he had written to Beatrice a letter of affectionate condolence.

At this reminder of her so recent loss the girl's eyes filled with tears, and a pang of self-reproach rent her heart as she reflected how, amidst the excitement of subsequent events, her grief for her mother had been to a great extent swallowed up and lost sight of. And even now she could not dwell upon the subject either in her thoughts or speech. What did Frank mean, she wondered, by saying that he had just made a discovery? that he had reasons for not feeling utterly crushed? Did those reasons refer to something he had found out about Cecilia? Could he have heard of her conduct to Mr. Trevor? Beatrice blushed scarlet as this idea occurred to her. Or did he mean that he had learned something which would avert or lessen that other calamity, which threatened his family no less than himself? Ah! how delighted she would feel if this was the case!

"I wish you could tell me what those reasons are, Cousin Frank, that—that support you so much," she said.

"I wish I could," he hesitated, colouring warmly. "But no; it would not do. I—It would be impossible to speak of them at present. Some months hence, however, when you have got over your trouble a little, Beatrice, and Cecilia's new engagement is settled openly, then I will venture to come down to Merely again, and—and I shall hope to explain what I mean."

"Some months hence?" she repeated. "Oh, Frank! do you not know? Has Cissy told you no news? Nothing about papa?"

Frank shook his head. "No," he rejoined. "She said he was quite well when I asked her; and I understood that he was out upon his rounds. What is this new mystery, Beaty? Anything very serious?"

"It is something *terribly* serious," said Beatrice, laying her hand on his arm. "Oh, Cousin Frank! I thought my sister would have told you. She promised me to do so. Papa, I believe, does not wish it to be mentioned yet; but I think you ought to know. Mr. Rossiter ought to be prepared for the blow."

"The blow?" he echoed. "To my father?"

"Yes. Frank, dear Cousin Frank, it is all true about that deed of gift!"

"Oh! is it?" he returned, laughing incredulously.

"Do not laugh! Oh, do not laugh!' she entreated. "Proofs have been discovered, Frank—positive proofs of the fact."

"Indeed! Well, let me hear what the proofs consist in, little coz," he inquired gaily. "I didn't know that you had got the paternal maggot in your brain! Excuse me, Beatrice; I do not mean to be rude, you know."

In this spirit of sceptical amusement young Rossiter approached the verge of a calamity, the portentous nature whereof simple, unsophisticated Beatrice had never truly grasped. Turning a smiling face upon his girlish companion, he again pressed her to give him the proofs in question.

But as he listened whilst she proceeded to obey his request, the smile faded, and a look of utter dismay gradually impressed itself on his countenance.

"Hush! Do not speak for a few minutes, please," he begged, when she had ceased to speak. "Let me think—I cannot understand it. I am like a blind man groping in the dark." And, conscious that his knees were trembling beneath him, the young man seated himself upon the log, petitioning Beatrice with a gesture to take a place by his side.

Distressed and half alarmed by his expression, Beatrice acquiesced, and the two sat side by side, without exchanging a word, for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Then at length Frank broke the silence. "This is, indeed, a terrible affair!" he said. "I cannot yet realise all that it will involve. But of one thing you may rest assured, Beatrice: and that is that my father knew nothing whatever about that deed of gift, and is entirely innocent respecting its loss. I could stake my life upon that!"

"Yes," she responded. "I almost think *I* could too."

"Thank you for that, dear Beatrice," he murmured, once more taking her hand, but releasing it after a moment's pressure. "Yes, he will be the first to regret this horrible mistake—the first to offer all the restitution in his power, to abandon everything that is not rightfully his. Dr. Rossiter need not have gone to Canada in search of further evidence, so far as he is concerned. Of course, this will be awfully hard lines for my poor mother and sisters. But we shall all be ready to do what is right. And for my own part, poverty has no special horror," added the young fellow, who had precious little notion what poverty meant. "I shall rather approve of being compelled to work for my daily bread—but, oh! I did not think of that."

"Of what, Cousin Frank?" she demanded.

A spasm of agony crossed the young man's face. The reflection which had all at once occurred to him was that, in the event of its being shown clearly that his father had all these years, however innocently, been usurping his cousin's property, there would be an end to the sweet hopes which he had already begun to form with regard to Beatrice. Never, in that case, could he redeem the mistake which he now knew he had made. Never could he crave her pardon for the suffering he had unconsciously inflicted upon her. Never could he whisper in her ears the truth, of which he felt each second more convinced, viz., that, despite all evidence to the contrary, his closest and truest affections had never swerved from herself.

"Beatrice, I must leave you now. I cannot bear more!" he cried, springing to his feet, and returning no answer to her question. "I *must* get by myself, and

try to comprehend all the ins and outs of this miserable business. But let me take you home first. It is growing dusk."

"No, no," said Beatrice; "I can run home in five minutes, and I am so accustomed to wander in these fields by myself. Do not come with me. I should prefer that you did not; and you have a long walk, you know, to Clumbar Court. But, Cousin Frank, when——" she blushed and trembled as she put the question—"when shall I—we see you again?"

"Dear Beatrice, I cannot tell," he replied, turning pale as he spoke. "I must return home to-morrow morning. But I shall *hope*. Good-bye, my—my dear cousin." And wringing her hand, Frank lifted his hat, and was gone.

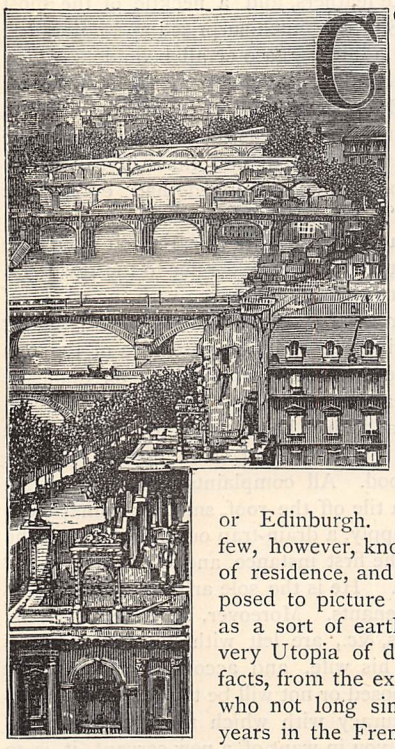
He did not, however, make his appearance that evening at Clumbar Court. Company, even that of the dearest friends, would, he felt, have been intolerable to him. On getting into the road, therefore, he turned, not in the direction he had intended to take, but back towards Merely. There, from the hotel where he had dined, he sent a note of apology to Sir John Rutherford, instructing his messenger to bring back his valise. It was his intention to take the first train home in the morning.

"'BE IT THE T'OTHER ONE, THEN, AFTER ALL?'" (*p.* 456).

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

THE ENGLISHMAN AT HOME IN PARIS.

BY A LATE RESIDENT.



COMMUNICATION with Paris is now so rapid, frequent, and inexpensive, that Britons from the most remote parts of our islands contrive some time or another to visit it, and some are as well acquainted with its beauties as they are with those of London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. Comparatively few, however, know it as a place of residence, and many are disposed to picture it to themselves as a sort of earthly Paradise—a very Utopia of delights. A few facts, from the experience of one who not long since spent some years in the French capital, may be of some utility and interest to any that think of making it their abode. Few things more astonish the untravelled Englishman, when he first issues from the railway terminus in Paris, than the gigantic height and size of the ordinary abodes of the Parisians. Towering Babel-like to six or seven storeys, built of solid white stone around a courtyard, which in the more aristocratic quarters is entered by a wide and handsome doorway, they present a very imposing and in many cases palatial appearance. At first we wonder where the poor, or even people of limited means, can find a lodging. But we soon discover that these lordly mansions are the common abodes of from twenty to forty families, who occupy separate suites of apartments on the different floors, and that, contrary to the usual order of things, the poorer they are the higher they rise in the world.

The tenants of the first three storeys (*étages*) are more or less wealthy in proportion to the character of the quarter. Lifts have unhappily not yet been introduced into private houses, so that all who can, generally spare themselves the pains of mounting to the upper storeys, while artisans with their families, if employed in the neighbourhood, as well as domestic servants, have to be content with small rooms under the roof.

Such are the homes of most of the Parisians. Only millionnaires can afford the solitary grandeur of an *hôtel* or house of their own. But an *appartement*, it will be understood, is a set of rooms—often spacious and lofty—on one floor; drawing-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, kitchen, &c., are all found together.

This is evidently a great change from the typical Englishman's ideal of a home. It is not that well-secured castle in which he delights to entrench himself. If he be a University man, perhaps his thoughts are carried back to college days, when, bent on hard work, he was wont to "sport his oak" and banish all intruders. But then he was not the happy Benedict with a merry tribe of playful youngsters ready to burst in upon his hours of business or study, through one of the many doors of this domestic labyrinth. No doubt it is very convenient to have all one's belongings thus within easy reach. Once, too, we have performed our daily pilgrimage up the public staircase, we have no more painful steps to climb before we retire to rest, nor on our way to dinner. The servants also are within easy reach—perhaps sometimes too near, when they take refuge from their diminutive kitchen in the *salle-à-manger* during the intervals between meal-hours. Then there is the perfect immunity from the solicitations of beggars, street musicians, *et hoc genus omne.* Nor on a fifth or sixth are you likely to be disturbed by unexpected callers, except they really desire your society or help. But there is another side to the question. The postman never pays you a visit, except to deliver a registered letter for which your receipt is required. All letters, &c., are left in the porter's lodge, of which more anon. And if you value a quiet life, you must reckon with your neighbours, who are all round you, above, below, and at your side. Should you be of a contemplative disposition or in delicate health, this is no light matter. One may be given to loud vociferous talking; an unhappy couple may keep you awake at night with their noisy bickerings, or a more amiable household may entertain you at unseasonable hours with their not too harmonious music, while a fourth may be of unpleasingly convivial habits. The writer has a distressing remembrance of two such cases in his own experience. In the one, his next-door neighbour was a Russian count (?) mysteriously mixed up with French politics, who occasionally gave entertainments of an extensive and decidedly fast character, which lasted till "the rosy-fingered morn appeared." In another house he was the helpless victim of the incessant wailings of the peculiarly fretful child of a poor family above his head, which could never be pacified until he sent up a franc to pay, as he said, *pour tranquillité.* Such are some of the drawbacks to life in an *appartement*, and most domesticated Englishmen will agree with the writer in deciding against the arrangement.

But we turn to another feature of French home life. Good *servants* are universally admitted to be a prime factor in domestic comfort. At home we hear loud and

frequent complaints about the shortcomings of the race. Certain it is that we seldom meet with those zealous, devoted attendants, not uncommon in the days of our fathers, whose interests were so bound up with their employers' welfare that nothing but death could part them from the family which they had entered in their youth. Their successors, it is said, are more selfish, self-sufficient, grasping, not to speak of graver faults. These charges we need not here attempt to discuss. There is, of course, another side of the argument. There is hope that a good master or mistress will sooner or later obtain good and faithful servants, or will succeed in moulding the raw material in some measure to their tastes. But in Paris the difficulty is much greater. The system of engaging them on a week's notice from either side tends to make the connection much more official and less binding, while it disposes both sides to too easy and frequent changes. Very slight misunderstandings provoke a hasty rupture, and the offending or aggrieved Charles or Marie instantly prepares to go in search of pastures new, and soon obtains another situation. Amongst ourselves, on the other hand, the month's notice gives time for cooler reflection, and allows the parties to come to a fresh agreement that may result in a lasting attachment.

Another element of weakness is the common practice of sending the cook each morning to purchase in the market or shops the provisions required for the day's consumption, and allowing her to obtain a five per cent. commission, or a sou in the franc. This offers a strong temptation to make bargains prejudicial to her master's interests, and accept inferior articles. Many a servant, far too honest to pilfer even a sou, much less anything of more value, will think herself perfectly justified in defrauding her employers in this way. In fact, the code of ethics amongst the lower orders of the French is very peculiar. Lying is regarded as quite a venial sin, if a sin at all. With regard to the veriest trifles they will invent the most plausible stories, and smile with perfect innocence and self-complacency if found out.

A girl from the country, who had repeatedly shocked her English mistress by her deliberate falsehoods, was seriously asked whether she did not think it wrong to deceive her, and with the utmost *naïveté* replied, "Well, madam, I was taught so when I was a child, but now it's quite another thing."

Some English families, finding such principles very objectionable, endeavour to overcome the difficulty by importing English servants. But the wisdom of this course is very doubtful. The best prefer to remain at home, and if any of a better sort are induced to come, their ignorance of the language and customs is a serious bar to their usefulness. One whom the writer brought over, being English to the backbone, would make no effort to learn French, and regarded the natives as ignorant barbarians with whom it was hopeless to converse. Once she thought she had achieved a great feat in mastering the French for turnips (*navets*), and when asked on her return from the market how she had sped, she said, with an air of mingled triumph and contempt, "Oh! yes, ma'am, I asked for *ruffians* (navvies), and they gave them me at once." This same remarkable genius appeared the first Sunday arrayed in a bonnet of bright ultramarine blue with white feathers, and a necktie of the most flaming red. She was much surprised and not a little flattered at the admiring gaze of all beholders, which she took as a compliment on her personal appearance, and was a good deal mortified on learning afterwards that her tricolour costume was the true source of the interest she had attracted, and that as she sailed along the boulevard the crowd had everywhere greeted her as "a good Republican."

We pass to a third peculiarity of French home-life of even greater importance. I refer to the *concierge*. His office is very closely interwoven with the whole of the social fabric. To say that he is a house-porter would be to give a most inadequate idea of the real meaning of the extent of his influence on domestic comfort for weal or woe. He is that and very much more. If we add that he is the landlord's resident representative, the nature of his functions will be better understood. All complaints about defects in the building—a tile off the roof, smoky chimneys, deficient water supply, a drain-trap out of order, and the like—must in the first instance, and often the last, be laid before him. He is the sole arbiter of differences amongst the tenants. Moreover, all letters, parcels, cards, messages, &c., are left with him, or—what is often worse — his wife, and according as they are favourably disposed or not will be the degree of punctuality and accuracy with which the commission is executed. Are you in want of a new servant, it is to the *concierge* that he or she will first apply for *your* character. And then alas! for the family that have failed to propitiate this potentate. They may wonder in vain why they can never get "suited," until they discover this dread secret.

But more than this. These men have a yet greater depth of influence. In the complicated web of Parisian society they often act as political spies. The *gardien de la paix*, the policeman of the quarter, may not unfrequently be seen in the closest consultation with them, and contrives to worm out of them full particulars about the antecedents and doings of each family. It is clearly, then, the part of wisdom to conciliate one in whose hands such power is reposed. This an independent Englishman is at first slow to understand. He naturally kicks against what he feels to be a violation of his rights as a subject of the British Crown. But the sooner he submits with a good grace to the inevitable, the better for him. If on first engaging an *appartement* he forgets to slip at least twenty francs into the functionary's yielding palm, he will probably find his verbal agreement null and void. From time to time, and especially each New Year's Day, a similar offering is looked for. If it be withheld, the consequences will be disastrous in the extreme. It is, however, only fair to add that, although the *concierges* hold a position eminently invidious and liable to abuse, not a few of them are on the whole honest,

sensible, obliging, anxious to do their duty well towards their landlord and his tenants alike. One notable instance I may mention from my own experience. Being obliged, in my absence from Paris during the sieges, to leave all my goods and chattels to the sole care of a *concierge* whose conduct had not always been above suspicion, I naturally felt a good deal of anxiety about them. But my fears proved groundless, for I found everything intact. The worthy fellow, to whom I had committed the key of the outer door, having patiently endured the privations and perils of those terrible months, had at the risk of his life baffled the attempts of the Communists to pillage the rooms. Had I kept the key, and not relied upon his honour, the result might have been very different.

A word on another practical matter of no slight importance may fitly close this brief sketch. I refer to the question of *economy*. There is a mistaken notion still common on this side of the Channel that one may live in Paris less expensively than at home. In some cases it may be so. Those whose position in their own country obliges them to keep up large establishments, and whose claims for hospitality are in proportion, may considerably reduce their expenditure by living where they are comparatively unknown. *Noblesse oblige* in such cases. But persons of small or even moderate means will be grievously disappointed if they think to make both ends meet any better there than at home. Their difficulties will be rather increased. Provisions of all kinds, and especially fuel, are much dearer in Paris than even in London, partly in consequence of the heavy *octroi*, or duties, levied on their admission within the city gates. Rents of *appartements*, even on the upper storeys, are higher than those of houses of corresponding size in our metropolis. Taxes, in the absence of income-tax, being chiefly indirect, except that levied on the value of the *appartement* and its furniture, are certainly lower. The scale of servants' wages, on the other hand, has risen there even more than with us. On the whole the cost of living is undoubtedly heavier. The idea that a franc is equal to a shilling is a myth long since out of date. Its value is more nearly represented by a sixpence. And, whatever other motives may induce our countrymen to emigrate to Paris, a desire to economise ought assuredly in most cases to have no weight. Higher considerations, such as the lower moral tone and the loss of many religious privileges, may well be added to the adverse side of the balance. The superiority of the climate, the peculiarly pure and bracing air, the freedom for the most part from the dismal fogs and mists for which our islands are so notorious, as well as the peculiar charms and convenience of this beautiful city, are indeed most attractive features; but they must be enjoyed by a resident at the sacrifice of many substantial advantages.

W. BURNET, M.A.

COLLECTING BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

THERE is, perhaps, no more beautiful or more interesting science than entomology, and particularly that branch of it which is devoted to the Lepidoptera or scale-winged insects, commonly called butterflies and moths. Like the botanist, the entomologist enjoys the benefit of pleasant country rambles in search of his specimens; but besides the pleasure of collecting them, he also feels the excitement of the chase.

Many people urge cruelty as an objection to the study of entomology, but the accusation is erroneous. The slightest cruelty need never be practised. Even supposing insects to possess a nervous system equal to that of the higher animals—which they do not—the death by the cyanide or chloroform bottle would be nearly painless. As a further argument against the charge of cruelty, it may be stated that many insects appear to be incapable of feeling pain. The dragon-fly for instance, if deprived of its tail, will eat flies with as great a relish as though it had a stomach to digest them; and the butterfly, though impaled on a pin, will calmly sip the honey from a flower, evidently unconscious of anything wrong.

Strange as it may seem, although in many cases apparently oblivious to pain, insects appear to possess the sense of smell in a wonderful degree of perfection. If the females of several kinds of moths are placed in the open air, they will soon be surrounded by a large number of males of the same species, these having been most probably attracted by means of a very acute sense of smell.

As our space does not permit even the briefest description of the various kinds of Lepidoptera, we must therefore proceed at once with our principal object, viz., collecting and preserving them. The necessary apparatus for this purpose is simple and inexpensive, and such as can be easily made in a few hours. All that one requires at first are some setting-boards, a net, killing-bottle, store-box, collecting-box, and some pins.

First as to the net. There are several kinds, all more or less possessed of some peculiar advantage of their own. The strongest and most simple is undoubtedly the plain ring-net. This is simply a ring of cane or stout iron wire lashed firmly to the end of a stick. A great drawback to this net, however, is the impos-

sibility of folding it up when not in use. On this account it is seldom used by those persons who have a considerable distance to carry it before reaching their hunting-grounds.

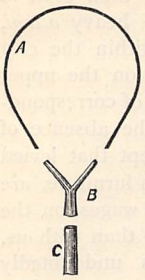


FIG. 1.

A more portable net is one made as in Fig. 1. B is a Y-shaped tube of tin or brass, which fits into the end of the stick, C. The net is put on to the cane, A, the ends of which are then bent round and stuck into B.

This net is strong and light, and has a great advantage over the ring-net, as it can be taken to pieces when not in use. Another good net is the umbrella-net (Fig. 2). This consists of a stick, W, on which slides a short tube, X. Two strips of steel or stout whalebone, K K, are fastened to the stick and tube by means of the hinges, B B, B B. To open the net, the tube, X, is pushed up the stick until the steel rods form a circle; it is then fixed firmly by means of the screw, R.

This is about the most convenient form of net, as it can be opened or closed in a few seconds, and when not in use can be carried in an ordinary umbrella-case. The amateur, however, will perhaps be unable to make it himself.

For our own part we always use a folding net made as in Fig. 3, and find it strong, portable, and capable of being fixed to the stick or taken off in a very short space of time. It is made as follows :—

At opposite sides of a stick, J, drill two holes, L M, one about an inch and the other about two inches from the end. Two pieces of wire, A B—about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness—are bent so as to form two half-circles, joined together by means of the loops which form the hinge, C. The ends, D F, are bent at right-angles at X K ; D being about two inches long; F, one inch ; and X and K, half an inch.

To fix the net on to the stick, open it as in the illustration, and place X in the hole, L, and K in M. A short tube, H, is then slid over D and F, thus keeping the frame of the net perfectly rigid.

Fig. 4 is a net which will be found very useful in taking insects off walls and the trunks of trees. H and K are pieces of stout wire lashed firmly to the stick, G, and M is a strong piece of string. The great advantage of this net is that it will adapt itself to any curved or flat surface.

The net itself should be made of leno—green is the best colour to use—and a convenient size is about a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, and a yard in length. In places where brambles abound, however, a short net is far better than a long one. As the wire frames soon wear the leno, it is a good plan to have the top of the net made of green holland.

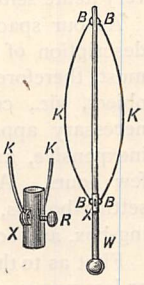


FIG. 2.

Before leaving the subject of nets, it will be as well to describe the forceps net (Fig. 5), these being very useful instruments. They can be made as follows :—

A B are two strips of wood about half an inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick, and eight or ten inches long. These are fastened together by a peg at M, so as to move like a pair of scissors. The wire circles, D C, are lashed firmly to B A, at E F, and are then covered loosely with leno.

To make a killing-bottle, procure a wide-mouthed bottle, and place at the bottom of it about an ounce of cyanide of potassium. Mix some plaster of Paris to the consistency of cream, and pour into the bottle a sufficient quantity to cover the cyanide. In a few hours it will be dry and ready for use. A properly made killing-bottle will last two or three years.

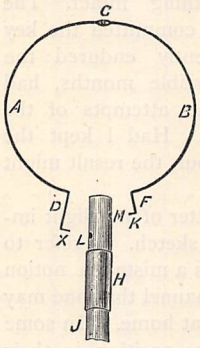


FIG. 3.

Setting-boards should be made several sizes, ranging from half an inch to five or six inches or more in width, the most convenient length being twelve or fourteen inches. They can be made either flat or rounded according to taste ; but for our own use we prefer the flat ones. Fig. 6 shows sections of both kinds. Setting-boards are made by gluing a smooth sheet of cork, half an inch thick, to a strip of wood a quarter of an inch thick, and cutting along the middle of the cork a groove rather larger than the body of the insect which it is to contain.

A store-box is simply a plain wooden box about four inches deep, lined with cork top and bottom, and is used for keeping the insects in after they have been set out.

A collecting-box is made in the same way, but is sufficiently small, however, to be carried in the collector's pocket.

The collector had better not attempt to make an entomologcal cabinet, as, unless he is a good hand at cabinet-making, it will prove a failure. The best plan is to buy one ready-made from a respectable naturalist—their cost commences at about 14s. each. Entomological pins can be obtained at from 6d. per ounce.

Having obtained the requisite apparatus, the next step is collecting the insects.

The best time for butterflies is between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. The best time, however, for the high-flyers, such as the Purple Emperor, is after three o'clock in the afternoon, as they then fly lower than in the middle of the day. It is perhaps needless to say that hot sunny days bring out the butterflies in the greatest profusion. This is not always the case with moths. In fact we have frequently caught large numbers of the latter when sugaring on a bleak, dreary, autumn night ; while on fine evenings we have often returned almost empty-

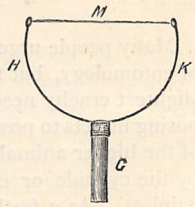


FIG. 4.

handed. But a bright warm day, with a shower of rain about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, is generally followed by a good evening for sugaring. A very good sugaring mixture is made as follows:—

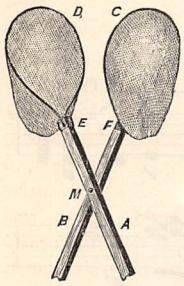


FIG. 5.

Take half a pint of beer, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of treacle; boil together until the sugar is dissolved, and when cool add half a gill of rum. This mixture is applied to the trunks of trees in streaks about two inches wide.

Having sugared a sufficient number of trees, the entomologist goes from one to another with a lantern and killing-bottle, and captures those insects which he requires. The number of moths which can be caught in an evening by the process of sugaring is often enormous; we have frequently counted over fifty on a tree about ten minutes after it had been sugared.

By pupæ-digging many rare kinds of Lepidoptera can sometimes be obtained. The best places to dig are at the roots of trees—oaks and poplars being very good. The pupæ are found a few inches under ground and close to the trees. October is the best month for pupæ-digging, but operations may be carried on throughout the winter.

Having caught a butterfly or moth and killed it, fasten it into the collecting-box by sticking a pin through its side. By adopting this plan the insect's back is uninjured, as the hole at the side is not seen when the insect is set out. Besides, by pinning them through the side several insects can be placed on one pin, thus enabling the collecting-box to hold more than if each insect was pinned out separately.

The style of setting out insects varies greatly with different collectors; but the method remains the same in all cases. Some entomologists place the upper wings of their Lepidoptera at an angle of about 60 degrees, others set them level with the head, whilst a few prefer to see them lower still. For our own part, however, we adopt a style midway between the first and second. The distance up the pin at which an insect is to be is also a matter of contention, Continental collectors placing them nearly up to the pin's head, and those of the British school almost down to its point. Again we adopt the "happy medium," and place our own specimens half an inch up the pin.

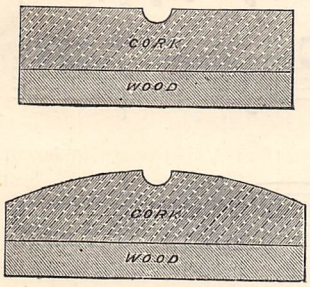


FIG. 6.

To set out an insect, stick an entomological pin carefully through the thorax at right angles to the body, and place it in the groove of a setting-board, as in Fig. 7. Having placed the wings in the required position with a fine-pointed needle, keep them in their places by means of the triangular slips of thin card, A B C D. The length of time for which they must be kept thus set out varies according to the size of the insect, a few hours sufficing for a small one, while several days are required by the larger kinds.

Should the wings of a butterfly or moth get stiff before it can be set out, the insect must be placed in a relaxing-box until it is sufficiently limp. A relaxing-box is a plain zinc or tin box containing some damp cotton wool—which must not be too wet however.

Great care must be taken to keep cases of Lepidoptera free from dust and mites. A composition for destroying the latter is sold by most naturalists, but camphor will be found a good, though not a thorough, protection against the pests. Should an insect be attacked, however, a few drops of spirits of camphor applied to its body will destroy the mites.

Before concluding this paper it may not be inappropriate to say a few words on breeding insects, for by this means undoubtedly the finest specimens can be obtained. For successful breeding, however, plenty of fresh air and food and careful attention are necessary.

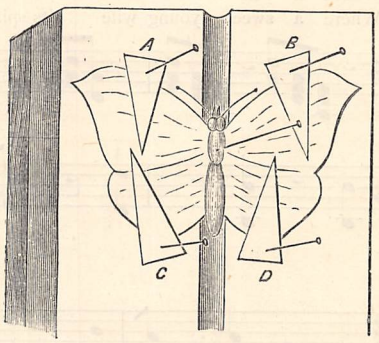


FIG. 7.

There are several kinds of breeding-cages, but perhaps the most convenient is made from a large box—say three feet by two, and eighteen inches deep—having at each side several apertures covered with muslin, the lid consisting of a frame covered with the same material. The bottom of the box should be covered to the depth of several inches with a layer of soft mould, in which are placed several bottles of water containing the necessary food-plants. Both plants and water should be changed at least once a day.

Many of the caterpillars bury themselves in the ground when their metamorphosis is about to take place. These should not be disturbed, but allowed to remain in their subterranean situation until they emerge in the perfect state.

Pupæ may be hatched, so to speak, long before the natural time by means of artificial heat; but we fail to see that any advantage is to be gained by this procedure.

When the Shadows flee away.

Words by G. Weatherly (*from the "Quiver"*).

Music by F. Peel, B.Mus. Oxon.

Piano.

Andante non troppo.

1. When the dawn breaks o'er the mea - dows, And the sun peeps o'er the hill,
2. Where a lit - tle child stands sob - bing, Half with grief and half with fear,
3. Where a sweet young wife sits spin - ning, Just be - yond the hot sun's glare,

Then come dim and voice - less sha-dows With a si - lent tread and still;
And the ten - der heart is throbbing With the woe that seems so near,
There life's sha - dows are be - gin-ning All their weird - like work of care;

And I watch them flitting light - ly
There the dusk light now en - croach- es—
But as yet they fall full light - ly,

Till the gladsome noon of day, Then the gold-en sun shines bright-ly, And the
Though as yet 'tis ear - ly day— But the mother's step ap-proach - es, And the
On her face they can-not stay, For two strong arms clasp her tight - ly, And the

cres. *cres.* *mf*

sha-dows flee a - way; And the gold - en sun shines bright - ly, And the
sha-dows flee a - way; And the mo - ther's step ap - proach - es, And the
sha-dows flee a - way; For two strong arms clasp her tight - ly, And the

rall. *p a tempo.*

sha- dows flee a - way, flee a - way,
sha- dows flee a - way, flee a - way,
sha- dows flee a - way, flee a - way,

pp

rall. *1st & 2nd times. D.C.* *Last time.*

flee a - way!
flee a - way!
flee a - way!

ROWING FOR GIRLS.

THE art of rowing is achieving an immense and increasing popularity in this country. Its recognition as a healthy and invigorating exercise is becoming every day more universal. It holds its own among the many out-door sports which are candidates for public favour; and, although the minor pastimes, which satisfy a certain section of the community, generally have only an ephemeral existence, and are successively replaced by some new amusement, rowing may be said to divide with cricket the more constant allegiance of the athletic world. Besides those who distinguish themselves on the river, a considerable number find in this pursuit a most agreeable and congenial form of exercise. Of recent years, too, many young ladies have asserted their right to enjoy this pastime, and the fact that "our girls" are developing tastes of this kind is a very satisfactory sign of the times. In former days, the rules upon which they were brought up were peculiarly restrictive, and few out-door amusements were open to them; but now, the desirability of their having some more invigorating recreation than the monotonous "constitutional," or the lessons—however valuable—of the professor of gymnastics, is becoming generally admitted. We should be sorry to see girls playing cricket or football, since neither of these sports can be indulged in without an amount of danger which it would not be fitting for them to risk. The intense exertion, too, required for the enjoyment of either of these games must always prevent girls from taking any part in them. The same objections do not, however, apply to rowing, for while it calls into action nearly every muscle of the body, it can be thoroughly enjoyed without becoming a toil instead of a pleasure. No doubt, boat-races are very severe tests of human endurance; but there is no reason why girls should not become such proficients in the use of the oar that they can share the pleasures of this exercise without attempting to make any such display, or aiming at excessive muscular development.

It should, however, be remembered that before any girl attempts to row she should certainly learn to swim. Every boat is more or less liable to be upset, even with the best and most skilful management; and this is, of course, more likely to occur with those who do not understand how to control it. All those, too, who venture on the water should not only learn how

to use an oar, but also understand how to steer and manage a boat in difficulties, so that they may be able to extricate themselves in case of accidents. A simple illustration will suffice. If a party of girls in a boat were accidentally to be obliged to navigate themselves with one oar, they might be relieved from a situation of some danger if any of them knew how to scull with one oar over the stern—an accomplishment which can be easily learnt at any sea-side place. Again, it is very desirable that they should understand the necessary fittings of a boat, and how to correct a fault in an emergency.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the styles of rowing on fresh and salt water are quite different, and that proficients in either are generally unable to instruct any one in the other. The more graceful art is that of rowing on rivers and lakes, and from the numerous available pieces of water in this country it is surprising that it is not more diligently practised. There is a great charm in boating, apart from its pleasures as an exercise; and perhaps the chief reason why so many never avail themselves of the constant opportunities for enjoying it is that they are unacquainted with boats, and unable to swim. Although of late years a great number of conveniences have been supplied for teaching swimming, it is probably true that by far the greater number of people in this country would be helpless if they chanced to fall into deep water. We have, however, already pointed out that it is most essential that, at any rate, all who wish to row should first acquire moderate skill in the art of swimming. This proviso being satisfied, there is no longer any foolhardiness in their venturing on the water. It has been objected that rowing is not a graceful art, and has, amongst other drawbacks, a tendency to make the shoulders round; but, although a careless and slovenly style might have this effect, any one who is well trained will soon become as straight as a lath, and a standing example in disproof of this assertion. In rowing, the back is never bent; and, although the shoulders must necessarily be raised a little in reaching forward, in going back they should be dropped as low as possible. The long even swing, with the elbows close to the sides, the head erect, and every muscle in play, is all that the most ardent admirer of calisthenics could desire, and so far from developing an ungainly or awkward carriage, should have an exactly contrary effect. There are numerous appliances for expanding the chest, but without discussing their respective merits, it is certainly true that none of them can possibly equal rowing in this respect.

It must, however, be admitted that girls who become enthusiastic admirers of this pursuit must take great care that their hands do not become blistered, for, although athletic young men pride themselves upon their horny palms, it is not desirable that their sisters should emulate them. Objections of this kind, however, usually arise during the excessive practice necessary before a boat-race; and it is very doubtful whether it is at all desirable to encourage girls to compete on the river, even amongst themselves, since all the benefit which would otherwise be derived from this exercise might be more than counteracted by the extraordinary exertion of a single boat-race.

Rowing for mere amusement is not, however, entirely free from inconveniences, and one of the most unpleasant and common misfortunes that can happen to beginners is that which is familiarly termed "catching a crab." This disaster occurs when the oar is allowed to turn in the water the wrong way before taking it out; the water then keeps the oar down, and the handle bears the rower backwards. The moment it is felt that this is likely to happen, the oar should be smartly lifted out of the rowlock, and "shipped." If this be done quickly, the annoyance of being knocked backwards off the seat may be avoided.

Sculling is, perhaps, in some ways even pleasanter than rowing, and is still more suitable for girls. The sculler sits, of course, in the centre of the boat, and must keep her back straighter and her shoulders lower, if possible, than when rowing, since the strength of the stroke depends very much upon the drop of the shoulders. It would be as well for beginners not to attempt to scull in a "skiff" or "funny" until they are quite masters of the art, for in either of these light craft they would otherwise almost certainly be upset. The ordinary sculling-boat is, however, tolerably safe.

Canoeing has long been one of the recognised pastimes of ladies, since it is supposed to be a pretty exercise. Paddling is, however, really a motion of the arms alone, and although it is seldom made laborious, it is certainly very fatiguing. In rowing, as we have seen, all the muscles are employed, so that the labour is divided amongst them. The arms, by themselves, could ill bear, for any length of time, the exertion required to move the weight of the body and of the boat, or canoe, through the water. The writer well remembers the intense fatigue which he himself felt after canoeing on one occasion for a distance of about five miles against time. Nevertheless, from the small draught of water which a canoe makes, many otherwise impassable streams can be successfully navigated in one, and in the heat of summer it is very delightful to paddle quietly beneath the shade of overhanging branches near the bank of a river, although such an amusement is hardly worthy of the name of exercise. One objection to the ordinary canoe is its unsociability, since it will only carry one person; but the Indian or Canadian canoe, which has recently been imported into this country, will carry three people easily, and is even then very safe, and always on an even keel. When using the double-bladed paddle, it is as well to remember that it is much easier to work if the strength of each stroke is obtained by pushing rather than by pulling the paddle through the water. The single-bladed paddle, which has only recently been introduced into this country, must also be used in the same way.

Sea-rowing is certainly not very graceful, and is so totally different from rowing on fresh water that even good oarsmen often find themselves in some difficulty on the sea. So fatiguing is this branch of

the art that it cannot be recommended as a suitable pursuit for girls. The arms have to do much more work, and it is only necessary to watch a fisherman in a rowing-boat to see how peculiarly ungainly the necessary movements of the body are. If any girl who has learnt to row on fresh water essays to do so at sea, at a time when it is anything but quite calm, she will quickly find that the rules which apply to this branch of the pastime are totally different, and will run great risk of "catching a crab," with the most disastrous results. The fittings, too, of sea-going boats are usually very bad; and in many of them rowing is only possible under the most awkward conditions. At the same time, if girls were to learn enough about the management of a boat to know what to do—or rather, what not to do—in an emergency, many disastrous and fatal accidents might be avoided. Every one who has had the management of a boating party knows the anxiety which the nervous trepidation of some, and the utter want of presence of mind in others, cause. Innumerable accidents have been caused by ladies jumping up when the boat gives a roll, when, if they merely sat still, and as near the centres of their seats as possible, they would be in no danger.

There are many pleasant spots which can only be visited by water. In the neighbourhood of the English metropolis, many of the most exquisite bits of scenery in the Thames Valley are only known to boating men, and it certainly seems quite feasible for girls to enjoy the charm of river-side scenery much oftener than is at present the case. The difficulty of making up a party would be greatly lessened if they were able to use their oars, or sculls, and excursions which are now made only very seldom might then be frequently enjoyed, and with but a scanty escort. It would be difficult to devise a more tempting programme for a fine afternoon than for a party of girls thus to explore some unfamiliar waters.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE WELSH NAMES.

HINTS FOR TOURISTS IN WALES.

AT first sight it seems a strange thing that the language which in the earliest times of which we have any record was spoken by the inhabitants of these islands, and may therefore be in a sense considered our original tongue, should be the very language of which the majority of the educated English are not ashamed to own that they know nothing. They will be found well enough versed in Latin and Greek—those magnificent dead languages the assiduous cultivation of which is due to the many fine works, known as "the classics," which have been preserved to us in one or the other dress. They will pass muster as easily in French, German, and other living languages of the Continent of Europe, which they cultivate yet more thoroughly for the sake of social and commercial intercourse. In this very island, however, there is still a living language not yet consigned to the limbo of forgotten commodities, remaining both pure and logical now, and so not altogether unworthy of a scholar's serious study: and that is Welsh, or Cymric—the fine old Celtic tongue still in every-day use in nearly all parts of Wales, and even to be heard in the streets of polyglot London. The Britons, or Cymri, as the interesting pages of history bear witness, were a hardy and independent race, not easily to be crushed or deprived of their individuality by the successive invaders of these islands. They took refuge at last in the mountain fastnesses of the west country, from which they were never actually driven, notwithstanding the so-called conquest and annexation of Wales by Edward I.; and the Welsh tongue to this day clings, with some aboriginal customs, to the same mountains. Very gradual indeed has been the process of "civilisation" which intercourse with the English is presumed to bring about.

One of the great civilising agents of the nineteenth century is the tourist, who, like the roving bee that fertilises the flowers, does his best to break down the barriers of race which distance or a difference of tongues sets up. And the tourist has certainly not neglected Wales. In spite of the outflow of English holiday-makers every summer to Switzerland, the Rhine, and other Continental places of refreshment, there is a large stream also setting in towards Snowdonia, with lesser streams in the direction of the Cader Idris group and Barmouth. Nothing could well be more unreasonable than to enter a country where a very ancient tongue is still in use, and where the ancient names of places especially remain uncorrupted, and to expect to get along comfortably without knowing even the rudiments of that useful vernacular. Is it too much to ask of the tourist that he shall just learn to pronounce it, and no more? The pronunciation is really a very simple matter; but if twenty people of ordinary intelligence are asked to look at a few ordinary Welsh words, such as *edrychwch ar hwn*, or *Pwllheli*, probably nineteen of the number will declare that they are unpronounceable. Some of the words, they will say, are "all consonants."

It is merely the alphabet that we need particularly consider here, for to know it properly is to be able to pronounce Welsh. Let us now see what the alphabet consists of. In the first place, the consonants *b*, *d*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t* are pronounced just as in English; so that in the case of nine letters at least it is all plain

sailing. The following letters do not exist in the Welsh alphabet: *j*, *k*, *q*, *v*, *x*, and *z*, so they also may be dismissed. Then let us take the vowel sounds. These are so nicely and exactly expressed by the written letters that they render Welsh the nearest approach to a perfect phonetic system which appears to exist. The *a* is pronounced quite short, like *a* in the English word *can*. But this letter is often found circumflexed (*â*), having then the broad and open sound of *ah*, the English interjection. The *e*, again, is short, as in *pen*; when circumflexed (*ê*) it is long, and sounded like the *a* in *pane*. The *i* also is a short sound, as in the English *kill*, but with a circumflex it takes the long sound of *ee*; the word *cîl*, for instance, being pronounced *keel*. The next vowel, *o*, is the same; ordinarily it has the sound of the English *o* in *God*, but the circumflex makes it long, so that *gôd* is pronounced as our word *goad*. The *u* is sounded as in *busy*, or as the *i* in *is*, but rather more open. The circumflex *û* corresponds to the English sound of *ee* in *seen*; *dû* being pronounced as *dee*. Added to these five vowels and their circumflexed forms we have *w* and *y* (the English "semi-vowels") as full-fledged vowels, with *their* circumflexed forms also. The treatment of *w* as a vowel, independent altogether of position—unlike its English namesake, which requires a vowel or the aspirate to be always in attendance upon it—explains away a good deal of the mystery which to the uninformed appears to hang over the pronunciation of Welsh words. Having the sound of *oo*, pronounced rather briskly, as we pronounce the word *good*, it must be distinguished from the *ŵ*, which has the longer sound of *oo* in *mood*. Then *y* does not invariably take the same sound: it depends generally upon its position in the word; that is to say, if the accent falls upon it, it is hard, like the *u* in *gun*, and if it occurs in an unaccented syllable (at the end of a word, for instance) it is pronounced lightly, like the *i* in *gin*. The word *hyny*, pronounced "honey," is an exact exemplification of these two sounds. In the following monosyllables, *dy*, *fy*, *y*, *ydd*, *ym*, *yn*, *yr*, *ys*, *myn*, an exception arises, for they are not sounded like the *i* in *gin*, as above, but more like the other sound of a short English *u*—in fact, precisely like the French *e* in *je* or *le*. Lastly, the *y* with a circumflex (*ŷ*) is the same thing as *û*—*tŷ*, for instance, having the pronunciation of *tee*.

We have now only to master a few consonants and diphthongs which are not sounded as in English, and our work is done. There are two diphthongs, however, which will give us a little trouble, the most awkward being the *ll*, which is the *l* aspirated. It is quite impossible to give a true indication of this peculiar breathing on paper: it can only be learnt, like the French *n*, by hearing a native give utterance to it; but it may be said that *khl* is the combination of English letters which approaches nearest to the sound. Place the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth (a little farther back than for *l*), and breathe sharply through the teeth on both sides, and you will get somewhere near it. Llanelly is thus spoken nearly as if spelt *Khlan-eth-ly*. Another breathing which gives less trouble—because we have it not only in the German, but also in Scotch and Irish names of places, relics of Celtic ancestry—is the diphthong *ch*. Those who can pronounce the Scotch word "loch," or the German "hoch," can pronounce the Welsh *coch*. Of the remaining letters it will suffice to say that *c* is always pronounced hard, like our *k*, and never like *s*; that while *d* has the same sound as in English, the *dd* is like the heavy *th* in *that*, and never like the light *th* in *thank*; that the *ff* is a brisk sound, like the *f* in our *fan*, while the single *f* is pronounced as *v*—the *Welsh* word *fan* therefore being pronounced *van*; that the *g* is always hard, as in *go*, and never soft, as in *gentle*; that the *h* is always an aspirate, as in *hat*; and that *th*, as distinguished from *dd*, has a light sound, as in *thank*. This finishes our alphabet.

Now, one of the great beauties of the Welsh tongue is the consistent method of pronouncing it. Here are two capital rules which will enable any one who has mastered the alphabet (as we have already done) to venture with confidence upon any Welsh word. First, let it be remembered, *no letter is ever mute*. That is a great point gained; for if we glance at a few English words, in which a good many superfluous letters are sure to exist, we shall the more readily appreciate the help to a beginner that such a rule must be. Secondly, *the accent is always laid on the penultima, or last syllable but one*. Here, again, the learner finds a valuable key to the proper pronunciation. In English—not to mention other languages—words of different meaning are often spelt alike (such as *produce*, the verb, and *produce*, the noun), and the usual means of distinguishing them to the ear is by a change of accentuation, and to the eye solely by the context. But in Welsh this is not necessary. The accent is uniformly placed, and the changes in the meaning are more logically effected by mutations in the words themselves.

Bearing in mind these two rules,* and the explanation given of the alphabet, we can now put our knowledge to the test by a few random examples. *Dysgwylydd*, a waiter, we pronounce *diss-gwi'llith* (the mark ' indicating the place for the accent), and we take care to give the "heavy" sound to *dd*. *Chyfrwywch y ceffyl* (saddle the horse) looks rather puzzling, but a little analysing will enable us to pronounce it as *khuv-rooe'e-ookh er ke'ffil*. Here we are obliged to use *kh* to indicate the peculiar breathing *ch*, and to write *er* (without rolling the *r*) as the best indication of the sound of *y*. *Mawr*, great, is *ma'h-oor*, which, pronounced quickly, will be found to become *mowr*, without losing sight of the rule that "no letter is ever mute." In the same way, *craig*, a rock, must have its proper sound of *kra'h-ig*; while its plural, *creigiau*, is spoken *krai'g-yī*, because the *au* (which is *not* a diphthong in Welsh), when

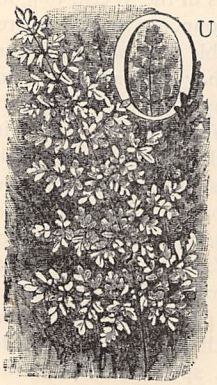
* There will be found one or two exceptions only to the rule as to accentuation, and that is where the *last* syllable, being either circumflexed or aspirated, takes the accent; but the accent is never placed further from the end of the word than the penultimate syllable.

resolved into its components, *ah*, *ee*, becomes a long *ī* as nearly as possible if rapidly sounded, and it must be done rapidly because the last syllable is unaccented.

From this it will be seen that the vowel sounds in Welsh are most subtle, and exact the utmost care from the speaker. It is difficult to give an accurate rendering of *ieuanc*, young (in which the vowels seem to have turned the tables on the consonants for once), but it is nearly like *yī-yank*. It should always be borne in mind that the "r" *is* an "r" in Welsh, and it should be rolled strongly, as the French and Italians roll it. There is sometimes found a word beginning with *ugh*, such as *Cymmer fy ugheffyl* (Take my horse), which is pronounced something like *Ku'mmairr verug he'ffil*, the two last words being sounded together, just as in the French *cet homme*. In this case, however, the *h* in *heffil* must be carefully aspirated.

In these few examples we have been able to show something of the consistency and purity of the language, as regards its pronunciation, and we trust the intending tourist will find that these remarks have therefore not been written in vain.

SUPPLANTED.



"OUR last evening together, Aileen."

We were sitting alone, Aileen McCartney and I, in the cold, clear light of a bright autumn moon. Afar we could see the shimmering sea, calm and beautiful in the weird white light; through the trees we would now and then catch a glimpse of the towers of Ballybrough Castle; there was a sweet, subtle scent of roses pervading the air; all was solemn and subdued; and I, ten minutes ago full of hope, not to say boastfulness, had grown suddenly melancholy. Aileen did not answer me. She was looking out to the sea, her pretty head turned away from mine, her fingers clasping a bit of the broken stonework of the balustrade over which she was leaning. People used to say in those days that Aileen was not pretty. I never understood what they meant. To me those great Irish blue eyes, that always untidy but always picturesque wealth of tawny hair, even those somewhat gawky arms and legs, were my beau-ideals of feminine beauty. But then Aileen and I had played together since we were respectively seven and three years old, and loved each other in proportion as we quarrelled and made it up again. She was sixteen now, and I twenty, "quite a man," as she had said to me yesterday; and indeed I did not only feel myself a man, I was a soldier, a hero already in imagination, the real fact being that I was sailing the next day for Ashantee; there I hoped to win immortal honours. For the moment I had forgotten all this, my thoughts were all with Aileen, whose emotion at parting from me was so great that she could not even look me in the face. I took her hand in mine, and sought to peer into her blue eyes. They were full of tears.

"Aileen, my dearest," I whispered, "I shall come back soon, and then—ah, then! Don't cry, dear."

"I am not crying," she responded unblushingly. "Why should I cry? I am only wishing that I too were a man, that I might go out and see the world. Oh! would it not be nice? Instead of which I shall pass my whole life, I suppose, in this tumble-down place, where we have to think of every sixpence we spend, and we are too poor even to go to Dublin," and here she fairly broke down and sobbed. I was just a little taken aback by her interpretation of her tears, but they moved me nevertheless to a great pity. Hers was, as she said truly, a joyless life, with a ruined father and a worrying stepmother, whence the saving of sixpences and the general depression of the McCartney family. In one moment I had grasped her hand, and was pouring a torrent of eloquent words into her ear, which seemed to comfort her, for she dried her eyes, and looking in mine with the sweetest of soft blushes—

"I shall be very lonely without you, Frank dear," she sighed. "I shall have no one to play to me, when I am out of sorts—to scramble through duets with me; it will all be dull and dreary. I shall never open the piano when you are gone."

"And what shall I do, when I have said good-bye to you, Mavourneen?" I asked pathetically.

"You!" she exclaimed passionately, "why, you will be going out to fight, to glory, to be a hero. It is nothing to you."

"Is it nothing to me, Aileen," I whispered, "to say good-bye to you? You are unjust. There is not much glory or honour in fighting savages."

"But you will distinguish yourself, Frank, you must," she reiterated with pretty impatience; "promise me you will come home, having won the Victoria Cross. If you don't, I won't speak to you."

"And if I do?"

"I shall be awfully, madly proud of you, and oh, I shall be so pleased to see you, so pleased!" and as she spoke, she took a great crimson rose from the bodice of her dress, and gave it to me. With a tragically sentimental air, I put it to my lips, and kissed its warm red petals.

"You sweet little Aileen," I cried, "I vow to you on this rose that I will come back to you decorated, even if I die for it. You shall be my Queen of Beauty, and award me then a far sweeter prize than

any Victoria Cross. I wonder if you can guess what it is I shall ask you for?"

"Don't be silly, Frank," she answered, overlooking the Irishism of my speech. "Don't be silly, dear. We must go in soon, and you shall play to me for the last time, and then I suppose you will have to go. Oh, dear——!" There is no saying what folly we might have continued to talk, had not Mrs. McCartney appeared at this moment at the window, beckoning us in. Assuming the most *nonchalant* manner I could, I sauntered into the house to find Mr. McCartney just awakening from his after-dinner nap. He did not seem pleased to see me, but I knew the old man, and did not care for his sharp sayings.

"I am come to say good-bye to you, sir," I said; "I am off to-morrow."

"SO LOST IN MY OWN THOUGHTS THAT I KNEW NOT WHAT I WAS PLAYING" (*p.* 475).

"A good thing too," was the amiable response. "Young men ought to go out, and see the world, instead of idling away their time at home."

"I have not been home long, only a fortnight."

"And a fortnight too much; it is time you were off," and he held out his hand.

"Father, he is going to play to me just once more, and then he shall go," his daughter said coaxingly.

I could not distinguish the churlish answer, for I had already seated myself at the piano, but nevertheless I could hear Aileen's rejoinder—

"He is coming home with a Victoria Cross, you know. Is not that nice? We shall be so proud of him."

Feeling somewhat small under the chilling effect of the old man's words, I nevertheless continued to play on, I knew not exactly what, till it resolved itself into the old Volkslied, *Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath*, and Aileen stood up behind me, and sang it bravely to the end. Mrs. McCartney, who had been waiting grimly till I should have done, now gave me unmistakably to understand that I must be gone; so I bade her adieu, gave Aileen's hand a final crushing squeeze, and taking my precious rose from its perilous position in my pocket, walked slowly out of the hall door, and along the path till I reached the broken-down fence that separated my father's property from Rathmilly. Here I turned round to glance once more at Aileen standing again on the terrace, looking beautiful and ghostly in the white moonlight, as she kissed her hand to me, and then disappeared through the doorway. To the left, I could just catch a glimpse of Ballybrough, gleaming white through the trees, and idly wondered whether its very aged owner would still be alive when I came home again. My last thought that night was for Aileen, my wife that was to be when I returned a hero to Ireland.

The next day I departed for Ashantee. The history of that short campaign is too well known to be repeated here; and ill would it become me to speak of my own deeds, by which I secured the earnestly-coveted distinction that I had sworn to Aileen I would achieve. Suffice it to say that, from the first moment of setting foot on African soil, I took every opportunity that presented itself of indulging in the most extravagant foolhardiness, which, savouring more of lunacy than of bravery, caused much derision among my brother officers, but which eventually led to my name being among the first to be honourably mentioned in the homeward despatches, and ultimately to my decoration with the Victoria Cross.

Of course my one thought was of Aileen, and what she would say to my honours. I was only too impatient to be back at Rathmilly, but I was destined to be disappointed. Instead of returning home, I found that I was under orders for India, and that I was to sail immediately. I was completely cast down by this intelligence, but at last my good sense came to my rescue as I reflected that Aileen and I were both very young, and that a year or so in India would quickly pass over my head. I looked upon myself fully as engaged to her, and it never crossed my mind that she regarded me in any other light. With a heart at rest on this subject, the two years I was forced to spend in India did not drag quite so heavily as I had anticipated; nevertheless, an attack of fever was hailed with joy as affording me an opportunity of applying for sick-leave. It was granted, and half-mad with delight at the prospect of return, I started in a troopship for Queenstown, which landed me not so many miles from my own home.

I am afraid that on that day, the first of my return to my family, I must have seemed very cold-hearted, for I was absent and uncommunicative all through dinner, and I was perpetually bringing round the conversation from my own doings to Aileen's. Thus, I learnt that she had been in London all the season, staying with friends, and had been immensely admired. This I could not wonder at, only I felt a sudden twinge of jealousy that other men should dare to think her as beautiful as I did. I said nothing, however, and my sister passed on to another topic, still more engrossing to the neighbourhood. Old Mr. Byrne of Ballybrough had died during my absence, leaving an enormous fortune, and his nephew who succeeded to it had declared his intention of making his home at Ballybrough. He had arrived last week to take possession, but had as yet only been seen at Rathmilly, having known Aileen McCartney in London. All this interested me but little, I was on thorns to see Aileen, and half an hour after dinner I was running at full speed down the garden, had vaulted over the fence, and was standing in front of the house where she dwelt, trying to pull a bell which for years had been broken. An untidy-looking maid-servant now appeared, and showed me into the drawing-room.

The room was empty save for the presence of one lady, who was seated at the further end of the large room. She rose as I entered, and I bowed as to a stranger, then suddenly halted, and stretching out both my hands, "Aileen!" I cried. Yes, it was Aileen, but not my Aileen of the shabby frocks and the frank smile. This was a young lady dressed in the latest fashion, who advanced to greet me with a conventional smile on her face, as to my warm, impulsive greeting, she put out one cold impassive hand.

"Yes, it must be, surely it is—Mr. Ward," she said, adding as an afterthought, "I am glad to see you again; when did you come home?"

I was so paralysed by this reception, which lay not so much in the words as in their tone, that I could not speak at first; but as she said nothing more, I was forced at last to answer her.

"Mr. Ward, Aileen!" I cried, "is that what you call me? Surely I am always Frank to you?"

She laughed a little artificial laugh.

"It is so long since I have seen you; but, if you wish it, Frank be it. Won't you sit down? papa will be here soon; he is still in the dining-room."

I did as I was requested, but my tongue seemed tied, and I could think of nothing to say. She, too, sat dumbly gazing into vacancy, and toying with a fan she held in her hand, and once she sighed. The

silence was growing oppressive, till I recollected Mrs. McCartney, and inquired after her.

"She is up-stairs with a headache," was the response, and once more there was a pause.

"Aileen," at last I whispered desperately, "do you remember our last evening out there," pointing to the terrace, "and all that we said to each other?"

"Why, that was more than two years ago," she cried, edging away from me. "What a long time it seems, does it not?"

"It seems to me but yesterday," I answered, "and only when I look at you, do I remember that it was more than two years ago."

"I suppose I am altered," she responded, smiling; "you hardly knew me at first, did you?"

"Don't you remember," I persevered, "you gave me a rose that evening, and what I vowed to you on that rose? I have kept my word."

"Ah! here are papa and Mr. Byrne," she exclaimed, with evident relief, and almost before they were in the room she had made known my arrival to her father, and had introduced me to Mr. Byrne, a tall heavy-looking man, considerably my senior.

Mr. McCartney received me with more cordiality than he had ever evinced towards me before, and congratulated me heartily on having obtained the Victoria Cross. "Yes," I answered, and glanced reproachfully at Aileen, but she was talking to her dog, and apparently heeded me not. As she knelt now before her poodle, trying to make him beg, my tiresomely true memory recalled those bygone days when those auburn coils had formed a tawny glory round a face as open as the day, and as beautiful. I think she must have guessed my thoughts, for she looked up uneasily. "Won't you play us something, Fr——Mr. Ward?" she asked; and I silently complied. My mind was in a turmoil, and where could I find a safer outlet for my indignation, pain, and sorrow, than in the old piano I had known so many years? So I sat down, turning my back on Aileen, not even glancing her way when she and Mr. Byrne retired side by side a little to my left, where I could not distinctly see them without turning my head. Gloomily I stared straight in front of me, so lost in my own thoughts that I knew not what I was playing. Whatever it was, it seemed to suit my frame of mind, and I played on and on, unmindful that my two companions had drawn closer to one another, in low confidential conversation. By degrees I grew calmer, and the memory of that last night at Rathmilly coming over me, I broke into *Es ist bestimmt*, looking round suddenly to see how it would affect Aileen. That look was a revelation to me. My eyes met, not Aileen's, but Mr. Byrne's, fixed half-inquiringly on me; his one hand was resting on his knee, the other lay locked in Aileen's. She was apparently quite unconscious of what was going on. A half-smile was playing round her mouth, whilst her eyes were fixed on the rings that glittered on the fingers that held Mr. Byrne's imprisoned. I cannot say how long I remained staring fixedly at the latter; it seemed to me minutes, I suppose it could not have been seconds. Aileen seemed at last to become conscious that there was a hitch somewhere, for she loosened her hold of Mr. Byrne's hand, and sitting upright—

"Why do you not go on?" she asked me.

"It is late," I responded curtly, "I ought to be going home."

"Well, yes, it is," she answered hurriedly. "Good-bye," and she held out her hand, "I am so glad I have seen you again."

Our hands just met; I do not know which was the coldest, hers or mine; and, mad with jealousy, I left the drawing-room I had known from my babyhood, with as formal a leave-taking of its inhabitants as if they and I had been the merest strangers to each other. Old Mr. McCartney came shuffling out of the room after me, with an odious expression of triumph on his withered face.

"I suppose," he said to me, "you have found out all about it, have not you? Not blind, eh?"

"I have not the slightest idea to what you allude, sir." The tone was indifferent, but my heart was standing still.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, "very good, very good!" and became so convulsed that I impatiently took up my hat. But he would not let me go. "No, no, Frank; stop, my boy, till I have told you my good news, though you might have guessed it for yourself, I should think. My little Aileen—the prettiest girl in all Ireland—is engaged to Byrne, the millionnaire. Bless the boy! why, you seem daft; can't you understand?"

"Quite, sir, I perfectly understand," I rejoined, "it is exceedingly simple." And breaking away I opened the hall door and strode out into the darkness. Once fairly outside, I paused for a moment, and turned round to look at the house where I had once known so much happiness. In one of the upper windows there was a light burning. It was Aileen's room, that I knew. There was a noise as of the opening of a casement, and then a shapely head was thrust out, and two little white hands were resting on the sill. Was it the wind soughing in the branches of the trees, was it imagination—those words that seemed to me to come sighing through the night air, "Good night, dear Frank, dear Frank!" I do not know. Nevertheless, I fled from them, and never drew breath till I stood once more within my father's house.

* * * * * *

Many years have passed away since then, and I have learnt long ago to think of Aileen without bitterness. I have seen her but once again since that memorable night at Rathmilly. She was sitting in Hyde Park, faultlessly dressed, beautiful as a dream, but with a beauty so unlike that of the Aileen of former years, that I felt if I were only half as altered she could not possibly recognise me. I do not think she even saw me, and I passed on my way without so much as lifting my hat.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TIDES.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S. EDIN.

THE explanation of the rise and fall of the "tides" forms one of the most beautiful applications of the laws of gravity with which we are acquainted, and must be of interest to every one who dwells by the sea-side for any length of time. Few of us, as we wander by the sea-shore and watch the rippling waves as they gradually creep up the sandy beach, and as gradually retire, ever think of the mighty forces at work in producing this phenomenon, or of the far-reaching consequences of its action. To many the rippling waves are the waves and nothing more. Let us examine the matter a little more closely, however, and we shall find much enjoyment and food for reflection.

The tide, as it advances to its height and ebbs again, is evidently on a large scale what each little wave is on a small one; it rises and falls in exactly the same manner, and is, in fact, just a huge wave passing over the surface of the ocean. Now, we know very well what, for the most part, causes the smaller waves; they rise as the wind rises, and are evidently due to that agent. What can produce the great tidal wave, however? It rises and falls twice every day with unvarying regularity, whether there be wind or not; clearly, therefore, it cannot have the wind for its cause. We must look for its explanation in some regular phenomena that vary but slightly, as the tide does. We see that it does not always rise to the same height: sometimes we have very high, or, as they are called, "spring tides," and sometimes very low, or "neap tides." Again, the high or low tides do not always occur at the same time; there is a regular variation about them that points to some like variation in their cause.

The complete explanation of all these varied phenomena is due to Sir Isaac Newton, who showed that they were all caused by the attractions of the sun and the moon combined with the daily revolution of the earth on its axis, and the changes in the relative positions of these bodies accounted exactly for the whole of the phenomena.

Let us consider the moon first, as its action, from its greater proximity to the earth, is much more effective in producing tidal waves than that of the sun. We know from the laws of gravity that the moon tends to draw the earth towards itself. If the moon be overhead, its tendency is to draw the earth upwards; if it be at the antipodes, beneath our feet, its tendency is to draw the earth downwards.

Now, if the earth were a rigid, solid mass, like a ball of iron, this action of the moon would have no other appreciable effect than to draw the earth as a whole upwards or downwards. The case, however, is different when on the surface of the solid globe there is an ocean of liquid matter. The force with which gravity acts is greater the nearer two bodies are to one another; consequently, when the moon is overhead the surface of the sea is attracted with greater force than the solid ground at the bottom, perhaps three or four miles further down, and the water not being solid yields to this force, and is raised up in the shape of a wave, much in the same manner as we may have seen the hair of the head rise up towards a charged electric machine. The converse of this action holds good also at the antipodes at the same time. There the bottom of the sea is attracted *more* than the surface of the waters; consequently the latter drop away, as it were, from the earth, and also form a wave-like form. Thus we have at opposite sides of the earth similar waves raised at the same time by the moon's attractive force. Then the earth, as it revolves on its axis, brings every place in turn under each of these waves, when it is high water in each place as it arrives at the wave, and low water when between the two waves.

This is the general explanation. The variation in the height and time of the tides is easily explained by the changes in the relative positions of the moon, sun, and earth. Should the reader wish more detailed information on this interesting subject, he is referred to an article on "The Tides," by the writer, in Cassell's "Science for All," Vol. I., p. 202, where the subject is much more minutely entered into than is possible within the limits assigned in this Magazine.

We shall now consider some of the effects of this tidal action. It is evident that in the rising and falling of the waters there is friction. Now, wherever friction is there is force spent. We know this very well by experience in machinery. Any machine set going will be speedily brought to rest by friction, unless a driving force is continually applied. How, then, does the friction of the tides act? The earth spins round on its axis once every twenty-four hours. Here, then, is the machine in motion, and the friction of the tides applied to it, but there is no store of force continually applied to the earth to make up for loss by friction. The inevitable consequence, therefore, is that the machine must gradually stop; the earth's rotation must gradually slacken in speed until it always presents the same side to the moon, or, in other words, until the day and month are equal, when the lunar tides will cease. Imagine the change such a state of matters would produce. The day, instead of being twenty-four hours, as at present, would be equal to twenty-eight of our present days, and the sun would shine continuously for fourteen days at least, without the intervention of the cooling influence of night. The night, again, would reign for the remainder of the twenty-eight days. The earth would

be burnt up during the daytime, and reduced to a frozen mass at night. If there are to be living creatures on the earth at that date, evolution will have to work wonders in the interval to develop, by survival of the fittest, beings fitted to survive in such a climate. This is no mere fancy picture; it has already occurred in the case of the moon, which always presents the same face to the earth. As the moon produces tides on the earth, so in past ages the earth produced tides in the moon, and the friction caused thereby has already produced on the smaller body what will in further ages be produced also on the larger.

An interesting application of the theory of tidal action in elucidating the past history of the earth and moon has recently been made by Mr. Darwin, son of the late great naturalist, to which we shall shortly refer. There is no doubt the earth is a cooling body ; that in past ages it has been in a molten or even gaseous state, and has gradually cooled down to its present condition. There would be a time, therefore, when it would be in a semi-fluid or viscous state ; and Mr. Darwin investigates the effect of the sun's action in producing tides on such a body, and comes to some startling conclusions, which nevertheless appear to have strong evidence in their support.

At that early date the earth would rotate on its own axis in about three hours instead of twenty-four, as at present—an extremely rapid speed. The sun's action in producing tides would be very small, but its effect would gradually be increased in this way. The rise and fall of the tide would cause a slight vibration, and the rapid rotation of the earth would bring round another tide before this vibration ceased, and just at the time the vibration was at its outward stroke, so to speak ; so the vibration would be increased each tide by a very minute quantity until it became extremely intense. A familiar illustration may make this plain. Suppose we give a swing a gentle tap, and let it swing forward and come back again, and then, as it proceeds to make a second swing, give it another tap, and so on, timing our taps to suit its motion, we shall very soon have it in vigorous and rapid movement to and fro. In this manner, then, the vibration in the earth would increase to such an extent that the earth could no longer hold together, but would split up into two portions ; one of which, Mr. Darwin believes, formed the moon, which, after breaking away in this manner, began gradually to recede further and further from its parent earth, until it attained its present position. At first, partaking of the earth's motion as it did, the moon would rotate with the earth, and the month and day would be equal, both being about three hours ; but as the moon moved further from the earth it would lag behind the latter in its revolution, so that the length of the month would gradually increase, and whenever this happened tides would be generated, and these tides, as we have said, would slacken the speed of the earth's rotation, and thus increase the length of the day. By this mutual action between the earth and the moon can be traced, step by step, their progress towards their present position and distance, and also there can be predicted the future history till the time when the month and the day will again be equal ; not, however, by reducing the month to the space of a day, but by increasing the day to the length of the month. Of course millions of years have passed since the beginning of this mutual action, and millions more may have to pass before the end is arrived at.

There is one point of special interest connected with this subject to which we shall refer. It is well known that geologists of late years have made enormous demands on time. They conclude from the vast deposits of rocks that untold myriads of ages must have passed since the world first took form. Evolutionists also require for their special theory the same almost infinite time. Mathematical and physical inquirers, on the other hand, object to these excessive demands, on the ground that the earth, being a cooling body, could not have existed in a solid form at all for so long a period; and, in fact, some moderate amount of millions of years is all that can be allowed for the earth's age. Now, the history of the moon and its action from its birth till now helps somewhat to reconcile these opposite views, by showing that agencies were at work in remote ages which have now dwindled down to insignificant proportions. This is especially the case with the tides. We may observe how the ceaseless toil of ocean wears away the solid rock, and grinds the broken fragments to sand on the sea-shore. The tides, as they rise and fall, contribute largely to the result even now, when the rise is perhaps about five or six feet on the average ; but what of those old tides, when the moon was young and close to its parent earth? We know the tide-producing power increases enormously as the distance is diminished, and it can be shown easily enough that the present tides are the mere pigmy descendants of a race of giants, and that in former ages tides rose to the height of four, five, or even six hundred feet twice every day. Consider what enormous grinding power, and over what an extent of country this would be exercised every day. With what a rush would the mighty waters come tearing along, their foaming billows dashing their strength against the quivering land ; and with what river-like velocity would they retire, bearing with them the spoils of their destructive force to the bosom of the great deep, there to form those vast deposits of rock which now impress us so powerfully ! Tides such as these would cover St. Paul's, and leave Arthur's Seat with only the lion's head above the waters.

These conclusions are so startling, and, generally speaking, so unexpected, as to seem to many, perhaps, but as idle tales, and yet they are the sober conclusions of strictly mathematical reasonings. It has been said that science robs nature of half its poetic charm, by reducing all under the domain of hard and inexorable law ; but if it does so, it is only to substitute poetry of a higher and grander type. What mind can contemplate, through the long vista of bygone ages, the silent march of the earth's great history without being stirred with feelings too deep for utterance, save only to exclaim, " How great and manifold are Thy works, O God ! In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

VEGETABLES AS HEALTH PRESERVATIVES.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MOST of us allow our individual tastes or instincts to guide us, in a great measure, in the selection of the vegetables we partake of at table. Not a bad plan either. The lower animals, even the *Carnivora*, seem to know that certain plants and grasses ought to be partaken of periodically, to keep their blood in a state of purity and their whole system in working order. Such knowledge on their part is innate. But men as rational beings ought, I think, to know a little more than they do about the peculiarities and properties of the various vegetables they use as food. The selection of these is generally left to the cook. The cook knows—traditionally, one might say—that certain vegetables go well with certain joints or certain dishes, that it is the time-honoured custom to serve *this* with *that*.

It is no part of my purpose at present to show how far tradition or precedent may sometimes lead the cook astray, nor have I anything save respect for prejudice or peculiarity of individual taste. On the contrary, I would say that if a person's taste leads him to eschew spinach or parsnips, for instance, he is better without them.

Now, although I am no vegetarian, I cannot help taking the present opportunity of making a remark, the truth of which few, I dare say, will gainsay. There is far too much animal food consumed at our tables, and far too little vegetable. Not thousands only, but millions of people in these islands would enjoy a greater share of health and happiness, and would add greatly to their chances of long life, if they were to become strict vegetarians as far as the first and last meals of the day are concerned. I must not say more than this, else there is some chance of this paper becoming a purely dietetic instead of a medical one. Let me get at once into my subject then, and take in review a few of the vegetables which commonly find their way to our tables, considering more particularly their therapeutical effects on the system.

The first great natural family that I think of is the *Solanaceæ*. This family of plants contributes largely to our supply of medicines and luxuries, as well as our food. About the first two named I have nothing now to say, except that it is somewhat strange that such strongly poisonous plants as nightshade and tobacco should be first cousins to the useful egg-plant, the delicious tomato, and that friend to rich as well as poor, the potato, not to mention the capsicum, naturally more used in hot countries than in temperate climes.

The *egg-plant* should, in my opinion, be used to a greater extent than it is. It is not difficult to cultivate; it is ornamental, and a wholesome and useful vegetable.

The *tomato* should also be a greater favourite with us. It contains a cooling acid, a *volatile oil*, some mineral matter and salts, as well as a fragrant resinous matter. It is used in soups, ketchups, sauces, and pickles. But inasmuch as the volatile oil—which words I purposely italicise in the last sentence—is dissipated by heat, the ripe tomato should, in my opinion, be consumed raw if it is considered palatable—*i.e.*, if it suits the individual taste. N.B.—No attempt should be made by any one to acquire particular tastes, whether for tobacco, strange vegetables, olives, or caviare; to do so is simply to turn one's idiosyncrasy "tapsalteerie," to use a most expressive Scotch word. Let, therefore, whosoever is fond of any particular vegetable eat freely thereof; it is a food natural to him, a food that suits his system and cannot injure him; what he does not like he ought to avoid; there is no craving in the system for it, no want in his organism which it can supply. I have often observed that people of the nervous or nervo-sanguineous temperament are more partial to Solanaceous vegetables—potatoes, for instance—than those of the lymphatic are. As an article of diet potatoes suit such people, for in addition to their nutrient qualities they contain a certain amount of a property that is singularly soothing to the nerves.

The *capsicum* belongs also to the *Solanaceæ*. From it we get our cayenne pepper—subject to much adulteration. It may be used as a stimulant in cases of slow digestion, and non-irritative dyspepsia. It is in hot countries, however, where the fruit of the capsicum, freshly gathered, is best relished. It is eaten green in India and Africa, and not only is it a wholesome stimulant, especially counteracting the depressing effects of heat, but it cools the system as well by causing an abundant flow of perspiration. In times of extreme heat in our own country, large chillies ought to find a place on our tables.

From the natural order *Cruciferæ*, we have a whole host of delicious and useful table vegetables. Let me bring a few of these forward for inspection.

As roast beef is an Englishman's favourite dish, I naturally think first of *horse-radish* and *mustard*. Both are too well known to need description; the horse-radish is a capital aid to digestion.

Mustard is a good stomachic; the ground seeds are used or the tender leaves in salads. Bearing in mind how much mustard suffers at the hands of the unprincipled dealer, I think it is a pity mustard is not more often grown for table consumption in our kitchen gardens. The seeds of home-cultivated mustard, pounded in a mortar with cream and a little salt added, make a sauce fit for an epicure.

Radishes, when grown on good, not over-rich soil, and when of medium size and perfectly fresh, are among the most wholesome vegetables we possess. They are stomachic and appetising, and it should not

be forgotten that they also possess demulcent and diuretic properties. They are not so often used boiled as they ought to be. When eaten raw, care should be taken to masticate them properly; if "bolted" they are injurious.

Cress, generally called American Cress, is a mild stomachic; it forms a valuable adjunct to a salad. *Water-cress* is a still more important vegetable, possessing, as I believe it does, tonic properties. It is usually eaten with cheese, but ought to be used with beef and mutton.

The vegetables we usually designate by the name of greens, such as *cabbage*, *kale*, *brocoli* or *cauliflower*, *sprouting brocoli*, *Brussels sprouts*, &c., are all more or less nourishing, although they contain a large proportion of water. As medicinal articles of diet they are invaluable, possessing blood-purifying properties, for they are antiscorbutic, mildly laxative and diuretic, in some degree tonic, and they have moreover an indirect action on the liver itself. In spring and summer they are especially to be recommended, with this reservation, however—they must not be eaten too freely, or by persons the mucous membranes of whose alimentary canals are too easily irritated. Boiled rice goes excellently well with cabbages or greens of any kind, so does barley.

Sea-kale is a most delicious and healthful vegetable, unfortunately as a rule beyond reach of the poor, yet it is by no means difficult to cultivate. Although they do not belong to the same natural family, I cannot forbear here mentioning the young shoots of the nettle-plant, or nettle-tops, as they are usually called; when well cooked and served like spinach they are extremely wholesome, and help to keep the blood sweet and pure.

Spinach, it should be remembered by those fond of it, is laxative in its properties and also highly diuretic. It makes an excellent breakfast vegetable for hot weather, although few people in this country think of cooking vegetables for morning consumption.

The *turnip*, another of the *Cruciferæ*, is far more valuable as an article of diet or adjunct to other food than most people think. It is also more nutrient than is generally supposed, and is valuable as a demulcent. Swedish turnips are usually ignored by the cook; this is a pity; they are better in every way than any other kind. Turnips ought to be well chosen, not too big nor too small; they ought to be gathered fresh, well boiled and well mashed. The green tops of the young turnips are also very healthful and in some degree tonic.

Parsnips and *carrots* belong to the *Umbelliferæ* family, and probably possess in some slight degree the medicinal properties of that family. In addition therefore to being highly nutritious, owing to the large quantity of starch they contain, they are, we may presume, alterative and resolvent. They make, at all events, an excellent change in our vegetable scale of diet.

This is probably the proper place to mention that constant change, in the articles of a vegetable nature which we consume, is as much to be recommended as in those procured from the animal kingdom.

Parsley is another of the umbelliferous vegetables used at table, chiefly for garnishing or stuffing. It is an excellent blood-purifying herb, and deserves to be used far more than it is. It ought to be put in soups and in sauces, eaten raw and eaten cooked. It is well known that parsley chewed sweetens the breath.

Beetroot—natural family *Chenopodiaceæ*—is one of the most nutrient vegetables we have. It is likewise cooling and slightly laxative; it should not, however, be partaken too freely of, even in summer, or it may produce painful flatulence and diarrhœa.

Beans of all kinds are nutritious, but people whose digestive organs are not strong should take care how they indulge in them. French beans require to be very tender indeed, and very well cooked, to be safe.

Celery is another vegetable which, though wholesome enough when cooked and mixed in soups, &c., should be partaken of with caution in the raw state, especially by delicate people or those who lead a sedentary life.

Rhubarb is most wholesome; it helps to purify and cool the blood, and to a great extent aids digestion, while at the same time it is healthfully laxative.

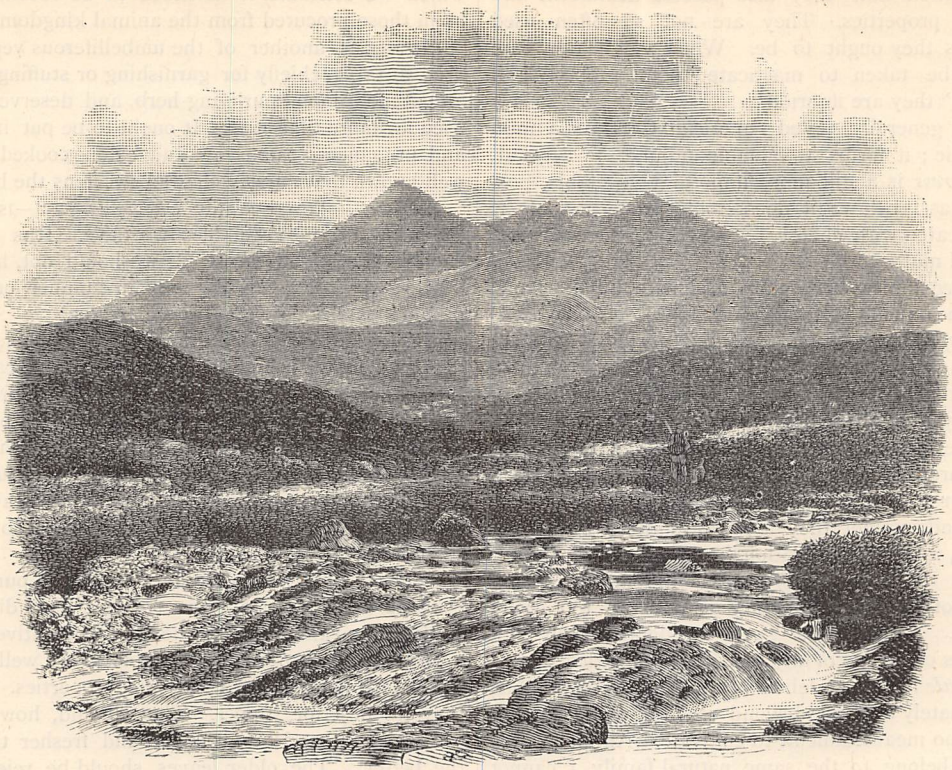
Garden lettuces. These vegetables are well known to possess anodyne and narcotic properties. Hence they are best for supper. They should, however, be eaten sparely, and the younger and fresher they are the better. The older leaves should be rejected as apt to irritate instead of cooling the system.

Asparagus belongs to the *Liliaceæ*, which gives us the medicinal squill. It is a delicious and very wholesome vegetable, and contains cooling diuretic properties; indeed it seems to soothe the mucous membranes of both lungs and kidneys, while it acts sedatively at the same time.

Onions, *shalots*, *chives*, and *leeks* are all members of the family *Liliaceæ*, and are not only highly nutritious when properly cooked, but are possessed in a greater or less degree of cooling and diuretic properties. They are also valuable stomachics and demulcents, but are apt to disagree and should therefore be partaken of but sparingly. They have an effect for good on common colds and slight congestions of the air-passages.

From the natural family *Cucurbitaceæ* we get many valuable vegetables, some of which, as the *cucumber*, are eaten raw. This latter is, if eaten with pepper and vinegar, a stomachic stimulant, and it also purifies the blood by acting on the secreting organs. It should never be partaken of too freely, even by those whose digestive organs are strong, and by dyspeptics not at all.

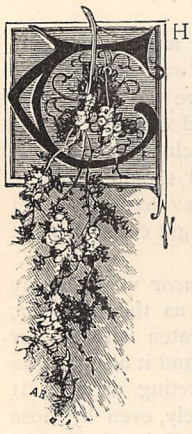
There are many other vegetables which I might mention, but space warns me to stay my hand. Let me just say once more, that no one should attempt to acquire a taste for any particular vegetable, but be guided by that which nature has given him; and that vegetables are sure to do good, when partaken of judiciously and not over-freely.



SCUIR-NA-GILLEAN, FROM THE RED BURN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Vernon Heath, of Piccadilly.)

MORE ABOUT THE COOLIN HILLS.



THE order of Coolin peaks taken from left to right, as seen from Blaven, is as follows:—First, rising above Loch Scavaig, is the oddly-shaped peak of Garsven, next to which is the long flattened height of Scuir-nan-Eag. Then Scuir Dubh ("The Black Peak"), with its projecting shoulder, breaks the continuity of the view of the main ridge, and sends a dark spur downwards, towards the waters of Coruisk, a portion of which is seen gleaming at the foot of the mountain. To the right of Scuir Dubh rise two beautiful peaks, of which neither the name nor the height is given in the Ordnance map. The left-hand and higher peak is the one first ascended some six or seven years ago, by Sheriff Alexander Nicholson, and already locally known as Scuir "Alister." The next on the line is Scuir Dearg ("The Red Peak"), a square massive mountain with a sharp grotesque horn for its summit, long known as "The Inaccessible Peak" of Skye, though it has lately been ascended by two Alpine climbers. Then follow the three summits of Scuir-na-Banachdich ("The Small-pox Rock"), the most central of all the Coolins; and next the rounded double-crested height of Scuir Ghrita. To the right of Scuir Ghrita one gets a glimpse of Scuir Thuilm, peeping over the main ridge; and again to the right of Scuir Thuilm is a beautiful triple peak, from which the ridge of Druim-na-Ramh branches off. Then still further onward is the square summit of Bruch-na-Fray; and lastly, on the extreme right, the sharp-pointed peak of Scuir-na-Gillean.

The only Coolin that is to any considerable extent frequented by tourists is Scuir-na-Gillean. The preference shown for this mountain is doubtless owing to the fact that it is the nearest to Sligachan, and long enjoyed the reputation of being the highest peak in Skye. This honour has, however, been taken from it by the recent Ordnance Survey, and transferred to Scuir Dearg. But although Scuir-na-Gillean can no longer claim the sovereignty in this respect, yet its graceful shape and the extraordinary sharpness of its summit make it perhaps the most remarkable of all the Coolins. Only the last part of the ascent presents any difficulty, and here some rough but not very dangerous rock-scrambling has to be done. The view from the top is very extensive, but the Coolins them-

selves are not seen to such advantage as from Blaven and many other points. It is strange that while so many tourists attempt the ascent of Scuir-na-Gillean, the neighbouring height of Bruch-na-Fray should be almost wholly neglected. It can be easily reached from Sligachan, more easily indeed than Scuir-na-Gillean, as a footpath leading over a spur of the mountain to Glen Brittle carries one up at least a third of the ascent, and saves the toilsome walk through heather, which is so unpleasant a feature in expeditions of this kind. The ascent of the upper part of Bruch-na-Fray is also far easier; and it has the advantage of being equally accessible on all sides. Lastly, the view is decidedly one of the best to be obtained in the whole district.

The corries which abound among the Coolin Hills are in many ways as remarkable as the mountains themselves. Of these the most famous one is, of course, Coruisk, which has been described by a host of writers, while the others have mostly been left without mention. The change is very impressive as one passes from the fairy-like Bay of Scavaig, with its clear green water and yellow sands, to the severe scenery of Coruisk; though here also, on a calm summer day, the scene is peaceful enough. The water of Loch Coruisk is often blue and smiling, and there is not such a lack of verdure on its banks as some gloomily imaginative writers would have us believe. The first time I saw Coruisk was in early spring, when there were no other visitors in Skye, and the quietness of the valleys was unbroken. I was then lucky enough to witness a strange sight — a pair of golden eagles mobbed by ravens. In the excitement of the fray one of the eagles alighted on a rock quite close to where we were sitting.

The only other corrie that is at all well known to tourists is Harta Corrie. A splendid walk may be had by following the stream which flows through Harta Corrie to its extreme source, and then crossing over the mountains to Sligachan. After winding round the peak of Scuir-na-Huaimh, the buttress of Scuir-na-Gillean, you come in view of a fine waterfall formed by the stream descending from Lota Corrie, a still higher ravine. By keeping close to the right of the stream the upper corrie may be reached after a rough climb, and from this point one may ascend either Scuir-na-Gillean or Bruch-na-Fray, which are immediately above. By far the easier route is to climb up the screes to Bruch-na-Fray, and then descend down Fionna Coire, "The Fair Corrie," to Sligachan. This is, perhaps, as easy a walk as can be found among the Coolins, and altogether a very satisfactory expedition, as the views of the central Coolins are magnificent, and one makes the complete circuit of Scuir-na-Gillean.

Glen Brittle is seldom visited by tourists, owing to its distance from Sligachan. One has to choose between a drive of fourteen miles, or a walk of about half that distance over Mam Vrechty, the spur of Bruch-na-Fray before mentioned. Glen Brittle is altogether unlike the other Coolin valleys, and its fresh green pastures contrast strangely with the dark mountain-wall which rises on the east side. It forms the western limit of the Coolin Hills, from which it receives four smaller corries, descending into the main valley. The first and largest of these is Corrie-na-Criech, sometimes visited from Sligachan. It is shut in by tremendous precipices and rocky walls, and is one of the wildest spots in Skye. Right at the head of the corrie is that graceful triple peak, which I noticed as a remarkable object from the other side, marking the point where the ridge Druim-na-Ramh branches off from the main range. On the left is Bruch-na-Fray, and on the right Scuir Thuilm, an offshoot of Scuir Ghrita, the summit of which may be seen peeping over the ridge. I have twice seen Corrie-na-Criech under unusually favourable conditions: once on a calm summer evening, when its dark rocks were lit up by the setting sun; and once on a day of alternate shower and sunshine, when the corrie was spanned by a glorious rainbow.

BLAVEN, FROM LOCH-NA-NAIN.
(*From a Photograph by Mr. Vernon Heath, of Piccadilly.*)

The two next corries that descend into Glen Brittle are named Coire Ghrita and Coire Banachdich, after

the mountains that rise at their head. In all these corries the streams are remarkable for the clearness of the water, which falls from pool to pool through a succession of beautiful cascades. In Corrie-na-Criech we noticed in one place a natural bridge of rock, which divided a large deep pool into two parts, and was itself half in and half out of the water. There is a fine series of waterfalls in the lower part of Coire Ghrita, and one especially lofty fall in Coire Banachdich. The last of the four tributary corries is Coire Laghain, a particularly wild and beautiful ravine, enclosing a lovely tarn, round which there are some wonderful slabs of hypersthene rock, much marked by glacier action. Scuir Alister and Scuir Sgumain rise immediately above the tarn on the right, presenting tremendous precipices. On the left is Scuir Dearg, and in front, at the head of the corrie, is the main Coolin range, which at this point appears to be quite inaccessible. Corrie Laghain, in spite of its attractions, is hardly ever visited, and at present the eagles are more numerous there than the tourists.

Some ardent and exclusive mountaineers will probably feel a desire that this privacy may long remain unbroken. Though one is often inclined to grumble in Skye at the lack of hotels, and the distances that have to be traversed, yet, after all, such labour is not without its compensating advantage to those who can really appreciate mountain scenery. There are some mountains which Nature surely intended to be known entirely by a few people, rather than to be known slightly by everybody. The Coolins certainly belong to this class, and it is to be hoped that Scuir-na-Gillean and its fellow-peaks will never suffer the desecration which has been the lot of too many of our finest mountains in Wales and Cumberland. At present it is some comfort to think that in these enterprising days, when the top of Snowdon has become the populous resort of ponies and guides and tourists of every description, when there is barely standing-room on Skiddaw, and when innumerable gentlemen in tall black hats may be seen on an August afternoon toiling up the slopes of Helvellyn, the Coolins, at any rate, remain as yet secluded and inviolable. There, at any rate, the wild goat may still bound among the rocks, and the eagle soar above the glen; and there one may still enjoy to the full that unspeakable repose and deep communion with Nature, which are nowhere more solemn and impressive than in the presence of lofty and unfrequented mountains.

H. S. S.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case,' &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WHEN a little more than seventeen, Claudia Fanshawe had left school to become mistress of her father's house. Handsome, clever, and an heiress, her society was eagerly sought, and she entered at once into a round of gaiety which for a time absorbed her whole attention. Her father had a house in town, and a moderately large estate in Norfolk, and between her duties as hostess in both of them and visits to her many friends, her time was so fully occupied that her interrupted education, which when she left school she had intended to continue at every available moment, was completely neglected.

Every hour she could spare was devoted to her father, to whom she was fondly attached, or to one chosen friend, whose society was her greatest pleasure.

This friend, George Leighton, was a distant cousin—so distant that no one thought of tracing the connection, though by reason of it he enjoyed many privileges. He was three years older than Claudia, and was just going to Oxford when she left school; and as his father and mother lived on the Continent, he looked upon Mr. Fanshawe's house as his home, and was welcomed there as one of the family. Indeed, Mr. Fanshawe had his own plans, though he kept them to himself, and decided that if George turned out as well as he promised, he was just the man to whom he would wish to give his daughter.

But when Claudia was nineteen, after two happy years spent together, her father died, and she who had scarcely known a sorrow in her life was overwhelmed by the blow. She retired into the strictest solitude, denied herself even to her nearest friends, and for more than a year was scarcely even to be heard of; but a reaction came, and at length she allowed herself to be persuaded to appear in the world again under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Leighton, with whom she was to live, and through whom she was connected with George.

This quiet year of sorrow had not been an idle one. Thrown back upon herself, she gladly turned her attention to her neglected education. She read, and thought, and wondered, and decided that she and her friends had been leading pitiably idle, hollow lives, and that it might possibly be her place to set an example

of earnestness. But she was wise enough to know that she herself had countless lessons to learn before the task of reforming society could be begun. She resolved to put aside her own wishes—which, with genuine self-deception, she believed inclined her to a life of seclusion, at least for a few years—and went out into the world again, feeling herself called upon first to learn, and then to teach, lessons which to her inexperience seemed new and sorely needed.

During this year she and George Leighton had not met. He was at Oxford, working hard and doing well—working apparently because he liked it, without thought or need of it in the future; and it was in the midst of the set of friends whom they had been accustomed to visit together that they met again.

Various were the opinions expressed about Claudia on her re-appearance. Some said that "Miss Fanshawe had changed from a thoughtless girl into a clever woman—scarcely so pleasant, perhaps, as before, but undoubtedly far more admirable." Others decided that "she had grown cold and proud, and thought a great deal of herself;" but none denied that her new earnestness well became her, and would secure her more attention and interest than her days of careless charming girlhood could ever have commanded.

She and George Leighton met as old friends, and with mutual pleasure. They quickly discerned differences in each other, but only those which drew them nearer together, for George had thought, and read, and talked a great deal at Oxford, and was surprised and delighted to find that his old thoughtless companion was able to enter into his graver thoughts and wider interests. Not that George intended at any time to take the world very seriously, or think himself an important portion of it, but just then he was allowing himself to revel in beautiful theories, and ideals, and speculations, in which, to his surprise, he found Claudia able and willing to sympathise.

At the same time, he was working hard, and expected and intended to get a first-class at Oxford—a distinction on which Claudia set high value, but which, perhaps, he cared for more for her sake than his own, as day by day their interests seemed to become more closely connected. So when the first-class was gained he hastened to lay his honours at her feet, and she received him as a hero, and believing this to be only the beginning of a grand career, gladly consented to throw in her lot with his.

Their engagement met with cordial approval, and never, it seemed, had the course of love run more smoothly, when by-and-by a little cloud arose in Claudia's mind. George was *too* happy, *too* well-satisfied: he seemed to have no ambition for the future—no thought of triumphs and honours, which she had proudly hoped to share.

"Don't let us bother about that now, Claudia; this life is far too happy to be spoiled by ambition," he said, when she tried to draw his attention to graver matters than the day's passing pleasure; and she wondered whether the fault was his or her own, and how best she could arouse his sleeping energy. So when he proposed that they should be married at once, and go abroad and wander about, for a year or two, she said, "Yes, it would be very pleasant; but think what a terrible waste of time! How much you might do in a year or two!"

"How much what, dear? What do you want me to do?"

"Why, George, how do you mean to spend the rest of your life?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought much about it. Tell me what wise schemes you have to propose."

"Why, you must get into Parliament, or write books, if you don't care to go into any regular profession. Do anything rather than rust in idleness."

"I had no idea you were so ambitious," he answered. "I thought I *had* done pretty well, and earned my ease."

"You thought you had done your life's work at five-and-twenty!" exclaimed Claudia, a little scornfully. "Why, you've only begun; you have just learned that you *can* do something—a great deal, indeed."

"I thought you were satisfied with me as I am," said George, rather sulkily.

"Thoroughly satisfied with what you have done as *yet;* but I want you to be a great man, and lead a grand life. I want my pride in you to be thoroughly justified."

But George thought this view of things a bore, and saw no necessity for further efforts. He was proud of what he had already done, and disposed to rest upon his honours. He had no inclination for a life of work and energy, and thought Claudia might well be satisfied with him as he was, and was both hurt and offended that she should think he had done so little.

So, as time went on, they both began to feel that they might have made a mistake. Was it possible that they could be happy together when they differed so widely about matters of importance? Would not the husband be conscious that he was a disappointment to his wife? or how could she respect him when she considered him to be wasting his talents in idleness? while he would be continually irritated by her greater energy, and would learn, in time, to be bored by her earnestness. So at length they both came painfully to the same conclusion—they were unsuited, and the engagement which had seemed so promising came to an end. They parted as friends; but both suffered greatly for their mistake—George, perhaps, the most, for his vanity was sorely wounded, and he found little satisfaction in his idle life when Claudia was not there to share it.

Amongst many friends who had been interested in their prospects, there was one in particular to whom Claudia had turned for advice, and who filled the office of confidant with delicacy and discretion. Frederic Carey, who was a connection both of hers and George's, had been a great favourite with Mr. Fanshawe, and had spent much time at his house. There had been a time when Frederic had hoped to win Claudia for himself; but this and many another dream was abruptly ended by a long and severe illness, which left him, though not quite an invalid, yet

in such bad health that his prospects of success at the Bar, which had been very good, were overthrown, and he saw nothing before him but a necessity for contenting himself with the small fortune which came to him as the third son of a Yorkshire baronet whose property was entailed.

Being forced to put aside his own hopes, Frederic had determined to do all in his power to secure Claudia's happiness, and had for awhile, like the rest of her friends, cordially approved of her engagement to George, of whom, however, at first, he knew little but his fair outside seeming. But before long he began to doubt, then at last doubt became certainty, when Claudia, in distress and perplexity, spoke to him of the difference in their views of life between herself and her lover. At the beginning he counselled patience and continued efforts to lead George to look upon life more seriously; but when these proved fruitless, and he was really convinced that the two were unsuited, he upheld Claudia in her resolve that the engagement should be broken, and defended her from charges of caprice and cold-heartedness.

Claudia was bitterly disappointed, not only in George, but in herself. She had felt such confidence in her own influence, such belief in her power of leading him to see things in her light; but though she knew she would grieve long over their separation, she was determined that if she could prevent it there should be no estrangement between them. At first George avoided her, and was too proud and too unhappy to accept her offered friendship; but this did not last long: he could not bear to give her up entirely, so he resolved to make the best of it, and grew accustomed by degrees to his altered position.

Two years had passed now since the engagement had been broken off. Claudia had many suitors, but she felt no inclination to let any of them fill George's place; she had a lingering hope that he would tire of idleness, and would feel that her counsel had been good, her views of life better than his own, and so, though it might be after long waiting, he might one day come back, and ask her to travel that road with him to which she had so anxiously endeavoured to direct his steps. He, too, had had his dream, that her heart would prove too tender to hold out obstinately against him, and that after awhile she would be content to take him as he was; but neither of these things had come to pass, and both felt, as time went on, that they grew still farther apart.

During this unhappy time Fred Carey was Claudia's unfailing friend and supporter. He was many years older than she; and though she knew that he thought a great deal of her, and was never weary of showing her kindness, it had not entered her mind to regard him as anything but a friend; and his ill-health and slender fortune prevented his dreaming of a possibility of being anything more, though to him she would always be dearest and noblest of all the women in the world. Increasing delicacy of health had obliged him of late to spend much of his time abroad, and Claudia had missed him terribly, especially when the great trial befell her of temporary failure of sight, which threatened, if neglected, to become so serious, that she was obliged to submit to six months of complete idleness, much of which was to be spent in a darkened room. It happened that at this time Frederic, who was then in the south of France, had an unusually severe illness, and his aunt, Mrs. Leighton, with whom Claudia lived, and who was his only near relative, decided, at Claudia's urgent request, to go and nurse him.

"I shall do very well at Stanwick, Aunt Mary," said Claudia, "if you will find some intelligent girl to come and stay here, and read and talk to me. You know the doctors have forbidden excitement, so I shall have no society claims upon me; and I shall be so happy in knowing that you are with Fred."

So it was settled; and having heard through Mrs. Golding of Agnes Baring, and being thoroughly satisfied with all she could learn of her, Mrs. Leighton engaged her immediately, and as soon as she arrived, hurried to her nephew at Biarritz.

Claudia preferred her aunt's house at Stanwick, which was within easy reach of London, to her own larger and rather dreary one in Norfolk, where she was accustomed to spend half the year as a duty to her tenants; and having made up her mind that the next six months must be a great and continual trial of her patience, she was prepared to make the best of it, and to give a cordial welcome to Agnes, who would probably suffer from the enforced solitude and confinement only less severely than herself.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

AGNES received a kind welcome from Miss Fanshawe, and settled quickly into her new place; and Mrs. Leighton, who had only waited to join her nephew until she had seen whether Claudia's companion was likely to suit her, started the day after her arrival, with the assurance that all would go well in her absence.

It was a difficult post that Agnes had to fill, but Claudia's consideration, and the liking they took to each other, smoothed her way, and the fine house, full of pictures and curiosities, and things new and strange to her, was a never-ending source of pleasure and interest.

Claudia was pleasantly surprised in her companion. She had scarcely expected to find her so refined, or so well able to share in her thoughts and interests. She had not made many friends amongst girls of her own age, so her intimacy with Agnes had all the charm of novelty, and they studied each other with mutual and increasing interest. The part of Agnes's work in which she found most pleasure was in reading and writing Miss Fanshawe's letters. At first these were only notes of inquiry and answer, but when Claudia's friends discovered that she had sufficient confidence in her companion to allow of other than commonplace matters being mentioned, the tone of their letters altered, and instead of being mere civilities, they became the greatest interest of her monotonous life. It amused her to set Agnes to guess at the characters of the writers, and especially of her two great friends, George Leighton and Fred Carey.

"'DO YOU THINK VERY BADLY OF ME, MISS FANSHAWE?'" (*p.* 487).

George, not without a struggle, had gained friendly ease—wrote long letters about people whom they both knew, told of the numberless inquiries that were made for her, and the interest she excited; and these were so pleasant and amusing, so completely unlover-like, that if Agnes had been told that he and Claudia had once hoped and intended to become husband and wife, she could scarcely have believed it.

Fred's letters were different. He was getting stronger now, and was able to go out with his aunt, and he wrote about the new people he saw and the ideas they suggested, with a certainty of Claudia's sympathy, and such an evident desire for her presence, that Agnes set him down at once as a devoted lover, and wondered that Miss Fanshawe could listen without a change in her face to letters which, viewed in this light, seemed to her deeply touching. She would have wondered still more had she been told that the idea of Fred's being in love with her had never crossed Claudia's mind, and that he himself had no idea that his letters

could suggest it. They considered themselves friends, with tastes and interests in common, and even in his own mind he allowed no thought of anything more; while to her "dear old Fred" was a sort of brother, whom, however, she could scarcely sufficiently love and prize. Agnes noticed that George's letters apparently interested Claudia more than Fred's, but she supposed it was because they were more lively and amusing, and told so much of the sayings and doings of friends; but their relative positions were beyond her powers of guessing, though she believed that she could not be mistaken in Mr. Carey's intentions.

"I want to know what you are like," said Claudia one day, when she and Agnes were sitting together. "I have heard you are good-looking. Are you?"

Agnes laughed, but answered in the spirit of the inquiry, "Yes, I believe I am."

"I have always been told I am handsome, and I am proud to believe it," said Claudia, with equal candour. "What sort of comparison would you make between us? Tell me honestly which you think the better-looking."

Agnes hesitated. "I think," she said at length, "that in feature I am as handsome as you, but there is something about you which comes, I expect, partly from your birth and education, but chiefly from your own mind and heart, which makes you far more beautiful than I can ever be. I am not flattering you, Miss Fanshawe: it is my honest opinion. And then you have a hundred advantages over me. You are rich, and clever, and educated; you have friends like yourself; you have no mean miserable troubles to vex you. When you have got over this blindness you can spend all your life with people you like, and who can understand you, and don't drag you down, or want you to like things you despise." Agnes spoke with excitement, and for a minute or two afterwards there was silence.

"And yet," said Claudia at length, "I have no doubt that you—without all my advantages—have plenty of lovers, and I have none."

"Oh, Miss Fanshawe!"

"I have not one. No doubt there are many men who think it would be a fine thing to marry Miss Fanshawe the beauty and heiress, but for me—for myself—they care nothing at all, I know. Well, never mind. Tell me of all these lovers of yours."

"I never said I had any."

"But I am sure you have. Give the whole list, leaving the best till the last."

"The list would be very short; but I don't want to talk about that, please. I want to hear about people and things you have seen, and what you mean to do when you get well."

"Confidences cannot be all one-sided. Will you never speak to me of your own affairs?" asked Claudia.

"My own affairs are vexatious even to think of," answered Agnes, "and would be worse still if I talked about them. I have tried to forget my worries while I am here, and it is easier while you know nothing of them."

Claudia was vexed. She was certain that Agnes had troubles which she never mentioned, and longed to help her; but this silence was baffling, though she was determined by some means to gain her end.

Presently she said, "Should you like to hear a little about me, Agnes? How once I was very near being married, and broke it off because my future husband did not come up to the standard I had raised in my own mind?"

"Oh, Miss Fanshawe!" cried Agnes eagerly, kneeling down beside her. "Did you do that? Do you think one ought to break off an engagement for a reason like that?"

Claudia smiled to herself with satisfaction at the success of her little plot. "I couldn't say, Agnes, without knowing the particular case; there might be so much to be said on both sides. I couldn't marry any one myself unless he came up to my ideal; but I am told I look for too much, and throw away my own happiness."

"But," said Agnes earnestly, forgetting her resolves of silence, "if in a foolish moment—because it is pleasant to be loved—one had said 'Yes' to a man who was good in every way, but not clever or great—who couldn't sympathise with one's deepest thoughts, but only loved one very much—do you think one ought to keep to it, and spoil one's life?"

"I think," said Claudia, after a moment's thought, "that it would be spoiling both lives. Neither could be happy. But will you not tell me a little more? A half confidence is so unsatisfactory."

"I am afraid you will despise me, you will think me so wrong and cruel; and I can never tell you half how good he is, or how kind to me, or half how stupid, and clumsy, and unsympathetic," Agnes answered, half laughing, half crying.

"I should like to hear all about it," replied Claudia. "I cannot judge you hardly, for fear I should condemn myself. Let me hear all you can tell me of this lover of yours, who I always felt sure existed somewhere."

Agnes had made many resolutions of being silent about Frank, and of judging from her own heart uninfluenced, but she could not keep to them. The temptation of hearing what Claudia would say, and the hope of lightening her burden of self-reproach, was too much for her, and she poured out the whole story of her vanity and thoughtlessness, her speedy dis-illusion and repentance, her self-condemnation, and her shrinking from inflicting upon her lover the pain which the knowledge of her change of mind would surely bring him.

"Of course," said Claudia, when she had heard it all, "I cannot judge for you. I am deeply sorry for him; but it seems to me wrong—almost impossible—to let yourself be bound to a man whom you cannot look up to. I think for a long time past you must have been blinded by pity for him, or you would have seen that it was not the way to make him happy to marry him against your judgment. But I have no real right to influence you; all people do not think alike on these subjects."

Through her mind as she spoke passed the different opinions she had heard on her own conduct—how she had been called hard-hearted and proud, how people had doubted if she knew what love meant, how George himself had told her that ambition was her idol—and she almost feared to say a word to influence Agnes. Yet the interest she felt in her, the certainty that a plain homely life would make her miserable, and the probability that she would sink into a discontented woman, feeling herself shut out from sympathy and companionship, tempted her strongly to use her influence—which she guessed would be great—in breaking off the engagement. And yet, what could she suggest to her instead? Could she certainly replace good honest Frank Crossley's love, or insure that her life should be spent amongst those surroundings which seemed her ideal of happiness? She knew she could not. Agnes was handsome and clever, and capable of adapting herself to almost any position, but it was not certain, scarcely even likely, that any gentleman would cross her path—and it must be a gentleman, to satisfy her taste—who would be willing to overlook all the disadvantages of her connections.

Claudia longed for some of Fred Carey's good advice. How wisely he would weigh all the circumstances! How clearly he would see the difficulties on both sides, and what would be for the happiness of the unfortunate lover as well as for the girl in whom she was so interested! But Fred was beyond her reach, and never had she felt her loss of sight so keenly as now, when it cut her off from any communication with him except through Agnes.

"Do you think very badly of me, Miss Fanshawe?" asked Agnes, who had anxiously watched her face during a long silence. "Do you think I have been utterly vain and heartless?"

"I think you have been cruel to this poor lover of yours," Claudia answered, "but don't let us talk about it any more just now. If you really care to know what I think and should advise, you must give me time to consider; and you will not doubt my sympathy?"

"No, indeed! And it is such a relief to have told it all. I have thought over it till right and wrong have got all jumbled up together, and I don't know one from the other."

"Poor child!" said Claudia, bending down to kiss her. "Now go out for awhile, and leave me to think over it by myself."

Agnes also was longing to be alone, and started for the daily walk which Claudia insisted upon for her health's sake. It was a wonderful relief to have told it all, and to have the hope of some help in her perplexity; but, she wondered, would Miss Fanshawe ever think quite so well of her again? Must she not despise her for her vanity and selfishness? and must she not wonder at the possibility of her being engaged to a man so uneducated and unrefined, although so good, as she knew and had told Claudia that Frank was? Would Miss Fanshawe rightly understand that though she had allowed the engagement to begin from such wrong and foolish vanity, yet that it was from real respect for Frank's love and goodness, and from shrinking from the pain her heartlessness would give him, that she had abstained from bringing it to an end before? No; she feared she had behaved too badly to have credit given her for even the little good she could lay claim to, and yet how happy and light-hearted she felt at the thought that Claudia might think with her that she would be right in giving Frank back his freedom!

When Claudia and Agnes met again, they began at once upon the subject which occupied their minds. Claudia scarcely felt herself justified in giving an opinion without more time for consideration, but she could not refrain from showing that she thought that the engagement ought to be ended; and when, turning to her own affairs, she gave a brief account of her troubles and perplexities, of the struggle there had been in her mind between love and ambition (ambition which she knew to be right, and would have despised herself if she had not felt), she unconsciously influenced Agnes more by her example and experience than she would have thought it right to do by words. If Miss Fanshawe had dismissed her lover, at the cost of such pain to herself and him, because he was not all she thought he ought to be, surely, Agnes thought, she would be right in doing the same. Not that Frank did not honestly fill his place in the world, and set her an example of steadfast goodness; but she felt that his place was not hers, and that she could never consent to share it with him.

Claudia advised that nothing should be done in a hurry, and as it was now nearly Christmas, and Frank thought much of the season, and expected to be unusually happy, Agnes decided to be silent for a while. She would gladly soften the blow for him if she could, so it was not until the new year had come that she found courage to write the letter which cut her off for ever from the easy comfortable home, the good and loving husband, and the hundred little cares and pleasures which in many eyes would have seemed so enviable, but to her would have been a daily source of weariness and discontent.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

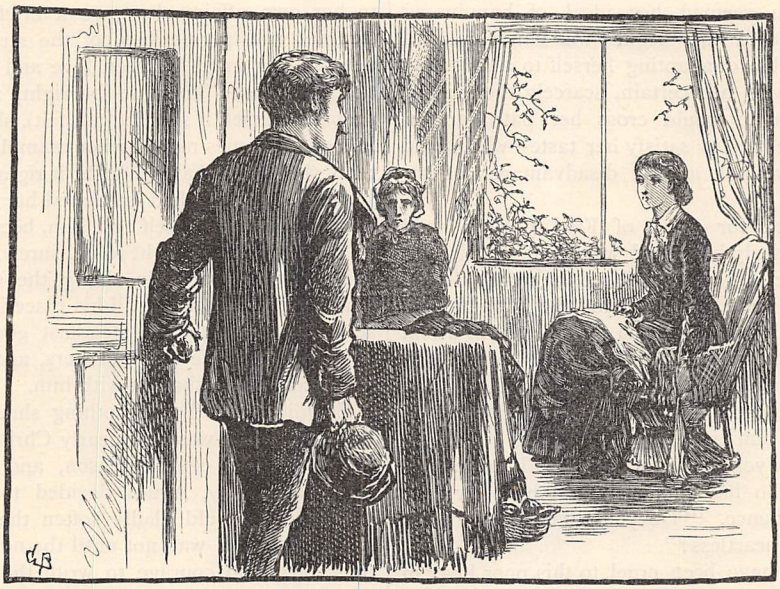
AGNES had faithfully fulfilled her promise of writing to Rose Ellison. Always once, sometimes twice a week the welcome letters were sent; and though the uneventful life at Stanwick afforded slender materials of interest, Rose was delighted with every detail, even to the colour of Miss Fanshawe's dresses. One January afternoon Frank Crossley went to Mrs. Tiverton's for news of Agnes. It had become a habit now for him to go there two or three times a week to hear if there had been a letter. He had no listener so patient as Rose on the subject which was all-important to him, and she, with few interests of her own, gladly threw herself into his, and looked forward to his visits as a pleasant change. He never got a letter himself now: he had ceased to expect it; but what sad patient waiting he had gone through before

he made up his mind that a word or two in her letters to Rose was all that Agnes meant to give him!

He had no doubt that she would keep her promise, and one day be his wife, but he realised now that he must wait on her pleasure, must be contented with the time she chose, and that no impatience or effort on his part would change her decision or hasten his happiness.

"So she doesn't say a word about coming home?" he said, when Rose had read aloud all those parts of Agnes's letter which she could believe were meant for him to hear.

"No, she does not mention it; but it is too soon: she has only been gone half the time yet."



"FRANK CAME IN. 'IS THIS TRUE, ROSE?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 489).

"She might say she would be glad to get back. And she doesn't say a word about me, does she?"

"What should she say, Frank?" asked Rose, not knowing what excuse to make for her friend's negligence. "She knows you are well, and the house and farm all right."

"I think *you* would know how to send a kind word to a fellow, when you know he is longing for it, Rose."

"But Agnes doesn't set such store by that kind of thing as we do. It is some people's way not to say much."

But Rose could not make excuses heartily. The doubt had been growing in her mind ever since Agnes left whether the engagement *would* come to anything—whether this parting was not only the beginning of another; and she doubted how far she was wise or kind in trying to make Frank think it would all come right. She had grown wiser since her own trouble; she seemed to understand more of people, and know better what to say to them; and had changed from a shy, good-tempered girl into a tender, thoughtful woman, sad enough when alone, but always ready to put aside her own sorrows when others claimed her sympathy.

Mrs. Tiverton sat watching Rose and Frank, as they talked by the window of the long low sitting-room, with growing discontent and resentment. "If he wasn't engaged to Agnes he should never come near the house," she thought to herself, with jealousy for her dead son which she knew was neither right nor reasonable, and yet which made her wish to shut Rose away from the sight of every one. "What right has he or any one now to talk to her and look at her like that? Why *would* she stay to torture me?"

Rose, unconscious that she was giving pain, and acting simply from kindness and the interest she took in Agnes, let Frank talk in whispers, and engross a great deal of her time and attention. If he could have brought himself to talk openly to Mrs. Tiverton, and ask for her sympathy in his anxiety, she would have felt differently: there would have been no room then for jealousy, for she would have seen that he was faithful in his love for Agnes, and was scarcely interested in anything Rose might say upon any other subject. Even to her he had at first found it difficult to speak, but her kindness and sympathy soon set him at his ease, and he could now talk unreservedly on the subject nearest to his heart.

This evening they had many things to say. Frank had messages to send to Agnes about the house and farm, and they sat so long at the window that Mrs. Tiverton's patience was exhausted at last.

"Rose, I want you," she called sharply. "Don't stay talking there all the afternoon."

"I am so sorry you have wanted me, mother dear," said Rose, getting up quickly. "Frank had so much to tell me for my next letter to Agnes."

"Well, it's time for tea now. And I don't see why Agnes should expect you to spend so much time in writing to her and talking about her," answered Mrs. Tiverton discontentedly.

Frank stood by, longing to say that it was for his comfort that she did it, but was too shy to get out a word, and said a hasty good-bye, receiving no encouragement from Mrs. Tiverton to stay longer.

"How good Rose is to bother herself so about Agnes and me!" he thought, as he walked home. "And she always understands what I mean, though I do say it so stupidly: even Agnes says she doesn't know what I'm driving at sometimes. How happy Jem would have been, poor fellow!" And yet, as well as pity there was half envy in his heart, for Jem had so nearly gained all he had hoped for, while his happiness seemed still an endless way off. But Frank was not given to looking long on the dark side of things. He might despond for awhile, but he soon cheered up again, and the thought of all that he was preparing for Agnes, and his happiness in showing it to her soon, drove away his gloomy thoughts.

The Homestead, for so his new farm was called, was of moderate size, but compact and well cultivated; the house was of red brick, long and low, uninteresting in itself, but made picturesque and pretty by the cloak of close-growing ivy with which it was covered. There was an old-fashioned garden in front, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers were mixed together; and at one side a little lawn with a weeping ash-tree, under which Frank thought he would put a table and chair, so that Agnes might sit there at her work in the summer, and look out over their fields, and perhaps watch for his coming; hoping, poor simple fellow! that she would be as contented as himself after awhile with the cares and pleasures of her household, and would learn to find them all-sufficient.

His mother and sisters were helping him to get the house in order, and he left most of the arrangements to them, but one room—which he called the best parlour—he determined should be all after his own heart. He would furnish it with the best of everything. He knew Agnes liked a little grandeur, and she should confess that he understood her taste, and that this room was the best of all. So it was papered with roses and forget-me-nots, carpeted with all the hues of the rainbow, and the three little latticed windows hung with heavy crimson curtains deeply bordered with yellow. The furniture was handsome and solid, but far too large for the small room, which good taste might have made charming. Mary Crossley had suggested a simpler style, but Frank would not hear of it; he knew Agnes's taste best, and she should see that he both knew and consulted it, though she always refused to give her opinion on the hundred subjects on which he asked for it.

Many months had passed now since Jem Tiverton's death, and when Agnes came home again she could no longer urge that as an excuse for delay; indeed, Rose looked forward to the wedding with interest and pleasure, though, of course, she could take no part in the festivities. So early June—just giving time for a short holiday before hay harvest began—was the time Frank fixed in his own mind for his marriage; and though every letter which came to Rose seemed more unsatisfactory than the last, he could not, and would not, believe that Agnes would try to put him off again.

Could he have known that while he sat by his fireside, placidly smoking his pipe, seeing visions of her sitting beside him, she in doubt and perplexity, scarcely knowing how to perform her task, was writing to him letter after letter, and throwing each aside—fearing it was too cold or too harsh, that it did not excuse her enough, or threw too much blame upon him—he would have been prepared for the blow which now was to fall so unexpectedly upon him.

Rose sat at the window at work one afternoon a few days later. Her face was pale and sad, and every now and then her eyes filled with tears, which blinded her, and fell upon her work, and upon an open letter which lay in her lap.

"Poor, poor Frank!" she thought to herself; "how will he bear it? Agnes has been cruel to him; and yet I pity her, she seems so unhappy. And she has done right at last if she is sure she does not love him. I wonder how it would have been if she had never gone away?"

"Why, here's Frank again!" exclaimed Mrs. Tiverton, as the opening of the gate made them both look up. "He's *always* here now."

"I thought he would come to-day, mother," said Rose. "He has had bad news this morning—I was going to tell you about it. Agnes has written to tell him that she wishes it to be all over between them."

Before Mrs. Tiverton had time to answer Frank came in.

"Is this true, Rose?" he asked, not waiting for any greeting, but going to the window where she sat, and holding out a letter. "Does she mean it?"

"I believe she does," answered Rose, looking pityingly in his face. "She thinks it better, Frank."

"She can't mean it! She can't throw me over after all this time, when we were going to be married so soon, and the house nearly ready and all."

"She believes she is doing right, and that it's best for both of you; and it *is* best to find it out in time, pleaded Rose.

"It can't be best to break a fellow's heart—to make him think he's as good as settled, and then turn round and say she has changed her mind and doesn't care for him."

Anger was stronger than love or sorrow in Frank's mind just then; he would be sadder afterwards, when he thought more of the loss and less of the wrong, when he realised what was really gone from him, and that all which had hitherto filled his life must be given up at once and for ever. The new position, too, in which Agnes placed him was one in which he felt ill at ease. He could better have borne her anger than

the humility with which she confessed her wrong-doing. He had thought her so perfect. Could it be true that all this time she had been deceiving him, and only playing with his honest love? No; it must be a horrible dream, and she would come and awake him from it.

"Has Agnes done this? and has she told you of it, Rose?" asked Mrs. Tiverton, getting up, and going to the window where Rose and Frank had sat for some minutes in silence.

"Yes," answered Rose. "I heard it this morning, and was going to tell you of it when Frank came. Oh! think how hard it was for her to write that letter, Frank."

"Hard!" he cried passionately. "She does not think it hard on me to break my heart and spoil my life. No doubt she's got some fine gentleman lover to take my place. But I'll get over it somehow; and I'll say good-bye now, for I'm best by myself." And Rose wisely made no effort to detain him.

He walked fast through muddy lanes and wet fields, but it was dark when he got home. The fears and doubts of the morning were certainties now; there could be no mistake. Agnes had deceived him and thrown him over, and with set teeth he vowed that he would be no such fool as to think of her again. He took a candle, and went carefully through the house, gathering together all the books and pictures and little ornaments which he had collected for her, and carrying them by armfuls to her parlour, which he had furnished for her with such care, he flung the things on the floor, careless whether they were broken or not. Then he drew down the blinds and closed the shutters, and went out and locked the door after him, taking the key in his hand. He went through the kitchen and open back-door into the yard, where the horses were drinking at the pond, and into the furthest and deepest corner of it he flung the key.

"There's an end of her!" he said to himself as he went in again; then he sat down over the fire in his sitting-room, with his face hidden in his hands. His dog came and laid a wistful head on his knee, and by-and-by he put down his hand and stroked his head, but he never moved until at eight o'clock the servant brought his supper. Even his pipe and newspaper had been forgotten: the one lay unfilled, the other uncut beside him.

"Don't bring me any more of your glasses," he said, when his supper was put before him. "I'll drink out of the pot that hangs in the kitchen now."

To please Agnes, he had been trying lately in many ways to be a little more refined, and amongst other things had constrained himself to drink out of tumblers ("Fools of things, that always wanted filling," though he thought them) rather than out of the dear old pewter-pot which his father had given him when a boy, as a reward for an extra hard bit of harvesting. No need to bother himself to mend his manners now; he might be as rough as he pleased, and there was no one to care. A good job to be rid of the trouble, he tried to think, but knew that it was a miserable failure.

Before he went to bed he took out Agnes's letter, and read it once more carefully through, then put it on the fire, and watched it burn.

"I'll never speak her name again," he said to himself. "If I can help it I'll never think of her. Maybe I'd best go away somewhere where she can never come, and no one knows what a fool she has made of me."

He was early at his work in the morning, and came home late and tired out, but he was the better for it. Now and then he had forgotten himself; and if there had but been any end to be gained by his labour, such days might have been more than endurable, in spite of his sorrow.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE CLOSE OF THE HOLIDAY.

FROM meadows dappled o'er with daisies,
Or sweet with scent of new-mown hay,
From woods amid whose tangled mazes
The laughing sunbeams dart and play,
From rippling brooks and river reaches,
From haunts of heather and of fern,
From giant cliffs and pebbly beaches,
Glad-hearted wanderers return.

The summer holiday is over—
The few short weeks or days or hours—
And homeward goes each happy rover
Beside the sea or 'mid the flowers.

Once more for all the path of duty;
But hand and brain are now made strong,
And, steeped unconsciously in beauty,
Each heart retains its summer song.

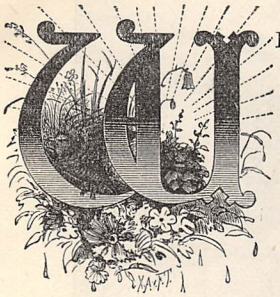
Thus richly blessed, have we no pity
For those whose lives are sad with care
Who herd in alleys in the city,
And cry aloud for God's pure air?
Surely the summer days will darken,
Earth will not be one half so fair,
Unless with willing hearts we hearken,
And of our pleasures yield a share.

G. WEATHERLY.

"HOMEWARD GOES EACH HAPPY ROVER."

"THE CLOSE OF THE HOLIDAY" (*page* 490).

GARDENING IN JULY.



WE are again in the first of our harvest months. Everything about and around us is luxuriant. The birds, too, are quite of our opinion that the brilliant red of the strawberries and currants is most inviting. With the object, therefore, of avoiding any practical expression of the sympathy of the feathered tribe, we resolve to protect our fruit by means of net-work; while, on the other hand, we gather our fruits—or at any rate the strawberries—as they ripen. Too great a delay in this respect, with the design of getting in one large crop at the same gathering, will involve the certain loss of a very considerable portion. Currants may safely be allowed to hang on for a time, but the birds will make very short work of an unprotected cherry-tree, while the slugs form an offensive alliance with them against the largest and ripest of the strawberries.

Budding among our fruit-trees may be done this month, as also among our roses. We have before given full directions for the proper carrying out of this interesting process. Where we have fruit preparing to ripen, we assist our trees materially by thinning out a little and giving a careful nailing.

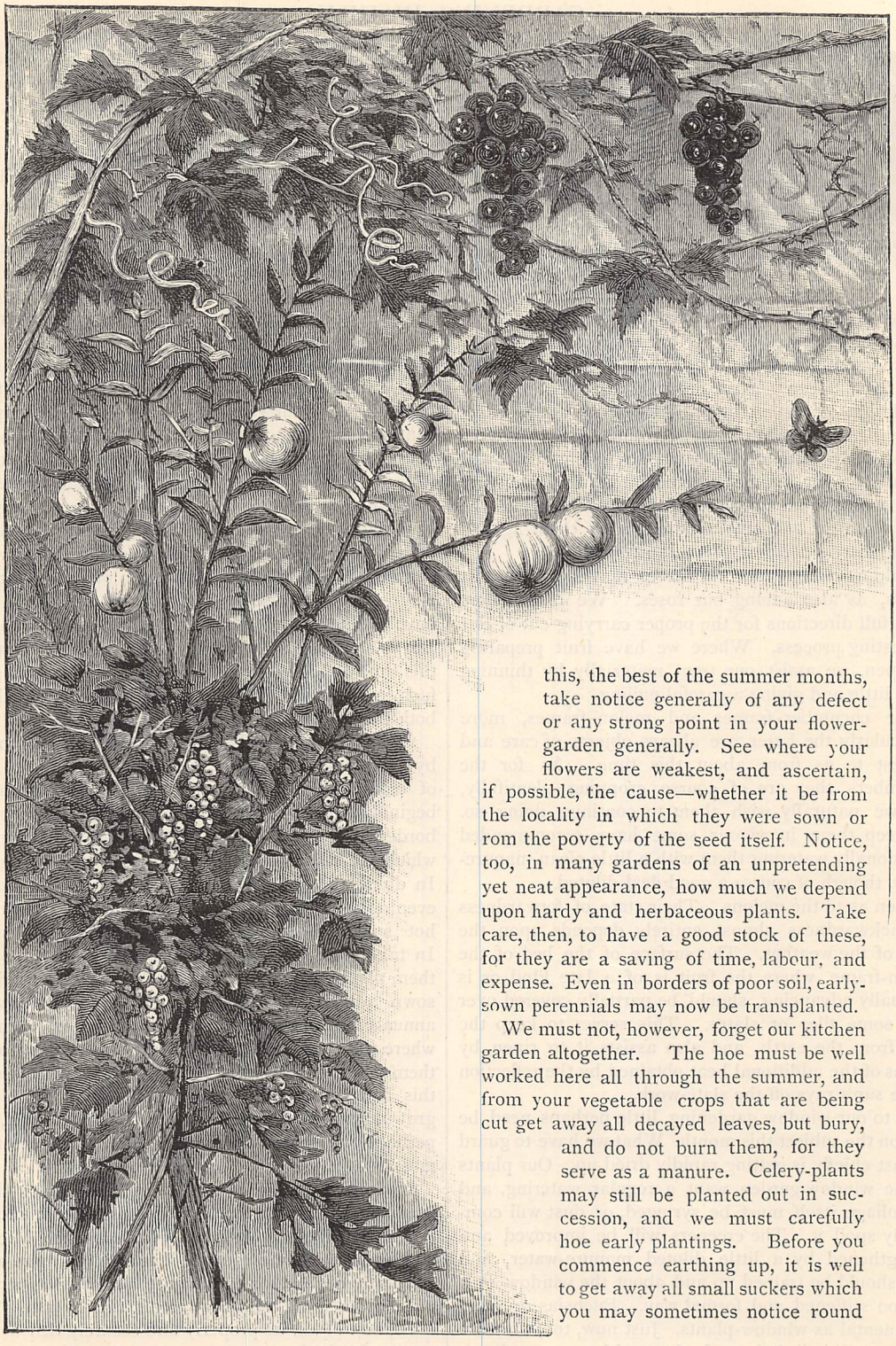
Our cucumber-frames and melon-frames, more particularly the latter, are always objects of care and interest to us from about this time. As for the cucumbers, they are of course cropping plentifully, and we naturally wish them to continue doing so. To keep them in vigour some have recommended occasionally watering them with a little clean manure-water, though of course a good deal diluted.

Then as to the melons. Their state of forwardness or backwardness almost entirely depends upon the state of the weather. The surface of the bed of the melon-frame, where the fruit is of a late kind or is gradually advancing, should be partially covered over with some tiles or slates. This serves to keep the fruit from the earth, and also assists it to ripen, by means of the additional heat obtained by the reflection of the sun's rays off the slate-work.

As to our window gardening, little perhaps need be said on the subject this month. What we have to guard against chiefly is getting rapidly dried up. Our plants in the window-garden want a regular watering, and the foliage itself must be syringed, or dust will completely spoil it. The creepers will be improved and strengthened by a little diluted manure-water, and they should be trained up and about the window in a not too stiffened and formal way. Fuchsias are very ornamental as window-plants. Just now, too, they are coming on in all their perfection and beauty, so that it may be as well here to say something further and more in detail as to the method of their cultivation and management in general. And in the first place, we shall not attempt any enumeration of the endless varieties of the fuchsia. We notice, however, that for the most part, so far as their shape only is concerned, they are either of the tall and standard kind, or else of the globular and shrubby order. All this is merely a matter of training from the beginning. To rear a standard fuchsia, then, allow only the strongest shoot to grow that makes its appearance from the root in the spring. Our object is to have but one straight stem, so that all others must be pinched off. When your plant has made a fairly good start, it should be re-potted, and in doing so take care to have round the old ball of earth plenty of new and fairly rich soil, for the fuchsia would seem to thrive best in a rich soil. As your young plant advances you may still continue to pinch off the shoots from the bottom of your stem; but you must allow some to develop themselves on either side of the upper part of the stem. And when your plant has grown sufficiently high for your purpose, carefully pinch out the top, and this being done, the growth of the upper side shoots, which go now to form the head and crown of your plant, will be greatly accelerated. As time goes on you will soon have a fine healthy plant, rich in clustering flowers. Let us say at once, however, and more particularly at this time of the year, that any neglect in watering the fuchsia will soon reduce your plant to a dry stick, for both the foliage and flowers will rapidly drop off.

Our general flower-garden ought to be gay enough by this time. In a hot and forward season some of our earlier flowering plants are perhaps already beginning to wane, but for all expectant gaps in our borders we fall back upon our stock of annuals, which as they are required we readily transplant. In doing this, however, we take care to choose the evening of the day, or, if earlier, never during a hot sunshine, but in cloudy or showery weather. In taking up your annuals, see that you have with them plenty of the earth in which they were originally sown adhering to their roots. When we sow our annuals with the intention of allowing them to bloom where they are sown, it is very often necessary to thin them out after they have half grown, for very often in this and the next month you will see a large, overgrown, and straggling bed half-choking itself, and perhaps its neighbours as well, by its entangled mass.

If done at once, a few may be sown to flower later on in the season, for there is a great satisfaction at having bright summer flowers when Michaelmas even has come round. The dahlias, upon which we partly depend for our August and September display, will require a little attention this month. They must, first of all, be properly and securely tied as they grow; the buds too may perhaps be thinned; they want also plenty of water, and a sharp look-out must be kept against their greatest enemy, the earwig. In



this, the best of the summer months, take notice generally of any defect or any strong point in your flower-garden generally. See where your flowers are weakest, and ascertain, if possible, the cause—whether it be from the locality in which they were sown or rom the poverty of the seed itself. Notice, too, in many gardens of an unpretending yet neat appearance, how much we depend upon hardy and herbaceous plants. Take care, then, to have a good stock of these, for they are a saving of time, labour, and expense. Even in borders of poor soil, early-sown perennials may now be transplanted.

We must not, however, forget our kitchen garden altogether. The hoe must be well worked here all through the summer, and from your vegetable crops that are being cut get away all decayed leaves, but bury, and do not burn them, for they serve as a manure. Celery-plants may still be planted out in succession, and we must carefully hoe early plantings. Before you commence earthing up, it is well to get away all small suckers which you may sometimes notice round

your celery-plants, and only earth up on a dry day, doing so, more particularly first of all, very carefully, so as to avoid allowing any of the soil to fall into the heart of your plant. Preparations too may be made for the winter sowing of onions. They like a rich soil. A discarded strawberry-ground will do admirably for them. The seed may be sown pretty thickly. The last sowing of peas may be made, but certainly not later than the end of the month; for this select, therefore, your best piece of ground, and if your soil should chance to be very dry, water the drills just before you put your peas in. And then, too, there is the crop very soon to be got in of winter spinach and turnips, and immediate attention must be given to the vegetable marrows, which, with the French beans, are a warning that our summer does not last for ever. And yet with a little painstaking we can, in a sense, prolong our summer in so far as our garden crops are concerned; and this, after all, is the main object that we gardeners have in view.

A SUMMER CAMP-MEETING IN AMERICA.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

ALTHOUGH so much has been written about America of late years—so much that it would seem to those who do not know the country that nothing more can remain to be said—yet to those who do know it there seems a great deal left to say. I do not think any one has described one phase of life there, to which, so far as I know, there is no parallel in this country. I allude to that curious blending of religion and recreation, a sea-side camp-meeting. Americans complain, with much reason, that English people describe their country only from the ludicrous side, forgetting that what strikes them as absurd is really only so in the same way as many English customs seem so to French observers. If it is true that "familiarity breeds contempt," it equally breeds respect. Therefore, it is from no desire to write on the ludicrous aspect of things only that I choose this phase of life, so open to ridicule, so mercilessly ridiculed, in fact, by such Americans themselves as do not belong to religious sects who affect camp-services. I choose it because I think that it is new, and that it offers some suggestions to English people of the class herein described.

Ocean Grove—now a crowded summer resort with hotels, roads, squares, and hundreds of cottages, its stores, offices, and schools—was in 1869 a wild jungle. Asbury Park, a fashionable resort, purely secular in character, is separated from the sacred ground only by a tiny neck of land not a hundred yards wide in one spot, and a long narrow lakelet, for which the ferry fare is one halfpenny. In fact, if you will imagine the Serpentine to run north and south instead of stretching as it does in a westerly direction, and that the west bank is Ocean Grove, the east Asbury Park, and the strip of gravel path between Rotten Row and the Broad Walk the narrow neck of land before mentioned, south of which rolls the Atlantic, you will be able to form an exact idea of the proximity of this sacred city to the pomps and vanities of the world as displayed in such a popular American watering-place as Asbury Park.

I had heard much of the celebrated camp-meeting ground of the Methodists at Ocean Grove; of the tent-life there; and, in order to realise so curious a scene, visited it last year.

The railway station is Asbury Park, and a stage runs from it to Ocean Grove. Asbury Park itself, as an instance of the wonderful growth of towns in America, is well worth description, with its large handsome station, crowded in the season with throngs of visitors in all the fashionable eccentricity of watering-place attire, and its vociferous stage touts shouting the various hotels for which they are "runners."

But Ocean Grove is the point of attraction for me, and entering a stage on which those words are conspicuously painted, I am driven though the main street of Asbury Park. Past huge hotels, that seem all verandah and flowers, and then we come to Wesley Lake, and know we are approaching the Ocean Grove. I get out of the coach at Coleman House on the Asbury Park side of the lake, for I prefer the secular ground as my abiding-place, and take a little red-cushioned boat with a white awning, and have myself rowed across to the "Sacred City," as the Methodists, without a suspicion of profanity, love to call it. Scarcely do I mount the broad wooden steps let in the green sloping bank, than I am conscious of a difference in the aspect of things—or perhaps I fancy it, impressed by the sacred names of places—now meeting the view. At the top of the steps I find a broad level road stretching before me further than I can see, with cottages at each side, and a sign tells me it is "Pilgrim's Pathway." I immediately feel as if I were travelling with John Bunyan, but am disposed to disappointment, for I find houses much like those in Asbury Park as to form, differing only from them as a Quaker differs from an ordinary wight; a certain quietude, a subdued colouring as to blinds and awnings, prevails. Then we come to a large square, beautifully laid out and cultivated, and a large and every-day-looking hotel. I express my surprise, and then learn that Ocean Grove, besides those who go there to worship, has a number of cottagers—as sea-side visitors who hire a cottage instead of boarding are termed—who, induced either by economical reasons (it being much cheaper than its neighbour

Asbury) or its exceeding quietness, overlook its restrictions, and go there for the season; but these people do not live within the precincts. Turning down another street, I soon found I was not to be disappointed, and that I was among the tents.

So far as I could understand the topography of the tented city without seeing any plan of it, I should imagine it something like a cart-wheel; the hub being the Tabernacle, the spokes the different "Ways" radiating from that centre, each named with some Biblical name. With the mind attuned to primitive things by the tents around, the silence broken only by the murmur of prayers or the swelling of hundreds of voices in the singing of a hymn, it is yet strange to find at the corner of a street of white tents a sign-post —"Mount Pisgah Way;" further on, "Mount Hebron Way," and that a few yards more bring us to "Mount Olivet."

In the Tabernacle, or at what are called "side meetings," there is continual prayer so long as the camp lasts. As it is not my intention to be statistical in this short paper, I will not say how many thousand persons the auditorium is said to seat; nor how many thousand "tenters" annually congregate within the precincts, some renting tents from speculators, others taking their own, renting the land, or pitching it on lots already owned by themselves. The tents so rented are, I believe, generally furnished; but it was amusing to note even in this sacred city, from which all light conversation, secular songs, and such-like profanities are rigidly banished, that the pomps and vanities of the world have power over the best of people. As I passed from street to street, if I may so call the passages with tents on each side, I noticed great efforts at display; in most cases a pair of long *lace* curtains made the division between back and front, or bed-room and sitting-room. In the front division is the chest of drawers with—as is the fashion in this country—the toilette-glass fixed upon it, the top decked out with more or less coquetry; a carpet on the floor, a small centre table on which reposes the large Bible, and generally a glass of flowers, two chairs (one a rocker) complete the usual furniture, but in almost every tent is the effort to put the best foot forward plainly visible. All this interior, as I have described, is visible to the outer world during the day, the front of the tent being entirely looped back. Its inmate is generally, if not at the Tabernacle, seated in a rocker near the door, reading the Bible and rocking industriously. A few are dressed in plain print of that loose, not to say untidy make, affected by many countrywomen, evidently taking their ease very much during their tent life; others, and the greater number, in very fashionably made dresses of black alpaca—a favourite best dress with this class of American women.

I say "this class" because, so far as I can learn, the great mass of those who go to Ocean Grove or kindred resorts to take their summer outing, and devote themselves to religious exercises at the same time, are of the well-to-do country classes—farmers' wives, tradesmen, &c.

In addition to these tents forming bed and sitting-room, many bring a second or kitchen-tent, which is immediately behind the other, and sometimes two or three families join in having one kitchen-tent, in which is a kitchen-stove, or, as we call it in England, a "kitchener." In many cases, however, families are supplied with their meals from a large restaurant just without the precincts. There are, besides this restaurant, shops of all kinds. Many persons who now own cottages, often very handsome, originally only bought lots on which they pitched their tents; and even now, in the well-built-up streets outside the precincts, one comes on an occasional tent pitched on a lot vacant in an otherwise complete row of houses. Within the precincts, however, all are tenters, some of whom have come from great distances. The usual duration of the camp is from the beginning of July to September, and those who come to stay the whole time generally have a small garden in front of their tent; beds neatly outlined with clam-shells, and flowers in bloom planted therein; often vines are trained all over the front, and hanging baskets, stands of flowers, and birds give a pretty, home-like look to the temporary resting-place.

Of course, although there are prayer meetings going on all day, every one does not attend all; some, as I saw, sat reading the Bible at the door of their tent; others go down to the beach, which is generally thronged, and if proof were wanted that the worldly spirit is not all banished by these pilgrims, it is that the bathing costumes, always very coquettishly made in America, are at Ocean Grove as much so.

All one's notions of "camp life" as pleasantly "roughing it" for a few weeks are overturned at Ocean Grove. Nothing is further from the intentions of these tenters apparently than "roughing" it. They have brought with them evidently all the influences of their provincial life as far as possible, even to the best parlour, represented by the bedecked front division of their tents, and their regard for fashion's dictates, as evidenced by the style of dress.

Many of the people frequenting Ocean Grove, and even Asbury Park, are limited to a certain sum for their holidays; and bathing-houses, like everything else in America, are very dear; if, therefore, custom did not sanction their mode of bathing—that is, going from and to their houses and tents in bathing-dress —the great pleasure and benefit of bathing would be reserved for those whose purses permitted the expense; as it is, the ocean is free to all who possess a bathing-dress; and what every one does, no one finds fault with. A bathing-master is always in attendance; the hours for bathing, changing each day with the tide, are published by him; he also, with assistants, has authority to prevent any one committing a breach of propriety.

With regard to the religious influence of these summer camps I can say nothing. I heard a great deal for and against. One phase of devotion there, however, there can be no question about; I mean the beach meetings. These take place on Sunday evenings on the beach, and are very impressive. Every

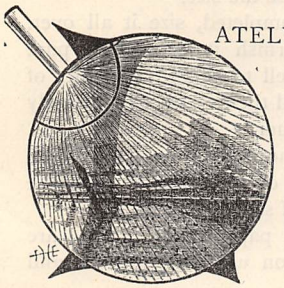
Sunday evening service is held on the beach, and there the thousands of Methodists from Ocean Grove are supplemented by great numbers of visitors from Asbury Park, drawn thither by the reputation these beach meetings have gained.

The preaching is probably much the same as that in the Tabernacle; but here, in the free salt air, there is no hysterical emotion, and as the sweet Methodist hymns are sung by those thousands of voices, with the great solemn Atlantic rolling almost to the feet of the singers, the effect is very beautiful, and the scene one never to be forgotten. Sometimes a crowded excursion steamer passes, the passengers will catch the melody as it rises, falls, swells, and is carried out to them on the breeze, and with hats off will join in it as they go on their way.

I have said something about the restrictions of life in Ocean Grove during the camp season; let me add that, of course, Sunday is most faithfully observed. No milkman is allowed to bring milk in the town on the Sabbath, nor is a newspaper allowed to be sold; those who want milk must seek it themselves in Asbury Park, and any one who wants a newspaper must do the same. On week-days during the hours of prayer, that is to say nearly all day, from very early morning to midnight, smoking is prohibited, also whistling, the singing of secular songs, laughter, and loud conversation, and these rules do not apply to the precincts only; the managers of the camp meetings are the lawgivers also for the whole town, and those who have chosen it for its healthfulness, cheapness, or what not, have done so with a full knowledge that during the camp-meeting season they must submit to them, and observe them, at least outwardly.

I happened to be in Asbury Park on the last of August, on which day the camp-meeting breaks up. Some days before, people began to leave, but on that day the exodus was general. I was amazed on going to the "City of Tents" to see how thorough was the rout; where a few hours before there had been many acres of white tents, there was now not one; bare tent-poles still stood in many places, and the *débris* of departed housekeepers everywhere. The great Tabernacle—skeleton building as it is, the sides being open to all the winds of heaven, or at least all that blow during the torrid camp season—stands gaunt and deserted, and will echo no stirring words or songs of praise for another nine months to come.

A FEW REMARKS ON PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.



LATELY there has been a decided revival in the appreciation of drawings in black and white, and the example of the Dudley Gallery, in having yearly a "Black and White Exhibition," has been followed in many other places.

There is certainly a great charm in the judicious treatment and working of *monochrome*. Old china-blue and sepia are the best colours to use when a brush is made use of, but where, I think, a monochrome drawing is particularly pretty, is when the pen and ink are used.

The style is especially well adapted for small figures. Stothard's children, carefully drawn and shaded with the crow-quill, are very effective; and also grotesque figures which we may find in the initial letters of old manuscripts; when landscapes are preferred, the scenes best to choose are moonlight or winter views; the former because in nature there is not much colour to be seen at that period, and therefore the want of it is not so much felt in the drawing; and the latter because the markings of the leafless boughs and twigs can be so admirably produced by the pen. However, it is not so much my purpose now to decide what designs to choose, as to give hints as to what materials to make use of, and as to the mode of working.

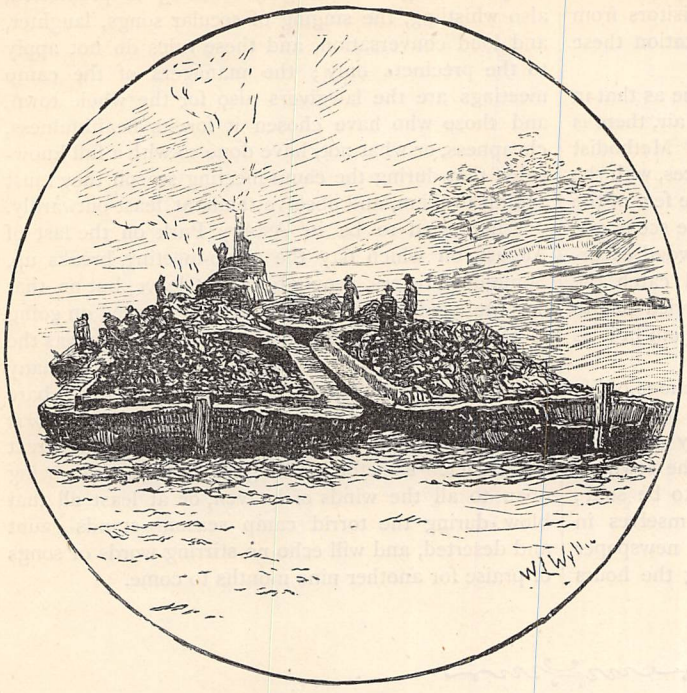
For fine work there are no pens so good as crow-quills; you are able to buy them both hard and soft; the inks to be used should be marking-ink, Indian ink, or ordinary good black ink, according to what you mean to decorate.

Doyleys are not so often to be found at dessert as they used to be, but still, where people *do* choose to have them, nothing is so suitable for them as carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings on round pieces of jean.

Jean is an old-fashioned material, or at any rate it is an old-fashioned name, and if the draper looks puzzled when it is asked for, you had better say you wish to have a nice good white sateen or slightly glazed calico; it ought to be smooth and rather shiny on one side, and rough on the other. In choosing it, be sure that there are no dirty lines where it has been folded.

The size of the doyleys should be between that of a tea-cup saucer and a breakfast-cup saucer. Cut the rounds very carefully. The drawing on them must be done in marking-ink so that they can be washed, and it is well to choose cheerful little designs that may encourage conversation at the dinner-table. Of course you can design your own original ones for yourself.

It does no harm to dilute the marking-ink somewhat, and it is desirable so to do where very light



SPECIMEN OF PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

lines are required. The light lines will wash just as well as the dark ones if the doyleys are treated in the proper way when they are finished—*i.e.*, held to the fire for a minute or two, or ironed on the wrong side.

The first sketch can be made in pencil, very lightly, so as to allow of correction.

A very good way of insuring a correct outline on the stuff itself, is to draw it first on paper, where you can rub out and make as many alterations as you please, and then to carefully go over the design with scriptograph ink, then in the ordinary way to take the design off on to the scriptograph, and afterwards place the doyley on it, and then gently drag it away; the doyley will suck up but very little of the ink, and the outline will just be clear enough for you to see it, and be able to work over it, and in that way all risk of having to rub out, and perhaps spoil the design, in the material itself, will be prevented. The doyleys can be finished off round their edges with narrow lace, but these details are hardly within the scope of this paper.

Drawing on wood in pen and ink is really delightful work; it requires, however, very great care both in the choice of the wood and in the manipulation of the pen.

The wood should be close and firm, with no conspicuous veins and knots; it is better white. Drawings in black on grey wood are very pretty, but in that case Chinese white must be made use of with the brush for the lights, and thus it hinders the work from being *bonâ fide* pen-and-ink work. There are many articles made, ready prepared for hand-decoration—panels of wood for jardinières, or fronts of pianos, boxes, card and cigar-cases, blotting-books, albums, paper-knives, napkin-rings, &c.

After having made yourself perfectly sure that the wood is clean and quite free from grease, you must proceed to spread over it a coating of clean size. You can get the size in thin flakes or slabs, which must be dissolved in water; do not make more than you will want during the day, as it is apt to become thick and to attract dust. It ought to be thin enough for the brush to work with it easily, and without any clogging; the brush should be flat, and it should be worked as quickly and as evenly as possible. Take care beforehand that there are no hairs in the brush liable to become loose.

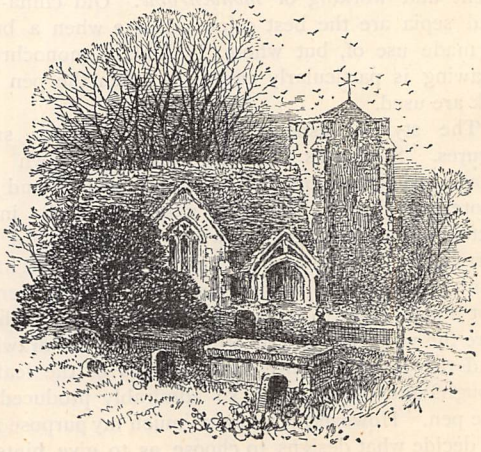
Allow the size to become thoroughly dry and then draw your design. You may either use Indian ink or liquid lamp-black.

On no account must you rub out *after* the size has been put on; so if you draw the first sketch in pencil it must be done *before* you use the size.

When the drawing is completed, size it all over, and when that is dry, varnish it with clear pure varnish. Sometimes it is well to place two coats of varnish; in that case wait till the first coat is perfectly dry before you put on the other.

I may here remark that the soft crow-quills should only be used for shading or for outlines of large designs, never for outlines of small designs.

Pen-and-ink drawings on paper or cardboard are often framed and hung up on walls as pictures, and



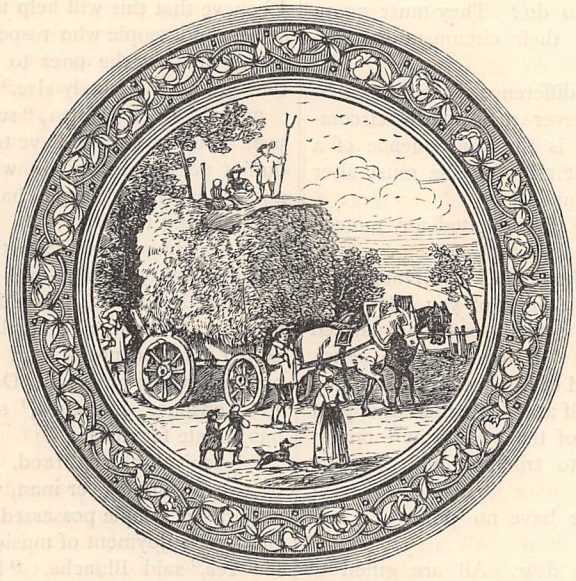
SPECIMEN OF PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

when the design is bold there is no objection to this, but when the drawing is very fine and highly finished, it is better that it should be mounted and put in a portfolio or on a drawing desk, whence it can be taken in the hand and closely examined.

Many people make the groundwork of their shadows with the brush and *washes* of ink first, and then finish them off with the pen; but the more legitimate way is to do *all* the work with the pen, though I confess this way takes a longer time than the other, and is more laborious.

Very fine Whatman drawing-paper is good for working on with pen and ink, but better still is a fine prepared cardboard with a smooth but not shiny surface.

In dark parts of your drawing, or where water is introduced, or the wet trunk of a tree, or the roof of a house is to be represented, a little gum mixed with the lamp-black or Indian ink is a great improvement; it can also be used in dark hair and in the pupils of eyes.



PEN-AND-INK DESIGN FOR DOYLEY.

As much as possible *leave* your lights and do not *scratch them out.* Scratching out is always a dangerous process. Unless you are extremely careful and experienced you will be apt to scratch out too much at a time, and in many cases it will be impossible to work over the surface thus rubbed up.

Pen-and-ink drawings on parchment look very well, though it is often rather troublesome, as the parchment is liable to be greasy. There are many ways in which pen-and-ink drawing can be made of use; there is the decoration of photograph albums, Christmas cards, &c. Very few materials are wanted, and if your eyes are strong you can work at night, as there is no colour to deceive.

It will be noticed that I have particularly mentioned crow-quills, but when you want to draw a large, bold, effective design, a quill pen can be used, but you must make sure that it is one of the best quills and that it will not splutter.

H. C. F.

GIRL-TROUBLES.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

"YOU are going to talk about girls' troubles, are you?" said Aunt Mary, when we insisted upon turning her out of the schoolroom while we had our usual chat. "Girls, as girls, have no troubles excepting what they bring on themselves."

We were all silent after Aunt Mary had left; this was an unexpected contribution. "What do you say to that, auntie?" said Dorothea to me.

"That troubles are no less hard to bear because we have brought them on ourselves."

"Aunt Mary is not right at all," said Blanche; "girls have a great deal of trouble, and they don't get sympathy, as grown-up people do."

"There is nothing like personal experience in such matters. What troubles have you four girls to endure?"

"My trouble is that, try as I may, I can never do my work as well as other girls—Dorothea, for instance," said Ethel.

"My trouble is that I cannot get on in music as other girls do—Ethel, for instance," said Dorothea. "I don't believe I have any taste for music."

"How ridiculous, Dorothea!" said Maud loftily.

"My chief troubles are caused by myself, I know," said Blanche, "but they are very tiresome. They come from my dresses being always torn, and my drawers and boxes getting untidy. Tidiness is such a nuisance."

"You don't expect any sympathy there, Blanche. You know the cure for your trouble, without any one telling it you. What is your difficulty, Maud?"

"I don't know that I have any," said Maud placidly. "On the whole, I am very comfortable."

"Then Dorothea and Ethel are the only two whom we have to concern ourselves with, and their trouble is discontent. I am not at all astonished to hear this. So far as I have had any experience in the matter, I have found that more girls are in trouble through being discontented than from any other cause."

"I don't suppose they can help themselves," said Blanche. "It is very uncomfortable for them. But if they feel they are deficient, or if they would like to have things that other girls have, and there is no chance of it, what are they to do? They must go on being discontented, unless their circumstances can be altered."

"That would make no difference, Blanche. Discontent of that kind is never removed by circumstances being changed. It is the consequence of a girl's disposition, and to get rid of it she must alter her character, not her surroundings."

"I think I should not be discontented any more if I were as clever as Dora," said Ethel.

"Nor I, if I could play like Ethel," said Dora.

"Nothing of the kind with either of you. If Ethel were as clever as Dora, she would become acquainted with some other girl, whom she would like to equal. No; the only way to get rid of discontent of this kind is to learn to respect yourself and to realise that your work is to make the most of the powers and opportunities you possess, not to trouble about envying those of others."

"Supposing we think we have no powers?" said Ethel.

"That is a mistake, my dear. All are gifted in some way, though it may be in a very humble direction. Before we can improve our powers, however, we must find out what they are."

"Which is exceedingly easy," said Maud.

"Which is very difficult, Maud, for one is so liable to make a mistake. A great, good, wise man was once talking to some girls on this subject, and he told them that if they wished to become better, they should first find out what they were now. He advised each girl, therefore, to take a piece of paper, pen, and ink, and to draw up in detail as accurate a description of herself as was possible. I repeat that advice to you. I recommend each one of you to draw up an exact statement of what you are, physically, mentally, and morally. Don't underrate yourselves, don't overrate yourselves; if you have good eyes and a bad complexion, say so; or if you have a suspicion of a squint, say that instead; only be accurate."

"Well, I do think that is queer advice," said Blanche.

"You must remember, however, that your physical qualities are the least important part of the description. Write down your mental faculties also; your faults and your virtues. Say what you are good for, and what your temptations are; what kind of temper you have, whether you are disposed to be lazy or industrious, selfish or generous, and everything of the kind you can recollect."

"When all is done, what then?" said Ethel.

"Sign it, affix the date, and state your age at the time."

"And then read it aloud for the benefit of the community, I suppose?" said Blanche.

"No; read it over carefully for your own benefit, then put it into an envelope, seal it, and don't look at it again for a year."

"What will be the good of it?" said Maud.

"It will give you an idea of yourself, and each one must understand that her work in this world is to make the most of that person described in the paper, and get as much useful work out of her as possible. I believe that this will help to make you respect yourselves, and people who respect and are true to themselves are not the ones to be discontented because they are not somebody else."

"But," said Dorothea, "suppose that in describing your own powers you have to say that you positively do not possess some gift which is highly thought of, and which most people have? should you not feel discontented then?"

"I should say, cultivate the powers you have, and do not waste your time over what is not there."

"Exactly so," said Dorothea. "I agree with you entirely. I am in a difficulty of that kind, auntie; I do not care for music, and I am sure I shall never make anything out in it. Ought I not to give it up?"

"Nonsense, Dorothea," said Maud. "Every one has a taste for music."

"I don't think so, Maud. I read a little while ago of a very good, clever man, who said he knew that the majority of people possessed a sense which he did not, that was enjoyment of music."

"Yes," said Blanche. "Don't you remember, too, the man who said he loved music so much that there was no sort he did not enjoy? It gave him the greatest pleasure to hear a common barrel-organ."

"There are a great many people whose taste for music is very slight indeed, if it is there at all," said Ethel. "Half the people who have to listen to music in company would rather talk."

"That may be because the music is indifferent."

"Indifferent music is supplied by people who have been compelled to learn when they had no taste for it," said Dorothea. "It would be a good thing for those who are musical, if those who are not would leave it alone."

"But what a pity for a girl if she really is not musical!" said Ethel.

"Of course it is a pity," said Dorothea, "but she cannot help herself. She is not responsible for it any more than she is for the colour of her hair."

"Well, Dorothea, I certainly think that if music is a trouble to you, and not a pleasure, you ought to give it up."

"Mark my words," said Maud. "You will be sorry when you are grown-up and cannot play accompaniments to songs if you are asked to do so."

"The singer would have no cause for sorrow, though," said Dorothea.

"Besides, it is no use giving a portion of your time for years to an uncongenial pursuit for the sake of playing an accompaniment at the end of it."

"If I am free from music, I can give the time to drawing," said Dorothea. "How delightful that will be! After all, the result of our chat will be that my chief trouble will have been disposed of altogether."

"Ah, Dora, my dear, a good many troubles would disappear if we had but the courage to face them boldly and deal with them in a common-sense way."

AN EGYPTIAN WATERING-PLACE.

BY M. L. WHATELY.

EGYPT is not rich in places of resort on the sea-coast, considering that it has a share in two seas. Suez is most interesting to a traveller or painter, being beautifully situated, and commanding magnificent views of the Red Sea and the mountains of both Africa and Asia; but it is very hot in summer, the town dirty and crowded, and seldom, therefore, resorted to in the warm season. Alexandria is, of course, much visited, and has the advantage, attainable by a short railroad, of a very pretty little watering-place —Ramleh—that little bit of Europe in Egypt, built almost entirely by European colonists, originally English merchants. But Alexandria or its vicinity does not suit everybody; and a very curious place for sea-side visitors in the neighbourhood of Damietta is, by natives of Egypt, as well as by many Levantine families, very much preferred. This is "Ras-el-Birr" (or the "Head of the Land"), a small sandy peninsula between the Mediterranean and the mouth of the Nile, several miles beyond Damietta. That ancient city, so famous in days of yore as the last spot where the gallant but unfortunate Crusaders held sway in the East, is not exactly a sea-port itself, being several miles from the open sea; but the noble river on which it stands is navigable for large ships, and the harbour would be a splendid one were it not for the bar which hinders the entrance of vessels of any considerable size; they are dependent on time and tide* and weather, and small merchant sailing-boats are constantly employed to take their merchandise across the bar into the river. It is to be hoped that this great drawback to commerce may one day be removed; if so, the city would be once more a place of great importance. The sea appears to have encroached very much, as the peninsula occupied a larger area, even in the memory of living persons.

This little strip of land, then, is the watering-place which is preferred to many others offering at first sight much greater advantages. Fine scenery, trees, shade—it possesses none of these, and it is certainly a strange, bare spot. How any one could have fixed on it is a wonder, as, in spite of its neighbourhood to a large town, it has both peculiarities and hindrances that are quite unique. No doubt, indeed, the Egyptians have shown their usual acuteness about fine *air*, in fixing on this out-of-the-way spot as one in which invalids may recruit their wasted powers, and the weary denizens of cities breathe the purest of sea-breezes. But whoever first came had much courage, and even now, with the added facilities of later times, it is very troublesome to reach, and very singular in its arrangements.

You ask, perhaps, Are the houses so poor or ill-built? Are they native abodes of the humble classes, and so unfitted for civilised enjoyment? Or are they ruins? As the spot has been used for a sanatorium time out of mind, possibly visitors have to reside in the crumbling remains of former splendour built by invalid beys and pachas, and now sunk into decay and haunted by lizards and beetles? Not so; the curious part of this watering-place is that there are no houses at all in it—no dwellings—not the merest hovel! There is a tongue of sand between the river and the sea, and that is literally all—nothing else, not a cliff —not a sand-hill where even a rabbit could make a burrow—not a rock where a sea-bird could lay her eggs—not a single inch of shingle, even! If this be not a strange watering-place, what is such? Listen, all you holiday-makers of Ramsgate and Eastbourne and Brighton, to the account of a sea-side residence where there is not to be found so much as a single stone with which a hut for a pigmy might be raised—merely flat sand and water!

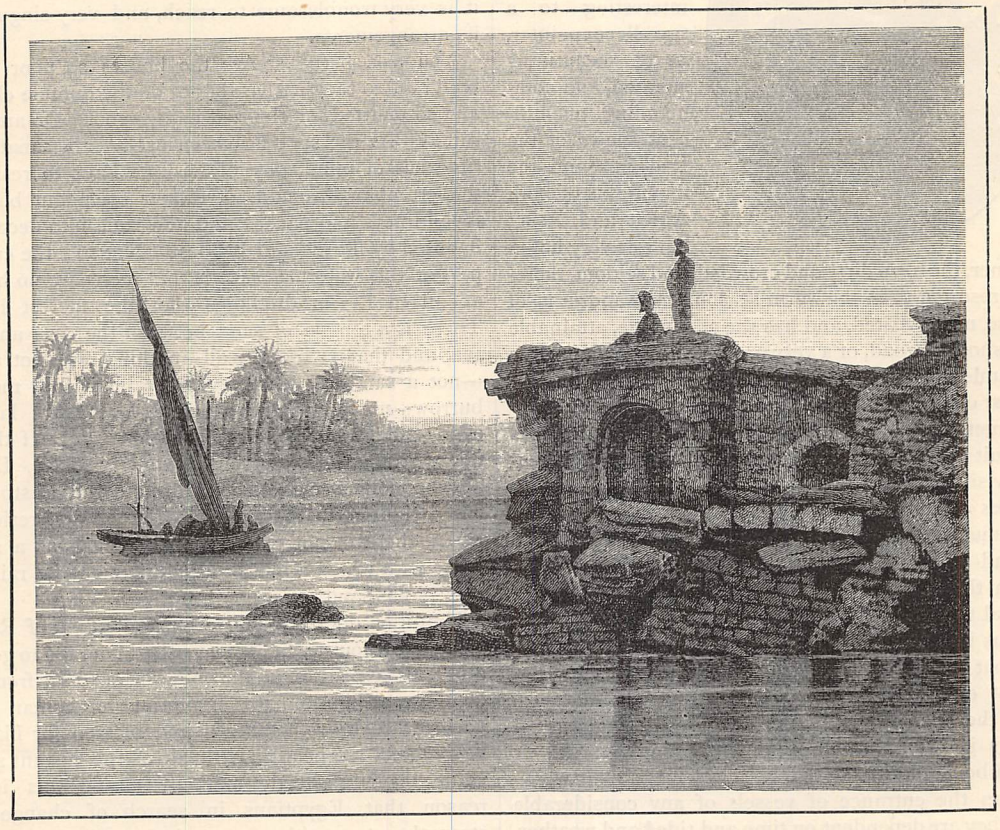
Tradition does not tell who first thought of Ras-el-Birr as a sojourn; but whoever had courage to go and abide, as a pelican in the wilderness, so far from the comforts of life and the habitations of human kind, deserves to be remembered and blessed for his discovery; for the health-giving air of this distant sandy peninsula is perfectly marvellous, and this is the reason that Egyptians in search of change and strength put up with so many inconveniences in order to profit by it.

Again and again I have been urged to visit Ras-el-Birr by native friends who declared there was no air in Egypt, and they usually added, anywhere in the world, so wonderfully renovating to the weary frame as that to be inhaled where the Mediterranean and the Nile mingle their waters. "I went there nearly dead," said one, "and returned as if made afresh." "I took my children," said another, "and they became in a few days as strong as sturdy peasants." But when I asked how they stayed in a place so utterly devoid of resources, and heard that they lived in temporary abodes made of a few poles stuck in the sand, with mats of native reeds fastened around them, it seemed as if none but a Bedouin could exist for more than a day or two in such a dwelling, especially in a country where the sun has such power. "It was rough, no doubt," was the reply; "but health cannot be too dearly bought." Then some one said that a

* There *is* a tide in the Mediterranean, but much less than in more open seas, whence the prevalent idea that it has *no* tide.

Nile boat was sometimes used, and this seemed more feasible, as, if our party took our house with us like the snail, who carries his on his back, we might come back at once if we did not like the place. Most visitors go by railway to Damietta,* and there procure a boat to conduct them to the river's mouth, a trip varying from two to four or five hours, according to circumstances. They have to bring their bedding and other requisites, which makes it both an expensive and troublesome journey; but native Egyptians are able to dispense with a great deal on occasion, and, as they say, health is beyond everything.

Taking our abode with us had its disadvantages. We proceeded for some time nearly at the leisurely pace of the snail to which I alluded; the wind being southerly, as is usual at that season of the year. It was necessary, therefore, to depend mainly on the stream, aided by oars which could only be used in the early morning, when the wind invariably lulled. The banks of the Nile from Cairo northwards are very different from those of the southern route. No cliffs of varied hues to catch the sunset rays, and turn to gold and purple in the dying beams of day; no palm-groves with little villages beside them every mile or two, till you approach Damietta; no pyramids in the distance or glimpses of desert beyond the cultivated line of verdure;—less variety and less *life*, the villages being chiefly more inland, and the coast belonging to large estates of wealthy pachas and merchants. Yet the shores have their own style of beauty. The rich green of the plantations of cotton and maize refreshes the eye in burning August, as well as the clumps of trees round every sacchea (or water-wheel). These are sometimes weeping willows or mulberry-trees, but in general sycamore figs, which afford a deep shade, and are very fine trees when suffered to attain a good size. The cattle watering in the early evening, under the gum-arabic trees on the sloping bank, or near the winding path rudely made by the trooping women with pitchers on their heads, is a scene the eye delights to rest upon. The herds of buffaloes are more numerous than even in the neighbourhood of Cairo, though there are fewer goats and sheep. However, this is a digression; we must return to the northward route towards our



RIVER-WALL ON THE DAMIETTA ARM OF THE NILE.
(*From Ebers' "Egypt."*)

* Before this railroad, which is quite a recent affair, they went either by river-boats or on donkeys.

Egyptian Land's End. From Mansoura, a considerable place on the river, though not particularly interesting to a passing traveller, we made more rapid progress, having the aid of a steamer which, being empty and on its way to Damietta, was induced to give a welcome lift to the wind-bound boat. The banks of the ancient river became gradually more and more fertile; groups of palms laden with the graceful bunches of fruit, just beginning to assume their golden tints, were interspersed with other trees, and the shore was fringed with waving reeds and grass and water-plants; while rice-fields with their exquisitely delicate green began to appear among the maize and cotton. Curious old villages were passed; some, indeed, the captain of our boat called towns. Here and there I observed minaret towers and half-ruined mosques of very quaint and picturesque form. At length, among groves of palms and masts of numerous boats, Damietta came in sight; its crescent shape, following the curve of the river, seeming peculiarly suitable to the ancient city, so famous of yore, in which the Crescent finally gained the mastery over the romantic and rash Crusaders.

The wind, which prevailed all the day, made it impossible to proceed to the mouth of the river. Our boat weighed anchor, therefore, at midnight, and at an early hour the next morning we found ourselves on the sandy shore of the little peninsula of Ras-el-Birr. Its thirty or forty wigwams, or temporary abodes of poles and mats, were in an irregular sort of row at a very short distance from the water. We were told that most visitors only remain from one to three weeks. Some who stay the summer make their wigwams more elaborate, and furnish them with a few rustic chairs, a sofa, &c. But none had glass windows; a rude hole cut in one of the mats afforded light, and was blocked up when it was dark; a lamp was suspended at the entrance of each; the mat was folded back for a door, like the canvas of a tent. Canvas tents are not used here, because they are said to be not only less of a protection from the sun, but more at the mercy of the wind. Those who stay long enough to make it worth while, have a second smaller wigwam, with a stove for cooking, or such apparatus as can be used without danger of fire. It says much for the salubrity of the air, that with such accommodation this desert spot is so well liked that families who have come once usually return year after year. "One can sleep in these huts with the air streaming through, and never feel too hot," said a lady to me. "It is true," she added, laughing, "that when the wind is very strong indeed, now and then the *water* comes up and streams through also; it happened to me once this year, but this is not frequent." I thought being washed out of bed even once in a season rather too much; but she declared it did not rise nearly high enough for that—the waves merely dashing up, and a high bedstead being quite out of their reach. In winter, however, it is not possible to occupy the peninsula at all on account of the sea, which then washes all over it. The cleanliness insured by this yearly flooding is a great blessing.

We anchored on the river side, as is usual, for safety, the other being by no means safe for that purpose. A stretch of sand, barely half a mile across, lay between our anchorage and the sea. This strip of sand is wider higher up, and is somewhat uneven, running out into tiny bays, and, moreover, depends for its size partly on wind and tide (the *very* small tide of the Mediterranean), but at best it is a mere strip—I should think barely a mile at its widest, but about six in length. The substratum is solid, for it has not diminished in extent, as far as I can ascertain, for many years past. Formerly, as I said, the peninsula was larger.

The effect of the wide river on the one side, the open sea on the other, and the contending waves of sweet and salt water when the breeze and current are strong, as seems very frequently the case, is quite unlike anything I have seen in other sea places. The Nile, being now full, rolls its waves, tawny with the mud of the far-off land whence it comes, to meet the white-crested billows of the "Salt Sea," as the natives of Egypt always call the Mediterranean. On the river-coast a blue line marks the distant verdure of the mainland, dotted with palms standing out against the clear sky. The little rude-looking fort and an equally rude village appear a short way down the river, the Crescent flag just visible from our station. Right in front is the sea, with the river flowing into it, and on the opposite side sea also, with the bar between them rising in one place into a little island of sand.

Fish, chiefly caught by casting nets, is abundant, and helps the diet of the visitors very much. They procure their stores, and even meat, from Damietta, but milk and eggs from the village on the river nearly opposite. Winter is the time for game, when travellers of a sporting turn come to shoot near Damietta; but in summer it has little or nothing to offer, and as the peninsula of Ras-el-Birr is not habitable, as before said, in winter, it is little known. The sea-bathing is first-rate; the water rolls over sand, soft yet firm, and sloping gradually down; so that with common prudence there is no danger, and the temperature in such a climate is, of course, delightful. Every one bathes, and young and old enjoy it almost equally.

We ascended the lighthouse by a winding staircase. It commands a fine bird's-eye view of country and sea. Lake Menzaleh is just visible on the one side in the distance, and the palm-groves and minarets of Damietta on the horizon behind. In front is the blue sea, with dangerous sand-banks peeping above its waves; the tawny line of the full Nile strongly marking the union of the fresh and salt waters. Numerous boats and ships add life to the wide-spread scene.

After a week's stay we quitted the little sea-village, with its mushroom-like habitations, soon to be swept away, leaving the coast to gulls and waders. Even our short sojourn, however, had a marked effect in the strength it gave, so that we can speak in high terms of this strange Egyptian watering-place.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION IV.—SHOULD WE SEND OUR GIRLS TO BOARDING-SCHOOLS?

CATHERINE D. LOGAN :—Mr. Speaker,—Being a governess, and having had fourteen years of personal experience in boarding-school life, first as scholar and then as teacher, I think I may be able to give a few hints regarding the all-important subject of sending our girls to boarding-school. Although I have been connected with the very best schools, in which the moral as well as the intellectual qualities in girls are cultivated and developed, I would on no account send my girls to boarding-school—at least until they have reached an age when their characters are formed, and they are fairly able to discern between right and wrong.

Girls who are early sent to boarding-school lose much of a mother's love and care, which can never be replaced by any one else, be the principals and governesses ever so kind. The children are liable to grow up without understanding their mother or being understood by her; for all will agree that to know a person thoroughly one must live with him or her constantly.

Thus it not unfrequently happens that when they leave school and go home for good, the girls get on indifferently or badly with the mother. Not having been brought much together, their dispositions clash, at any rate for a time, until they get used to each other.

Then, too, the conversation and manners of the elder pupils are often anything but a good example to the younger ones, whose ears and eyes are always open, and who too readily pick up anything that would be better left alone.

They become "grown-up," talking of Stephen Heller's Tarantelles, and Macaulay's essays, when they ought to be playing at "shops" or nursing dolls.

If they are nervous they get bullied by the elder pupils, and thus may become cowed, reserved, and what the world calls uninteresting, to say nothing of their timidity leading them to falsehood or deceit.

I think that girls' ideas get narrowed by living for years shut up in a boarding-school, always being overlooked by a governess, never going out alone or relying on themselves, and seldom meeting visitors; so that when they do begin to mix with the world one cannot be surprised if they are awkward, silent, and peculiar. While I hold these opinions I do not disregard the many advantages that may be derived from girls mixing with others, and competing with them in their studies, which often result in the naturally idle and perhaps even stupid girls becoming well-educated and bright women, but the preponderance seems to me to lie on the side of the disadvantages.

After all, a good education is not the only or chief thing we want for our girls, but rather a training that shall fit them to become good and useful women, well able to bear their part in the battle and bustle of life.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

Being fearful, Sir, of trespassing upon the patience of the House, my opening speech was very incomplete. Happily, some of my unuttered thoughts have found voice through my supporters. To my so-called Opponent I reply, "To express an opinion is not to controvert an argument." Hon. members on the other side have misunderstood the drift, and have not risen to the level of my reasoning. Standing upon higher ground, looking at matters in a broader light, and sounding the depths of things, I have ignored the trifles at which they have gazed with microscopic eyes, and have considered rather the weightier matters of Justice, Happiness, Liberty.

Parents may not wantonly delegate their authority, otherwise a child of ten years might have power over a girl of eighteen. "Authority unlawfully delegated may be lawfully resisted." Children may claim to be ruled by their parents, and by them alone. That is my answer to a certain hon. member.

Believing with Carlyle that all falsities die out, I rest assured that the fashion of parents handing over their families for other people to bring up will sooner or later cease to exist. The day is coming when the moral hideousness of the idea of tearing boys and girls from their homes, collecting them in batches like flocks of sheep, placing them in large buildings under the control of strangers who have no business to interfere with them, and making them lead the life of monks, nuns, and prisoners, will be clearly seen, and our posterity will condemn the barbarity of their forefathers.

SUMMARY OF SPEECHES RECEIVED ON QUESTION IV. :—Against Boarding-Schools for Girls—37; In favour of Boarding-Schools for Girls—42; majority of speeches in favour of Boarding-Schools—5; Total—79.

Two hundred and thirty-two votes were recorded on the question "Should we send our Girls to Boarding-Schools?"—resulting in a majority of twelve for the Opener of the Debate. A large number of votes had to be disallowed owing to non-observance of the published regulations.

QUESTION V.—OUGHT TRIAL BY JURY TO BE ABOLISHED?

(*Debate continued.*)

G. H. RIMMINGTON :—On reading the speeches of the Opener and the Opponent, one can scarcely help feeling, from the general tone of the latter, that it is a very ingenious attempt to defend, with a number of far-fetched though at first sight plausible arguments, a system whose only recommendation is its antiquity. As an instance of this, I would call your attention, Sir, to that part of the speech in which the hon. gentleman is putting the question whether, if we were in the prisoner's place, we would rather confide our case to the decision of a judge or of a jury; where he says, "a judge who, if biassed at all, is biassed in favour of assuming the guilt of a prisoner before proof," &c. From what premises the hon. gentleman draws this conclusion, he has thought fit to omit, and I must confess that, after carefully thinking the matter over, the reason for such a statement still escapes me. This may be due to my exceeding obtuseness of understanding, but that question must be left to the decision of the Family Parliament, in whose hands I place it with the greatest confidence. Then again, we have the quotation from Dean Stanley, but this, although expressing in a very pleasing manner most beautiful sentiment, can hardly be looked upon as satisfactory from a practical point of view. One could understand men who were simply listening in a disinterested manner deriving great pleasure, and it may be valuable information, from a visit to one of our courts of law. But this is not the

position of a juryman, for on him devolves the responsibility of helping to decide the case, and if he is to do justice to his country, it is evident that his whole attention must be fixed most firmly on the point at issue.

The argument, however, which presents itself to my mind as telling most against trial by jury, is the incompetence of the class of men who form our juries to follow the thread of a case through such a maze of verbiage as often surrounds it, and at the end to come out of what, to an untrained mind, appears a hopeless muddle, with anything like a clear idea of what their verdict ought to be.

Moreover, it is no uncommon thing to see a stout old juror, when a case becomes at all irksome, having his quiet forty winks up in a snug and shady corner of the box; and can we doubt that although the eyes of his companions are open their minds are far away, some shepherding their flocks, others driving imaginary bargains which are to make their fortunes, but all wandering wide of the point, which the shrewd old judge, who is to instruct them, is labouring hard to solve. In nine cases out of ten, therefore, we find that the verdict of the jury is really the judgment of the judge, which is gathered by them from his summing-up, to which they pay most strict attention.

Why then should this mockery be allowed to continue, to the disgust of the tradesmen whose valuable time is unnecessarily taken, to the cost of the parties to the case, and to the disgrace of our England of the nineteenth century?

J. A. COMPSTON:—Mr. Speaker,—I have the pleasure, Sir, to support the opener on the negative side of this question, although his able speech leaves little to be said.

Can the hon. gentleman who supports the opposite side have considered the effect of his statement that "not only do the defects of trial by jury outweigh its merits, but . . . it bids fair to become an abuse and a crying evil"? I think surely not. We are all well aware that the province of a jury is simply to decide questions of fact upon which the parties are at issue, and this subject to the direction of the judge, by whom all questions of law are decided. Must it not be admitted that twelve men can do this better than one, that they are better able to discriminate between truth and falsehood from the demeanour and statements of those before them than one man, no matter how shrewd and learned he may be? How often have we seen that a judge has been influenced to a great extent by counsel pleading before him, and so led over to the side represented by that counsel! No doubt the judge was unconscious of the leading, but still the fact remains.

I trust the House will show its decided sympathy with the hon. member on the negative side.

J. CARSON:—Mr. Speaker,—In my opinion the arguments adduced on both sides point, not to the abolition, but to the improvement of our present system of trial by jury, both in civil and criminal cases. The Opener admits that it has worked admirably in the past, and has proved one of the best "safeguards of the liberty of the subject," but pleads that it is not suited to the times we live in. Our country's laws have been gradually built up, and amended to suit exigencies as they arose, and the argument as to age if once admitted might equally well be applied to the abolition of many of our best judicial forms and methods in existence from remote periods. So that we should pause well before coming to the conclusion that the jury system should be abolished. If it was a good institution when the men summoned were comparatively ignorant, and many could neither read nor write, what may it not become in the future when even the poorest can claim the advantages of education, and the means of forming an intelligent judgment? The argument of incapacity will constantly acquire less force as education is extended. What the jury system affords is that a common-sense view is taken of the facts and motives brought before the court, and these are not so likely to be lost sight of by men who have no strictly legal training, as by those who always approach the settlement of cases with a decidedly legal bias in looking at things.

WILLIAM YATES:—I quite agree with the Opener's speech that it is high time trial by jury was abolished. I have served on juries three different times. In one case a man was tried for stealing; upon retiring to consider our verdict, the votes were: three for conviction and nine for acquittal; after an hour's consultation the votes were reversed, ten for conviction and two for acquittal; eventually the man was found guilty. Astonished at the change of opinion, I asked one of my fellow-jurymen the following day the reason; his reply was, "That little man who was so determined to convict the prisoner, said 'that he would stay there all night rather than let him off,' and my friends who were for giving him the benefit of the doubt then gave way." In another case, upon being locked up to consider our verdict, one of the jurymen, prepared for the occasion, took out his lunch (it was past two o'clock), and after he had eaten it, held out against the united opinion of the eleven tired and hungry jurors, until the amount of compensation which was decided to be given to the plaintiff was reduced from £20 to £5. It is all very well to say a man should not swerve a hair's breadth from his conscientious opinion, but the class from which jurymen are selected do not feel competent enough to decide on conflicting evidence, and are therefore easily led by obstinate strong-minded men. I would also add that many men are summoned to act as jurymen who are struggling "to keep the wolf from the door," and to whom a week's loss of time is a serious matter.

J. TAYLOR:—After a week's experience on the petty jury of the assizes, and paying particular attention to the working of the system, I can say that as a rule the jury was composed of men who during the trial had well weighed the evidence and formed their own opinions, and on retiring to consider their verdict were most careful to err on the side of mercy. But whether justice would not sometimes be better administered if the verdict of the majority were taken is worthy of due consideration, and whether the candid opinion of twelve men would not be preferable to what for the sake of unanimity might frequently be called the forced opinion of a small number of the jury. In one case this week a prisoner was detained in prison until the next assizes, owing to ten of the jury being of one opinion and two of another. The jury were consequently discharged without giving a verdict, but the two who stuck to their opinions were an exceptional type of men, and in most cases the ten would not have had much difficulty in winning over the remaining two.

That juries in criminal cases are of great service, any close observer of an assize court cannot fail to see, for were it not for the jury the members of the bar would not have so much inducement for a searching cross-examination of the witnesses, and the prisoner's friends would not be so satisfied, and where capital punishment ensued the country would not.

The Debate on this question will be continued in our next issue, but no further speeches can be received.

Other speeches supporting Opponent's argument received from J. Harrison, J. Stenash, J. R. Leaven, Jane Menzies, L. Kimmins, J. Allen, T. W. Erle, H. B. Harris, Zanoni, T. M. Jones, M. E. Rangdale, T. Elly, J. F. Binnie, W. Forbes, R. J. Dingley, W. King, A. E. Howse, G. W. Fletcher, J. A. R., James Beckett, W. Speakman, Frank Thompson, Kate Brookes, Scotch Reader, George Williams, M. Rogers, G. L. Selby, J. M., Sparkhall Brown, Hugh Hughes, J. Maule, C. Boyce, J. Twomly, J. T. M. Davis, J. B., A. Thorpe, George Caine, and others.

Other speeches supporting Opener's argument received from R. L. J., N. Walbank, A. McKechnie, &c.

SUMMARY OF SPEECHES RECEIVED:—For the Abolition of Trial by Jury—11; Against—54; Total—65.

The Honorarium of One Guinea has been awarded to Charlotte A. Pritchard, Dumbleton, near Evesham, Worcestershire, whose speech will be given at the close of the Debate.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WE are enjoying the sunshine now — if we did not now, when should we?—in this month of July. Fashion directs our attention to the sun chiefly in the matter of parasols, where its vagaries are great. They are all as large as a small umbrella, some of them the size of a big one. The linings are as notable as the covers; some display chiné satin, with great roses, others huge checks. Cotton asserts itself in parasols, as well as in other things; large dark green parasols have a bordering of monster terra-cotta flowers in several shades, others have parrots, spiders, and many wonderful insects, on one rib or on all. Quite the newest thing I have yet seen was a large-framed black parasol, half the frame covered with black satin, half with Spanish lace, the latter falling in a deep flounce below the points of the ribs. Yet after all the plainer parasols are the better taste, only they must help to carry out the rest of the toilette, and the flounce round the parasol, or the colour of the whole, should match that of the dress. Those, however, who study to produce effect, select the most remarkable parasols—broad stripes, vivid colours, extraordinary paintings—or shapes as far removed from the usual one as possible.

This is just the season of the year to buy a light and pretty gown, which serves for full-dress morning occasions in the summer sunshine, and then for dinner wear afterwards. There is a large choice of such garments; for in London as well as in Paris you may procure nun's cloth skirts trimmed with écru lace, in cream and other colours, at a low rate. There is a new make of muslin after the order of Madras muslin, but called Spanish muslin, which differs only in the groundwork. This is of the nature of grenadine; it lasts well, and makes up into inexpensive gowns for young people. White muslin is decidedly once more to the fore, especially Swiss book-muslin. I have seen several of such dresses made with three box-plaited flounces and tunics over them, and these are the latest fashion in bridesmaids' dresses. But it is in the tunics that the costliness or non-costliness of such toilettes shows itself. The generality of tunics are a scarf of embroidery, the newest thing being net or muslin covered all over with white silk or cream silk embroidery. Yet, for young ladies, some of the prettiest costumes have simple muslin lace-edged tunics, caught up in three places with satin bows formed of loops. Merveilleux, satin foulard, and other not over-costly classes of silk, compose many of these useful costumes; and though, if intended only for evening wear, blue, ruby, or a delicate peach is sometimes introduced upon them, as a rule, for day wear, only silk or the écru embroidery is employed in the way of trimming.

Large ruches edge many day skirts, and I notice, as a favourite mode of trimming on several cotton dresses, a treble box-plait at the edge, the centre plait caught up so that it has the appearance of a ruche.

Every skirt is now draped in a distinctly different fashion on both sides; the tunic is as much as possible replaced by indefinable drapery, of which it is difficult to say where it begins or ends. The flounces, whether box-plaited or gathered, come high up, well above the knees, and many of the fronts of the skirts have, as it were, two skirts ending in a flounce, but with from fourteen to twenty rows of gatherings above.

On to cotton dresses much coloured embroidery finds its way, the foundation being of the same material as the dress, with the design in colours. Small round gathered shoulder-capes complete many of the toilettes, and some of the new Paris bodices have folds coming from the arm-hole over the bust to form a sort of fichu, but this style cannot commend itself on the score of being becoming.

The favourite tinsel of this season has been interwoven with cotton dresses, and, more wonderful still, it washes well.

There are many exquisite designs in cottons, sateens, pompadours, and the like, but the newest kind are soft unglazed, like Indian cotton, the design well covering the whole fabric and leaving no groundwork.

The difference between English and French modes shows itself in no other item so much as in millinery. English buyers come over to Paris and purchase the large and often startling head-gears which find favour here, but they really only lose their money for their pains, for *les Anglaises* are faithful in eighty cases out of every ninety to the close shapes which originated in Paris.

The white and écru crape, with coarse crimping, is the newest kind of strings, and shades of green play a most prominent part in millinery. The Paris shops are full of many delightful trifles in the way of bonnet-pins, I mean pins used to fasten the strings; there is no device too fanciful. They take the form of umbrellas, owls' heads, quaint-shaped bottles, or rather flagons, shoes, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* garters, and, prettier than all, small nests with

WHAT TO WEAR IN JULY.

pearl eggs. The bizarre element asserts itself in millinery. Butterflies, caterpillars, and beetles wander over green flowers, and over red or even blue leaves. Grapes, currants, and strawberries are quite as fashionable as flowers, indeed any kind of berry. Cranberries, sloes, and blackberries, I have seen on many new bonnets and on many of the preposterously large hats.

By-the-by, besides the necessary steels placed in the dress skirts, the basques of bodices at the back are made to stand out by means of a small mattress about ten inches square and quilted; it should be, say two inches thick, and, of course, so sewn in as to be invisible.

Tea-gowns are much worn still for home dinners. The cotton embossed velvet and satin sheeting make up nicely for these, and require only trimming down the front, with lace or ruching with bows. Chinese mandarin robes, and loose Japanese robes, can be transmogrified into tasteful tea-gowns, but must be lavishly ornamented with lace, which, abundant as it is in all cheap kinds, cannot be found equal to the demand. The new velvet canvas gauzes, lined with a colour, are to be recommended for the purpose.

The coloured spotted veils are being largely introduced because they are supposed to be becoming, and for the same reason the écru muslin and lace of a pinkish tinge finds its way into everything, especially tea-gowns, where often enough it is arranged in a full puffing from the throat to the hem, caught in at the waist. Many so arranged in the front fall loosely from the shoulders, are gathered to a round collar, and not at all defining the waist. A shot Merveilleux, black and blue, with a blue front, is one of the most useful kinds I have seen of this sort of gown. The sleeves rarely, if ever, come below the elbow, but are supplemented by a puffing of ficelle lace or net ending in a lace frill.

White Spanish lace is largely employed for collars, or rather collarettes, that reach to the shoulders, and for fichus, which are all supplemented by bouquets of real or artificial flowers. Real flowers are a most important item in the bills of a fashionable woman now-a-days, and long wreaths from the shoulders to the front of the neck are universally worn in England.

Shoes are shorter in front, stockings are embroidered in all colours, as well as in gold and silver, and gloves reach far above the elbow, and, when it is possible, are carried over the sleeves. You can hardly be too picturesque in your style of dress if you desire to be really fashionable, but abjure æstheticism, not only because it is bad style, but unbecoming, and a cloak for ugliness.

The picturesque is a homage to art and artistic feeling. In obedience to it some of our richest stuffs have been resuscitated from Venetian and other good designs. Very handsome are the gold brocades of mediæval patterns now being used for opera-cloaks, trimmed with passementerie, fringes, feathers, and lace.

Dark green, electric blue, and various shades of yellow and orange are the favourite colours, for dresses, in Paris, where bodices dissimilar in fabric and hue from the skirt that accompanies them are more in vogue than in London. The cut and fit of bodices are more than ever studied by French dressmakers, many declining to make for a customer unless she consents to undergo the tiresome process of "trying on" at least four times. The result is a total disappearance of creases, and a general air of slimness, which suggests a suspicion that the Natural Health Society might find a useful career over the silver streak.

Soft clinging materials are in vogue. The four young ladies in the upper group of our illustrations all wear them in the form of cashmere, satin, foulard, and nun's veiling. The general outline of a well-made dress is—to be cut high on the shoulders, with demi-long sleeves, very long and slim-waisted, paniers on the hips (arranged high or low according to the size of the wearer's hips), a short narrow skirt, thickly ruched at the edge, much ornamented in front, and well puffed at the back below the waist. And in this pouf lies the difficulty. Crinolettes are usually worn in England for the support of the pouf, which Fashion demands must stand well out below a pronounced curve of the waist, and crinolettes are given to wobble when the wearer walks. The more skilful French dressmaker makes the pouf by draping the dress amply, and supporting it by cleverly bent whalebones, and occasionally by the aid of a small horsehair cushion, so sewn inside the skirt that it forms a part of it—a vastly superior contrivance to the crinolette.

Embroidered cashmeres and foulards are much liked; an example will be found in the third figurine of the upper group. To be quite a success the embroidery should be worked on the material after the dress is cut out, and not purchased by the yard as is the usual proceeding. The fourth figure wears a demi-toilette of nun's veiling and Merveilleux, and the turreted tunic and over-skirt illustrate another favourite style. On the second figurine a happy combination of a plain and broché material is shown.

In the out-door group below, examples are given of the full ruches on the skirt, of the demi-long sleeves with the long Suède gloves, of the silk handkerchief (usually a bright colour) tied round the neck, and of the shady head-gear, becoming more general as the season advances and the sun shines more powerfully. Children's frocks are a repetition in miniature of the style adopted by their elders. The little maiden feeding pigeons, who forms the initial to our Chit-Chat, in her delicate French sateen of cream and pink, is suitably, because seasonably, dressed.

THE GATHERER.

A New Fire-Escape.

This is an ingenious as it is most certainly a very valuable invention, not only on account of its extreme simplicity, but also from its unquestionable fitness for the purposes of escape from the windows of burning buildings. It may be easily made by any one, and a reference to the accompanying diagram will explain its construction. It consists of a maple stick an inch thick, two inches wide, and about fifteen inches long, and having five holes of the size of the rope to be used. In the lower single hole is the loop for the feet. The lowering rope passes through *a*, and runs up to and through *b*, then down to and through the hole at *c*, and again running up it passes through the hole at *d*. When in action, this upper free end is fastened to some fixed object, the wood is grasped by the left hand, the lower end of the rope as it leaves *c* is held by the right hand, the feet are placed in the loop, and the descent is commenced, which may be taken as rapidly as desired, as the speed is regulated by the right hand paying out the sliding rope.

The Vocalion.

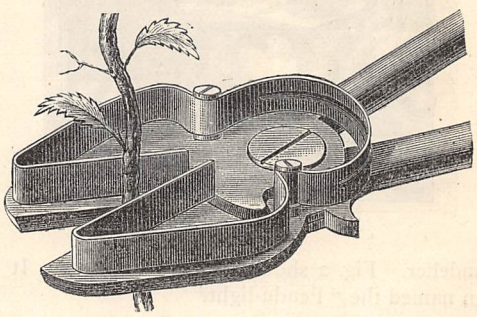
"Vocalion" is the name now given to the new musical instrument invented by Mr. Baillie Hamilton, and recently tried at Harrow. It resembles a small organ in form, and is constructed so as to approximate in tone to the human voice. Some patterns have one key-board, others two, with accompanying pedals. The sound is caused by the blast from a bellows impinging on parallel bands of brass, of which there are sometimes three to each note. The sound is still further enriched and regulated by metal ligatures attached to the bands and capable of being constrained. The likeness to the human voice is also assisted by the form given to the resonant cavities and mouthpieces from which the notes are emitted. The tone has a peculiar sweetness and pathos, which grows upon the listener, and is particularly adapted for sacred music.

A New Material for Paper.

The list of vegetable materials from which paper may be made increases yearly. Straw of all kinds—wheat, rice, and flax—has been brought into service; attempts have been made to utilise the fibres of leaves and such presumedly unpromising material as the refuse of the sugar-cane, when all the sugar has been extracted; wood has been tried with more or less success; but perhaps the most satisfactory results have attended the use of various grasses, notably Diss grass, and Esparto, both of which are grown largely in North Africa. And now a new grass—the Elephant grass of British Burmah—bids fair to prove of value. A quantity of the dried grass has recently been sent to England, and after being boiled in caustic soda and bleached, has been made into paper, with fairly satisfactory results. This is indeed good news for all of us, since the greater the number of available materials for its manufacture, the lower the price of paper, and the better and cheaper the periodical and book literature of the day.

New Flower-Shears.

The engraving represents a new kind of scissors specially devised for cutting and trimming flowers, branches, fruits, &c. They are furnished with a bow-spring extending to the ends of the blades, turning



inwards, and running parallel with the cutting edge of the shears. When a stem or twig has to be removed, it is held between the ends of the spring, as shown in the woodcut. This is an improvement upon the common scissors, which require the stem to be held with one hand while the cutting is done with the other—an operation that is often awkward and disagreeable, particularly in the case of thorny boughs or twigs.

A New Reading-Lamp.

The construction of this novel and useful invention may be easily understood by glancing at Fig. 1. *b* is a straight metallic tube sharply bent at its upper end, and terminating in a gas-tight connection, *a*, which may be attached to any ordinary gas-burner. The lower end of the tube carries a metallic frame supporting a paper shade, *c*, in the centre of which is the burner. This appliance may be easily fixed by simply passing the union bend up between the gallery and glass globe of the bracket or chandelier, and drawing it gently down over the burner; the gas may then be turned on and ignited at the burner under the shade. As all the metallic parts are tubular, the "lamp" is of ex-

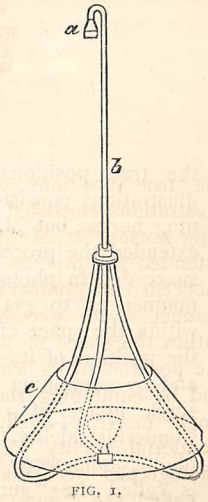


FIG. 1.

treme lightness; its weight, which (shade included) is only 9 oz., does not affect the balance of any good

FIG. 2.

chandelier. Fig. 2 shows the lamp in action. It has been named the "Pendu-light."

The Gun-Camera.

Mr. Muybridge, the well-known American photographer, recently exhibited some interesting photographs of moving animals to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and a number of brother-artists, with a view to illustrating the use of instantaneous photographs in the fine arts, in permitting artists to study from life

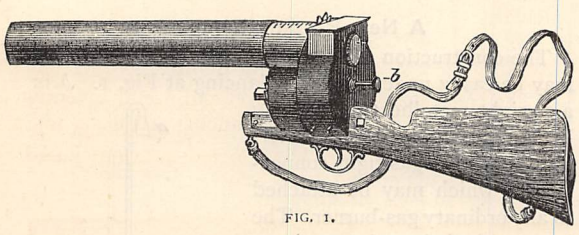


FIG. 1.

the true positions of animals in motion. These illustrations consisted chiefly of the attitudes of running horses, but M. Marey, a French *savant*, has just extended the process to the flight of birds. He has succeeded in photographing a flying bird in such a manner as to get twelve successive pictures of it within the space of a second. Each picture shows the position of its wings at the instant when taken, and by combining the twelve views in a zootrope a single image of a flying bird is reproduced with wonderful fidelity. The apparatus by which these photographs were taken is illustrated in Fig. 1. It is called the "gun-camera," from its likeness to a fowling-piece, and the fact that it is aimed at the bird like a gun. It consists of a barrel containing the object-glass, and at the middle of the piece behind the barrel is mounted a cylinder containing a clockwork, seen in Fig. 2. On pressing the trigger of the gun the clockwork begins to go, and to rotate a central axis carrying the apparatus for shutting out and letting in the rays of light coming through the object-glass, so that they may fall upon the sensitised plate behind. This apparatus is made up of a rotating

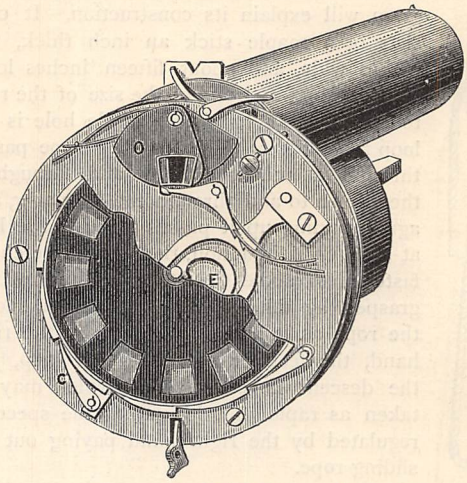


FIG. 2.

disc with one straight slit, which permits the light to pass twelve times per second, for an interval of $\frac{1}{720}$ of a second each time. Behind this disc is another with twelve windows in it, behind each of which is a sensitised dry plate. This disc also turns on the central axis, but in an intermittent fashion which permits it to pause twelve times a second, so as to expose each window and the plate behind to the ray reaching it through the slit in the front disc. This is

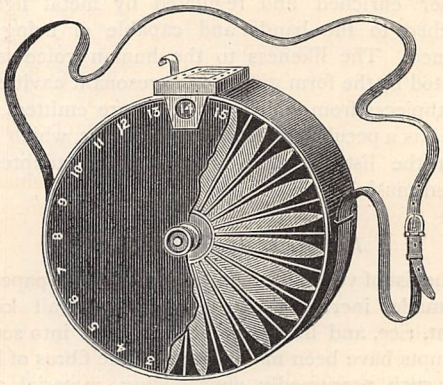
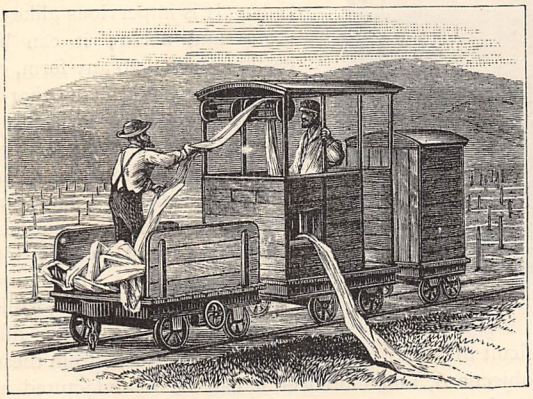


FIG. 3.

done by means of an eccentric, E, assisted by the catch, C. A shutter, O, arrests the rays passing through the front slit when the twelve photographs have been taken. By means of a press-button, *b* (Fig. 1), the plates are kept in position. A good focus is obtained

by lengthening or shortening the gun-barrel, and for this a suitable scale is provided. Fig. 3 is a case or pannier for holding twenty-five dry plates, and it is simply slung round the shoulders.



Electricity in the Bleachfield.

At Le Breuil-en-Auge (Calvados), France, there is a large bleachfield belonging to M. Paul Duchesne-Fournet, where linen is bleached on a great scale. The pieces of linen are each over a hundred yards long, and much time is required to lift them from the bleaching-ground by hand, and transport them to the stores. Steam-power cannot be employed for this purpose owing to the smoke from the engine smutting the linen, and the proprietor has introduced electric power with decided advantage. He has run an electric tramway through the grounds, and the locomotive not only transports the linen to and from the field, but lifts it off the ground. This is done by simply causing the electric current to rotate large drums for winding up the cloth, instead of rotating the wheels of the locomotive. The electricity is supplied by a set of Faure accumulators, such as we have previously described in the GATHERER. It will be remembered that these reservoirs of electricity are composed of lead plates covered with peroxide of lead and immersed in sulphuric acid and water. The tender containing these accumulators runs in front of the locomotive, which is fitted with a dynamo-electric motor, connected to the wheels of the car in such a manner that when the current from the accumulators is sent through its bobbin, the revolution of the bobbin turns the wheels of the car and starts the locomotive. Stoppage of the current stops the car, and reversal of the direction of the current through the bobbin reverses the motion of the car. Brakes are added to bring the train speedily to rest. When the linen has to be lifted from the field, the electric motor is caused to rotate the large drums, over which the linen passes into a waggon, as seen in the illustration. This arrangement has been working with every success for the last three months at the bleachfield in question.

Sea-weed Leather.

A French chemist, M. Alexandre St. Ives, has succeeded in extracting from sea-weed a composition like starch and sugar, which is well adapted for manufacturing artificial leather and transparent materials. The sea-weed after being washed in pure water, or water impregnated with lime or potash, is dried, then pounded, and treated in a conical boiler to a bath of steam or hot water. A soluble substance is thus extracted, and the residue on cooling assumes a gelatinous or leathery consistency. Sea-weed is an abundant and cheap commodity, but its uses have hitherto been few.

Guano from Bats.

Some ancient bat-inhabited caves recently discovered in Uvalde County, Texas, North America, are so deeply paved with rich guano from the bats which have lived there, that steps have been taken to utilise the produce in the interest of agriculture. One cave, termed the Cibolo Cavern, is about 400 feet in length, and the deposit of guano is in some places over 30 feet thick. This is, however, only an outer vestibule leading to an inner cave which has never been explored, and to which the birds retire to sleep. It is believed to be at least two miles deep; and the Uvalde Cave is said to be several times larger. It will be seen therefore that there is a large supply of the fertiliser to be had, and analysis shows it to be worth from £10 to £12 per ton. Several shipments of the guano have already been made, and steps are being taken to erect a factory for the production of sulphate of ammonia from it.

A Life-Raft.

Rafts have saved many lives at sea, and the very name brings a sense of security which a more easily capsized boat does not give. It is probable that life-rafts have been too much neglected as a safeguard against wreck, but recent trials at Harwich of a new raft, devised by Mr. E. S. Copeman, show that they are coming again to the front. Our first illustration

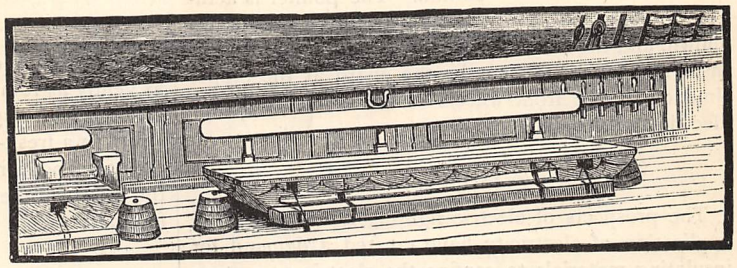


FIG. 1.

represents Mr. Copeman's raft lying at rest on the deck of a ship ready for use in an emergency, and serving at the same time as a deck seat, while the second one

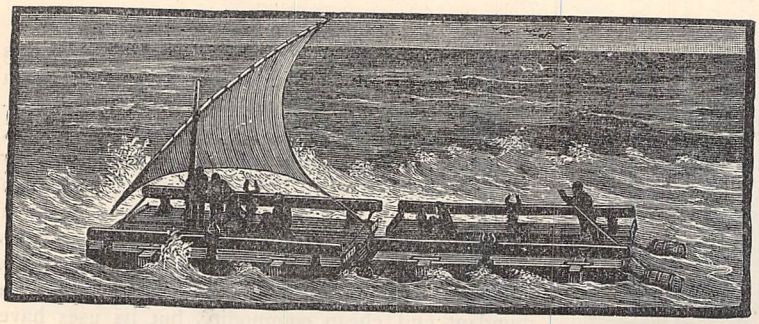
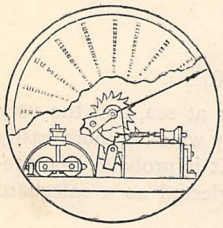


FIG. 2.

shows it in action on the sea. As will be seen, the raft or catamaran consists of two or more seats or benches, formed of air-tight pontoons or boxes, from twelve to twenty feet long and two feet square, and lashed together with spars. The back rail of the seat serves as a bulwark to the raft, and a frame fitted to the top of each seat becomes the floor of the raft between the two pontoons. Such a contrivance can easily carry ten persons on board and others clinging to it. Being on deck, it is readily got at and launched; and being uncapsizable, is likely to inspire confidence in the shipwrecked.

A Railway Station Indicator.

It would be very convenient for passengers travelling by the Metropolitan District Railway, or on certain suburban lines, if each carriage were provided with one of the station indicators invented by Mr. Rogers, and recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The dial of the indicator and its apparatus are exhibited in the figure. Several station names are marked in succession on the dial, and a pointer, moved by an electric current, indicates the name of the approaching station. The pointer is actuated by the electro-magnets through the toothed wheel shown, and the electric current operating thus, mechanism may either be sent by the guard at the proper time or by the front wheels of the train closing an electric contact automatically.

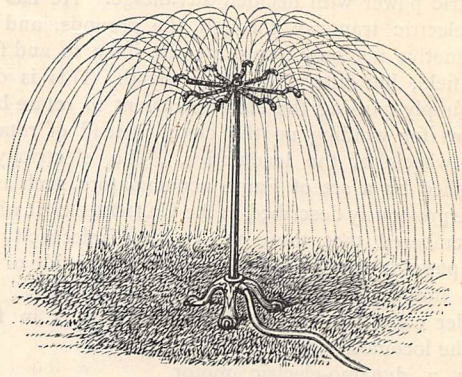


Insulite.

The prospects of electric lighting and the general application of electricity have created a demand for insulating materials to confine the electric current on the wires conveying it, and Dr. John Fleming has been fortunate enough to discover a new insulator, which has been pronounced most satisfactory by several eminent electricians, including Sir W. Thomson. Hitherto we have relied mainly on india-rubber, gutta-percha, glass, stoneware, silk, and ebonite for insulating electricity upon wires, but the new material, "insulite," is prepared by a secret process from wood, sawdust, cotton waste, water-pulp, and other fibrous materials. It is impervious alike to damp and acids; it can be easily moulded to any form, or cut to any pattern; so that it is available not only for coating wires, but for making battery jars, telegraph insulators, or frames for electric apparatus. Ebonite for the last purpose is not very satisfactory, owing to its liability to decompose under the action of light, while slate soaked in paraffin is difficult to work; but the new material is free from these objections, and moreover it can be manufactured at a relatively lower cost. Doubtless it will have its own imperfections, but at present it is not easy to see what they are.

A Lawn "Sprinkler."

The skilful yet simple piece of apparatus here sketched will doubtless be of much interest to those who possess lawns or other plots of useful or ornamental grass-land. Under ordinary water-pressure the horizontal arms carried by the upright tube rapidly revolve, and scatter the water over an area of as much



as *forty feet* in diameter. This artificial shower falls as gently as rain in April, and if occasionally brought into play during periods of drought, will keep the sward in a fresh-looking and healthy as well as ornamental condition. The arms may be unscrewed, and the stem will then form a very convenient and portable fountain.

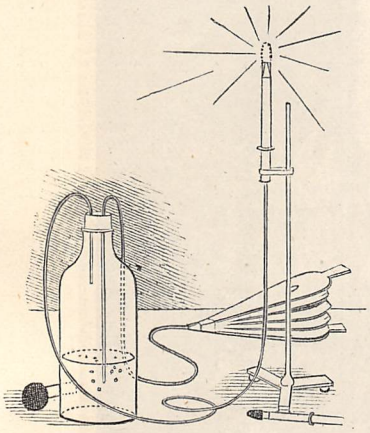
Poteline.

A new artificial product, capable of many useful applications, has been brought out in France, by M. Potel, who calls it "poteline." It is prepared by mixing gelatine, glycerine, and tannin, and is stated to be quite impervious to the air. When heated it

is liquefied and takes all the contours of an object immersed in it or serving to hold it. Corks which exclude the air can readily be made from it, and viands enclosed in a skin or bag of it are preserved from putrefaction by the exclusion of germs.

A New Incandescent Lamp.

The lime-light and the electric light are the two best known forms of light for spectacular effects, or for projecting views of objects upon a screen so that a large body of people may see them. Both these kinds of light, however, have their drawbacks for general use; they are expensive and difficult to manipulate. For primary schools or private experiments they are out of the question; hence it is that the new source of light, discovered by Dr. Regnard and illustrated in our figure, is likely to prove serviceable. It acts by the ignition of a mixture of air and petroleum vapour in contact with platinum. The lamp consists of a Bunsen burner, having its mouth closed by a netting of platinum wire; the lower part of the burner is connected by an india-rubber pipe to a bottle containing petroleum; and the bottle is also connected by a second pipe to the nozzle of a small hand-bellows. On blowing the bellows a stream of air mingled with petroleum vapour flows to the burner, and, being lit at the platinum cage, heats the latter white-hot. A brilliant flame suitable for projecting transparent pictures on a screen, or lighting up large halls, is the immediate result.



The Colour of Water.

Two theories are usually advanced to explain the blue colour of water when seen in large masses, such as the Lake of Geneva or the Mediterranean Sea. Professor Tyndall's theory is that small solid particles suspended in the water do not reflect the lower or red rays of the spectrum. The other theory supposes that the colour is due to the absorbent action of the water itself on the white light before and after reflection by these particles. However, some recent experiments by Mr. John Aitken, communicated to the Royal Society, show that the latter theory is the likeliest. The greater the number of white reflecting particles, the greener the water appears to be, and hence the gradual deepening of the green to blue as the shore is left. The waters of Lake Como owe their darkness to the absence of reflecting particles; those of the Lake of Geneva owe their brilliant blue tinge to the presence of such particles. Mr. Aitken produced a similar blue in Lake Como by scattering finely-divided chalk in the centre of that lake. The brilliancy of the colour depends on the shade of the particles, and is greatest with white particles. Springs often yield a bright blue water, but our English rivers are generally dull owing to the dingy colour of the silt.

A Weather-proof Ventilator.

At the recent naval exhibition held in Fishmongers' Hall, London, a useful ventilator for ships was exhibited by Mr. John Gibbs. The special advantage it possesses over the old-fashioned open ventilator is that, whatever the weather, the rain cannot enter it. Fig. 1 represents the mouth of the ventilator as now made; and the air passing into the bell-mouth impinges on a deflecting plate behind, and is thus directed down the shaft through an opening provided for the purpose. Any water finding an entrance is caught by a projecting rim and allowed to run out. Another form of this ventilator, constructed to avoid any trimming or setting, is shown in Fig. 2. These ventilators are self-acting and not likely to get out of order. They may be used in conjunction with Boyle's ventilator for extracting vitiated air from below. At a recent trial on the Mersey a ship's hose was allowed to play on them, but no water found its way into the shaft below.

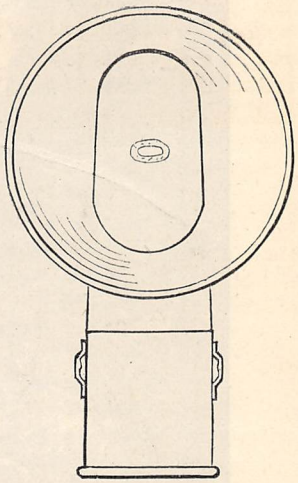


FIG. 1.

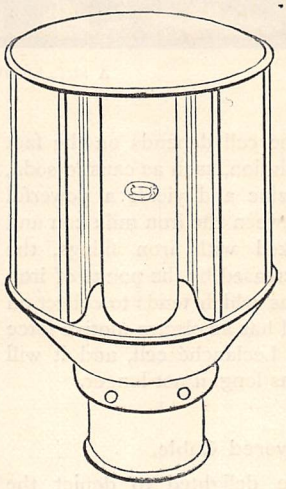


FIG. 2.

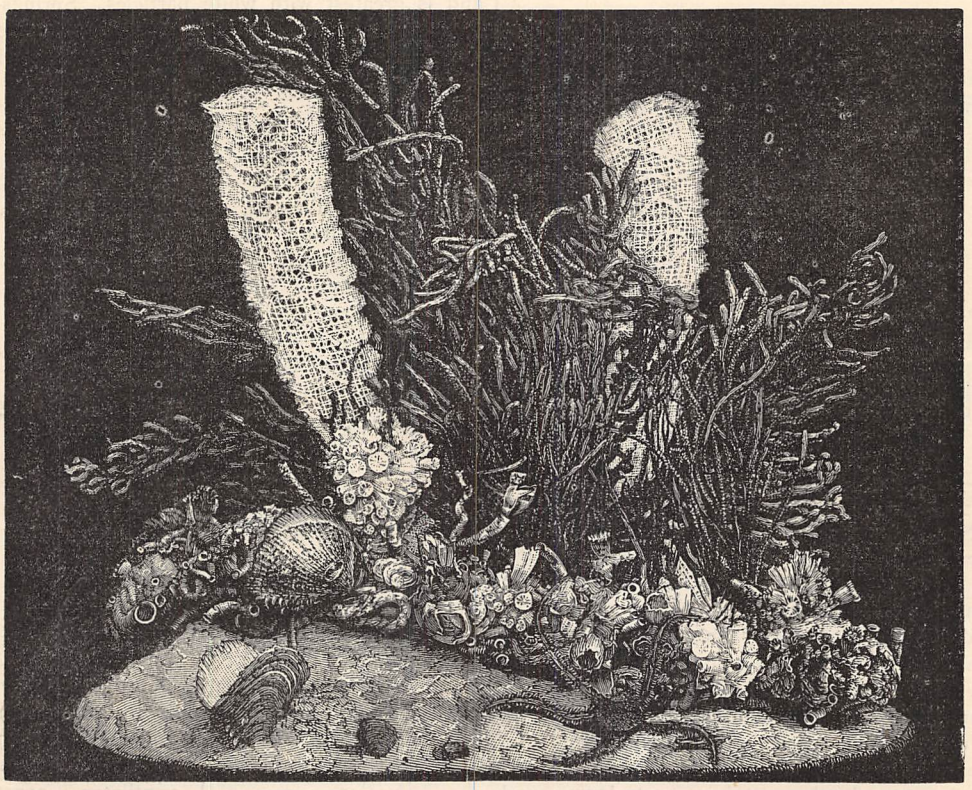
A Sixpenny Voltaic Cell.

A very cheap but efficacious voltaic cell, suitable for ringing electric bells in houses, can be prepared from an old iron milk or meat tin and some scrap or gutter zinc. Purchase a porous clay pot, such as are sold by electrical instrument makers for twopence; place it in the milk-tin, and fill up the tin with a solution of caustic soda. The zinc is to be rolled up

and stuck into a plug of cork or wood saturated in melted paraffin wax, then inserted into the pot, which is filled with water. Wires are soldered to the zinc and the milk-tin to serve as electrodes carrying off the current. The action of the cell depends on the fact that iron in an alkaline solution, such as caustic soda, is "electro-negative" to zinc and yields a powerful current. If the space between the iron milk-can and the porous pot be packed with iron filings, the efficiency of the cell is increased by the points of iron giving off the hydrogen gas which tends to collect on the iron plate. Such a cell has an electro-motive force nearly equal to that of a Leclanché cell, and it will ring an electric bell quite as long, if not longer.

A Shell-covered Cable.

Poets and artists have delighted to depict the strange and beautiful things believed to reside in the depths of the sea; and the accompanying illustration of a piece of submarine cable picked up from the floor of the East Indian ocean, in the neighbourhood of Singapore, is a striking testimony to the truth of their imaginations. The specimen in question was exhibited by the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company at the Crystal Palace, and it is to the kindness of Mr. Hesse, the secretary of that company, that we are indebted for our illustration.



A SHELL-COVERED CABLE.

A Panorama Photograph.

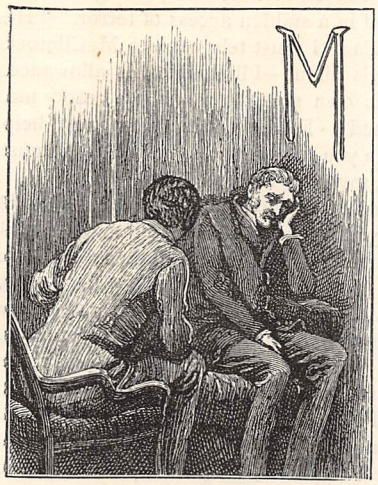
The process of instantaneous photography has reached such a degree of perfection that it is very probable we shall be able, at no distant date, to secure by its means not only magnificent impressions of landscape, but also records of great historical pageants, and of less imposing, though not less interesting, scenes of every-day life. Messrs. West and Son, of Gosport, have produced by this process a panorama of Portsmouth Harbour as viewed from the Semaphore in the Royal Dockyard, which, whether regarded as a work of art or from a strictly technical point of view, leaves nothing to be desired. The composition is excellent. In the centre lies the *Serapis* troopship, to right and left may be seen such vessels as the famous old *Victory*, the *Inflexible*, the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Glatton*, and other huge "craft," besides a multitude of tugs, yachts, and rowing-boats. In another part of this large photographic plate—which is four and a half feet long—is admirably represented the launch of H.M.S. *Canada*, testifying—by the way, as it were—to the immense utility and practical importance of the instantaneous process. The whole scene is full of life and "go"—the ripple on the water, the foamy backwash of steamers, the smoke from funnels, the flutter of bunting, are all reproduced with a really wonderful fidelity to nature. It has only to be added that this panorama does great credit to English photography.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

MUTUAL REVELATIONS.



MR. PHILIP ROSSITER had been in the saddle all the morning. He had paid a visit to both his coal-pits, and had had a talk with their respective managers. Then he had ridden over his home farm, looking with a master's eye into various little matters about which his bailiff had wished to consult him. Fatigued with this exercise, the millionnaire had fallen asleep, after a late luncheon, in the privacy of his library. Here he was found by his son Frank, who, on his arrival at home, had stolen quietly in at a side door, entering, as he had hoped, unperceived by any of the household. But from the profound slumber, which his entrance into the room had not disturbed, Frank had not the heart to awaken his father. Dropping into an opposite chair, he sat watching his face with a pitiful tenderness, which presently brought the tears into his eyes.

"Poor father!" he murmured, brushing away the not unmanly moisture that obscured his vision. "How will he—how will my poor mother bear this cruel blow?"

Then with a singular sensation, which had been upon him all day, of being bruised and half-stunned, as if from the effect of some physical shock, the young man glanced round the luxuriously-furnished room, and out through a window near which he sat, on to the wide domain whereof he had been taught to consider himself the heir. None of all these things—none of this wealth and comfort, this elegance and beauty—belonged now to himself or his family. And it never had belonged to them! All along they had been the innocent usurpers of another's rights. It was this thought which added wormwood and gall to the bitter cup of trouble; it was here that the sharpest sting of the calamity lay. No real shame, it was true, could attach itself to them on account of a wrong unwittingly committed; still, the terrible plunge from wealth to poverty—this strange, unrealisable reverse of fortune—would have its hardships augmented by the burdensome sense of that long-continued, unconscious injustice.

All through the sleepless hours of the past night, and during his journey homewards, poor Frank had been struggling hard to comprehend the situation. But it was only now that he began to do so with any force.

Watching his father's calm and peaceful slumbers, with eyes heavy with sorrow, and a weight like that of a stone on his breast, poor Frank told himself that he was utterly miserable in being the bearer of those evil tidings which would inflict such utter misery upon his family. Alas! he little knew into what a deeper depth of suffering he was about to be plunged. How light by contrast would presently appear the memory of this hour's pain!

Arousing himself at length, Mr. Rossiter opened his eyes and looked at his son. Then starting, and rubbing his eyelids, as if to make sure that his presence was not an optical illusion, he exclaimed, "*You*, Frank? Back again so soon? Why, wasn't it yesterday—— Ay, it *was* yesterday that you left."

"Yes; I only got to Merely last evening, father, and I returned by the first train this morning," replied the young man.

"Then something must have happened. Is there—is there anything wrong?" stammered Mr. Rossiter, with a swift glance of alarm, which would have been significant to any one acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and not so wholly assured of that gentleman's innocence as was his son.

"Cecilia has broken off our engagement, father," said Frank, rising, and taking another chair by the table near which his companion sat. "But she has only forestalled my own action. I should have been obliged to give her up by my own will, if she had not taken the initiative."

"Why? why? What's your reason? What has happened?" inquired Mr. Rossiter, with an irritability of tone and manner called forth by a vague anxiety and sudden presentiment of ill. "Why should you have to give her up?"

"Because—father, prepare yourself for a great shock—I should have had to give her up because our positions will soon be reversed: because she will be rich and I poor—because, father, all that we have is rightfully theirs: Dr. Rossiter's and his daughters'."

Mr. Rossiter laughed—a harsh, forced laugh—but at the same time he clutched spasmodically at the arm of his chair. "So *you* have actually been taken in, Frank, by that cock-and-bull story! How incredibly absurd!"

"Dear father, it is no fable—would it were!" rejoined his son. "That deed of gift was actually executed; and—oh, how can I tell you?—conclusive proof has turned up in support of the doctor's con-

victions, and there is no doubt that he will be able to establish his claims. Oh, father! you are ill?"

Well might the young man ask this question. Mr. Rossiter's complexion had turned to a strange ashen-grey colour; his lower jaw had fallen; his eyes, wide open and starting from his head, were filled with horror and alarm. There was no mistaking his expression. Of all emotions, none writes itself so legibly on the human countenance as that of fear. And fear, a *guilty* fear, betrayed itself in every line of the face that seemed all at once to have grown aged and haggard.

Frank stared at his father in astonishment and consternation. A sickening conviction was forcing itself upon him; but against this he fought wildly with mental tooth and claw—with savage, indignant determination not to admit it.

Making an evident effort to conquer his tell-tale alarm, Mr. Rossiter laughed again.

"Stuff and rubbish! What do you mean, Frank?" he asked. "What are these proofs that have turned up? After twenty-three years, how *can* any proof have turned up? Stuff and rubbish! The whole thing is an absurdity."

"Listen, father—there's no use beating about the bush," cried his son, conscious of a despairing eagerness to get at the truth—to resolve this awful doubt that had laid hold upon him. "I will tell you all I know." And, after explaining how it had been received, he went on to repeat, word for word almost as Beatrice had repeated it to him, the contents of that long-lost letter from old Mr. Philip Rossiter to his younger nephew.

"It's a lie—an imposition—a forgery!" burst forth his father when he had finished. "It's a confounded forgery! The fellow must have written the letter himself," he protested. But once more that ashen pallor of terror belied the force of his furious words.

Frank's consternation deepened. An abyss of darkness and horror seemed to yawn at his feet, into which he felt himself slowly sinking. He gazed thunderstruck at his companion, who appeared to be undergoing some terrible transformation—who was his father, yet not his father. His heart fluttered, his breath came quickly, his lips felt dry and parched. He had to moisten them before he spoke.

"No, the letter is no forgery, sir," he said. "I called at the Post-office in Wharneside as I passed, and saw the postmaster. I thought it might be a satisfaction to you that I should do so. It is quite true, he told me, that the letter had been found fastened in the panelling of the box. He explained to me exactly how it was caught, and the theory that he had formed to account for the accident. He declared too, father, that the letter was covered with dust and yellow with age, and that there could be no shadow of doubt as to the fact that it had lain there for years."

"But the letter itself will not be sufficient proof," exclaimed Mr. Rossiter. "He will have to find the deed. I shall fight it out! Possession is nine-tenths of the law, you know. I'll never give up what—what is my own. I'll fight it out! Is he—is he taking any steps?"

"Dr. Rossiter has gone to Canada, sir," Frank answered, in a voice so hard and stern that it did not sound like his own. "He has gone in search of a man called McClintock, who signed the deed of gift, and whom, it appears, he has always suspected of having had a hand in its suppression."

"To Canada!" echoed Mr. Rossiter, losing all command over himself in a sudden access of terror. "He has gone to Canada? I must telegraph to McClintock to mind what he's about—I'll double his allowance. But surely for his own sake he would not betray me. Oh, we are ruined! Frank, Frank, you must help me! I must take you into my confidence. I—I must tell you all. Oh, my poor boy! you——"

"Hush! Hush! For pity's sake wait a moment! I cannot bear it yet," entreated the young man. And with one last questioning, tragically appealing look into his father's face, he buried his own in his hands, and leaning his elbows on the table, uttered a low moan. The sound had broken from him unawares, but it served to ease the suffocating stricture which seemed to bind and press upon his heart. Poor Frank! To describe the utter dismay which had seized upon him would be impossible. Cold and sick, amazed, appalled, he turned this way and that in his thoughts, seeking some relief from the horror that weighed upon him. His father was guilty—guilty, at all events, of this: that he had known—how long had he known it?—who was the rightful owner of the Dunscarley estates. And he had kept back the truth! He had bribed an accomplice to aid the fraud! The usurpation had *not* been innocent—the wrong had *not* been unwitting, as he had so confidently believed. It had been done with open eyes—done by the father whom he had always believed to be the soul of honour. *Could* this be true? Impossible! He must be going mad! To credit it would be to lose his faith in all things in heaven and earth. If this good father had so deceived him, in whom could he ever again put his trust? Thus hoping against hope, fighting with despair, Frank dropped his hands, and once again scanned Mr. Rossiter's white face and trembling, shrinking form. That glance sufficed for certainty final and hopeless. Horrible! He was a thief!—his father was a thief! He had knowingly stolen and appropriated another man's property! He had confessed it by word and look—there was no longer room for doubt. A hot, burning blush mounted to the young man's brow. He hastily averted his eyes and re-covered his face. The cold, sick feeling was gone now. Despair had given place to shame—to a shame which seemed to scorch and burn him. Every particle of his frame tingled and quivered as though a lash of scorpions had been applied to it. Now, indeed, fate could hold nothing worse in store for his unhappy family. Disgrace—irretrievable disgrace was to be added to ruin!

"Frank—oh, my son! you will despise me, but do not hate me," pleaded poor Mr. Rossiter, in a broken

voice. "I must throw myself on your mercy—I must tell you all, now that I have told you so much. And, Frank, you must help me—you *will* help me to avert this danger?"

"Yes, tell me all now," whispered the young man hoarsely, without looking up; "tell me the whole truth."

"Oh, Frank! I have suffered—don't be hard upon me in your judgment. The temptation was so sudden and strong; besides, what I did was only done to defeat injustice. For it *was* injustice—miserable injustice!" protested the unfortunate man. "I had been brought up from boyhood to consider myself my uncle's heir. He had no right to leave the property away from me."

"When did you discover that he had done so?" demanded Frank, still without raising his head, "and where is that deed of gift?"

Mr. Rossiter winced. The pain and shame of the confession to which he was now committed, and which must degrade him for ever in the eyes of the son who had hitherto so honoured and loved him, was beginning to triumph over the terror that had impelled him to it. "It was destroyed, Frank," he rejoined, gulping down his hesitation, and hurriedly blurting out the truth. "When the accident happened, and Meadowcroft was killed, they sent to his office, and McClintock, the head clerk, went and took him home. The deed was in the lawyer's pocket, and McClintock, who knew all about its contents, abstracted it—of course, with the purpose of selling it to me. It was a terrible temptation, Frank. I was married, and was expecting soon to be a father. I had not a single penny in the world of my own. I had been taught no profession or trade. My uncle had adopted me, and I was his legal heir. My cousin Ernest, on the contrary, had never expected to inherit, and I believed him to have been in ignorance of my uncle's intentions in his favour. I reasoned, therefore, that he would suffer no disappointment. And he, you see, had a profession by which he could live. Indeed, indeed, my boy, in the first brunt of my shocked dismay in learning what Uncle Philip had done, it seemed only right—positively just and right—that his cruel and wicked design should be frustrated. So I made a bargain with McClintock for his secrecy, and two days after my uncle's death he brought the document and burned it in my presence. Then, after that, Frank, I had put it out of my power—don't you understand, my boy?—I had put it out of my power to acknowledge that the deed had ever been made. And I thought the secret was safe—for no one knew it but McClintock and the men now dead. Still, I have suffered. It has been a weight on my conscience all these long years."

Frank groaned as his father paused, but uttered no other comment upon his story.

Mr. Rossiter, regarding the bowed head in silence, cringed back in his chair like a beaten hound. His son would not look at him or speak to him. Had he, then, lost his affection entirely? Was this the beginning of a horrible retribution? Would he be forsaken by family and friends? degraded in the sight of the world? robbed of all his possessions? Complete ruin—misery without hope or alleviation stared him in the face. His affrighted soul rose against the appalling prospect, and all sense of shame fled.

"Frank, Frank! look up, man—don't be a fool!" he cried. "Help me to see how we stand. Help me to fight against this danger. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. I *won't* give up the property. We'll stick to it like grim death. I don't believe that letter will be sufficient by itself to injure us. Come, we'll go and consult Parsons at once—(Mr. Parsons was Mr. Rossiter's legal adviser)—we'll hear what he says. After all, we may tide over the difficulty. All this alarm may have been wasted," he pursued, excited by sudden hope. "Come, Frank, won't you help me? Oh! I wish I had not told you anything!"

"I am heartily thankful you have," rejoined the young man, looking up at last with a white, drawn face, over which years of suffering seemed to have passed. "And, father, I *will* help you *to do what is right.*"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

"NO FURTHER WRONG MUST BE DONE."

THAT painful interview between young Rossiter and his father lasted fully two hours longer. We will not, however, review it further in detail, but may sum up in a few words what more need be told.

Stricken to the heart with grief and shame—shame not merited on his own part, but which would cling to him, he thought, vicariously to the end of his days—which would rob him of every hope for the future, and embitter to him every recollection of the past—Frank was conscious of but one wish, one resolve, viz., that wrong should not be added to wrong.

Unable in the beginning to meet the eye of his father, he endeavoured to persuade him at once to relinquish his false position—to give up the possessions which had never been his — without suffering his cousin to enter upon a lawsuit. And when poor Mr. Rossiter vehemently refused to render this tardy justice, Frank's persuasions turned into threats. He vowed to repeat the confession which his father had made to him, and to use his own utmost efforts to prevent the commission of further crime. Driven almost wild by this declaration, the unhappy man upbraided his son as his enemy, and even went so far as to curse him in the bitterness of his despairing wrath. But Frank's resolution remained unshaken. Then weeping, storming, and pleading by turns, Mr. Rossiter sought to move him by harrowing representations of what his mother and sisters would suffer under their changed conditions, and also by drawing a contrast between his own state as heir to a millionnaire and a penniless beggar. The young man shuddered as he listened; but he still clung, battered and storm-tossed, to the rock of rectitude—the one solitary peak that rose for him out of the dark waste of those waters of misery wherein he had been engulfed. No further wrong must be done. This was the sole

burden of his cry—the one idea by which he found himself possessed.

There was, however, as was now to be proved, a limit to Frank Rossiter's sense of justice. Almost simultaneously father and son were struck with a new reflection—one which, when it occurred to them, swallowed up all other considerations. High as had been piled the horrors of their situation, there was yet another hideous load to be added to that overhanging mass which threatened to crush them all beneath its fall. Ruin and disgrace were not the only consequents to be borne when, as seemed now inevitable, the truth should be made public. By his crimes Mr. Rossiter had brought himself within the grasp of the law, and, if these could be proved against him, he would be punished with merciless severity.

"Oh, Frank! they will send me to the hulks!" cried the wretched man, as this thought came across him, a moment after it had come across his son. "Would you betray me to *that?*"

Frank stared at his father for one miserable moment in blank dismay, the pupils of his eyes dilating like those of a wild animal in the dark. Then a great wave of love and sorrow swept over him. His heart swelled almost to bursting with unspeakable pity—with a very agony of sympathy.

"WHEN SHE HAD READ THEM, EFFIE GREW UNNATURALLY STILL" (*p.* 519).

"Oh, my father—my poor father! You must fly!" he exclaimed. And rising, sick and giddy with the tumult of his emotion, he fell before him, and grasped Mr. Rossiter's knees. "Dear father, dear father, you must fly!" he repeated.

But to this suggestion Mr. Rossiter would not at first listen. Taking advantage of the loving compassion towards himself to which he saw that his son was at length moved, he tried to wrest from Frank a promise that he would make no use of the miserable confession which had been wrung from him—that he would at least remain quiescent whilst he made an effort to save his own honour, and to avert ruin and disaster from his family.

But even against this last culminating stroke young Rossiter's virtue stood firm. Everything must—everything *should*—be given up. No earthly consideration should bribe him to keep that sad secret, in case its revelation should prove necessary in order to establish Dr. Rossiter's rightful claims. But his father must save himself by flight. That he should be subjected to any legal punishment for his misdeeds was the one thought intolerable to poor Frank—the one thing that was more than flesh and blood could bear. He must fly, and hide himself in the uttermost parts of the earth. This concession, but no other, would the young man make to the clamouring demands of nature and affection, warring in his breast against justice and probity.

In vain, totally unmanned by this unexpected blow of fate, did the unhappy culprit sob and cry. He might as well have beaten himself against a rock. And at last he came to recognise this fact. With a groan of hopeless despair, he abandoned his struggle with the stronger will. He agreed to make his escape, to steal away from the home which he had so long unrighteously possessed, and in the very fact of doing so to aid justice by the tacit acknowledgment that it had never been his. He would be gone, he promised, in a week or a little over. He would require that time to consider his plans, and to resolve upon the place of his exile; and until his cousin's return from America, his safety, as he pointed out to his son, was insured.

Then Frank, in return for this promise, made a vow to breathe no syllable of what had occurred until after he had departed, and thereupon, moved by a mutual impulse, the two men fell upon each other's necks.

The dressing-bell rang whilst they were still embracing; and, drawing his hand through his arm, the young man, who yesterday had regarded himself to be heir to his wealth, but who now knew himself as heir only to his shame, tenderly supported his father's feeble and staggering steps to the door of his dressing-room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE SHADOW OF AN UNKNOWN EVIL.

To conceal completely the outward effects of extreme mental disquietude, especially from eyes made observant by affection, is an all but impossible task. In the case of Mr. Rossiter and his son it proved an utterly impossible one. The effects were too marked and too startling to be capable of concealment. At luncheon-time, his wife and daughters had parted from a pleasant-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who had been in unusually high spirits, and whose whole air and bearing had been impressed with that easy assurance which a consciousness of unlimited credit with his banker always gives to a man—who had held up his head as though, in the strength of that integrity with which he was universally credited, he could look the entire universe in the face. At dinner-time they met a stooping, tremulous old man, whose face looked haggard and pinched, whose form seemed to have shrivelled up, whose wild, restless eyes turned hither and thither, sedulously avoiding the gaze of all, whose lips quivered when he attempted to speak, whose hands shook as with the palsy over the vain pretence of feeding himself.

That this fearful and mysterious change was not the result of any physical illness was at once felt. After one or two shocked exclamations and questionings, the ladies of the family subsided into silence, overpowered by a sudden awe—the awe of the unknown. By what horrible witchcraft had the master of the house been thus transformed? What terrible and unheard-of thing had happened, or was about to happen? The air seemed to grow heavy with the sense of some impending ill, the nature whereof none of them could guess. And Frank, it was evident, was in the secret, whatever it might be. This it must have been that had brought him back from Merely so much sooner than he had been expected. This it was that had blanched his bright and handsome face to that death-like pallor. But what was it? what was it?

With an uneasiness impossible to describe, but all the more dreadful because of its vagueness, Mrs. Rossiter and her daughters turned from husband to son, from father to brother, seeking to gather some clue to this inscrutable mystery from their averted countenances. For once, Mrs. Rossiter's loquacity utterly failed her; there was a dead silence round the table where usually so much lively conversation was wont to flow.

The servants, catching the infection of alarm, stepped about on tip-toe, with half-scared faces, handing round dishes of which no one partook, and exchanging with each other furtive glances of inquiry and curiosity, not altogether devoid of a secretly exhilarating effect. After the manner of their kind, they were quick to scent mischief and trouble as it affected the family they served; and in the present instance the signs of something wrong were so patent that he who ran might read.

Hurrying through the empty ceremony of this worse than Barmecide repast, Mrs. Rossiter hastened to dismiss the servants. But when they were gone she found herself no nearer to any relief of mind. In reply to her eager demand to be instantly informed "what was the matter," Mr. Rossiter protested that "nothing" was the matter; and the importunate

repetition of the query, both by herself and the girls, only resulted in a stolid repetition of the same rejoinder.

In vain, too, did the agitated ladies apply to Frank. That something of the deepest moment had occurred he would not deny, but, bound by his promise to his father, he would give no hint that could lead them to conjecture the truth.

The week that followed this memorable evening was one that, to the women of this unfortunate family, seemed to be spent in a dream—or rather, in a long-drawn and oppressive nightmare. Invisible terrors encompassed them around, which might at any moment take shape and form. Suspense—the hardest of all things to bear—was their constant companion.

Knowing nothing, but fearing everything, they went and came in a kind of helpless bewilderment, watching the two who were acquainted with the dreadful secret, but who still refused to reveal it. And well calculated was the demeanour of those two to strengthen the alarm already awakened. Day by day poor Mr. Rossiter grew more haggard and bowed, more tremulous in his gait, more shrinking and deprecatory in his manner. In that one week his hair, which had hitherto been streaked only here and there with threads of grey, turned silver-white. Without exaggeration, each day appeared to age him a year. He looked wretchedly ill, yet he stoutly declined to see any doctor, or, indeed, to meet any visitor. Day by day, too, he became more silent, and less careful to hide the dull misery that weighed him down, until at length he would sit for hours speechless and motionless, leaning forward in his easy-chair, and never raising his eyes from the ground. And all through that never-to-be-forgotten week, Frank was his constant companion. With ineffable tenderness, the young man guided and guarded his unhappy parent, supporting his feeble steps as he walked about in retired portions of the grounds, and bearing him company when, shut up in the seclusion of his private room, the poor man would give way to long paroxysms of futile remorse, of agonised, regretful clinging to all that was about to pass away from him.

The trial to which young Rossiter was thus subjected, as witness to these intense sufferings, which he could neither avert nor allay, no words could paint. His heart ached with the compassionate sympathy which filled it to overflowing. A perfect passion of devotion seemed to possess him towards this father who had ruined his own life—whom he had necessarily ceased to respect—yet for whom his generous pitifulness knew no bounds. In his anxiety to protect him as far as possible from observation and questionings, he scarcely for a moment quitted his side.

But whilst thus supporting him by bodily presence, poor Frank was far away from that inner world where, during the interval which was to precede his promised flight, his father was fighting a secret battle with his own soul—a battle the lonely anguish of which was for ever to remain hidden from mortal ken, although the issue thereof might by-and-by be revealed.

The week he had bargained for had drawn to a close, when one morning Mr. Rossiter announced to his son that he had at length made up his mind as to where he would go to hide himself, adding, with a peculiar smile, that he thought the place he had chosen was one where his cousin's vengeance, if he attempted any, would not be able to follow him. The country he had fixed upon, he said, was one with which the English Government had no treaty of extradition.

He refused, however, either to name the country, to say how he hoped to support himself there, or to settle the exact time of his departure. But after this decision a change was observable in his look and manner. The alternations of fierce, wild restlessness, and dull, blank despair ceased to manifest themselves.

In the strength of a great resolve, something of his old dignity of carriage and gentleness of manner returned. In view of this change, Mrs. Rossiter's lively spirits, which had quite deserted her, began to revive, as likewise did those of her daughters. So passed three or four more days. Mr. Rossiter still delayed to set out upon his journey, and his son was compelled by his promise still to leave his mother and sisters in ignorance of the terrible truth which they must inevitably learn before long, and for which he desired gently to prepare them. One afternoon, however, when, for the first time since his return from Merely, Frank had been absent for several hours (having gone into Wharneside to visit his friend Martin, who was suffering from a passing attack of illness), he found, on getting back home, that his father had disappeared. It was some time before he could believe this fact. He searched all through the house and all over the grounds; but Mr. Rossiter was nowhere to be found. He examined his escritoire and every drawer or private receptacle for papers, convinced that if he had really set forth for some foreign country he would at least have left a farewell letter for his wife and family, imploring pardon for the misery he had brought upon them, and arranging some mode by which communications might be exchanged. But no: there was not a line to this purport in his handwriting The quondam millionnaire had vanished without a word of farewell, written or spoken; he had taken nothing with him, so far as could be discovered, but the clothes he wore; and he had left behind him no message—no hint or sign whereby the direction of his flight might be guessed. No one had seen him quit the house, which he must have done on foot and unattended; and no one at the Wharneside station, where he was well known, remembered to have seen him leave by train. After waiting a couple of days, in the event of a possible return, and doing his best, meanwhile, to account for his father's disappearance in a natural way, and so to prevent any strict search being instituted for him, young Rossiter proceeded to break to his mother and sisters, as gradually and tenderly as he could, the dire intelligence which was to end their suspense, but which, notwithstanding all the preparation they had undergone, could not fail to burst upon them like a thunder-clap.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

A CRUEL LETTER.

GREAT trials, it has been said, are easier to bear than small worries ; and, in truth, there does often appear to be something sustaining in the first shock that accompanies a great calamity. It is only when sorrow has grown stale, and those dreary monotonous days have set in when one has to carry it heavily along the way of life, that its most crushing effects are felt. The very magnitude of a serious affliction makes its endurance, in the beginning, more possible. Moreover, there is nearly always (at any rate, in cases where the affliction does not arise from death) a kind of unconscious conviction that it will not last—that the thing is too bad to be true—that, somehow or other, it may turn out to be a mistake.

Thus, in the instance of our friends the Rossiters, a blank wall of present dismay and doubt seemed to have risen up, which mercifully excluded all that lay beyond. Whilst yet in the midst of their old life, with nothing changed about them, they found it impossible to realise the complicated vicissitudes that awaited them in the new.

In this way another fortnight slowly dragged along.

Mrs. Rossiter, meantime, had offered some explanation as to her husband's sudden disappearance, which, although it by no means satisfied the servants, prevented the fact of his absence creating any excitement or disturbance beyond the household. There was one person, however, whom Frank felt it his duty at once to acquaint with the approaching reverse of the family's fortunes, though not with his father's crime. Of this he felt that he should now be justified in withholding all knowledge.

The person to whom early information regarding the loss of fortune was due, was of course the Hon. Clarence Romanes. His marriage with Effie, which ought to have taken place in the present month, had—much to the distress of the latter--been necessarily postponed by reason of his father's death. As for Clarence, he had been very little affected either by his bereavement or the putting off of his wedding. Waiting only to realise the property which had come to him at his father's death, he had started for a tour on the Continent—or, rather, for a round of visits to the principal gambling resorts of Europe. When young Rossiter's letter reached him, however, after considerable delay, at Monaco, Clarence had just sustained some very heavy losses at play, and his thoughts had begun to recur with increased satisfaction to his engagement to the millionnaire's daughter, and the very handsome dower her father had promised to bestow with her hand. Almost incredulous of poor Frank's astounding communication, he had returned forthwith to Finchinbray Court. There, keeping Effie in ignorance of his vicinity, he had sought an interview with her brother, which had sufficed to convince him of the truth that his *fiancée* was a penniless girl, and then he had gone abroad again, and had written to Effie. The letter was brought to her in the afternoon, when she happened to be alone with her mother, and with kindling eyes she tore it open. The note contained only a very few lines. When she had read them, Effie grew unnaturally still. Even her breath seemed to be suspended as she sat, with motionless frame and dilated eyes, gazing at that cruel missive. Looking up by-and-by from the book wherein she was trying to seek refuge from her own thoughts, Mrs. Rossiter saw her daughter lying back in her chair, without a particle of colour in her face, which looked rigid and set as though in death. Springing up with an ejaculation of affright, she rushed towards her. But poor Effie was not dead ; she had not even swooned. Handing the note to her mother, she bade her read it, and then, escaping from her embrace, she passed over to the fire, and crouched before it, shivering as though with cold. But the warmth of the fire brought back no colour to her cheek, nor induced any softening of the marble rigidity of her fair and shapely features. For the time being she seemed to be absolutely turned into stone. Not a tear did she shed ; not a word of complaint or grief or reproach did she utter. Forgetting everything now in motherly sympathy, Mrs. Rossiter wept over her child, whilst Christine and Frank, who presently entered, united their efforts to rouse her from that unnatural calm. Euphemia accepted the embraces, and listened to the loving words that were showered upon her, and to the arguments that were meant to awaken a wholesome indignation and pride, as though she neither felt nor heard them. And all through the day that dreadful stoicism endured. A curious abstracted look in her eyes, and her face still set in those rigid lines, she went about employing herself mechanically as she had been wont to do, and neither seeking nor avoiding the sympathetic companionship of her family. The next morning, however, Christine was able to report a change in this alarming state of affairs. With a strange new tenderness, which only now, in this sad crisis of the family life, began to develop itself in her, Christine had watched by her stricken sister all night, throughout the long hours of which Effie had neither moved nor slept. Convinced that unless this apathetic condition could be broken up Effie's reason would be lost, she had set herself, so soon as daylight appeared, to startle her out of that death-in-life by every expedient she could devise. She had brought the articles of her trousseau, already prepared, and had spread them on the bed before her ; she had shown her, one by one, all the likenesses of her lover, which it had been the devoted girl's delight to gather and cherish ; and at length she had taken her hand, and had drawn from it the engagement ring—a hoop of fine diamonds—which, since Clarence had placed it there, had never left her finger night nor day. It was this last action which had eventually proved successful to the end intended.

With a sudden heart-broken cry, Effie had thrown up her arms ; the frozen waters of her tears had dissolved, and turning her face to the pillow, she had wept and sobbed with hysterical violence, until exhausted nature could bear no more, and the blessed unconsciousness of sleep had overtaken her.

In the afternoon of this same day Frank was seated

before an easel, in a small room, which from boyhood had been devoted to his especial use. For the future he had, as yet, laid no plans. He had not even taken steps to learn what—if anything—the family had to depend upon beyond a small annuity secured to Mrs. Rossiter before her marriage by a sheep-farming uncle, who had died in Australia. This annuity amounted to £140 per annum, which sum Mrs. Rossiter had been accustomed to distribute in charity.

Whether there was anything else legally their own, young Rossiter was not sure. He knew, however, that it would now be necessary for him to try and add to the future income, whatever it might be. Accordingly he had sent to the studio for two or three unfinished paintings, which, in the hope that they might prove saleable, he was working hard to complete, whilst restlessly awaiting Dr. Rossiter's return from America, and the subsequent decision of their fate.

Naturally of a sanguine and elastic temperament, the young fellow had begun to entertain a glimmer of hope that things might turn out better than he had anticipated. His father, at all events, must now be safe from pursuit; and in the event even of the physician's having obtained proof of his complicity with McClintock, he trusted that he would not be anxious to publish that shame abroad. Surely, when he found no opposition offered to his claims—when he found them all ready quietly to resign everything—he would be content to take it all, and let them go in peace. Surely he would not wish to add, if it could be helped, unmerited disgrace to the heavy burden which must be borne by innocent shoulders.

Thus thinking, and working with a feverish industry which afforded some relief to his burning anxiety, Frank was interrupted on the afternoon referred to by the entrance of a young footman, who had not been very long in the service of the family.

"A gentleman to see you, sir, if you please," he observed, advancing slowly, and tendering, with a curiously reluctant air, the salver on which lay a card. "And, if you please, sir, Superintendent Wilson is with him, and—— he's my uncle, sir, by marriage, is Superintendent Wilson," he subjoined, hesitating nervously.

"Oh!" said Frank, taking up the card with a prevision which turned him sick and cold, and reading, as he had expected, the name of Dr. Rossiter.

"They asked for master first, sir," pursued the footman; "and when I said he was away somewheres in Scotland, shooting or fishing, the gentleman he looked as black as thunder, and he turned to my uncle, sir, and said, savage-like——"

"Yes?"

"You'll excuse me repeating it, sir, but—— Well, he said, 'Confound the villain!' And, Mr. Frank," he went on, lowering his voice, "there's two *policemen* with them! And the superintendent, he winked at me to slip them quick into the waiting-room by the hall-door, and he told me not to say a word about 'em being there. And oh, Mr. Frank, is there anything I can do? I hope, sir, to goodness there's nothing wrong; for—— Oh, good gracious! you're as white as a sheet!"

"I will go to them," faltered Frank, rising, and struggling to regain his composure. "Yes, Harvey, my good fellow, there *is* something you can do, or rather *forbear* to do, if you will: and that is to gossip over this occurrence with your fellow-servants. And now, where did you show the gentlemen?"

"Into the library, sir. I thought it was more out-of-the-way-like, and as, perhaps, you mightn't care for my mistress to—— It was those *policemen* scared me, sir, and my uncle's queer manner."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE BAFFLED SEARCH.

UPON entering the library, with a calm exterior greatly belied by the inward tumult of his mind, poor Frank perceived that Dr. Rossiter was indeed, as the servant had described him, "looking black as thunder." His square forehead was puckered into a heavy frown of annoyance, and his dark eyes flashed with suppressed passion. He had not yet seated himself, but was standing on the hearthrug, with his back to the fire. Wilson, the superintendent of the Wharneside constabulary, whom Frank knew by sight, had risen on his entrance from a chair nearer the door. Passing him with a bow, the young man stepped forward, and offered his hand to his relative. For a moment Dr. Rossiter seemed inclined to refuse it; but on observing the striking change which the last few weeks had wrought in Frank's sunny, pleasant face, his aspect suddenly softened, and responding to the salute, he exclaimed, "My dear fellow, how ill you look! I am very sorry! Upon my word, I wish I could spare you——" He broke off, and after a second's hesitation pursued: "I am afraid you have been troubled about Cecilia? She wrote and told me that she had broken off her engagement with you, but that she had not explained her reasons. When you know what those reasons are, you will see that she could not have acted otherwise."

"I quite admit that," rejoined the young man, the blood rising now to his pale face; "but, pardon me, Miss Rossiter did give me a quite sufficient reason for demanding her release."

"Ah?" ejaculated the physician. "Well, my errand here to-day, though it will make plain the necessity for this step, is one which, I regret to say, Francis, will bring you additional distress—distress which, in fact, will throw the other completely in the shade."

Frank silently inclined his head. There was a fluttering in his throat which made it difficult for him to speak.

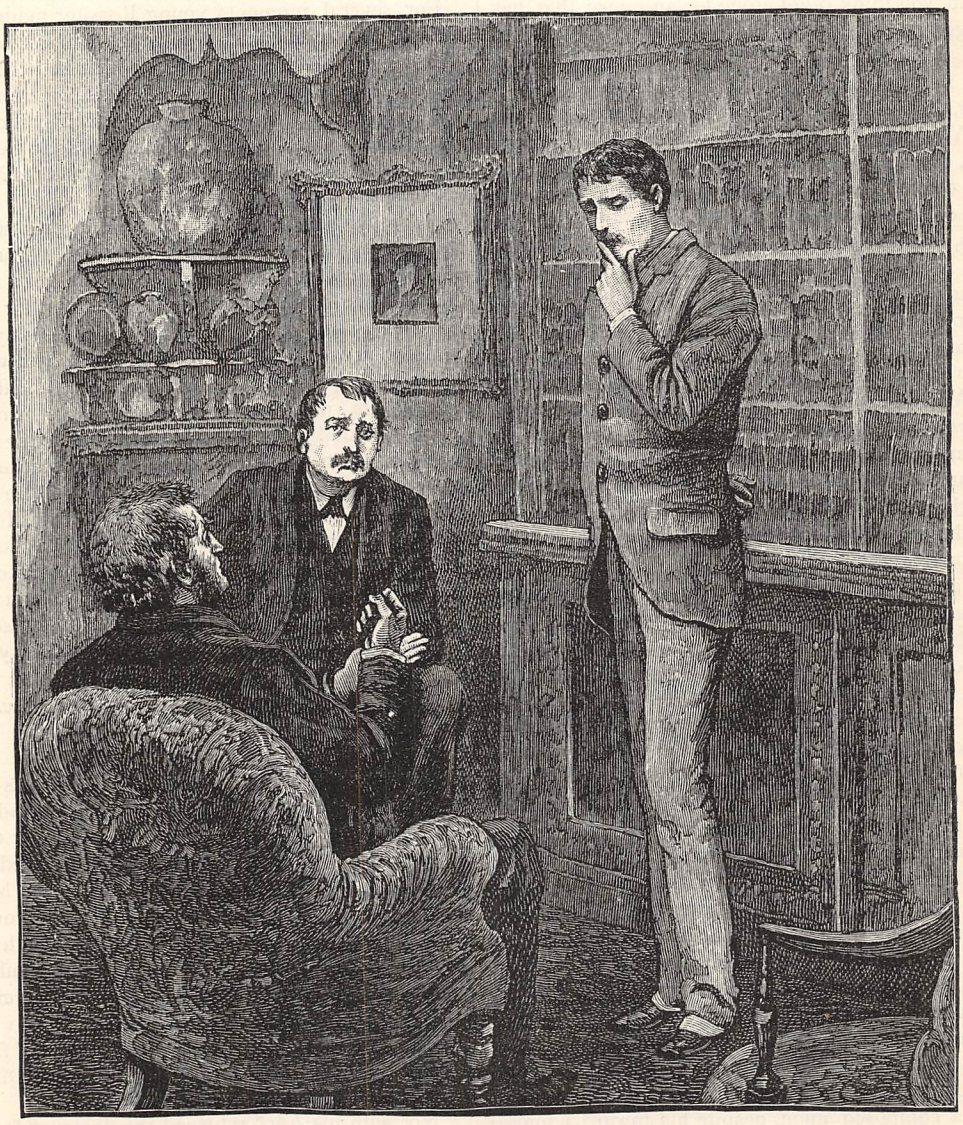
"The very fact of my coming here at all," he went on, dropping as he spoke into Mr. Philip Rossiter's favourite chair—the one in which Frank had found him asleep on his return from Merely, "must have prepared you for something extraordinary. For your sake, I wish it were less extraordinary. My business is with your father—at least, it was. But your servant tells me that he is shooting in Scotland. Will you be good enough to give us his address?"

"May I ask," faltered poor Frank, throwing out

the words spasmodically, "why you wish to see him?"

"Oh, out of pure cousinly affection!" sneered the doctor—an ominous dilation of his broad nostrils in-

"Why indiscreet? You don't suppose his address will be refused us?" broke forth the doctor in angry impatience. "Absurd! What good would that do? We can easily find it out. Look here, Francis: I don't



"'DO YOU MEAN THAT I AM QUIETLY TO POCKET THE WRONGS OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS?'" (*p.* 523).

dicating that the tempest of passion within him was beginning to rise again. "My loving interest cannot wait. Having been disappointed not to find him at home, I must follow him to Scotland. Well, there, Francis, you may as well know the truth: I have a warrant for his arrest."

"Hush! my dear sir, how very indiscreet!" expostulated Wilson, a flabby-faced man, with small deep-set eyes, drawing his chair nearer to his companion's.

forget that I owe you my life, and your future shall be my special care. You shall not find me ungrateful to you personally. But your father, sir—— to punish Philip Rossiter as he deserves, I would almost sacrifice my own life! It is of no use you or any one else asking me to spare him. I will exact the legal penalty of his villanies to the last farthing."

Again changing colour from red to white, as shame, indignation, or alarm became the dominant emotion of

the moment, young Rossiter demanded in a stifled voice to what villanies on his father's part the physician referred. "Whatever grievance you have against him, or any of us, sir, shall be atoned for to the utmost of our power," he added, with dignified humility.

"*Atoned* for, forsooth!" repeated the doctor. "And what do you think *could* atone for an injury that has been going on for twenty-three years—the best part of a man's life? A 'grievance,' you call it—ay, indeed, rather a serious grievance. I think from your manner, Francis, that you have a good notion what it is. You and I have never spoken together on the subject, but I know that you have been told about the settled conviction I have always entertained respecting the ownership of this property."

"Yes, Dr. Rossiter, I have—though until lately, I vow to you, sir, that I considered you to be under the influence of monomania. But I know now—we all know now—that the estate is really yours. And we are ready to give it up instantly—to give up everything. There will therefore, you see, be no occasion to go to law. We admit your claims, and shall resign without giving you any trouble."

"Dear me!" interjected Mr. Wilson. "You were not unprepared, then, for some movement of this kind? I thought, sir," he went on, turning to Dr. Rossiter, "that the whole matter of this discovery had been kept secret."?

"So it has—at least, I thought so," returned that gentleman. "Is it possible that Cecilia disobeyed me after all? Did she mention to you anything about the proof that has turned up at last, at this eleventh hour, in witness of the truth?"

"No, sir, she did not; but, happily, I learned of it from another source," replied the young man. "You refer, of course, to that letter from old Uncle Philip which had been so unfortunately lost in the post-office? Yes, we are all acquainted with the gist of its contents, Dr. Rossiter; and although there may be some doubt as to whether you could legally establish your rights through that evidence alone, without finding the deed of gift, yet we are resolved not to dispute the evidence."

"Are you, in making that statement, speaking for your father, Mr. Rossiter?" inquired the superintendent, taking mental notes of the young man's significant admissions and conciliatory manner.

"Yes. My father has already practically resigned the property," rejoined poor Frank, still contriving to present a composed mien, despite his inward agony, "how, then, can you talk of *punishing* him, Dr. Rossiter? And what do you mean," he stammered—putting the question which he had not had the courage to ask before—"by saying that you have a *warrant for his arrest?* On what charge can you possibly have obtained one?"

"On what charge? On the charge of felony of the worst description—of attempted destruction of legal documents—of systematic bribery and corruption—of theft—larceny—roguery unprecedented!" shouted the doctor, raising his voice as the ill-suppressed rage and hatred that consumed him burst forth.

"Bless us! how very incautious!" again interposed Wilson, with an aggrieved air. "My good sir, you have not obtained Mr. Rossiter's address. Mr. Frank Rossiter will perhaps not be disposed to furnish us with it now—though, to be sure, it will only cause a disturbance, sir, if you refuse, for we shall not leave the house without getting it from some one."

For several moments young Rossiter made no response. A secret emotion of thankfulness swelled his breast on account of the safety which he believed his father must by this time have insured. But his satisfaction on this score was counterbalanced by the dismay awakened by the physician's last words. What did they mean? What more had been discovered? Frank felt that he *must* know.

"Dr. Rossiter," he began, battling down that choking feeling in his throat, "I will give you myself all the information concerning my father's absence that any one in the house can afford; but, for mercy's sake, sir, tell me first what you mean by—— by speaking of him as a felon? If the deed of gift was lost, you have no proof that he knew anything about it."

"Francis, my poor fellow, upon my word I'm sorry for you!" cried the doctor, his better feelings regaining the ascendency; "but it is kindest to let you know the true state of the case at once. The deed of gift—the *original* deed of gift—was *not* lost. I have it now in my possession—or rather, it is in the hands of my lawyer. Providence has thought fit to take up the cause of justice at last. It seems almost like a miracle how the chain of events has been arranged so as to lead all at once, without the slightest difficulty on my part, to a complete unravelment of the whole abominable fraud. I have just returned from Quebec. Shall I tell you what took me there?"

Frank nodded.

"I went to find the man whom I had always known to be Philip Rossiter's accomplice in crime, and whom I can now show to have been receiving for twenty-three years an annual income of £500, as a condition of his keeping the diabolical secret which existed between the two—*i.e.*, their having agreed and conspired together to destroy the legal document which would have made your father a beggar, sir, and would have given me the vast possessions which I and my children ought all these years to have enjoyed."

"But you said that it was not destroyed," faltered Frank. "And how——I don't understand. Did he—the man you speak of—confess all this?"

"Not with his *lips*," returned the doctor, "for those he will never open again; but in a more satisfactory way. The fellow (McClintock his name was) is dead. He had died only a few hours before I reached his house, and only a few hours after his son, and only child. It was malignant fever, the wife told me. Poor woman! she is entirely guiltless, I believe, of any share in her husband's turpitude. She struck me as a good and simple soul, but with precious little brain. It was only through something he had given her on his death-bed, she informed me, that she had learned, for the first time, whence her husband had derived the income on which he had lived without working. And on being made acquainted with my name and mission, she

handed that something over to me, without even bargaining for a reward. But she shall lose nothing through that. Well, Francis, what she gave me was a small tin box containing two articles—one a yellow parchment, the other a letter, which Mrs. McClintock had already read, and which was addressed to her dead son, and written by her dead husband. I have a copy of that letter in my pocket. It is only a short one. Shall I read it to you?"

Frank replied by a gesture of assent, not trusting himself to speak.

"Here it is," continued the physician, after searching a few moments in his pocket-book. "It begins:

"'My Dear Rupert,—In the parchment accompanying this letter, which you will not receive until after my death, I leave you a valuable legacy. It is, as you will see, a deed of gift executed by the late Mr. Philip Rossiter, of Dunscarley Hall, in favour of his nephew, Ernest Rossiter of Merely. This deed was taken by me from the dead body of Mr. Meadowcroft, the attorney who had drawn it up, and who met his death, together with Mr. Rossiter, by an accident which you will well remember. I then made an exact copy of it—which copy I showed to Mr. Philip Rossiter's elder nephew and legal heir, Philip. He, believing it to be the original document, offered me the sum of £500 per annum for life, on condition of my destroying it. Consenting to his terms, I burned the copy; but knowing, as he also did, that no one but myself (now that Mr. Meadowcroft and Mr. Rossiter were dead) was aware that the deed had ever been made, I kept the original document, in case he might at any time be tempted to draw out of his bargain. But this, to do him justice, he never did. His conduct has supported the axiom, 'Honour among thieves.' Now, Rupert, you are in possession of the secret you have so long tried in vain to draw from me. From my knowledge of your character, I think I may safely leave you to find out for yourself how to use my legacy. And so farewell. Your affectionate Father,

'Rupert McClintock.'

"That letter, I presume, needs no comment," observed the physician, as he folded and replaced it in his pocket-book. "You will now understand that I had no difficulty in getting the warrant which Mr. Wilson holds for my worthy cousin's arrest."

"How are we to bear it!" ejaculated the noble young fellow, writhing with shame for his ignoble sire. "Oh, Dr. Rossiter! surely you will not publish our disgrace before the world? My mother and sisters and I are innocent, at any rate, of wronging you knowingly, whatever my poor father may have been. I do not wonder at your feeling bitterly against him, and, perhaps, even against us all. But oh, sir! consider how great must be our sufferings in other ways, and spare us, if you can, the reproach of my father's dishonour."

"My good fellow, do you mean to ask me to let that scoundrel—I *must* call him so, though he is your father—go scot free? Do you mean that I am quietly to pocket the wrongs of twenty-three years? That I am meekly and mildly to accept what is my own, now that there is no possibility of its any longer being kept from me? No, sir; I am not blessed with quite so saintly a spirit as that. On the contrary, I would rather forfeit the whole estate than allow Mr. Philip to escape his punishment—which I hope will be penal servitude for life. It *ought* to be nothing less. At the same time, Francis, I shall, as I said before, charge myself with your future, and also, for your sake, I will provide for your mother and sisters," said the doctor, feeling that in binding himself by this promise he was acting with great virtue and magnanimity.

"Ah, Dr. Rossiter! if you had only seen him before he went away—an old, broken-down man, with grey hair—changed almost out of recognition in the space of a fortnight—you could not have helped pitying him," said poor Frank, keeping back by a strenuous effort the grief that threatened to overmaster him at the recollection. "You would have seen that he had already been punished, and your desire for revenge would have given place to mercy. But——"

"Humph!" interjected Mr. Wilson, whose heart was as hard as his head, and who was wont to boast of his incapacity to be moved by any sentimental emotion. "There is more in this than lies on the surface. It strikes me, Dr. Rossiter, that we shall not find our prisoner in *Scotland*."

"How? What do you mean?" questioned the doctor, startled by the significant emphasis.

"Mr. Philip Rossiter has been warned of his danger. That, of course, must be evident enough to you, sir, from this young gentleman's remarks," replied the legal functionary coolly. "And, unless I am much mistaken, the bird has flown."

There was a brief pause, during which the physician's countenance flamed suddenly, and then grew dark as night. "Do I understand," he asked, "that an attempt has been made by that rascally thief to escape justice? Frank Rossiter, where is your father?" he demanded, using the young man's proper name for the first time.

A flash of indignation lighted up Frank's eyes. He got up from his seat, and walking towards the mantelpiece, stood resting one hand upon it, as he replied—

"It is quite true—as I was on the point of telling you a few moments ago, when Mr. Wilson interrupted me—that my father did receive a warning of the danger that threatened him. And, nearly three weeks ago now, he left home—left this house, I mean—without giving any one of us the remotest hint as to where he was going. I can give you no information about him whatever, nor can any one else. Listen, Dr. Rossiter," pursued the young man in an altered voice. "My father is out of your reach; leave him to suffer in his voluntary expatriation. How he is to live I cannot tell; but surely, surely his punishment will be heavy enough! And in mercy to my poor mother and innocent sisters, suffer his memory to rest. Let us slip quietly away to our poverty, doctor," he added, with the pathetic ghost of a smile, "and leave you to the enjoyment of your wealth, which will be all the sweeter for the reflection that you have not been too hard upon the unfortunate."

Not one syllable did Dr. Rossiter hear of the latter part of this speech. As a shaded lamp will gather the light into an intense glow beneath it, leaving all around in semi-obscurity, so the faculties of his mind were gradually concentrating themselves upon one predominant idea.

"He has escaped! Do you think it *possible* that he can have escaped? that he can have gone anywhere

where we may fail to find him?" he appealed, looking blankly at the official, and speaking in a low hoarse voice.

"Humph! Yes, I should rather say it is, very possible indeed! With three weeks' start *I* would guarantee to hide myself pretty securely," opined Mr. Wilson.

"He has escaped!" repeated Dr. Rossiter, too absorbed in his own reflections to have noted what was passing. "But he shall *not* escape!" he went on, rising in an impulse of insupportable passion. "I will spend every penny I possess in searching for him. But I don't believe he has gone at all. This is a trumped-up story. I'll have the house searched. I shouldn't wonder if he is hiding somewhere in the house, and that this tale is meant to put us off the scent."

"Not a bad suggestion, that, sir," responded Wilson. "Anyhow, there could be no harm in running through the house. I'll call Thomas and Giles," he continued, referring to the two policemen, who were waiting, with handcuffs in their pockets, to carry poor Mr. Rossiter off to prison. "And we shall have to trouble *you*, sir, to keep in our company," he subjoined to Frank.

To have offered any opposition to this proposal would, Frank felt, have been worse than useless. Accordingly, submitting in silence to the indignity, which involved a doubt of his own word, he followed the four men as they now proceeded to examine the house from basement to attic. Not a place was sacred from their investigation. They insisted even upon entering Effie's room, which she, poor girl, had refused to leave to-day, and the door of which Mrs. Rossiter and Christine had opened in alarm at the sound of those loud trampling feet in the corridor.

The search, however, issued in failure, as did likewise a careful inquisition to which each of the servants was put separately, respecting the time and manner of their master's departure.

By the time all these inquiries were ended, Dr. Rossiter's disappointed wrath had risen to a white heat of passion, the very strength of which imparted to his manner a false appearance of calmness.

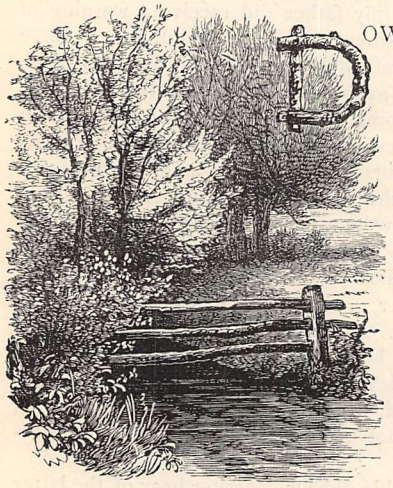
"A word with you, please, before I go," he said to young Rossiter, motioning him into a room, and closing the door behind him. "I wish to tell you that I now retract my promises of assistance to your family. You may starve for me, as you have a right to do! And, look here, you will be good enough to leave my house within a week. I give you until a week to-day to clear out."

"We shall be gone by that time, Dr. Rossiter," returned the young man with quiet dignity, and a face pale as death. "And as for your offers of assistance, though I thank you for having made them, be assured, sir, that under no circumstances would any of us have consented to accept from you a penny."

"Dear me! You are very independent in your pauperism," rejoined the doctor, with an ugly laugh. "However, that is your own look-out. Remember, then, that I and my family will arrive here a week to-day, and that we shall expect to find the premises clear. Good-bye to you."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

CRAWLEY DOWN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



DOWN in the north-western corner of the eastern division of the county of Sussex lies the small scattered hamlet of Crawley Down. It was the centre of my peregrinations in that neighbourhood some years ago, and although I have since visited many localities more historically interesting, my mind even now often reverts with very great pleasure to the delightful rambles and quiet meditations enjoyed in that peculiarly healthful and secluded retreat. The place, no doubt, derived its name from the character of its position, and its comparative proximity to the larger village of Crawley, situated some four or five miles distant. It lies on the very border-land of the counties of Sussex and Surrey, and any one who cares to examine a map of this district will not fail to notice how numerous are the tracts of uncultivated land scattered about the neighbourhood, and designated as either "heath" or "common." Indeed, they form a very distinctive and characteristic feature. They are probably the remnants of a vast expanse of waste land considered valueless for agricultural purposes at a time when the population of the country was not more than a fifth of what it is now, and may, indeed, have formed part of the territory covered by the ancient forest of Andreade, which is known in early times to have extended over a large portion of the south-eastern provinces. The still existing forests of Ashdown and St. Leonard's, the one situated to the east, the other to the west of this neighbourhood, are probably remains of the same forest. Gradually the trees disappeared—a process greatly facilitated by the enormous consumption of wood for smelting purposes in former days—and the land was abandoned to the luxuriant growth of the purple heather, intermingled here and there with golden patches of yellow gorse. At widely distant intervals, and especially in the neighbourhood of the great highways which intersected

CRAWLEY DOWN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1. VIEW FROM TURNER'S HILL: CRAWLEY DOWN IN MIDDLE DISTANCE. 2. PORCH AT EAST GRINSTEAD. 3. "BIG UPON LITTLE." 4. WORTH CHURCH (BEFORE RESTORATION). 5. ROADSIDE FARMHOUSE NEAR GRANGE ROAD STATION.

the district, a few acres would be from time to time reclaimed from the general waste, and homesteads built, where the industrious owners, assisted by a few neighbouring peasants, would wring an honest and well-earned subsistence from the meagre soil. Here clustered the surroundings which marked a life of rural industry and quiet content.

Occasionally, however, there were other habitations, occupied by men of more questionable integrity; and very frequently these formed the secret rendezvous of smugglers or their patrons, who concealed their wares in this wild and little-frequented region, which they made the base of operations for carrying on their illicit traffic.

> "But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
> Usurp the land and dispossess the swain."

And their influence has undoubtedly been at work—though not, perhaps, in the direction implied by the poet's lines—even in this remote neighbourhood. Indeed, the introduction of railways has rendered this qualifying epithet no longer applicable, for an easy ride of less than an hour's duration suffices to cover the thirty miles that separate it from the world's metropolis. The immediate result has been a large influx of well-to-do inhabitants, and the practical transformation of the district from a barren and uncultivated waste into an outlying and flourishing suburb of the great city. The value of land has proportionately increased, and the open tracts have gradually diminished in consequence, and in some parts have almost disappeared. But enough still remains to indicate the original character of the locality, and to lend an additional charm to the scenery.

Within the last few years many well-built villas and mansions have sprung up all around, and the adjacent land has been enclosed and laid out in parks tastefully planted with trees, or formed into smiling gardens rich with evergreen shrubs, such as the rhododendron, laurel, laurustinus, and holly, all of which flourish luxuriantly in the neighbourhood, and give it a verdant aspect even through the dreary and often snow-clad months of winter. Birch, larch, oak, and the common fir overshadow the roadside with their foliage; and in spring-time the yellow laburnum, the purple lilac, and pink and white may-blossoms throw their delightful beauty from innumerable points by the wayside, and shed their grateful perfume all around. Such is the general aspect of the place as viewed at present by the casual visitor, and it is only after a more lengthened residence, and many miniature excursions of exploration into the apparently less accessible portions of the district, that its real wealth of interest can be discovered and its true character ascertained.

As viewed from the railway station, to which the trackway leading to an old and pleasantly situated farmhouse has given the name of Grange Road, Crawley Down appears to occupy the crest of a slight elevation, whose sides slope gently up from this point, and a prominent object in the view is the little church embowered among the firs and other trees clustering thickly about the spot. It was built here, as being a convenient midway position between the neighbouring villages of Turner's Hill and Copthorne, about the year 1844, and was, until within the last few years, the only church in the district nearer than that at Worth, though there is now another at Copthorne, about a mile distant. It was enlarged in 1871 by the addition of a side aisle and extended chancel, the great and rapid increase of population having rendered it too small for the requirements of the district. Close by is the national school and the adjoining playground, resonant at stated hours with the merry voices of children, and hemmed in on all sides by overshadowing trees and clustering shrubs.

From this point we have a choice of many interesting routes for our rambles, and we shall find many things to delight the eye and interest the mind whichever we may take. Leading directly to the north is one that will, at the distance of a mile or so, bring us to the point where, until recently destroyed by fire, stood the picturesque windmill on the edge of Copthorne Common, immediately beyond which the boundary-line between Sussex and Surrey crosses our track. Directly in front of us is a beautiful and extensive view over the valley that stretches between us and the distant hills, forming part of the long chalk range running in almost an unbroken line along the counties of Kent, Surrey, Hants, and part of Wilts, under the general name of the North Downs. At the foot of a lower and intervening ridge we can just discern the trains of the South-Eastern Railway as they creep imperceptibly along between Reigate and Tunbridge, and other important places in the vicinity. To the left of us, and at a distance of two or three miles, is the London and Brighton Line, running parallel to the line of our vision, and reminding us, as we gaze upon the peaceful scene before us, so full of quiet calm and drowsy repose, of that busier life, of that hurry-skurrying world in the midst of which so many thousands — ay, millions—of our countrymen spend their lives, either from necessity or choice. The district to the left of us is drained by the many affluents of the Mole, that to the right by those of the Medway, and behind us gurgle the tiny tributaries of the Sussex Avon; so that here, indeed, we may be said to be in the midst of "a land of rivers and waters," and we shall continually stumble upon some of them hastening gaily along to pay their bubbling tribute to the parent stream, and adding their sweet music to the warbling of the birds, and the many other rural sounds and echoes around us.

Turning our backs upon this fair scene, and retracing our steps a little, we shall find the long straggling village of Copthorne stretched to the right and left of us. On the edge of the common, not far off, can be seen the vans of a band of roving gipsies, who for the most part exercise the calling of pedlars, and in the intervals between their various excursions make this a kind of permanent rendezvous. The student has here a rare opportunity of viewing human nature under its more simple aspects, and may discover how few of the comforts and appliances of life, which we have

somehow or other learnt to look upon as indispensable, are really necessary either for subsistence or happiness. Certainly these "denizens of the desert" are merry enough as they roll about in the sunshine among the heather, or cluster around the glowing fire that is cooking their evening meal.

Leaving them to the enjoyment of their simple pleasures, we turn into the road leading towards the east, and which at length brings us into the East Grinstead Road at Felbridge, at the corner of Hedgecourt Common. We view the pretty little church situated at this point, with its neatly-kept graveyard, and crossing the little stone bridge thrown over one of the affluents of the river Eden, we find ourselves within a mile or so of the market-town of East Grinstead. If we care to go on so far, we can traverse its quaint High Street, bounded by houses for the most part built at least two centuries ago, and view the fine old church close by, with the tall square tower that, standing as it does on high ground, forms a very conspicuous feature in the landscape for several miles around. The graveyard is crowded with memorials to the departed, some of them very interesting. Among the latter are two plain slabs, said to mark the burial-spot of those who perished in the flames on account of their religious opinions during the great Marian persecution. We can now return either by rail to Grange Road, or by a somewhat different and more direct route than that by which we came, many points of which would furnish the artist's pencil with many charming and interesting subjects. The road winds gently along, sometimes between wide strips of emerald turf, bounded by hedges fragrant with wild flowers, and often rich with blackberries and wild cherries; at others between high banks covered with luxuriant ferns, and overtopped by the hazel branches that throw their grateful shadow across our path.

Now and then we pause upon some rustic stile that, half-hidden among the clustering verdure of the hedges, points the way to many a pleasant pathway "through wood and glen," and across the pleasant meadows and cornfields far out of "the beaten track;" or we stand and ponder over the drowsy homeliness of one of those old-time farmsteads to which we have already alluded, and picture in fancy the changing generations, with their varied manners and habits, that have from time to time occupied them. Anon we stay to pick the sweetbriar from the hedges, or to gather a spray or two of the delicious honeysuckle that throws its clustering blossoms so temptingly within our reach, or to make a posy or a "buttonhole" of those delicate wild roses that clamber carelessly among, and intermingle their sweet beauty with, the tangled luxuriance of the roadside.

Another time we can ramble up what is both in name and in deed the Sandy Lane, and thence into the wood lying between the two routes we have already taken. I have enjoyed many a quiet hour in threading the mazes of its numerous walks. These are crossed incessantly by little purling streams, the yellow sediment at the bottom of all of which betrays the presence of a strong admixture of iron. Mineral springs, indeed, abound here, and we shall constantly come across traces of the industry of other days in connection with the manufacture of charcoal and the smelting of iron ore. Sussex was the Black Country of those times, but when, towards the end of the eighteenth century, coal came into general use for smelting and other purposes, the iron-works of this county were gradually abandoned, the expense of carrying them on being found too great to admit of successful competition with those more recently established on the coal-fields of the North.

We have not by any means exhausted the resources of this neighbourhood, for there are many other routes we may take for future exploration, and which possess as great and as many attractions as those we have already enjoyed. But I will only mention two, and these are in an opposite direction. The first leads towards the south, in the direction of and passing through the villages of Turner's Hill and West Hoathley, and affords several beautiful and extensive views of the district, and to the geologist a rich treat, by landing him within a few minutes' walk of what is popularly known as the "Rocks," and which I strongly suspect to be the remains of an ancient sea-coast. There are evident and distinct traces of sea-washing, especially in the remarkable structure known as "Big-upon-Little," which stands apart from the main line of these curious remains, just as the rocks known as the Needles do now from their corresponding coast; and if my conjecture be the right one, the waves of the ancient sea which overspread the Weald must often have lashed and tossed themselves in vain around this standing witness to the grinding and wearing nature of their energy. The owner of the property kindly throws it open to the public on certain days of the week, under certain proper and necessary conditions; at other times special permission must be obtained.

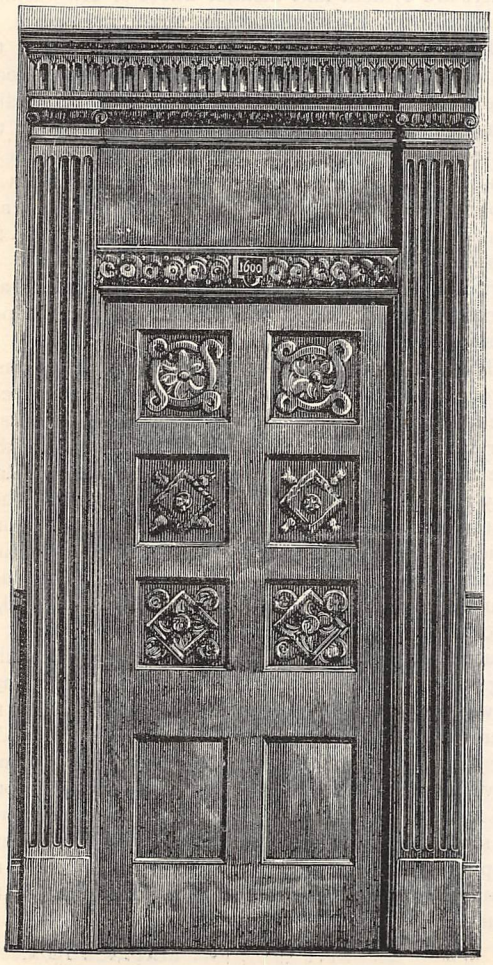
The other route lies towards the west, and passes through the village of Worth, which gives its name to the far-spreading parish comprised within the limits of our various rambles. The village is situated within the angle formed by the London and Brighton Railway and the Tunbridge Wells Line, and only a short distance from the junction known as the Three Bridges. Its church is the most attractive feature, being indubitably of Saxon origin, and one of the oldest churches in the kingdom. The apse, or chancel, is circular in form—an uncommon feature, except in churches of very ancient date—and whilst the building was undergoing restoration about ten years ago, it was discovered that there were apertures in the clerestory which had plainly been originally intended for the admission of light, but which had evidently never contained glass. They had probably been built up for many centuries, but were now each re-fitted with a single piece of glass, so as to present the same appearance as nearly as possible, and to answer the same purpose for which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" had intended them a thousand years ago.

W. MAURICE ADAMS.

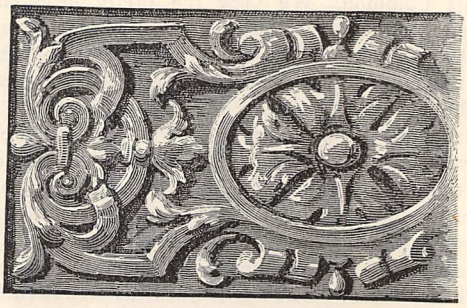
IN AN OLD OAK WORKSHOP.

"COME, now, let me introduce you to my Knight of the Chisel."

To step from the outer air, bright with the rayless winter sun, suddenly into the sombre light of this low shop, was almost to lose one's identity. Here were no traces of ordinary work in joinery and carpentering, no piles of fragrant curly shavings, no sound of saw or hammer, but on every side, as the eye became familiar with details, were mouldings and panels, cornices and carvings, which hardly needed their rich brown tints to tell their antiquity. It would be easy to believe that we had been suddenly dropped into a seventeenth-century workshop if it were not that a neat lathe and an elaborate and costly set of moulding planes bespeak modern improvements. The Knight of the Chisel himself, a grey-headed old man, came forward to bid us welcome, and in his high stock and collar, black vest and cap, might again have provoked illusions, had he not at once entered into the conversation which we had been brought to hear. As this conversation, for the benefit of the writer, consisted mainly of replies on one part to questions put on the other, it may be better rendered as a monologue.



Yes, there is a wonderful demand for old oak furniture, and there is no doubt that the demand is

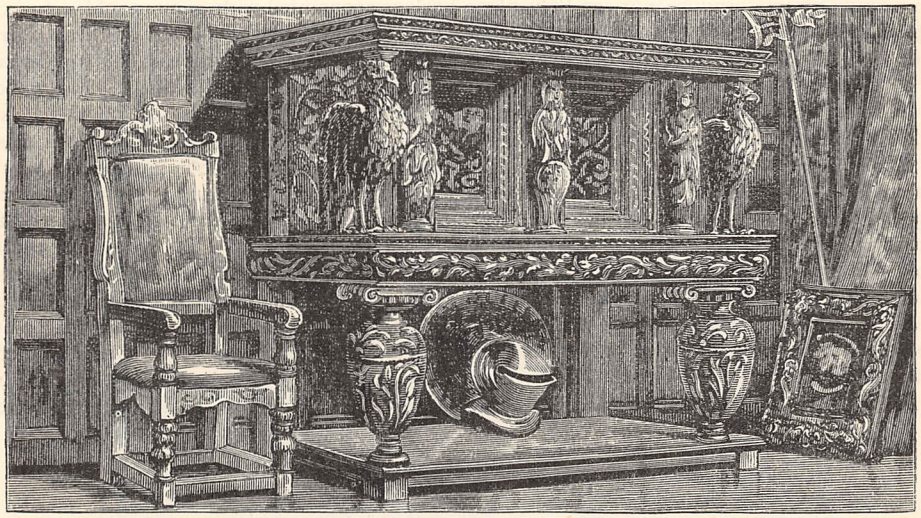


increasing and will increase rather than diminish. For myself I have had as much work for years past as kept me constantly employed; I have as much in hand now as I can conscientiously accept, and could have as much more if I would take it. Certainly my work may be considered perfectly legitimate, as much so as the restoration of a church or a picture. Many things I turn out are restored in a precisely similar way to a church, the design of the original being faithfully followed wherever practicable, or any supplementary work made subordinate to and in keeping with the purpose of the original artist. Give you a case in point? Well, here is a ceiling on which I am at present engaged for the library of a mansion at South Kensington. Into this room I have already put a door and a fireplace. Now this old cabinet, which came to me battered almost to pieces and with only two sides at all perfect, is to be enlarged and made up. This is the detail of the moulding of the cabinet, one of the most simple and effective I have ever met with. As you see, the flat moulding forms squares, with a boss at each angle, and the ceiling is to be treated exactly in the same way, with precisely the same pattern, but of course with much larger panels, and the pattern reproduced on a larger scale. The room, it is said, will then be one of the handsomest in town, although that is, I fear, saying rather too much. But I think the effect will be better than the collection of indiscriminate articles of furniture which are often—when grouped together in the same room—quite out of keeping with each other. That date over the door? Well, there is no pretence or fraud about that; it is a panel of 1600, which formed the base of the whole design.

Here now is a cabinet made for a rising artist, one of the leaders of the æsthetic movement. Yes, it is a very fair piece of work. That was worked up from one panel of original carving. Another, more elaborate,

which has in it several parts collected separately but carefully matched; and this is a tea-caddy, which has a place in the same room. This gentleman has decorated the floor of his room in a very effective manner, which can be practised by any one, and suits oak furniture admirably. He has had some very open patterns cut in stencil-plates, and with these and a red-hot iron he makes a very pretty border all round the room. I remember seeing, some years ago, relief carving which had been turned out something after the same manner, only that a mould was used instead of stencil-plates. This was laid on some young wood and heavily pressed, until the pattern was burnt in, and then the finishing was done by hand. It was a fair imitation then of old oak, but I believe it never came to anything, or was ever generally used. Sometimes we meet in old stuff with a kind of marqueterie, light oak being inlaid in branched patterns into panels of darker wood, but that is never likely to be revived, I think. Indeed the old wood-carvers must have found it ineffective, for they seldom used it, and I don't think that in the matter of decoration and design they had very much to learn. I have a specimen here, too, of another manner of surface decoration. Here, you see, the pattern is drawn with some fluid; no, hardly ink, I think, or it would not be so bright still. That stippling, as you may call it, of the ground throws the design into very good relief, but it can scarcely be called carving. Yes, it is curious, and that is nearly all that can be said for it. I happened to admire it once in a house where I was working, and was told at once that it was of no use to anybody, and so I begged it. Ah! yes; a few years have made a very great alteration in the old oak market. One has to pay for chests now, and if a bit of carving is put up at a sale I generally have to give fair value for it, although, of course, its value to me may be higher than what most people would bid.

Sometimes I have half a panel brought to me and then have to match the wood and complete the carving. It goes quite against the grain with me to plane off any carving, and I must have a lot of wood by me if possible. But as to the buying of the oak, that we were



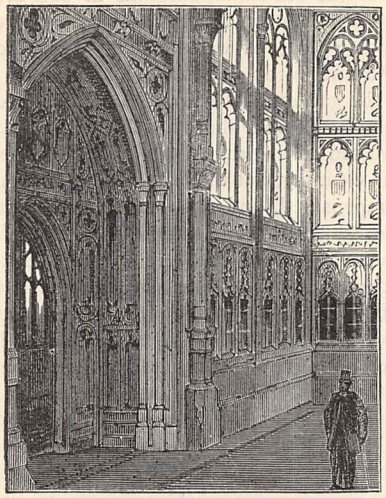
speaking of: just like old china, bargains in oak are things of the past. I have in the house a square cabinet, a really fine piece of work, which I also had given to me. And where do you think I lit upon it? Half buried in the garden of a labourer's cottage, and the children used to scramble about it and make a seat of it. It was crusted with dirt, as you may imagine, and it took some cleaning, but the labour expended on it was fully compensated, and I should only be too glad to be employed again after the same manner. All the country has been pretty well scoured by men seeking after old chests and linen presses, and the few muniment chests which are now and again turned out of vestries, when a church is repaired, generally fall into the hands of brokers. The best place now, I am told, to hunt for old furniture is Switzerland and Western Germany. One Fellow of a college in Oxford has his rooms filled with old oak, and a year or two ago, when he returned from the Continent, he brought back a big four-poster bedstead, carved from one end to the other. He gave £40 for it without carriage, and then it was very cheap.

No, I seldom attempt high relief patterns, and figures or natural objects are foreign to my work, unless for pedestals or pillars. But if I have a good old fruit or flower panel, say a bit of Grinling Gibbons' work, if by rare good luck I happen to come across it, it is generally reserved for the back of a sideboard, where it has an excellent effect.

There is in wood-carving a fine field for the employment of ladies. For instance, if I had been a younger man, and inclined to extend my business, I could have given, I dare say, constant home-work to half a dozen

ladies. In this ceiling, which we were talking of just now, I require several hundred feet of flat moulding, which will be wholly turned out by my boy and myself. I am too old to begin new ways, and yet I don't care to give up so long as I can do enough to keep me from rusting. But I know that ladies are often employed in this manner. They cannot, of course, do the heavy joinery in making up the furniture, nor can they plane and prepare the work. But they carve better than men; indeed, at first they carve too well, finishing their work with a delicacy and refinement quite out of keeping with *old* work. Now if my chisel happens to slip a little I know that it does not matter, and do not fret over it. All the tools required are a small iron clamp, to hold the work steady, and a few fine chisels and gouges. Half-a-sovereign would buy them all, and practice would do the rest. In the neighbouring county town, an architect, who has devoted much time to the study of old oak, has a class of ladies to whom he is teaching carving, and I have no doubt that it will, where necessary, be a lucrative occupation—far different from the stamp swindles one so often hears of as advertised in the newspapers. And even where necessity is not the actuating motive, wood-carving is an occupation not over-taxing strength or energy, yet demanding high artistic feeling and great discrimination. The branch I follow is not, I know, the highest phase of the art, but then while it is in the truest sense a pleasure, it is quite as truly a bread-and-butter duty. Where ladies do take it up they should first make themselves acquainted with genuine old oak. Sophistication, as people now-a-days style adulteration, has already made way to meet a coming demand, and I have been offered wood which I know to be made up for the purpose, by being steeped in bullock's blood and then covered with pin-pricks. With this difficulty overcome there need be nothing in the way of a lady making her own furniture, provided she can procure her wood. Only let her guard against the temptation to use green wood or, as in my juvenile efforts, she will only find that her carefully-devised carvings soon fall to pieces. Soft wood may be worked up and stand very well if one does not happen to let it fall; but the risk run is very great, as one slip, especially when the wood is weakened by being cut away, and the work near completion, may spoil all the labour bestowed upon it.

A STROLL THROUGH THE PARLIAMENTARY LOBBY.



COMPARATIVELY few persons know how interesting an insight into Parliamentary life may be got in what is well known at Westminster as "the Lobby." This name, simple and unpretentious, does not include the public corridors or the outer precincts, where strangers may loiter at will. It applies exclusively to the more reserved inner circle, at the main entrance to the House of Commons, which only Members of Parliament and other privileged persons may frequent. In this advantageous arena for observation, a visitor can not only, as the familiar phrase goes, rub shoulders with any of our leading politicians, but may also watch the varied incidents which enliven leisure intervals, when senators retreat from the occasional tedium of the legislative chamber.

The approaches to the Lobby are guarded by police whose duty, discharged with firmness and courtesy, is to prevent the entrance of persons not entitled to admission. Each of these officers has a list of those who, not being members of the House, are yet authorised by the Sergeant-at-Arms, on behalf of the Speaker, to enter here without let or hindrance. They include a number of public officials, private secretaries to right hon. gentlemen, the accredited agents of leading political organisations, the City Remembrancer, and a representative of each of the press agencies, as well as of the principal newspapers. Other persons may be introduced for a short time by members, upon whom there are many calls daily for the exercise of this prerogative. Frequenters of the Lobby soon learn its habits, by which may be understood the times when this select area is seen to most advantage. Between eight and ten o'clock each evening the place looks empty and deserted, most of the members having then gone to dinner; but at certain other hours, both before and after that quiet interval, it is thronged by those whom public business or private friendship brings together at this favourite rendezvous. Opposite the entrance passage are the portals of the House of Commons, jealously guarded on either side by trusty servants of the State. No rash intruder dare cross this threshold, save only the favoured few whom members, by virtue of an order from the Speaker, may conduct to the select seats under the galleries devoted to peers and distinguished strangers. The more absolute line of reserve is drawn at the Bar, within which none may enter but the duly elected and sworn representatives of constituencies. On the left-hand side of the Lobby is the members' private

IN THE PARLIAMENTARY LOBBY.

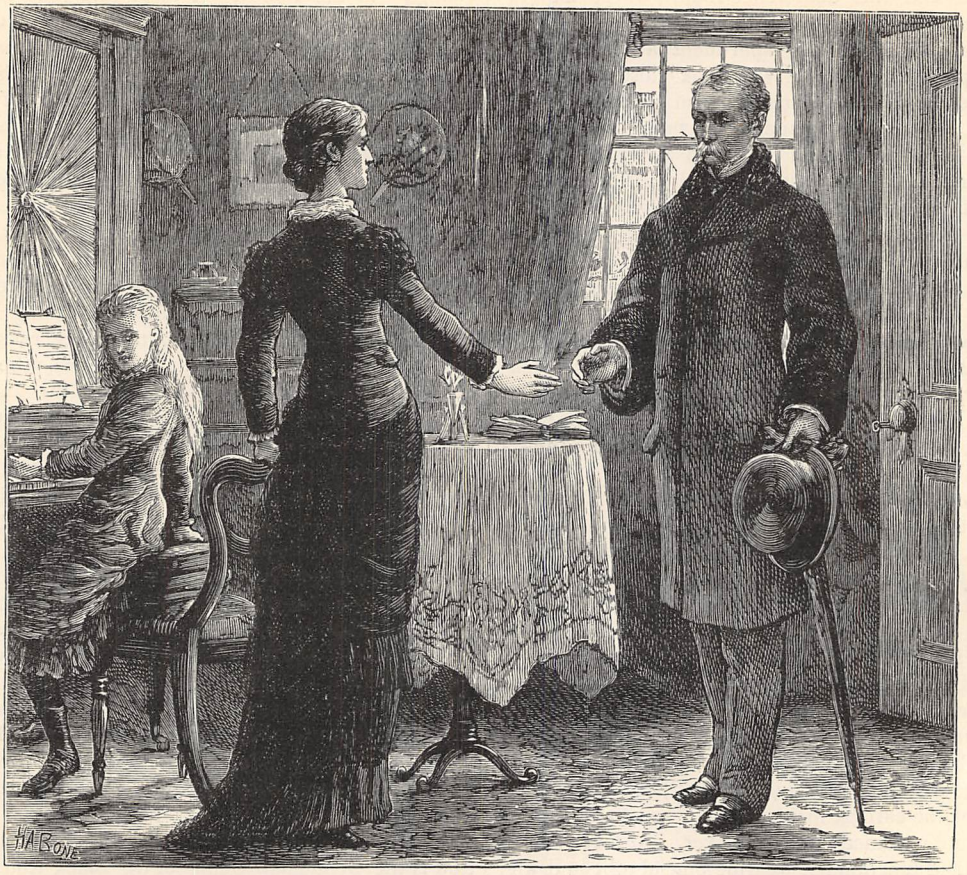
(*See p.* 530.)

entrance, and the Conference-room—where deputations frequently interview representatives of the Government. Near this apartment are the offices of the political "whips," who look closely after the due attendance of the members of their respective parties in critical divisions, or, more reluctantly, arrange the "pairing off" of such as partially atone for absence from an important vote by getting coupled with other absentees from the opposite side. The Liberal and Conservative parties have each two responsible whips and a couple of assistants, who are seldom absent from the Lobby when the House is in session. A staff of messengers is in constant attendance upon these gentlemen, ready to be sent upon such hurried errands as the exigencies of Parliamentary business may require. From the right-hand side of the Lobby there branches off the carpeted corridor which leads to the reading-room, dining-room, library, tea-room, smoke-room, &c., which all contribute towards placing the House of Commons foremost in some respects among the many clubs of London. On mild summer evenings the favourite retreat for members is the private terrace by the river-side where—overlooking the Thames, in full view of St. Thomas's Hospital and the electrically-lighted Embankment—wearied legislators escape for a time the prolixity of dull debates. In describing the other accessories of the Lobby, a post office and refreshment bar, occupying opposite corners, should be mentioned as two convenient institutions which both command a due share of patronage.

One of the earliest incidents of a visit to the Lobby is the state entrance of the Speaker. At four o' clock that exalted functionary, wearing official robe and wig, is escorted to the chair with the dignity due to his office. His approach is heralded by the voice of Police Superintendent Denning calling upon strangers to take off their hats. No sooner has this order been given and obeyed, than the small but imposing procession advances. It is headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, a personage of no small consequence, who shoulders the massive gold mace and also carries at his side, as part of his official costume, a sword which never needs to be unsheathed. Then comes the Speaker himself, followed by his train-bearer, secretary, chaplain, and several of the leading officers of the House. Up to this time there may have been a considerable throng of members in waiting, but now they troop into the House, in order, by their presence at prayers, to secure the right to certain seats for the evening. Prayers over, the Lobby again fills up with members who do not happen to be interested in those brief formalities of private bill legislation which intervene before "question time." Most of them return to their places whilst members of the Government are answering the questions—usually a long list—of which notice has been given. This part of the evening's business concludes about half-past five—the hour of what may, in commercial phrase, be called "high change" in the Lobby. It is at this time that the largest proportion of the members come out for friendly chat with *habitués* of the place, or with others whose admission they may have authorised. The varied appearance and demeanour of these casual visitors suggests a wide field for speculation as to their business. Some are country cousins in London for the first time, to enjoy the sights of the Great City, and timidly beg the condescending aid of their local members to secure them the privilege of admission to the gallery. Others—to whom the scene is more familiar—approach with the easy confidence of influential townsmen or active politicians whose representatives cannot receive them otherwise than graciously. The man with a grievance, the busy-body anxious to air his own ideas, and the journalist gathering the latest items of political news are also among those who move about in conversation with members. Occasionally the throng includes former members revisiting the scenes of bygone distinction, candidates for future senatorial honours, or Parliamentary agents and railway directors concerned as to the fate of bills in which they are more or less directly interested. Peers of the realm, and sometimes one or other of the Royal Princes, may likewise be seen in this central arena of political gossip, as well as distinguished strangers from many a far land. Some of these notable foreigners are conspicuous and picturesque in native costume; it may be a Hindoo visitor in gay colours, or a high dignitary of the Greek Church in more sombre but equally characteristic attire.

Another visitor whose arrival causes some commotion is the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, better known simply as "Black Rod." The duty of this venerable functionary is to summon Her Majesty's faithful Commons to attend in the House of Lords for the purpose of hearing the Queen's Assent given by commission to such measures as have passed all the preliminary stages. "Hats off" is the order in the Lobby as, duly attended, he slowly marches into the House of Commons. There, ceremoniously bowing three times, he advances to the table and announces his formal message. Retiring with like obeisance, he is followed in stately fashion by the Speaker, attended by those members who care to visit the gilded chamber of the Peers. It depends, of course, upon the interest and importance of the "orders of the day"—*i.e.*, the Parliamentary programme—whether there be many or few members present in the House of Commons during the business which follows questions. When prosy or unwelcome speeches are being delivered by unimportant members, there is usually a considerable exodus into the Lobby. At a late hour the reappearance of many of the members in evening dress, sometimes accompanied by ladies in corresponding gaiety of attire, suggests that dinner parties and other festivities happily afford some diversion to legislators tired of protracted debate.

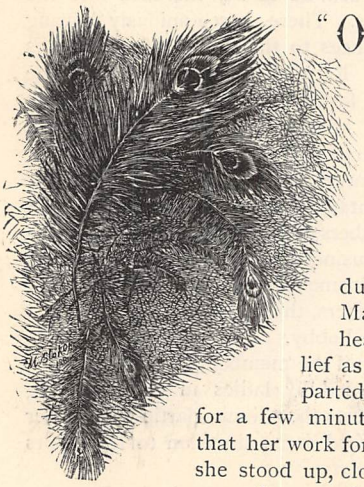
J. D. SHAW.



"PHILIP FERRIS STOOD BESIDE HER" (*p.* 534).

MISS BRITMAN'S LAST LESSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOURLAY BROTHERS," "MADGIE'S HERO," ETC. ETC.



"ONE, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!"

It was dreary and monotonous enough sitting all day in that cheerless room beside the tuneless piano, giving lessons to dull children, and Margaret Britman heaved a sigh of relief as the last pupil departed. After sitting still for a few minutes, just to realise that her work for the day was over, she stood up, closed the piano, put away the ragged music, and busied herself tidying the room. It was little any one could do to make the gloomy apartment bright or cheery, but what little lay in her power Miss Britman did against the coming home of Dot.

The round table was pulled in front of the fire, and the frugal tea set out, with a good deal of show and very little substance. Miss Britman knew how to make the most of the solitary muffin Dot enjoyed so, and the tiny pot of ham and chicken stood like an island in an ocean of china plate. The majolica teapot was hidden under a cosy crewel, embroidered in the highest of art patterns, the spoons and forks were silver in the last stage of attenuation, and the cloth, though white and fine, was darned out of all identity of the original pattern. The few bright little water-colours on the walls made but the darkness of the drab paper more visible, and no arrangement of the scanty furniture could disguise the fact that the walls were hopelessly crooked; still, in spite of disadvantages, there was something about the little room that struck one on first entering. Perhaps it was the air of refinement struggling with the aggressive poverty; perhaps it was the pale patient face of Margaret Britman, with

its frame of prematurely grey hair and meek sorrowful eyes. Very slowly she moved about, for she was weary, and her thoughts were heavy, for she was anxious about Dot. She had been out as a daily governess for a whole year, but her salary was small, and her wants seemed to increase out of all proportion to her earnings. Boots and gloves wore out, hats and gowns got shabby in a frightfully short time; and Miss Britman felt that she could not relax a single effort or spare herself a single monotonous lesson, for Dot's wants had to be supplied somehow. Just at five o'clock she came up the stairs, singing lightly—

> "She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
> As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat."

"She wouldn't look sweet if she had to be out in such ghastly weather as this, would she, auntie darling?" and Dot kissed Miss Britman energetically on both cheeks. "There! what a heartless thing I am, to come near you all dank and foggy. My hair is perfectly limp," and she pushed back a mass of golden waves from her forehead.

"Take off your things, dear, and have some hot tea. Here are your slippers, all nice and warm."

"Thanks, dearie. Oh, it is nice to get in-doors, if you could only imagine what it's like outside, auntie: streets three inches deep in liquid glue, fog thick enough to drive a nail in and hang your ulster on——"

"Dot!" Miss Britman interposed mildly.

"Fact, auntie. I was really bewildered at Regent Circus, and had to throw myself on the mercy of a policeman; then an obsequious young man followed me all down Oxford Street, and kept bobbing his umbrella against mine."

"Oh, my darling, that you should have to endure such things!" Miss Britman cried, and her slender white fingers were interlocked nervously. "Oh that I could spare you, Dorothy!"

"Never mind, auntie dear; it doesn't worry me in the least. Besides, I think—but wait a minute till I put away the tea-things, and turn down the gas." And having done so, Dot sat down on the rug and laid her head on her aunt's lap. "I've got something to tell you, auntie."

"Yes, darling," Miss Britman said, after waiting a few minutes, for Dot was in no great hurry to begin.

"Aunt Margaret, did it never strike you that some day or other I might have a lover?" she said slowly.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, I never thought of that!" Miss Britman cried. "Darling, I can't give you to any one; you are all I have in the world."

"Let me tell you all about it first, auntie," Dot said gravely. "It came about in the simplest way—so simply that I hardly know how or when it began. It seems now as if Mr. Ferris always came into the school-room, but I never thought much about it till to-day, when he looked at me so strangely, and held my hand ever such a time; then he said, 'Miss Derwent, I want to have a little serious conversation with you. May I call on you at home?' Of course, I said I should be very pleased, only I was never there in the daytime. 'Then may I call in your absence,' he said, 'and speak to your father?' I told him I had no one but you, auntie, and he seemed surprised for a moment; then he said he'd call on you to-morrow. I suppose he wants to ask your permission to—to marry me. What else can he want, auntie?"

"What, indeed!" Miss Britman said, a little absently. "Tell me a little more about this Mr. Ferris, darling."

"There's not much to tell, auntie. He's Mrs. Carnforth's brother, and has been in India ever so long—twenty years, I believe. He's very rich and very kind, and—that's all, auntie. Just think of my marrying a rich man," Dot continued reflectively, "and having servants, carriages, lovely dresses, everything. It seems just like a fairy tale."

"But, Dot," Miss Britman said, after a long silence, "my dear little one, do you love this Mr. Ferris?"

"Love him, auntie! I don't know. I haven't thought much about that, yet; but if he's nice, and kind, and rich, don't you think we might be very happy? I do so want you to have lots of pretty things—soft dull satin, sealskin mantle, real lace? Oh, dear! it would be nice. You'd look sweet in a seal coat, auntie."

Miss Britman sighed gently. The time had long gone by when dress had any charms for her, if, indeed, it ever had, and Dot's visions only made her more sad. Clearly the child was slipping away from her. For eighteen years she had cherished her, and now the first person who passed by and saw her fresh, fair young beauty, might bear her away. It was all just and natural—palpably and practically for Dot's good—still, it was bitterly hard; and Miss Britman sat by the dying fire thinking it all over, and weeping in her unobtrusive way, long after the child had laid her sunny head on her pillow and fallen asleep. Far away into the past, Miss Britman's thoughts wandered to a hushed and darkened chamber, where she bent down to catch the last faint fluttering accents of one who was lingering on the threshold of eternity.

"My child, Maggie—my poor baby—my almost as helpless husband—you will not forsake them. Promise me, Maggie, that you will take care of them." And Margaret Britman kissed her dying sister's face, and promised. All the remembrance of the dreary dreadful days that followed rushed upon her—Dot a helpless infant, her father stricken with blindness, both depending on Maggie. Then in the midst of it all came a still greater trial. The gentleman Margaret was engaged to was offered a lucrative appointment in India, and he wished her to go with him. They had been engaged for three years, and now there was nothing further to wait for. Here was a divided duty. Margaret loved the man she had promised to marry, but how could she forsake the helpless baby, and its equally helpless father? How could she keep her promise to her dead sister if she went to India?

Her lover left her in anger. "A divided love such as hers was not worth having," he said. "But they are so helpless," she pleaded; "only let me stay with them a little while."

"You may stay with them for ever for me," was the

angry reply, and the next day came a little packet of letters and a lock of golden hair, and Margaret Britman's romance was hidden out of sight for ever.

A few years, and Robert Derwent died, leaving nothing but difficulties behind him. Miss Britman took a lodging in a distant part of the City, and toiled for the child for long weary years, late and early, through trials that would have overwhelmed a less resolute and devoted woman; she toiled on to give her niece a good education, and enable her to earn her own bread when she should be called away. And now, here was some one stepping in—Philip Ferris returned from India—Philip Ferris who had said farewell to her in anger eighteen years before—the one love and lover of her life was coming to see her next day to ask for the child, the motherless baby who had so unwittingly separated them eighteen years before. It certainly was passing strange.

The next day was grey and gloomy, fog overhead, damp underfoot, cold everywhere, but Dot was in high spirits, in spite of the atmosphere.

"I dare say Mr. Ferris will be shocked at seeing what a hideous house and street we live in, auntie. I can imagine him saying, 'What a distinctly dreadful place!' In truth, I shan't be sorry to leave Berry Street. Now good-bye, dear. Be very gracious to Mr. Ferris; and oh, auntie darling! I do hope you'll like him, because, you know, we've got to live with him, perhaps."

"Dot, my love, do you really think that you like this gentleman well enough to marry him? He's old enough to be your father."

"So he is, auntie dear; but that don't matter much if he's nice and kind, and ever so rich—and he is."

Nice and kind, and ever so rich. That was Dot's idea of a husband, and her aunt felt sad and sorry, and some way disappointed; she did not know where the child had got such ideas. And then came the awful thought of losing her, for she remembered what Mr. Ferris had said about a divided love. She would have but a small place in Dot's new home and new life.

Never did a day seem so long to Miss Britman. She had put on her best black dress in the morning, and taken a little extra care with the arrangement of her still abundant hair: that was all the external preparation she had made for the visit, but her heart throbbed wildly at every ring of the bell or step on the carpetless stairs. But the morning passed—three, four o'clock, and she breathed more freely; perhaps he wouldn't come that day, perhaps he wouldn't come at all. So she went on more patiently with her pupil, a dull, tiresome child.

"One, two, three, four!" she repeated over and over again. She did not hear a step on the stair, nor a gentle tap at the door, did not observe it open, and when she looked up Philip Ferris stood beside her. For a moment her brain reeled, and she had to hold on to the chair-back to steady herself; then she held out her hand in welcome.

"You may go now, my dear, and I'll give you the remainder of your lesson to-morrow," she said gently, and the child wriggled off the stool, and departed joyfully.

"Margaret!" That was all he said when they were alone, with one hand holding one of hers, and the other on her shoulder—"Margaret!"

"You have come to speak to me about—about Dorothy," she faltered, feeling all the colour forsake her face.

"No; I have come to speak about myself and you—to ask you to forgive me, if you can: to ask you to let me make atonement for my cruelty and folly: to ask you if it is too late for us to be happy even now. Dear, I only learned yesterday how true and loyal you had been; I fancied I alone was faithful. Can you, will you forgive me, Margaret?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Philip."

"Then it is not too late. We may be happy still."

"But Dorothy?" Miss Britman said faintly.

"Dorothy knows. It was her resemblance to you that first attracted me. But the child must not come between us and our happiness a second time, and we will both take care of her. I think she will be better pleased to have me for an uncle than a husband."

"But, Philip, she thought——"

"Yes, dear, but now she understands. Margaret, you belong to me, and you must be obedient, so prepare to leave Berry Street to-morrow."

"But my pupils, Philip?"

"Dear, I will arrange all that. My brave patient Maggie, you have given your last lesson."

MEAT PIES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

MOST of us will agree with Sam Weller that "weal pies is werry good," and I think that the whole family of meat pies are equally delicious, presuming the crust is properly made, the meat judiciously seasoned, and the pie thoroughly baked—*the* three essentials in their manufacture; and if you fail in one you might almost as well break down in all of them. Does not your mouth water at the thought of a hot pie of beef-steak, rabbit, chicken, or mutton and kidney on a cold day in winter; and is not a cold one of veal and ham equally acceptable in summer time?

I am here speaking of pies made in dishes only, as the raised ones require somewhat different treatment; and I trust that the following hints will be of service to amateurs in this branch of cookery, as the *modus operandi* is really very simple.

The various kinds of crust are too well known to justify me in giving recipes here for their manufacture. I will say, however, that I prefer "short crust" to any other for meat pies, and after that the "half-flaky," or "rough puff;" for the simple reason that rich puff pastry should only be served in small quantities, and lovers of meat pies always feel inclined to follow the example of Oliver Twist and ask for more.

With regard to the meat, my directions are brief and simple—viz., always partially cook by stewing slowly, and let it become cold. Before covering, remove the fat from the surface, and take out some of the gravy, which can be re-heated and served with the pie; for if the cover is laid on over a dish full of gravy it will bubble up in the baking, and cause the crust to present a sodden, unappetising appearance, resulting in the waste of a great portion of it, for only the top layer, as I may term it, would, under those circumstances, be eatable.

Now, gravy is a great stumbling-block in the way of many so-called cooks; for a careless, indiscriminate sprinkling of salt, pepper, and flour, with a dash of cold water, and *Hey presto!* the thing is done, so they think. Now don't take it for granted that I am about to recommend an extravagant purchase of gravy-beef—nothing of the kind; but I will ask you to remember that different kinds of meat require different treatment. For instance, good beef-steak yields rich gravy that only needs careful thickening and seasoning, and the addition of a little sauce—Yorkshire relish, or something similar—with a spoonful of browning, not forgetting a pinch of dried mixed herbs, a bottle of which should be in every house; for, besides imparting to the pie an additional delicious flavour of their own, they bring out to the full that of the meat, game, or poultry of which it is composed.

A little piece of kidney is a great improvement to mutton pies, and by all means use stock instead of water for the gravy, not forgetting that a drop or two of vinegar will tend to make the meat tender.

Milt, or "melt," as it is commonly called, will enrich the gravy considerably, so will a piece of onion first fried and then stewed with the meat; and while a whole volume might be written on the subject of seasoning, the great thing is to adapt it to the dish. And bear in mind when making a pie to be eaten cold it must be seasoned more highly than one to be cut into while hot, and that no amount of added seasoning after the pie is baked will make up for an insufficient quantity cooked in it; for it is the blending of the various ingredients that will result in a perfect whole.

Take care that your crust is of uniform thickness, not too soft, and smoothly made; also that it fits the dish easily without stretching, or it will surely crack and fall in the baking; and please add enough salt to cover a sixpence and a pinch of white pepper to each pound of flour.

Let the inner strip of crust be only just wide enough to cover the edge of the dish; for if cut irregularly and allowed to slip into the gravy it will be spoiled.

Make a couple of incisions with the point of a knife in the top of the pie, for the steam to escape, then ornament it according to fancy with the remnants of crust, which may be made into a plait or twist and laid round the pie near the edge; or a wreath of small leaves overlapping each other, with the addition of a nice centre ornament, and a few larger leaves surrounding it, will have a good effect; but taste may be exercised *ad libitum* in this respect.

Next brush over your pie, not forgetting the edge, with a fourth portion of an egg (three-fourths of it having been used in the mixing of the crust) beaten up with a tablespoonful of milk. This is far better than egg yolk alone for the brushing over process, for that is apt to become too brown in the baking.

Now for the baking. Well, on this point I cannot give explicit instructions as to time; I can only say bake a moderate-sized pie—say for six or eight persons—*about* an hour and a half, more or less, according to the heat of your oven and the thickness of your crust. The oven must be hot enough to fetch up the latter, but by no means fierce, or the pie will be brown before it is half baked; then a gradual, steady heat must be kept up, sufficient to cook it thoroughly; and if it becomes too brown before it is done, cover it with a thick sheet of paper; and if not dark enough, an extra flash of heat the last ten minutes or so will finish the operation. But experience, and that only, must be your guide; for no amount of reading without practical knowledge ever did, or ever will, teach the art of cooking to anybody.

And if by chance a cook, to whom my directions seem superfluous, should read this paper, she will at least ratify my statement that in nine houses out of ten among middle-class families a properly-made meat pie is an unknown luxury.

A cold meat pie should be set upon a meat dish on which has been laid a spotless serviette, and then surrounded with a border of fresh parsley; thus pleasing the palate through the eye.

May I end my paper with a word of practical instruction? viz., that if you fail in this or any similar task, try and ascertain the *reason* of failure; for depend upon it the remedy is never far off when the want is clearly seen.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

TIGER-SHOOTING BY NOVICES.

WHEN living in the jungles of Upper Bengal, I once went, in the month of March, as the cold weather was closing, to see some friends residing twenty miles off. I arrived at my destination late in the afternoon. Almost immediately after, I heard hints about a new gun; and I was subsequently informed that the youngest assistant on the estate had recently received a present of one, which was dealing out mutilation to birds, and damage to the trunks of large trees, without limit. In due course I was shown the weapon; and from all that I heard about it, I concluded there was a very bad look-out for all tigers within a certain radius, only a slightly better chance for deer, and certain risk to estate coolies. Soon after dinner the possessor of this dangerous weapon retired.

"THE TIGER SPRANG UPON THE BANK" (*p* 537).

An hour later, a cry of "Tiger!" was raised, which resulted in our friend suddenly joining us in the verandah, in total disregard of the chilly night (he being clad in pyjammas and dressing-gown), and armed with his universal destroyer. We pointed out where the tiger was said to have been seen to move. With surprising courage, the young gentleman cautiously approached the spot. Gradually nearing the object which excitement had allowed him to take for a tiger, our Nimrod rose up, and put the gun to

his shoulder. Then he turned round, came into the verandah, passed a few observations upon the want of sense of some persons he knew, and retired. The supposed animal turned out to be a piece of corrugated iron resting against a log.

Next morning we were aroused by a shout of "Tiger!" from the natives. The alarm at any time is an exciting one, and forgetting for the moment the occurrence of the previous evening, we went out—that is to say, three of us did; our sporting friend declining to listen to the alarm. But it proved to be well-founded. A small stream ran past the cook-house of the bungalow, and at this time was very low. From it a tiger had come, sprung over the fragile bamboo fence which surrounded it, and carried off a goat. The servants said they saw the robbery committed. Instantly the coolies began to assemble, some of them armed with axes. As is usual with natives on such occasions, they invited the animal to come out. "They wouldn't do anything to him, if he would only come; oh, no! they merely wanted to see him, as they had seen his father, his mother, and a few other members of his family. Yes, the Sahibs had guns, certainly; but they were only for the mosquitoes, so would tiger kindly come out?" and so on.

Clods were thrown in, and sundry growls heard; whereupon the owner of the new gun frantically rushed out, and entreated some one to inform him where the tiger was. Another assistant was armed with a Snider, and the manager with a smooth-bore. I stood without a gun on the bungalow side of the stream, beside the bamboo fence I have mentioned, and which, I should add, could easily have been broken by a child; consequently the protection and shelter offered me were not worth speaking of. (Remaining in such a place was a grave indiscretion on my part.) After shouting, yelling, clod-throwing, and frequently presenting arms, there was a rustle in the scrub-jungle, and we caught sight of the animal. Our universally mutilating friend at once let fly; but nothing seemed to come of it. We waited some time, and then the tiger sprang upon the bank, with his fore-feet within half a yard of the muzzle of the new gun. It went off, and the brute was killed—shot in the chest. A mighty shout was raised. "Was there ever such a Sahib, who would come straight from his bed and kill a tiger? Would not the factory coolies tell it to their children fifty years hence? Ah! that they would."

The Sahib in question had taken the cartridge from the breech, and put in another, having a hazy notion that his gun had gone off; but some time passed before he realised that he actually had shot and killed a tiger. We gave him all the glory. Assistant No. 2 discovered after the event that he had been rushing about with a cork in the muzzle of his gun, and the manager had put snipe-cartridges into his smooth-bore.

Very courageous were the coolies when the animal's death had been fully proved. One valiant Bengali rushed in and landed "Stripes" an awful crack on the nose with an axe. The carcase was taken into the verandah, and we turned to the bungalow for coffee.

Afterwards, a coolie woman came up with a sickly child, and wished to be allowed to bathe her offspring on the dead animal. Permission was given, and the anxious parent placed her youngster on the dead body and poured several jars of water over them both. Naturally the child cried at the strange nature of its means of support; but evident satisfaction was visible in the mother's face, as she told us that the child would soon be well, having had the tiger's strength imparted to it. Men pulled out the creature's whiskers, and nibbled them for courage. One took out the tongue, cut it in small pieces, and distributed it amongst the coolies, to be smoked and dried by them, and worn in a band round the arm as a preventive from fever.

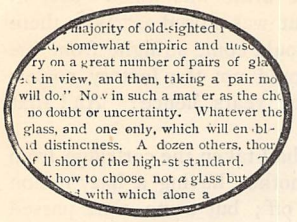
The animal was a cub, measuring only six feet. The occurrence made an exciting beginning to the day, but we gradually calmed down. It had been amusing, but certainly also had been very dangerous; and I do not think that any of us will again go out on foot after tigers, or with corks or snipe-cartridges in our guns.

S. B.

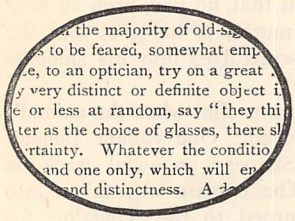
HOW TO CHOOSE A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

BY DR. LITTON FORBES.

To many, perhaps to most persons, the notion of having sooner or later to wear spectacles is not an altogether agreeable one. The reason of this dislike may possibly be found to a certain extent in considerations of personal vanity, but much more, it is to be hoped, in a not altogether inexcusable ignorance of the full value of spectacles as a means both of increasing and preserving vision. Any one at all acquainted with the structure of the human eye knows that spectacles are usually an absolute necessity to all persons with healthy eyes once they have reached the age of forty-five or fifty. Sometimes, indeed, persons optically old, that is, over fifty-five or sixty, have been heard to boast that "they can read and write just as well as ever, and have never worn glasses in their lives;" and the suppressed inference is that therefore their eyes must be extraordinarily good, and they themselves more than usually hale and hearty for their years. The truth is, however, that such persons are, and always have been, more or less short-sighted. If tested for distant vision

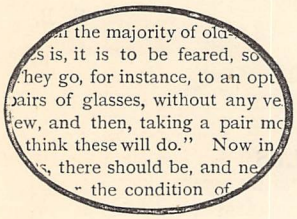


WITH CONCAVE NO. 20 (DIMINISHING).

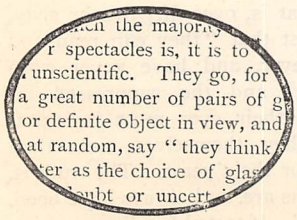


WITH CONCAVE NO. 30.

their sight would be found considerably below the average standard, and, in fact, what they gain in one respect they lose in another. It cannot, therefore, be too distinctly insisted upon that the use of glasses is not a sign of either failing strength or failing sight. As every individual increases in years his body undergoes certain changes. The hair, for instance, turns grey, the skin becomes more or less flaccid and wrinkled, the muscles waste, while in sympathy with these changes the eye,

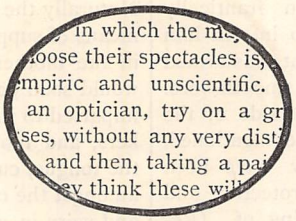


WITH CONCAVE NO. 40.



WITH CONCAVE NO. 50.

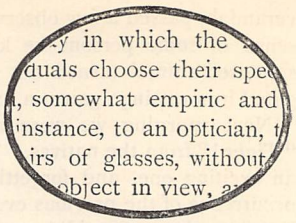
too, undergoes a gradual and imperceptible change. This change amounts, to put it in the simplest way, to a loss of elasticity. This loss of elasticity can, moreover, be proved to have been in progress, so to say, from the moment of birth, and it will continue up to the last year of the longest life. The practical result of this is that small objects after a certain age can no longer be perceived so clearly and comfortably, for that is after all a most important point, at short distances as they used to be. An infant can probably see distinctly anything held at two inches from its eyes, whereas a man of fifty could not look continuously at the same object if much nearer than eight or ten inches. It is to neutralise the effects of this perfectly healthy physiological change that spectacles are most frequently required. The condition of sight induced by the above change is known as "presbyopia" or "old sight." Fortunately, however, for mankind in general this condition can very readily be remedied, and vision, indeed, rendered



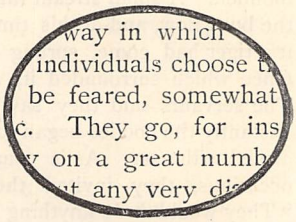
THE TYPE OF THE MAGAZINE UNMAGNIFIED AND UNDIMINISHED.

just as good as ever for all practical purposes by the use of proper glasses. In such cases spectacles are a source of the greatest comfort. They clear hazy outlines, they brighten colours, and they restore vision in a moment to what it has been ten or twelve years before. They are at once a necessity and a luxury beyond compare. Hence, no one who is not either inordinately vain, or somewhat lacking in knowledge, will defer their use a single day or hour after he feels he requires them.

The usual way in which the majority of old-sighted individuals choose their spectacles is, it is to be feared, somewhat empiric and unscientific. They go, for instance, to an optician, try on a great number of pairs of glasses without any very distinct or definite object in view, and then taking a pair more or less at random, say "they think these will do." Now in such a matter as the choice of glasses there should be, and need be, no doubt or uncertainty. Whatever the condition of a man's vision, there is one glass



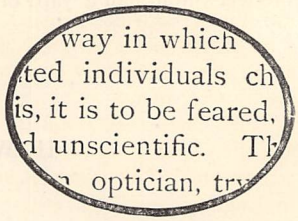
WITH CONVEX NO. 40 (MAGNIFYING).



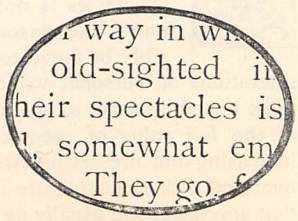
WITH CONVEX NO. 30.

and one only which will enable him to see with the maximum of comfort and distinctness. A dozen others, though they may improve his sight somewhat, will fall short of the highest standard. Therefore it becomes of extreme importance to know how to choose, not *a* glass, but *the* glass which a certain condition of vision requires, and with which alone a presbyopic person should be satisfied.

The essential parts, then, of a pair of spectacles are the lenses, the "bridge"

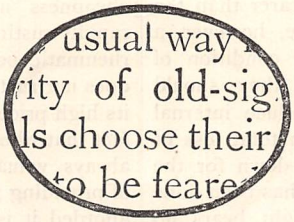


WITH CONVEX NO. 14.



WITH CONVEX NO. 8.

which connects them together, and the "side pieces" which hold them steadily and in a correct position before the eyes. Each of these parts will require a separate notice, as each is complementary to the others. The best lenses will be useless if, for instance, they are too far apart, or if the bridge does not fit properly, or if the sides do not grasp the temples with a sufficiently firm grip. The lenses, however, are really the most important parts of a pair of spectacles, and therefore merit the first notice. A word may be said as to the materials of which they are made. Many opticians are fond of recommending "pebbles" at a more or less high price, and directly or indirectly depreciating ordinary glass. Now, at one time, when the manufacture of glass was not so perfect as it is to-day, this material was apt to become stained and spotted from a variety of causes, and eventually even to lose its transparency. Such is no longer the case, and therefore it may be said that glass lenses are for all practical purposes quite as good as pebble, and very much cheaper. The chief advantage pebble possesses over glass is that it is somewhat harder, and therefore not so liable to become scratched in use, while at the same time it can be made somewhat thinner and lighter. It is important that the pebbles should have been cut from the original block of rock crystal in the right direction, or otherwise they will be infinitely worse than the cheapest modern glass. A good way to tell a pebble roughly from glass is to touch it with the tongue, when, being a better conductor of heat than glass, it will appear much colder. There is, however, another and a better way. All opticians keep a little instrument for testing their pebbles. Ask to be shown this, and in it place the lens to be tested. If a pebble at all, when held up to the light rings of colour will be visible, and if these rings be circular the pebble will have been properly cut, whereas if they are elliptical or irregular in shape the reverse will be the case. All this requires a little time and trouble, but the result where spectacles are to be worn daily for years will more than repay such preliminary pains.



WITH CONVEX NO. 5.

More important than the material of the lenses are their optical properties, or, in other words, their "strength." The strength of a spectacle-glass is now in England generally measured in inches in terms of its focal length. Thus a glass No. 48 means that its focal length is forty-eight inches, the series extending from about sixty inches up to two. The longer the focal length the weaker the glass is, and *vice versâ*. The length may be judged of roughly by holding up the glass to the light, and noticing at what distance off the bright spot or "focus" is formed against a wall or piece of white paper. Certain fanciful names have been given to some powers of spectacles, thus forty-eight's have been spoken of as "improvers," and thirty-six's as "clearers." But these names are unscientific and misleading, for what might "improve" or "clear" one condition of sight, might have an exactly opposite effect on another. The only satisfactory way in which to choose your glasses is to learn the focal length your condition of sight requires. There are many ways in which this may be done, but here is a thoroughly practical and very easily applied one. Take some small type, such as that in which this page is printed,* and with your back to the light find out what glasses will enable you to read it comfortably at the distance of eight inches. If your age be fifty you will require, approximately, glasses of about No. 40; if fifty-five, No. 30; if sixty, No. 20; if sixty-five, about No. 13. Or, again, you may at once select some type, no matter of what size provided you can read it without glasses continuously at twelve inches, or for a shorter time at eight inches, without feeling the least discomfort. Then with this by you see what glasses you would require to make any smaller type appear of the same size. For instance, if you found that Great Primer was about the smallest you could read with comfort continuously, and if you wished nevertheless to read Minion and see it of the same size, you would require, at least, No. 7. If you wished to see it as Pica, No. 9 would be sufficient, and so on. To an ordinary eye without presbyopia, Brilliant type would appear as Pearl when looked at through No. 24 spectacles, or as Minion when seen through No. 11. The above will serve as illustrations of this method, but each individual must apply the test for himself, inasmuch as it is the condition of his eye rather than the magnifying power of the glass which will determine the strength of the spectacles to be used. A good practical rule is to choose the strongest pair with which vision at eight inches is comfortable. Before, however, forming an opinion the glasses must be worn and read with for, at least, ten minutes continuously. If they will bear this test they will certainly do for twelve inches, which is the ordinary reading distance. If too strong they will, after they have been worn a few minutes, "strain the eye," that is, cause an unpleasant feeling of weight and tension in and around the eyeball. If too weak they will not show the type with sufficient clearness; they will not, in fact, "improve the sight" so much as a stronger pair. The great point to attain in spectacle-glasses is the happy mean of a maximum of improvement with a minimum of strain on the eye. There is no better test of this having been attained or not than an individual's own sensation after, say, a quarter of an hour's steady reading.

While the vast majority of persons, however, require

* Supposing the reader to be testing his requirements by looking at a page of this Magazine, the other specimens, larger and smaller, are given for the purpose of showing the effect of the various lenses when placed over the Magazine type.

glasses because their sight is becoming "long" or "old," a considerable number also require them because they are "short-sighted." In this condition glasses are necessary for distinct vision at a distance only. Such persons say, and rightly, that they can see perfectly well the smallest objects when close to their eyes. They are, therefore, not a little surprised to learn that, even for reading and writing, glasses in their case are almost always necessary. If, therefore, the reader should be short-sighted, the chances are that he will require spectacles both for distant and for near objects. In the first case he will require them in order to enable him to see things clearly, in the second in order to see them *at a sufficient distance off.* This distinction is a very important one, and one which is moreover too frequently lost sight of. If a short-sighted person can see clearly at about ten or twelve inches distance from his eye he will scarcely require glasses for close work, otherwise he should certainly wear them in order to prevent his short-sightedness becoming worse. The best practical rule to give to such persons in the choice of glasses is to choose the weakest possible with which they can see. There is an almost irresistible temptation to select always much stronger ones than are really required, because they make objects apparently sharper and clearer than the weaker glasses. Strong spectacles are, however, a source of considerable danger in the condition of short-sightedness. The risk is lest they should strain and irritate the eye and so produce internal changes, which eventually may result in total loss of sight. No absolute rules can be laid down for the choice of spectacles for short sight, as has been done for "long" or "old" sight. Short sight bears no relation to an individual's age, and may, moreover, "progress" from year to year. It cannot, therefore, be corrected so satisfactorily or safely by an individual himself as presbyopia can. Little more, therefore, need be said about it than to recommend the weakest possible glasses for use at a distance, and for reading or other fine work, glasses such as will insure comfortable vision of the smallest objects at not less than twelve inches. One pair of spectacles will in some cases fulfil both these indications, while in others two pairs will be required.

Both short-sighted and long-sighted persons may test whether the lenses they are about to use are optically correct or not by simply placing two of the same numbers, but of opposite properties—that is, either convex or concave—together, and observing whether they completely neutralise each other. Thus No. 10 convex should neutralise No. 10 concave, so that in looking through both placed one on the top of the other the effect should be simply that of looking through an ordinary piece of glass.

Of scarcely less importance than the lenses is the frame which holds them. Spectacle-frames are made of many different materials, but for most persons the choice may be said to lie practically between two, viz., steel and gold. The former has the advantage of cheapness and strength, but the disadvantage of rapidly rusting if exposed to sea-air, or when worn by rheumatic persons. The latter is very durable and does not rust or corrode. The chief objection to it is its high price, against which, however, may be set the fact that when worn out or broken the material will be always valuable, and will partly cover the expense of providing new ones. When, therefore, gold can be afforded it is certainly the best material of which to make spectacle-frames.

MILK AS A CURATIVE AGENT

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"MILK as a Medicine" was the title first thought of for this paper, and it must be confessed the words sound better than those I have chosen; they have, at all events, the magic power of alliteration to recommend them. But, on the other hand, there are many to whom the very word "medicine" brings disagreeable associations, though it ought to be remembered that a medicine is not necessarily a drug, albeit a drug ought always to be a medicine. A medicine—if I may be allowed to quote from the first dictionary I can lay my hands upon, without the trouble of getting out of my chair—is "any substance which has the property of curing or mitigating disease." In this sense milk is assuredly a medicine, just as many of our vegetables are which, whether through innate taste, or depending upon our knowledge of their properties, we partake of as health preservatives.

Regarded as a food for the young, milk contains all the elements necessary for existence; the child and the invalid are in many things very much on a par, and milk almost alone, when judiciously administered and in cases where it can be well borne, oftentimes enables a delicate patient to tide over an evil time, and to support his system until stronger food, suitable for the requirements of health, can be easily assimilated.

The milk most commonly used medicinally is that of the cow, although the milk of several other animals is pressed, and rightly too, into the service of the invalid. Let us see what pure milk contains. Of course the proportions of the several ingredients that enter into its composition vary somewhat in different specimens of even pure milk, but the following table of Regnault gives as close an approximation to a perfect analysis as we require for our present purpose. He takes the milk of the cow, the ass, and the goat, and analyses them as follows:—

	Cow.	*Ass.*	*Goat.*
Water	87·4	90·5	82·0
Oil, *i.e.*, butter	4·0	1·4	4·5
Lactine and soluble salts ...	5·0	6·4	4·5
Casein, albumen, and fixed salts	3·6	1·7	9·0
	100·0	100·0	100·0

We may now say a word or two about some of the ingredients of milk.

The *oil* or *butter*. Fat in some form or other must be taken to support life by keeping up the animal heat; sugar or starch, the farinaceous portion of the food, is also heat-sustaining. Heat is power, power means strength; wherever, therefore, there is a lowering of the animal heat, there must be a diminution of strength, and consequently health retrogression. Fat or butter possesses twice the heat-generating properties of sugar or starch. The value of milk, then, as an article of diet to the delicate or the invalid must be great. There are many people, moreover, who, although they are not as a rule looked upon as invalids, nevertheless suffer from feelings of chilliness and cold, often without apparent cause. It may be simply coldness of the feet and hands, but at times the chest and stomach partake of the same uncomfortable feeling. Rich good milk, if it can be assimilated, is a great boon to such as these. Indeed, it is often the best medicine they can take, better far than the so-called cordials they so often fly to.

The *lactine* is the sugary or sweet portion of the milk. Like other saccharine substances, lactine or milk-sugar is a heat-producer, and acts in several other ways for good on the animal system.

The *salts* or mineral matter contained in milk are all necessary for the maintenance of the body in a state of health, and for assisting to build up its framework and make up for loss or waste in nervous and muscular tissue. They consist chiefly of the phosphates of lime, soda, magnesia, and potash, with the chloride of sodium (*i.e.*, common salt).

The *casein* that milk contains, and of which the curd is principally formed, with the *albumen*, is a very important portion of its composition, being chiefly concerned in the animal economy with the repair of tissue and in its construction, and generally in keeping up the strength. In other words, it is the nitrogenous portion of the milk, which gives staying power to the man in health, and enables the delicate invalid to take exercise without feeling fatigued. The muscles and nerves are to the human body what the wires and other conducting apparatus are to electrical machines —not the essential perhaps, but things, nevertheless, that cannot well be dispensed with, in this world at all events. Casein is the least easily digested portion of the milk. Cheese, we all know probably from experience, is difficult of digestion, unless indeed one is working all day out of doors.

A few words about the purity of milk may not here be thrown away. Most people think that country milk is certain to be good and pure; we shall see about that presently, but let me bring the city article before the reader's notice first and foremost. The impurities or adulterations of this are more likely to be intentional. The most common addition to milk is water; this water is introduced for commercial reasons—to make it go farther, in fact. Even if the water so mixed with the milk was always pure itself, it would be bad enough, but unfortunately it is not. It is sad indeed to reflect that our supply of milk should not only be deprived of its nutritious qualities, but even rendered in many cases prejudicial to the health; but such is the fact. One would think that the addition of water to milk was easily discoverable, even by the naked eye, owing to the bluish appearance given to it, or by means of the tell-tale hydrometer. This is not so; the adulteration of milk has come to be a fine art, if not a science, and the bluish colour caused by the aqueous administration is hidden by the addition of colouring matter, its specific gravity restored by other ingredients, and even its flavour given back to it, or something that passes for it. In fact, the article of commerce called London milk is, in too many instances, a very much "doctored" article indeed. But is country milk much better? It certainly is, and yet I am sorry to say the sinful science of adulteration is like some giant crab—London may represent the body of the beast, but it sends its claws all over the country. But there are impurities in country milk which are purely accidental. The servants of the most honest dairyman are apt to be entirely oblivious of the fact that cleanliness is akin to godliness, hence milk-pans that are far from fresh, and dairy utensils of all kinds are seldom sufficiently rinsed, far less scoured, to say nothing of carelessness connected with the kind of water which the cows may drink. Cows are far from particular as to the quality of their potations when really thirsty—although they prefer clean soft water to anything else—and hence many cases of typhoid fever have been due to partaking of that much bepraised article, country milk.

If I had to choose milk for a delicate invalid, there are many things I should want to know, which in all probability the "honest" dairyman would deem impertinent: let me couch my queries in the politest language I am master of. I would want to know how the cow was housed and fed, and even bedded, and how often she was milked; and I would like also to see her ladyship, so that I might guess about her age and condition. But here is something that the dairyman has nothing to do with. He may deliver the milk at the door into the hands of your immaculate maid, both rich and pure and sweet, and not half an hour drawn from the cow. The milkman may look like a duke in disguise, both the pail and the half-pint measure may seem made of burnished silver, and the former may apparently have hinges of gold; but having received it, where does your handmaiden place it? In scullery or larder? Surely not. If she does so, hint to her that milk has the power to absorb obnoxious gases and effluvia from the air around it, and do not yourself forget that the purest butter that ever was made, may become tainted and poisoned in one short hour by objectionable surroundings.

Comes now the question of the digestibility of milk. A glance at the table of the composition of cow's,

ass's, and goat's milk will naturally convey the impression that that of the goat is the richest. This is so, but it is on that account the more difficult of assimilation. It cannot, therefore, be recommended for the very delicate, but it is a grand adjunct to the diet of those who are just beginning to regain strength after long severe illnesses. A residence at the seaside to induce a healthy appetite, and a diet consisting largely of goat's milk, would restore many a convalescent far more speedily to health without the aid of drugs than anything I know of.

A course of goat's milk may often be taken with advantage in the autumn by those who suffer much from cold during the winter months, but who do not care to take cod-liver oil. The extract of malt would go well with it as a tonic adjunct. The milk ought to be taken on the principle of little and often, not drunk wholesale.

Again referring to the table, it will be seen that ass's milk contains a larger proportion of water, more lactine, and less oil and casein. This is the reason it is so easily assimilated, and is so often prescribed by the physician for patients who have delicate digestions. It is possible that it may be of a somewhat too laxative nature for some, but this is easily corrected.

Cow's milk most invalids can take. It is often an advantage to give it in conjunction with a little aërated water; and in cases where it has a tendency to turn sour or disagree with the stomach, it should be mixed with a little lime-water. It should be remembered, however, that lime-water must not be taken for any length of time without intermission, or evil results may follow. Cream, if taken fresh in the morning, and if it can be well borne—which it usually can—is an excellent tonic and restorative. It should be taken with breakfast, and the more fresh it is, and the more good and pure the milk from which it has been taken, the better will be the result. The cream of goat's milk is probably better than even that of the cow.

Skim milk is very nutritious, but, of course, being deprived of a large proportion of cream, it is not calculated to sustain the animal heat so well.

Butter-milk: it is not every invalid who can take this, but it has, nevertheless, much to recommend it as a cooling nutritive summer drink. I might almost claim for it tonic properties; however, there is no doubt that, taken an hour or two before any of the ordinary meals of the day, when a feeling of emptiness and fatigue are experienced, it is of great service. The delicate should have it as fresh as possible.

Milk, talking physiologically, is demulcent, and therefore of great service in many cases of cough and lung irritation, as well as in dyspepsia. I need hardly say a word about the virtue of milk as a medicine for those suffering from consumption. In this case it ought to be drunk warm from the cow, it is certain then to be unadulterated. Too much of it can hardly be taken so long as it agrees.

In all kinds of internal irritabilities, even in dysentery itself, milk is invaluable, and the emollient effects of *milk warm from the cow* are well marked in cases of chronic or winter cough.

I merely mention milk and rum in order to have an opportunity of saying that in no case should such a dangerous mixture be taken.

THE VIOLIN FOR GIRLS.

THE violin has, whether for worse or better reasons, until quite recently, rarely been put into the hands of girls in this country. The certainty that it is an extremely difficult instrument to master, and the prejudice that it is an ungraceful one to play, have combined to restrict its study to the other sex. Both reasons disappear entirely if fairly faced. The violin must be taken up in early youth, if any real success with it is to be achieved; and no one begrudges to girls ample time for the practice of music; whereas parents and tutors alike are very jealous of allowing boys to spend upon the study of music hours which are claimed by Greek, Latin, mathematics, and the various branches of education which they are expected to pursue.

If, therefore, there are difficulties to surmount which demand hard, regular practice, and time for it, girls have many more opportunities for encountering them. Between their enforced studies, and the passion for games and field sports which, even if somewhat excessive in this country, we should be the last to say a word to discourage, boys have not much leisure for the pursuit of music; and if success is to be gained in school, and subsequently at the University, no time can be spared for it out of school hours. With girls the case is far otherwise. After the time devoted to studies and exercise, there is always time for practice, and no girl enjoying a liberal education, properly superintended, need find any difficulty in securing two hours a day for the study of music. If we take the results which any ordinary experience of society enables us to verify, they fully bear us out. There are many girls under two-and-twenty in this country who have arrived at a high degree of excellence as pianoforte-players; but the number of young men—we speak, of course, of amateurs—who play the violin even tolerably at the same age is very small indeed. The best general test of a violin-player is whether he can lead a quartet of average difficulty, and we never yet met an English amateur of two-and-twenty who could do this with even decent success. We are not making this a subject for blame,

for there are many excellent reasons why it should be so. But we are fully persuaded that if the same test could be applied to pianoforte-playing, hundreds—ay, thousands—of young girls would acquit themselves admirably under it. Now, two hours of real work a day, from the age of ten to the age of twenty, at Spohr, Kreutzer, and good violin music, will make a very excellent player indeed, and, if there be any great musical sensibility and aptitude in the student, a very fine one. Girls have more patience, and certainly regard musical proficiency as more rigidly demanded of and necessary to them than boys. There can, therefore, be no good reason shown why the question of the difficulty of the instrument should be allowed any weight whatever in placing the violin in their hands.

As regards the question of gracefulness, it is not easy to deal with it seriously. Action and motion may be graceful or the reverse, according to the natural or acquired grace of the person acting or moving. The violin, of course, can be played ungracefully, just as a bow or a curtsy may be made ungracefully. If the player holds his violin badly, fastens it to his chest with his chin, depresses one shoulder and raises the other, rounds his back, and, with his bow-arm, imitates the action of a cobbler, the finest playing will hardly save him from contempt. But all this, so far from being inevitable or necessary, violates every rule which a good master will at once insist upon in regard to the attitude and action of his pupil. The body must be erect, though not rigid; the shoulders at their normal level, and the back necessarily straight. So far as the bow-arm is concerned, its action and that of the wrist is singularly beautiful, easy, and graceful, or should be so. The position of the hand on the bow is one of extreme elegance, and, if the modesty of nature be not overstepped, the action and attitude of the violin-player may be rendered models of finished grace.

These objections, then, having been, as we conceive, satisfactorily disposed of, it may fairly be asked whether, in view of the distinctive differences between the sexes, there is any good reason why women should not play the violin as well as men.

Now one of the first requisites for a fine violin-player is a suitable hand. Bad indeed must the hand be which cannot be trained to play almost every other instrument if it is directed by an ardent soul. Had a man sausages for fingers, provided the bones had not been omitted, he could play the piano, the violoncello, the double-bass, and all the wind instruments. But he would most surely be disqualified for playing the violin, which demands a finely-tipped finger for performances of the highest excellence. We do not pretend that this is absolutely necessary. Spohr was a giant, and had the hand of one; nature had not endowed him with fingers of extraordinary elegance, and yet he played like an archangel. Great geniuses, however, are exceptions to rules, and bestride the narrow world like colossi, compelling nature and fortune. Raphael would have painted without hands; Cellini would have moulded and carved with his feet. But ordinary mortals, for whom and by one of whom these lines are written, must consider how far nature has adapted them for the tasks they undertake, and pursue or relinquish them accordingly. Now, women have great advantages over men in the matter under consideration. Their more finely-formed hands and more delicately-tipped fingers give them an easy command over passages in the higher register of the violin, which very few men possess. The hand of the average Englishman, indeed, is very far from a fine tool. Not so, however, with the hands of English women. They are beautifully formed, and admirably adapted for violin-playing. They possess all the necessary power, and all the desirable delicacy. Their fingers are usually quite long enough for the stretch of the tenth (except, perhaps, in the first position) and, though this is rarely required, it must be compassed when the composer demands it. They have another great advantage over boys and men, inasmuch as they do not impair the sensitiveness of the skin and nerves of the hand by sports, gymnastics, rowing, and exposure to all weathers. Of all fine work which the human hand is called upon to perform, there is perhaps nothing more fine, or which demands so much sensitiveness and delicacy as violin-playing. Faultless intonation requires a fine ear, a vigilant and critical mind, and a delicate hand, and for one such combination of requisites found among boys, ten may be found among girls.

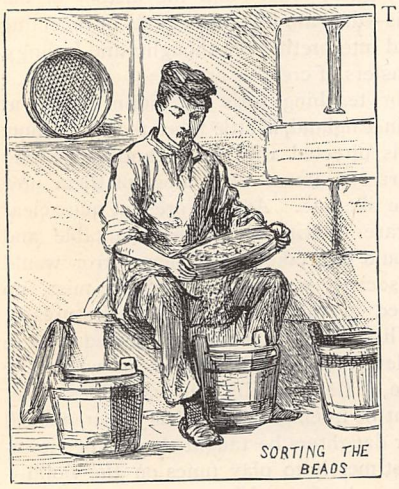
Then as regards the mental and emotional differences between men and women, it cannot be doubted that women are usually superior to men in the power of seizing rapidly and faithfully the finer inflections of feeling, and, other things being equal, of expressing them. If women are the inferiors of men in creative genius of the highest order—and the history of our race proves this—they are fully our equals in reflecting the images, and interpreting the thoughts and feelings, of the great masters of creative art.

The rage for teaching girls the violin, which at present exists in England, is little more than a fashion, and, unless it is directed with more knowledge and care on the part of parents than most of them now show, it will die like one. And we are not quite clear that, if this care is withheld, a more suitable and salutary end could overtake it. A new terror would be added to society, were every budding miss, no better instructed in the art than under the present *régime* she is likely to be, permitted or required to compel the silence of the drawing-room while she scraped out one of Bellini's airs with variations. But if the movement be intelligently guided—if parents will insist that their daughters be taught the art of violin-playing, and not merely to play tunes on the violin—if their music is truly pursued as an art, and not as a mere accomplishment—if practice on the violin is as vigorously exacted as practice on the piano, or as the study of French, German, or history—if the teachers will be stern, conscientious and inflexible, and at the same time impart to their pupils that ardour and enthusiasm for the instrument without which the

study of it is like the passage of an arid and endless desert—then, indeed, the movement is one which we hail with abundant pleasure, and for which we both desire and anticipate success. It will indefinitely extend the horizon of domestic music, which is far too limited in this country. It will open up to young ladies the treasures of the stringed music of the great writers—treasures of which they are now, for the most part, ignorant. It will enable them to enjoy the great pleasure of playing in symphony parties where the great orchestral works are performed, and we may whisper the hope that they will gradually improve these meetings. Above all, they will be enabled to take part in quartet-playing, which is perhaps one of the purest and most delightful pleasures life affords, one of the strongest incentives to study, and one of its sweetest rewards. The string quartet is not, by a hundredth part, as common in this country as it should be; and any movement which promises to place it within the reach of young ladies, and of a larger number of our young people generally, cannot be too strongly commended. But, as we have before said, it must be intelligently, earnestly, and vigorously directed.

We should be glad of the permission to say one more word to parents on this subject. Be very careful that the child selected as the future violin-player has at once the requisite physical health and vigour, and sufficient musical ardour and sensibility to cope with all the difficulties which the instrument presents. They are very formidable, and can only be surmounted by indomitable patience, resolution and tenacity of purpose. The moral quality of a certain order, requisite to make a fine player, is not to be found in every house, and bad violin-playing can gratify or edify no one. It is of no use to take an ordinary child, such as nature provides with such lavish prodigality all over this kingdom, and think to make a violin-player of her. Pearls are not found in every oyster, and thistle-down makes but poor velvet. But if a child shows the requisite moral and emotional quality, place her at ten years of age under a good master; encourage her through the Slough of Despond which lies near the beginning of the road, and which extends farther or less far according to the aptitude, talent, and perseverance of the pupil; exact, and, so far as is possible, superintend, two hours a day of stern hard practice after the age of twelve, until she is eighteen, and by the time she is twenty she will be on the Delectable Mountains, possessing a fine pure taste, a great mastery over her instrument, and a power which, whether exercised in a smaller or larger sphere, will be an abundant and never-failing source of pleasure to herself and her friends. From these heights she may—but without pain and, we trust, without vanity—look back upon the long, toilsome road, the dark valley, the lions, and the Castle of Giant Despair. She may go as much farther as she will, but the air will be always pure and serene, sounds of ineffable beauty will regale her ear, visions of undying loveliness enchant her mind, and the immortals will be her daily companions.

HOW THEY MAKE BEADS.


SORTING THE BEADS

IT sounds almost incredible, but is nevertheless a fact, that it would take a dozen locomotive engines to transport the weight of glass beads annually purchased by the fair sex.

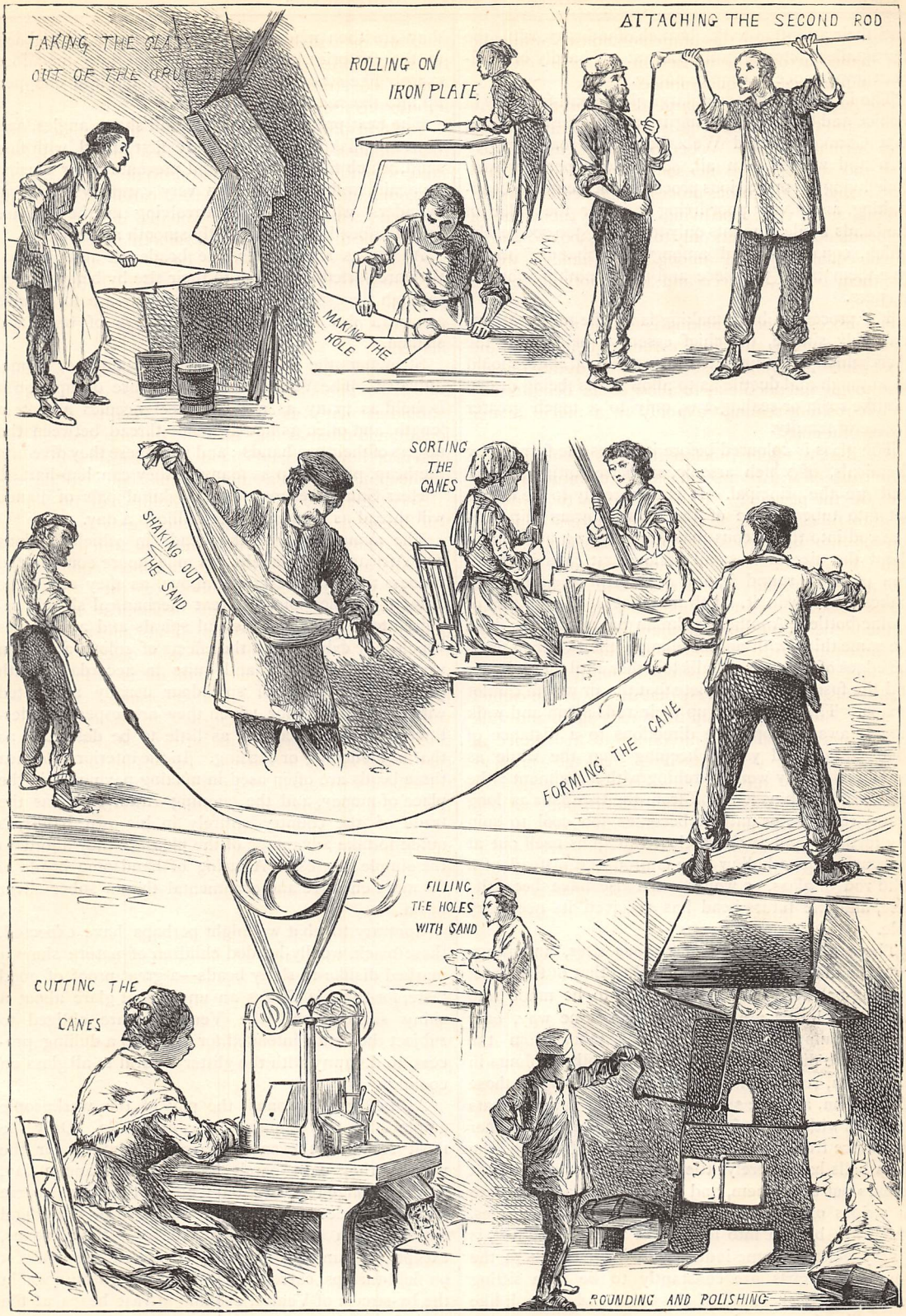
The best customers of all are the French, and next to them come the Spaniards of Europe and America; while among the German nations it would seem, according to the testimony of Herr Gampe, that the purer the race, the less the fondness for beads. Thus the Yankees show how mixed their blood is, by buying almost as many beads as the French and the Spaniards; the English are not such good customers, but they imported 2,204,241 lbs. in the year 1871; while the Germans stand third on the list, and the Scandinavians last. The latter are, perhaps, too sober-minded and grave to care for such frivolous vanities.

Of the Turks and Hungarians, only the upper classes wear beads at all, as they would be quite out of keeping with the national costumes of the people.

As a rule, the civilised European, no matter what her nationality, buys only the cheapest kinds of glass-beads, and leaves the best and most expensive for the barbarous and semi-barbarous natives of India and Africa. Strings of beads adorn the throat, neck, hair, arms, and ankles of the Hindu and Malay, and often enough form the sole costume of the Ethiopian, and in the interior of Africa they frequently take the place of money as a medium of exchange.

Among the Mongolians, the Japanese are the only customers, but they are rather good ones, while the Chinese ladies apparently despise beads of all sorts.

Although the Italians do not share the love of beads manifested by the other Latin races, it is from Venice that the whole world, civilised, semi-civilised, and uncivilised, is mainly supplied; the Bohemian manufacturers, energetic as they are, have only just begun to



HOW BEADS ARE MADE.

(From Sketches obtained by kind permission of the Venice and Murano Glass and Mosaic Company.)

turn their attention to this branch of industry, while the few smaller factories in the Levant are hardly of sufficient importance to require notice.

The largest of the seven large glass-bead-factories in Venice and the neighbouring island of Murano belong to a German, named Weberbeck, who employs 500 men and women. In all, some 6,000 persons earn their living by the various processes incidental to bead-making, and a very poor living it is, for the value of the beads made amounts only to some £300,000 yearly, which, equally divided among the "hands," would give them but £50 apiece and leave nothing for the masters.

The process of bead-making is for the most part remarkably simple, the chief essential being that the glass, which is manipulated in a semi-fluid state, should be so tough and ductile as to allow of its being drawn out like rosin or sealing-wax, only to a much greater degree of tenuity.

The glass is coloured before it leaves the furnace by chemicals, of which arsenic, saltpetre, antimony, and lead are the principal. It is then ready to be drawn out into tubes. One of the glass-blowers dips his iron rod into the viscous mass, and taking up a lump about the size of a small melon, first rolls it on an iron plate to round it, and then with a simple tool makes a hollow in it, much like that at the bottom of a wine-bottle. Another workman has meantime done the same thing with another lump; the two then press the edges of these glass balls together until they adhere, and the fusion is so complete that the air within cannot escape. They then take up their rods again and walk quickly away in opposite directions to a distance of about a hundred yards, keeping step the while as exactly as if they were marching with a regiment; the red-hot glass spins itself off from the two balls as long as any remains, or until it becomes too cool to spin any further; and as the enclosed air spins itself out at the same time, a hollow tube is produced instead of a solid rod of glass, as would otherwise have been the case, and the future bead has received its necessary hole.

These glass tubes are of various sizes, and range from the diameter of a lead-pencil to that of the finest knitting-needle. Those which are to be made into variegated beads are formed in the same way, only that the lumps of glass on being taken from the furnace are dipped into liquid glass of other colours in succession, so that they are encased in skins like those of an onion, and the spinning off of the several coats proceeds with wonderful regularity, without any further assistance from the workman's hand. Often, too, the glass balls have merely little knobs of glass of different colours put upon them, and these appear as fine lines or stripes on the tubes. The sorting of the tubes, which are broken into lengths of about three feet, is a very general home-industry in Venice, where the women and girls are constantly to be seen sitting before large baskets full of glass pipes, which look like the quills of a porcupine.

With outspread fingers they feel and weigh these, until all are accurately sorted according to their size; they are then made up into bundles and taken back to the factories, where they are put into machines exactly like straw-cutting machines, and are chopped up into the size required.

The next process is to remove all sharp angles, and to accomplish this the beads are first mixed with fine sand, which fills the holes and prevents their closing up again, and they are then very carefully heated in cylinders, which are kept revolving in the furnace until the beads are sufficiently smooth and round.

As far as shape goes, the beads are now ready; they are sorted according to their size by being passed through sieves, and then those which are to receive an extra fine polish are put in bags of bran and shaken.

Stringing the beads in skeins is another home-industry. The Venetian women, whose occupation it is, hold as many as a dozen steel needles a foot in length, and often as fine as a silk thread, between the fingers of their two hands; and with these they dive into the heap, picking up as many as they can, hap-hazard.

Herr Gampe reckons that a skilful pair of hands will thread as many as three millions a day.

The manufacture of the beads in which Indians and Africans take delight is a much more complicated process than that described above, as they are made only at the blow-pipe. Great mechanical skill is required to produce the tasteful spirals and arabesques which they exhibit, and the effects of colour are often wonderfully beautiful and quite in accordance with the fabulous ideas of splendour usually associated with those lands for which they are especially destined; but the process is as little to be described as that of modelling or chasing. In the interior of Africa these beads are often used in making payments in the place of money, and the cunning Arab, who has the trade of the country entirely in his own hands, is quick to take advantage of the pleasure they afford to the simple negress. A string of handsome beads is far more effective and ornamental than a sober silver florin.

Contrary to what we might perhaps have expected, these black, woolly-headed children of nature show a marked dislike to shiny beads—a great proof of good taste, for there is always an unpleasant glare about a shiny surface—and the Venetians are obliged to subject the beads intended for them to a dulling process, to do away with the glitter natural to all glass on cooling.

As before mentioned, the pay of the workpeople employed in this manufacture is miserable. Only the most skilful get even fair wages; and as for the women, they earn barely half a paper-franc a day, and are obliged to live on food of the most coarse and scanty description, even the *polenta*, the frugal national dish of Italy, being beyond their means, except on Sundays. During the week they subsist on field-turnips, carrots, &c., which are to be seen in the by-streets of Venice, cooking in vast heaps at the open fire, and are consumed on the spot by the needy purchasers.

While upon the subject of bead-making we may say

a few words about the imitation pearl-beads, in the manufacture of which the French excel.

These are chiefly made in the department of the Seine, but a cheap and inferior quality, known as German fish-pearls, are manufactured in Saxony.

The practice of making hollow glass beads and filling them with pearly varnish was in vogue at an early period among the artists of Murano, but was prohibited by the Venetian Government because it was considered either fraudulent or dangerous to health on account of the quicksilver used. The art was, however, revived and improved by a French bead-maker named Jaquin, who used the scales of the small fresh-water bleak for making a pearly powder, which had all the lustre of the most beautiful pearls, and was named by him *Essence d'Orient.* He first made his beads of gypsum and covered them with the pearl-powder, but this did not answer, for the powder rubbed off the beads and adhered to the skin of the wearer. After this the beads were made of glass, covered inside with a solution of isinglass and the pearl-essence, and filled with wax, which was bored through with a needle; but various improvements have been made in the manufacture since then. In 1834 a French artisan invented an opaline glass of a pearly colour, very heavy and easily fusible, which gave the beads all the different weights and forms found among real pearls. They are now filled with gum instead of wax, by which means a highly transparent effect is produced, and the surface being deadened by the vapour of hydrofluoric acid, their appearance hardly differs from that of real pearls.

Pearl beads are not made by drawing the glass out into tubes as described above, but are blown separately; one workman being able to blow as many as 6,000 of the commoner quality in a day. But if they are required to be very beautiful he can produce only 1,200 or 1,500, which he makes round, pear-shaped, olive-shaped, or flat on one side, as may be desired.

The bleak, whose scales are employed to make the pearl-powder, is but four inches long; 4,000 fish yield a pound of scales, and these do not produce four ounces of the essence, which is preserved for use in a solution of sal-ammoniac. This is mixed with dissolved isinglass, and blown into each globule by means of a fine glass pipe, the pearls becoming more beautiful and more valuable the larger the quantity of essence used. Some of the best imitations fetch really good prices.

SELINA GAYE.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

AGNES waited with extreme anxiety for answers to her letters to Rose and Frank. She thought she knew beforehand what Rose would say — that she would blame her, and justly too, but at the same time would show tender sympathy in her pain and difficulty. As for Frank, his letter *must* be a terrible trial, and would probably contain a pitiful entreaty that she would change her mind and try him again, and see what he could do for her sake; and though she knew that she *could* not change, she looked upon this last evidence of his love, painful though it would be, as a right she could by no means relinquish.

But day after day passed, and no letters came. "They *must* come to-day," she thought every morning when she got up; "I cannot fail to hear to-morrow," she said to herself each night as she went to bed; and yet a fortnight passed, and beyond a short, sharp reproof from her father for her folly, she had received no word of recognition from lover, friend, or family.

"Surely Frank cannot mean to give me up without an effort," she thought. "He cannot mean to throw me off like that, after making me think I was so much to him; unless, indeed, it was only an infatuation, and he has ceased to care for me since I have been out of his sight." But this thought was too wounding to be harboured, and each day she grew more puzzled at the continued silence.

At length a letter from Rose came, but it was so unsatisfactory, so different from what she had expected, that Agnes almost wished she had never received it, and could scarcely understand the altered position in which she stood with her friend.

Rose said little, but that little cut Agnes to the heart, for she spoke of the disappointment she felt in her, and of the pain of what was to her a second loss, for she seemed to take it for granted that their friendship must ever be a thing of the past. She said that this would probably be her last letter, for she would have nothing of interest to write about, and she did not suppose that Agnes would wish to continue the correspondence; and then she ended without mentioning Frank's name, or the possibility of Agnes's return. "What did it mean? Did Frank really mean not

"SHE TURNED AND SAW A STRANGER STANDING BESIDE HER" (*p.* 550).

even to write and say good-bye?" Agnes wondered. She respected him for not being pitiful over his rejection, but it hurt not only her pride, but her heart, that he should consider her undeserving of an effort.

"I have heard from Rose Ellison at last, Miss Fanshawe," she said, when she had read her letter over and over again.

"Have you? What does she say?" asked Claudia with interest. "Does she tell you how he takes it?"

"No. She does not even mention his name. I think he does not intend to have anything more to do with me," answered Agnes, with a trembling voice.

"And you are vexed, poor child!" said Claudia kindly. "But it is better for him to be a little angry: he will not feel it so much; and—do you know—I respect this lover of yours for not coming slavishly to your feet."

"So do I!" cried Agnes eagerly. "I could not have believed it of him. He never showed himself to me like that before."

"Don't go and over-rate him now," said Claudia earnestly. "He has shown himself more of a man than you expected, but that doesn't alter his nature. You did not know him quite so well as you thought, but you knew him very well: you knew him as he would be every day; and you must remember that this spirit of self-assertion, which seems to you new and admirable, is a thing which every-day life would seldom call out."

Agnes gave a long sigh. "Well," she said, after a pause, "it is all over now, and I am glad of it; but what *can* I do when I go home again?"

"Don't worry about that now; we will see about it when the time comes, and that will not be just yet," answered Claudia; and Agnes was glad to leave it in her hands. Of course it was a good thing it was all over, she thought, but yet she was very miserable, and would have felt still worse if she had known that Rose was unable, as well as unwilling, to tell her anything of Frank.

Instead of running in two or three times a week, bringing with him an atmosphere of cheerfulness and business which was sadly wanting at other times in that dull house, days, and even weeks, passed now without his coming. His friendly ways and never-ending talk—though certainly that was nearly always on one subject—had made a pleasant change in Rose's life; and now that she had not only lost his visits, but also her occupation of writing to Agnes, she felt terribly at a loss, and, in spite of all her efforts, her health and spirits failed.

Mrs. Tiverton watched her lovingly and anxiously. Just what she had feared when Rose first proposed living with her had come to pass, and now they had grown so necessary to each other that neither could bear the thought of parting. She tried to persuade Rose to return to her father's house and her sisters' cheerful society, but she could not hide her dread of being left alone, and Rose would not hear of leaving her.

So the weeks dragged heavily on, until in the early spring Mrs. Tiverton had a serious illness. Rose nursed her indefatigably, and felt all her energy revive when occasion arose for it; and then, when Mrs. Tiverton was down-stairs again, Frank Crossley came very shyly to ask after her, and was welcomed with such tact and kindness, and such absence of awkward allusions, that he called himself a fool for having stayed away so long, and went back to his old habits, often spending two or three evenings in the week with his friends.

Strangely enough, he found no lack of things to talk about, although the subject of Agnes was avoided; but he had begun to take an interest in his farm again, and Rose liked to hear of its progress, and contrived to draw Mrs. Tiverton into their conversations, so that she also looked forward with pleasure to his coming. But all the time she thought to herself that she knew what would come of it; and there was a bitter struggle in her mind between a selfish desire that her dear dead son should be the only love and tender memory of Rose's life, and the knowledge that it would be good and natural that she, still so young, should find it possible to love and hope again. This quiet life of sorrowing memory could not last. When she was gone—and she was neither young nor strong—what would Rose's future be? She might, of course, go back to her father, who would welcome her gladly; but her place at home would have been filled up, her sisters would have divided between them the duties which used to be hers, and she would seem almost like an intruder amongst them.

Painful as the idea was to her, Mrs. Tiverton knew that a happy marriage was the only thing for Rose. She had mourned deeply and truly over her lost love; she had filled the place of daughter to the sorrowing mother with unceasing tenderness; violent grief could not last for ever, nor could it long claim the first place in company with the every-day cares and anxieties which meant so much in a household where, of necessity, every penny was counted and considered.

Mrs. Tiverton's life had been full of sorrow and self-denial, but it seemed to her that this last blow which she saw coming would be the heaviest of all, for when this dear daughter left her, she would, indeed, be alone; she would have no further place in the world, no ties to bind her to it, and yet death might be long in coming.

She knew that when Rose first became aware of the new love which had taken root in her heart, she would be startled and shocked—she would think herself wicked, and would struggle against it with all her power; and the poor child must be shown that the feeling was neither wrong nor unnatural; but it was hard that the duty should fall upon her—so hard that sometimes her old love and tenderness seemed to change into dislike; and Rose's wondering look at some momentary unreasonable harshness filled her with such keen self-reproach that she longed for anything which would put an end to the struggle and leave her in peace.

Both Rose and Frank seemed as yet unconscious of the growing change in their hearts, but the time for their learning it could not be far off, and she half wished for, half dreaded, the moment when her influence would cease, and it would rest with them alone to decide whether their future lives should be spent together.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"Go out and get me some violets, Agnes," said Claudia Fanshawe, one windy, sunshiny March morning. "Though it is half dark in here, I am sure the spring flowers ought to be out to-day."

"Yes, it is bright and lovely," answered Agnes. "I will run out this moment, and I expect I shall come back to you with my hands full."

The window opened on the broad carriage-drive, along which passed the gardeners, clearing away the lingering signs of winter, and making everything look pleasant and promising, although the newly-raked borders could only boast as yet of a few tufts of early blossoms.

Agnes, hardy and country-bred, ran out without hat or shawl, revelling in the keen clear air. This morning she felt in harmony with the spring, and new thoughts and hopes came crowding into her mind, which now she could freely indulge without fear of disloyalty to Frank, and it seemed to her as if the fresh March wind had come to blow away her troubles.

The violets grew in thick clusters in the sheltered nooks, and she was bending over them with delight, filling both her hands, when a voice behind her suddenly exclaimed, "Claudia!" and the violets fell in a heap on the ground as she turned and saw a stranger standing beside her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking off his hat. "I thought for the moment it was my cousin, Miss Fanshawe. What mischief I have done?" and he stooped to pick up the scattered flowers.

"Oh, never mind!" answered Agnes hurriedly. "I will go and tell Miss Fanshawe you are here."

"I had better tell you my name first," he suggested, smiling.

"Mr. Leighton," said Agnes, recognising him from Claudia's description.

"Yes; but I have not the pleasure of knowing to whom I am speaking," he answered, greatly struck by the face, glowing with health and beauty, which Agnes shyly turned towards him.

"Oh, I am only Miss Fanshawe's companion; and I must hasten back and tell her you have come," said Agnes, blushing; and she hurried away before George Leighton had time to do more than bow, and wish she would have waited for him.

"What a long time you have been! Where are my violets?" was Claudia's greeting as Agnes came in, in breathless haste.

"I have brought you something better even than violets," she answered—"a bit of news. A visitor has come for you."

"A visitor? No one very interesting, I expect," said Claudia languidly.

"I think he is. It is some one you have told me about."

"Not George?" cried Claudia.

"Yes, Mr. Leighton. He is in the garden, waiting to be called in."

Claudia went quickly to the open window and called him.

"My dear Claudia! Are you glad to see me?" he asked, coming in and taking both her hands; and Agnes wisely slipped out of the room.

"Indeed I am!" answered Claudia warmly. "I am sick of solitude; and yours is the first face beyond the household I have seen for many a long day."

"But you have never been quite alone, have you?"

"Oh, no. I have always had Agnes; and she has been everything that is good to me. But I have pined for my old friends."

Claudia held out her hand and laid it upon his, and George was well satisfied with his reception; it was far better than he had expected, and indeed he had felt doubtful of being received at all.

"And when do you mean to come among us again?" he asked. "Is not your imprisonment nearly over?"

"Yes; I can use my eyes again now, and the doctor says that in another month I may go about as usual. I shall be half sorry, for getting quite well will, I am afraid, mean parting from Agnes, and I have grown so fond of her."

"You used to be fond of me, Claudia," said George jealously.

"Ah, yes, *used* to be!" she answered, with a sigh; "but that is over, and she has done so much for me in my blindness."

"Yes, she has done what it was my place to do—what I would have given the world to have done for you, Claudia. Are you still so hard upon me? Is it too late to change your mind?"

"Yes, yes, much too late. Don't talk of it," she answered hurriedly. "It would be no better now than before. We have not changed our views of life, or grown nearer to each other."

"You prophesied that I should tire of idleness," he said, after a pause, "but I have not done so yet. If only I had a wife, Claudia—but I think I shall never marry; you have spoiled me for all other women."

"Do let old grievances alone, George," entreated Claudia, doubtful of her own self-command. "Tell me of our friends, and what is going on in the world."

"I do believe you are made of stone!" cried George angrily. "I speak of my unchanged love for you, and you care only to talk of society. You have not a kind word for me."

"Dear George, what is the use?" she answered, putting her hand on his arm. "I never can change my mind, and it is better for you to know it. And do you think *I* have had nothing to bear? I have got over it now," she went on quickly, as he caught her hands in his; "but you must have known how it hurt me at first."

"I didn't know it; nor did I know till I saw you that I was still fool enough to care so much," he answered. "I feel tempted at this moment to say, 'Take me, and make what you will of me;' but I dare say I shouldn't keep to it, and you don't care enough for me to take the trouble."

"How can you be so cruel?" cried Claudia, bursting into tears, overcome by the excitement of the meeting.

"Darling, why will you not let yourself love me?" he said tenderly, bending over her. "Why will you be so hard to yourself and to me?"

Never had Claudia felt such strong temptation. Were all her ambitious dreams worth the price she was paying for them? Were they dreams only, or ideals which might be realised? Was not the hero of her heart a picture only of what her lover might be at his best, if he would but use his talents, and make a name and place for himself amongst the noblest of his time? It was no sudden fancy which had made her break off her engagement: it had been a matter of deep conviction; but now it was almost beyond her strength to withstand this sudden temptation to accept the love which was again laid at her feet, and to settle down

into the pleasant idle life which in wiser moments she despised. But she quickly recovered her senses, and raised her head and drew away her hands.

"You do not always feel as you do to-day, George," she said. "This will not last. My answer of long ago can never be altered. We have been friends since then, but our friendship must end if you try me again as you have done to-day. Neither you nor I can change our natures. Don't give me the pain of saying it over and over again."

"You shall never have to say it again," he answered. "I didn't know when I came that I should be fool enough to speak to you of love; I believed I had got over my weakness. But for old times' sake, Claudia, let us still be friends."

He spoke quietly, but he was deeply pained by this second rejection, and vexed that he had brought it upon himself; and having no fancy for letting Miss Baring's bright eyes detect his agitation, he made an excuse for starting on a solitary tour of inspection of his aunt's domain, promising to be back again by the time Claudia had rested. Agnes guessed that Miss Fanshawe's sudden desire for solitude and Mr. Leighton's lonely walk meant that something had happened, and was interested and curious. What a pity, she thought, that everything should not come right between them; for she had never seen any one whose looks and manners pleased her so much as Mr. Leighton's, though before his coming her sympathies had all been with the distant and undeclared lover, Frederick Carey.

George returned sooner than he was expected. Love and disappointment could not blind him to the prosaic fact that it was three o'clock, and that he had tasted nothing since his early breakfast; so he went back again in a more practical frame of mind, and disposed to think it possible that Claudia might have been right in refusing to take him at his word, and endeavour to change his nature.

He found that, tired out by her unusual excitement, she had fallen asleep, so he petitioned Miss Baring to provide him with "beef and bread," and was greatly amused at her taking his words literally, and ordering exactly what he had asked for. He begged her to stay with him during his luncheon, and tell him about Miss Fanshawe; and she did so gladly, and was pleased to find that she felt completely at her ease with this grand gentleman, who treated her with such deference.

He had no doubt that Claudia had told her friend about him and his love, and was anxious to show her that he did not think it necessary to be heart-broken and sentimental; and really Miss Baring was so handsome and agreeable that he was glad of an excuse for detaining her.

Claudia joined them presently, and soon afterwards he was obliged to leave, and Agnes noticed with regret that nothing was said of his coming again. Well, people thought differently, but for her part she could scarcely fancy it possible for a girl to be dissatisfied with such a lover. Handsome, clever, agreeable, her equal in wealth and position—what more could she want? while she was convinced, from his behaviour to herself, that, at least, he was a true gentleman.

She gathered from a few words of Claudia's during the evening that he had received a final rejection, and lay awake far into the night, wondering if he was deeply grieved, and speculating whether, if the second lover appeared on the scene, Miss Fanshawe would now give him a favourable reception.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"APRIL 14th, at Paris, aged 38, Philip, second son of the late Sir Gerald Carey, Bart., of Careysford, Yorkshire."

"Why, Agnes!" cried Claudia, throwing down the paper in which she had read the announcement, "that is Fred's brother, the heir!"

"The heir!" repeated Agnes, looking up from a letter she had just received, and giving only half attention to the news.

"Yes; don't you remember my telling you about it? Sir Gerald, the eldest brother, has been married many years, and has no children, so Philip of course was the heir. Every one was sorry it was not Fred, for Philip was always idle and careless—rather disreputable, in fact—and if he had got the property it is very likely he would have made away with it; but, poor fellow, that may all be forgotten now. And what a change it will make for Fred!"

Claudia's thoughts wandered away to these friends and their altered fortunes, and the breakfast that morning was a silent one. She thought pityingly of Philip and his wasted life, and wondered if there was one person in the world who would be saddened by his loss; and then she turned gladly to Fred, and the benefits which would fall to his share, and speculated whether his new responsibilities would be too great a burden for his feeble health. But the last few letters had told of so much improvement that every one felt hopeful. "And perhaps," thought Claudia, "this excitement may do him good, and give him an object for getting well as fast as possible."

"I should not be surprised, Agnes," she said presently, "if Aunt Eleanor and Fred came home at once. Poor Sir Gerald was never very capable of managing his own affairs, and there will be a great deal to attend to. I can almost persuade myself that they will be here any day. But, Agnes, my dear, what is the matter with you this morning? you are so grave and silent! Your letter has not brought bad news for you, has it?"

"I think I am silly to-day, and easily upset," replied Agnes, struggling to speak lightly; "but you know it can be no small thing to me to think how soon I must leave you now."

"You mean because they will be coming home—but that is nonsense! I shall want you for ever so long yet; and you know you have promised to let me think for you in this matter. But is this all, Agnes? I can't help thinking there is some other trouble."

"I didn't mean to tell you: it seems so foolish to be vexed; but I can't help it. Will you read this letter,

Miss Fanshawe? I am almost ashamed to tell you about it."

Claudia took a closely-written sheet from Agnes's hand, and read it through. It was not a pleasant letter to read, for the writer—a girl of Agnes's own age, and a neighbour of the Barings—evidently enjoyed telling her unpleasant news, though she mixed up with it a good deal of familiar and offensive sympathy. Agnes's supposed good fortune in winning Frank Crossley had caused no little jealousy amongst her companions, and their comments upon her breaking off the engagement had been harsh and unsparing. Her pride, her vanity, her heartlessness were unpardonable to the minds of those who had envied her; and it was with no small pleasure that Anna Jackson had sat down to inform her that, wicked though her conduct had been, it had really proved to be of no consequence, for Frank Crossley had already transferred his affections to Rose Ellison; and she—to the scandal of the neighbourhood, which flattered itself that it *did* set some store by constancy—seemed quite willing to accept them. There was a good deal of ill-natured comment on the fickleness of both, and Claudia threw down the letter in disgust.

"As vulgar and heartless a production as I ever read. I dare say there is not a word of truth in what she says; and if there is, Agnes dear, why should you be vexed? It is better than thinking he is unhappy."

"Yes," said Agnes, "but I can't help being hurt. It seems so heartless in both of them. I did think he really loved me, and I have grieved so over giving him pain. And then, it is not a year since Rose's lover died, and I can't imagine how she can think of any one else."

"Ah, well!" said Claudia, "people take those things so differently. But we don't know yet that this is true; and if it is, why, it won't hurt you after the first, and when you are as wise as I am you will remember that—

'—— all affections have their change,
And fancy only loves to range.'

Well, after all these quiet weeks, we have had excitement enough for to-day, I think; and this letter of yours only confirms me in saying that, whatever happens, you must not go home again at present."

A few days later Claudia received a letter from her aunt, Mrs. Leighton, saying that she and her nephew had already started for England, and though Fred's health obliged them to travel slowly, they might be expected within a week, and would go straight to Stanwick.

Though the cold spring winds were not yet gone, Fred was eager to return and undertake his new duties. His brother, Sir Gerald, was many years older than himself, and being weakened in mind and body by paralysis, was unable to attend to business; and his wife, a foolish, good-tempered, uneducated woman, could give him no help, and the presence of the new heir was doubly necessary, as it was found that Philip had left everything in confusion.

"So here is an end to our quiet life," said Claudia, when she had read her aunt's letter aloud to Agnes. "I shall enjoy the change and bustle for myself, and I have my head full of schemes for making your life brighter than it has been yet."

Agnes looked up gratefully. "I feel as if you were my good genius," she said, "and I can only leave myself in your hands; but one thing you must promise me, Miss Fanshawe—you know I have never been in society at all, and when visitors come, if I do anything wrong, will you tell me?"

"Agnes dear, nature made you a lady, and I am not afraid of your transgressing proprieties; but if you do, why, I assure you a hint shall not be wanting."

The travellers arrived even sooner than they were expected, and the whole house seemed to waken into new life. Fred was exhausted by travelling, and the weather was so cold that his journey to Yorkshire was obliged to be put off indefinitely, and a great deal of business had to be carried on by letters, which, to Agnes's great pleasure, she was often asked to copy. Mrs. Leighton and her nephew treated her with the utmost kindness, and she was delighted to find that she could feel at her ease with them.

"So you see," said Claudia pleasantly, "how mistaken you were in thinking you would be an encumbrance, for even Fred finds he cannot do without you, and if Aunt Eleanor wants to know anything, she always says she will ask Miss Baring."

Never had Agnes been so happy before, and she found her life too full of interest to have time for fretting over Frank's fickleness, though for the time her vanity had been sharply wounded. She saw a great deal of Fred in these days, and quickly discerned that what she had guessed from his letters was the truth, and that he was deeply attached to Claudia: though, as far as she could discover, he seemed to have no thought of winning her, and no one else seemed conscious of his attachment.

George Leighton joined them after a short time, and though Philip Carey's recent death prevented their going into society, they were a pleasant party amongst themselves, and they all joined in making Agnes feel that she belonged to them. Perhaps if they had thought about the matter they would have seen that it was doubtful kindness to make her present life too pleasant, and so unfit her for the station she had hitherto filled, and to which she would probably return; but they had many things to occupy their minds just then, and finding her capable of being a companion, they gladly received her as one. So she wrote letters for Fred, worked and talked with Mrs. Leighton, and listened with interest and intelligence to the views of life with which George favoured her; and though for the time they were tinged with bitterness and disappointment, they seemed to her inexperienced ears wonders of originality and cleverness, and she marvelled more and more that Claudia could have found reason for dissatisfaction in him, for he seemed to her to possess every talent, and to be lacking in only one virtue—that of industry—which in her station of life was such a necessity that she failed to appreciate its value.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

SPRING had passed away, and May had come, and brought little change to Agnes's friends and neighbours at Enderby.

Frank Crossley had grown cheerful again, and went about his farm with renewed energy, and but for the locked door and shuttered windows of that little room at the Homestead, it might have been supposed that his disappointment was forgotten.

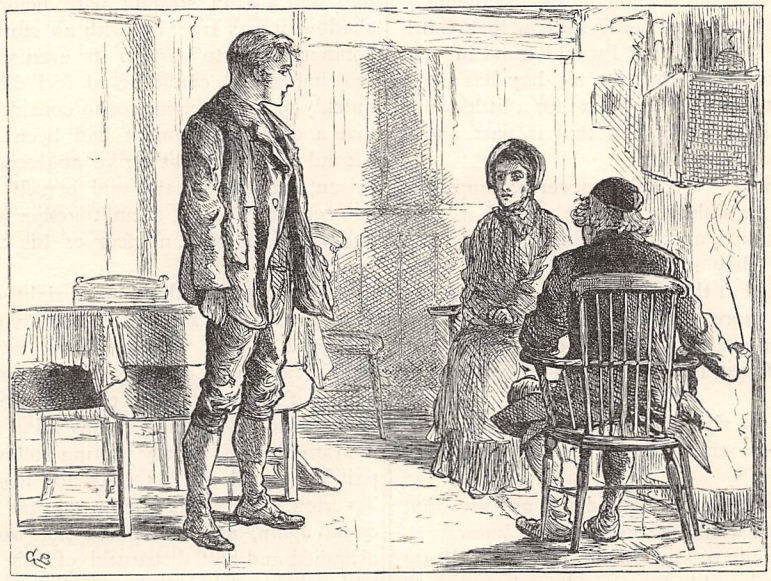
During the last two months he had been a constant visitor at Mrs. Tiverton's, and seemed like one of the family, reading or chatting by the fireside as if he had been at home. Often there was not much talk between the three, for Mrs. Tiverton was silent by nature, and when the common subjects of interest in the farm and household had been discussed, Rose's work and Frank's paper filled the gaps in conversation, and no one seemed to find silence dull or oppressive.

Mrs. Tiverton resolutely set herself to let things go as they would: she would not help them, and she would not hinder; she would never bring upon herself the reproach of standing in the way of Rose's happiness, but she could do no more than let things take their course. Now and then a pang of remembrance put sharpness into her words and tones, but she felt Rose's unfailing tenderness and patience as a keen reproach, and acknowledged to herself that she was more than filling her promised place of daughter, and that no child of her own could have been dearer.

One evening Frank came in later than usual, and, with a troubled face, he moved about restlessly, saying that he had no time to sit down, and then suddenly forgetting his hurry, offered to finish digging a border in the garden which had proved beyond Rose's strength.

"Come out a bit with me, Rose," he said in a low voice. "I want to say a word to you;" and she took her hat and followed him.

At the back of Mrs. Tiverton's garden was a long grass field, with a wide pathway leading out into the road to Enderby, and to this Frank silently led the way. A hundred times in happier days the widow had looked for her son's coming along this path, and seen Rose go to meet him, and now she sat at the window of her little parlour, and watched her with this new companion with pain and jealousy. She saw them pace up and down, talking earnestly; she saw that Frank was excited and Rose quiet, and clasping her hands together, she murmured, "God give me patience! It is coming now." But the talk did not last long. They stood hand in hand for a moment or two at the gate, then Rose, with a white face, hurried up the garden and went straight to her own room.



"'I CAME UP TO TALK TO FRANK,' SHE BEGAN" (*p.* 555).

"I suppose she does not dare to come and tell me, poor child," thought Mrs. Tiverton, when half an hour had passed, and Rose still stayed away. "It is my place to go to her and make the task easier, and the sooner it is all told the better for both of us." She went slowly up-stairs, and after knocking twice at Rose's door, and getting no answer, she opened it and went in.

Rose was lying on the bed with her face hidden, but her whole attitude was so sad and hopeless that Mrs. Tiverton was frightened.

"Rose dear, what is it?" she said, bending over her.

Rose started up. "Oh, mother! I don't dare to tell you; but, indeed—indeed, I did not know it till to-night," she cried. "Mother, you will think me wicked, but I am punished for it; and so is he."

"Tell me what it is, dear; or shall I tell you?" said Mrs. Tiverton quietly. "You are young, and cannot grieve for ever over my boy as his mother can. It is no blame to you that you feel you can be happy, and Frank is a good man. I have seen how it would end. Don't grieve for me, dear." But though she spoke bravely, Mrs. Tiverton put her head down on the bed, shaken with heavy sobs.

"Oh, mother!" cried Rose, "it is not like that. He did not dream that it could be. He says he will go away, that he may never see me again."

A momentary relief and gladness passed through Mrs. Tiverton's mind, but she fought against them.

"Is this because of me?" she said, with a hard-drawn breath. "Do you think I would stand in your way? Do you think my love for my boy has made me so selfish? It was terrible to me for a little while when I saw how it would be, but that is past, and I am glad for you to be happy."

Rose gave a shiver. "We shall never be happy; he never thought it possible, or said he wished it. He said people had talked, and that he must keep away, for part of what they said was true, and he knew I should be shocked at the very thought of it; and he isn't coming any more, and he doesn't know that I care. Oh, mother dear, I am so miserable!" Rose, usually unselfish, forgot for the moment everything but her own sorrow.

"It can all be set right, dear," said Mrs. Tiverton, struggling to speak cheerfully. "I will go to him myself, and tell him."

"No, no!" cried Rose. "He did not ask me what I felt. I believe he would despise me if he knew."

"He must be made to know some way. I will not let you be made miserable for my sake. I am an old woman now, dear, and have not many years to live. Do you think it would make me happy to leave you alone, with no one to care for you when I am gone? No, no, child, I am not so selfish as that, though I have been very near it sometimes."

Rose put her arms round her neck and kissed her.

"Mother, why aren't you angry with me instead of being so kind? I told you I never would be a trouble to you, and I meant it with all my heart."

"I know you did, dear; but I would not have it different if I could. I have seen it coming a long while, and now that it has come I am glad."

Rose looked wistfully at her. Could it be true? Was she not deceived in her own strength? Ought not she—the promised daughter—to sacrifice her hopes and give up her life, as she had promised to do, to cheer this dearly-loved mother? But, in the moments of her deepest love and pity, Rose felt that this would be hard. She had loved Jem truly and fondly; she had felt when he died that the world was over for her; but she had been foolish: she knew it now. She sadly wanted some one to love her and care for her, she thought, with a weary little sigh. She loved Jem still, yes, almost as well as ever in those hours when she sat alone and forced her thoughts to dwell upon him; but she knew now that her heart had not died with him, but still held a spring of love and happiness as sweet and full of promise as ever. It was a terrible difficulty and perplexity, and she did not know where she could turn for help. She thought that people ought to do the best they could for themselves, and be as happy as possible without doing wrong; and she had Frank to think of too, and this second trouble would be worse for him than the first, for there was no just anger now to sustain and excite him.

Even when Jem died Rose had scarcely felt so miserable. She had no conflicting duties then, no weakness, no selfishness to reproach herself with. She had had a plain straight path before her: always in shadow, it was true, but with no storms of doubt and condemnation to disturb its even sadness. She was too simple and confiding to feel distrust of Frank's quickly-grown affection, or to consider that if his first love and disappointment had been so transient, the second feeling might strike no deeper. If doubt had arisen, she would have told herself that the circumstances which drew them together were exceptional, and would have felt no fear of his constancy or her own.

"I believe this will all come right, dear child," said Mrs. Tiverton as she kissed her lovingly and wished her good night. "But we must have patience, and see if Frank will come back of himself for his welcome; if not, trust to me that something shall be done to make you happy and set my mind at ease."

Many days of dreary waiting followed—days full of painful mental conflict both for Rose and for Mrs. Tiverton. Rose was convinced that Frank would not come again, and she could not wonder. She was ashamed and half distrustful of this new love which had gained such power over her, and no doubt he shared her feelings. Many times she told herself that it was the duty of both to struggle against it and drive it from their hearts, but all the while she felt that such sacrifice of themselves and each other was wrong and unnecessary. Well, it was not in their hands—

"God, who made, knew what they needed."

And could not she be content to leave it with Him?

Then one day came a gossiping neighbour, brimming over with the tidings that Frank Crossley was going to Australia, and Mrs. Tiverton felt that her time for interference had come. The Homestead was two miles from her house—a longer walk than she had taken for many a day; but she must see Frank alone, so she managed to get away quietly one evening without Rose's knowledge, and started on what was to her a really formidable expedition. The last few dull days had wrought a change in her feelings. It was a dreary life for Rose to live, alone with an old woman like her; she did not even wish now to condemn her to it, nor could she herself be happy while the child moped and drooped beside her. If it was true that Frank loved her, let him come and win her if he could;

she would put nothing in his way, and would only stipulate that he should be quite sure that this newly-born love would live.

She had hoped to find him alone after his day's work, but when she reached the farm, weary and dispirited, the sound of excited voices came to her through the open windows, and as she waited at the door, she heard Frank's father exclaiming angrily—

"Well, if you will make a fool of yourself, you must; but you'll get no help from me, I can tell you."

Frank came to the door himself when he heard the knock. "Mrs. Tiverton!" he exclaimed; then, with a sudden and passionate change of voice, "You have come to tell me never to go to your house again," he cried; "but I know I never could, and I'll get out of the way of every one as soon as I can, and nobody 'll hurt but me."

Mrs. Tiverton held out her hand. "Nor you either, I hope, Frank. Let me sit down and talk to you about it."

Frank led the way into the room where his father was sitting.

"Why, Mrs. Tiverton! who'd have looked to see you here?" said the old man, cordially shaking her hand over and over again.

"I came up to talk to Frank——" she began.

"I wish you'd talk some sense into him," interrupted old Crossley. "He declares he'll sell the farm and be off to Australia before a month's over his head, and all because of a pack of rubbish talked by idle fools."

"I *must* go!" cried Frank excitedly, his face flushing. "Mrs. Tiverton, you can tell him I must."

"What the boy has got in his head I can't think," broke in the old man again. "He won't give me a reason."

"I'll tell you the reason," Mrs. Tiverton answered. "He has been a good deal at my house, and has seen what a good girl my Rose is, and has learnt to love her, but he thinks I couldn't part with her; and at one time I thought so too, but I would now, to make her happy. If he can do that, he may try to win her."

Frank was speechless with astonishment.

She went on: "I don't feel sure that he won't change his mind again; but if he tells me after awhile that he still feels the same, he may try what she will say to him."

"So that's it!" exclaimed old Crossley. "Another pretty face! I should 'a thought he'd learned a lesson."

"Never mind that now," interrupted Mrs. Tiverton. "If you will leave us alone for a little while, I will tell him what I think is best for us all."

The old man took his hat and went out into the yard, where, looking round him at the comfort and prosperity of the well-managed farm, he thought anew, "What a fool a man must be to think of exchanging these solid advantages for doubtful success in Australia! And all because of some chit of a girl too! But maybe Mrs. Tiverton 'll put some sense into his head."

But it was no easy task which Mrs. Tiverton had to perform. She did not intend to let Frank know that he had already won Rose's heart; she would not make things too easy for him: she would rather, if she could, put difficulties in his way, to test the reality of his love, and shelter Rose from further sorrow. So she told Frank, who was amazed at this unlooked-for happiness, that he would be welcomed at her house when he liked to come, but that for six months there must be no talk of an engagement. If at the end of that time he was still of the same mind, she would do what she could to help him, and she had no fear that Rose's father would stand in the way.

Frank had sense enough to feel that professions of "unalterable constancy" would be out of place, but he managed to show that he was very much in earnest, and grateful for Mrs. Tiverton's kindness; and she learned to know and like him better in that short talk than she had ever done before. He told her how unconscious he had been of his own feelings, until the joke of some acquaintance had shown him that he and Rose were objects of remark and gossip in the neighbourhood; then new light had suddenly dawned upon him, and he could no longer conceal from himself that he had learned to love this girl who had shown him such unfailing tenderness and patience in his trouble.

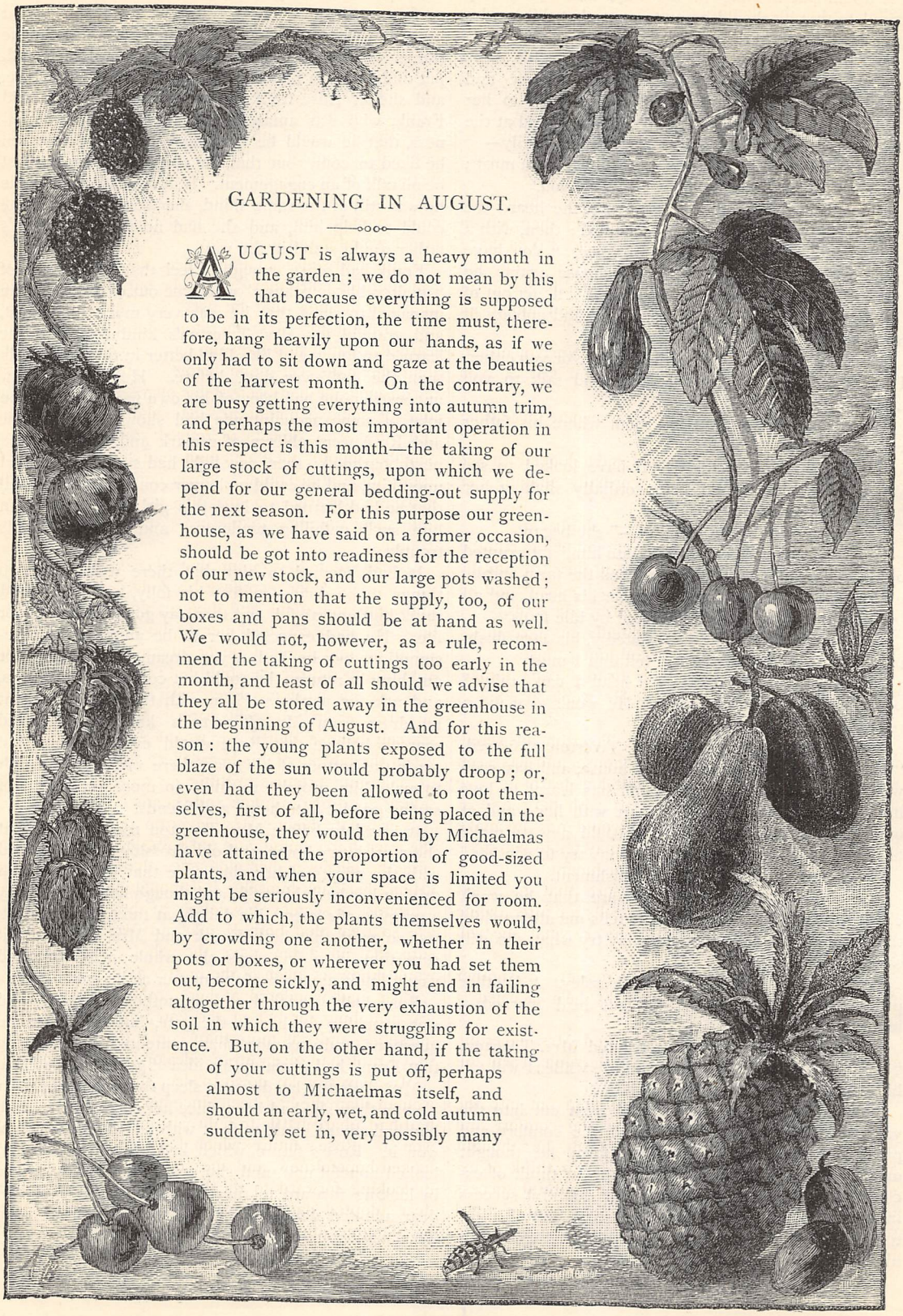
It had seemed to him that there were only two things to be done—confess his folly, lest she should think him ungrateful, and then say good-bye to her for life. He had expected her to be angry at his presumption, but he had never dreamed of asking for anything in return; he could but confess his madness, and ask for pardon. Even with the encouragement he drew from Mrs. Tiverton's kindness he could scarcely believe that Rose would ever love him, but yet in the bottom of his heart there was hope enough to make him promise to think no more at present of saying good-bye to home and friends.

It was late before Mrs. Tiverton remembered that she must hurry home, and old Crossley was so pleased with the effects of her eloquence that he insisted on driving her back himself; and though he was bound by a promise of secrecy, his delight at the evening's work was so great that both Frank and Mrs. Tiverton felt sure that in a few days the whole neighbourhood would know as much of the matter as he could tell.

Rose had wondered at her mother's absence, and was watching for her at the gate, but she asked no questions, and was more than contented with hearing that Frank had given up his idea of going to Australia.

Mrs. Tiverton lay down to sleep that night a happier woman than she had been since her son's death. She had had a hard battle to fight with herself, but she had won it. Rose's future, which had often troubled her, looked hopeful now, and she could even feel pleasure in looking forward to the happy married life of this dear adopted daughter, who was once to have been her daughter indeed.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.



GARDENING IN AUGUST.

AUGUST is always a heavy month in the garden; we do not mean by this that because everything is supposed to be in its perfection, the time must, therefore, hang heavily upon our hands, as if we only had to sit down and gaze at the beauties of the harvest month. On the contrary, we are busy getting everything into autumn trim, and perhaps the most important operation in this respect is this month—the taking of our large stock of cuttings, upon which we depend for our general bedding-out supply for the next season. For this purpose our greenhouse, as we have said on a former occasion, should be got into readiness for the reception of our new stock, and our large pots washed; not to mention that the supply, too, of our boxes and pans should be at hand as well. We would not, however, as a rule, recommend the taking of cuttings too early in the month, and least of all should we advise that they all be stored away in the greenhouse in the beginning of August. And for this reason: the young plants exposed to the full blaze of the sun would probably droop; or, even had they been allowed to root themselves, first of all, before being placed in the greenhouse, they would then by Michaelmas have attained the proportion of good-sized plants, and when your space is limited you might be seriously inconvenienced for room. Add to which, the plants themselves would, by crowding one another, whether in their pots or boxes, or wherever you had set them out, become sickly, and might end in failing altogether through the very exhaustion of the soil in which they were struggling for existence. But, on the other hand, if the taking of your cuttings is put off, perhaps almost to Michaelmas itself, and should an early, wet, and cold autumn suddenly set in, very possibly many

of your cuttings might fail to strike. As in so many other, then, of our gardening operations, we must depend, in this instance, a good deal upon the nature of the season that we are having, before we decide to carry out at once any of our routine in the garden; nor would we select for our taking of cuttings a dry and hot sultry day early in the month of August. Our only object is to keep alive a stock of plants to meet the demands of the next season. There is, perhaps, one advantage that boxes have over flower-pots. Not only are we able to get a large quantity into one case, but, when the time comes for shifting them or turning them all out, they are the more readily moved. And then, again, it is so easy to fill one box entirely with one class of plants, or with one particular shade of flower that has pleased your fancy and that you have marked in consequence. This can be labelled at once, and you would run far less fear of making mistakes when the next bedding-out time comes, than you would with three or four cuttings in some twenty or more pots. As for drainage, if your boxes happen to be exceedingly well made, you might with a gimlet bore a few holes in the bottom of your box; but a box roughly knocked together, perhaps by your own amateur carpenter hands, would do away even with the necessity of this, as the little defects in the workmanship would be an undesigned advantage.

As for our window gardening this month, there is, perhaps, not very much to be said. As yet, the most important thing in this department is to keep up a constant supply of moisture for your window stock; at any rate, in those places that are exposed to the rays of the sun for the greater part of the day. And next, have in preparation a supply of bright and hardy evergreens to put in the place of your flowers as they go out of bloom. Or you might like to try the experiment of forcing in an early show of hyacinths or crocuses. For this, if you pot in sandy loam a few bulbs, and then bury them in ashes under a north wall some six inches deep, you might, perhaps, get them to bloom by Christmas time. All these experiments are often worth a trial.

Do not let your camellias have too much moisture. And, then, with regard to the fern and Wardian cases, see carefully to the watering, and still keep filling up all blanks judiciously, and not with rapidly-growing or straggling plants. But, while the summer months last, there, of course, can be no difficulty in keeping up a perpetual floral display in the window garden.

Among our roses, those that were budded last month will want plenty of careful attention in this; but under favourable circumstances, that is to say, in weather that is at once both hot and damp, budding may be continued certainly during the first week of the month. Recently-budded roses, however, must have their stocks carefully examined, and every growth and shoot along them must be rubbed off. And, unfortunately, just now these little shoots will be pushing out at all the joints of your stock, and, of course, their tendency is to draw upon that supply of strength which is all needed for your bud. And then, again, there is a new difficulty in the way. For supposing that your bud, which is now, let us say, a month old, has shot out wonderfully, there is then, perhaps, all the more danger of its being blown, by a sudden gust of wind, completely out of the stock. See then to the security of the stakes.

One of the chief ornaments of the flower-garden this month is, perhaps, the dahlia. Its enemy, as we well know is the earwig, and every ingenuity must be exercised to keep him off. Any bad or imperfect bloom had better be picked off, as allowing it to remain on only draws upon the plant without benefit, certainly, to other blooms.

We must not burden our small and solitary greenhouse by the end of this month with our stock of cuttings. It is always well when we are gardening, though on a small scale, to leave at least some space for a few experiments, or for a few choice flowers. Perhaps, then, we resolve to sow now a few choice annuals in pots; these, when properly established, we pot off, and we look for them to bloom in the early spring. But they must have all the light and air that they can. Or, again, if you have camellias that are tolerably early in their flowering—for it must be borne in mind that while some bloom in January others are not in flower until April—these had better be soon brought into your greenhouse, though not, certainly, if the weather continues thoroughly hot. A good syringing will benefit the camellias, but they must be kept fairly cool at present, nor should it be forgotten, when the autumn and the cold weather set in, that the camellias are very shy of fire-heat, too great a dose of which will cause them to drop their buds. Our chrysanthemums, too, we are perhaps engaged in shifting; some shoots we stop, and some few layers we peg down in small pots: all this in preparation for the November display, the farewell one of the season.

Our fruit and kitchen-garden must call us off now. The wasps and large flies are vigorously at work at our wall-fruit and elsewhere, and the birds are carry-off the last of the raspberries, so we still employ our scarecrows, or nets and bottles tied up against the trees, half filled with any saccharine and glutinous substance. But the best time for destroying slugs and snails is at night. A visit with a lantern between nine and ten o'clock will insure a great havoc among this most provoking enemy, who is thus taken unawares. The young raspberry canes, if they have attained a good growth, may very likely already want tying up to protect them from the wind.

Our kitchen-garden must certainly not be passed by in silence. A few succession crops may yet, in the early part of the month, be got in, and the hoe must be active on those beds that are already in an advancing state. But many of your crops are done with, and must not, therefore, be allowed to stand still exhausting the soil and disfiguring your garden. Clear off all such, then, and dig them in, so as to get your ground in readiness for another crop, but—it need hardly be said—never of the same sort as that which you have just removed. This, perhaps, is a good time for sowing your chief winter crop of onions. The Tripoli onion is one to be got in now

for early drawing by-and-by. But those of your onions that were sown in the spring will be by this time rapidly ripening. With the back of your rake lay the stems even; this will materially assist the bulbs to swell. Should your crop be already fit for drawing, let the onions lie all about on the ground for a short time, to ripen and harden. Never harvest them, however, when at all wet, so it is well to get them all in after a few days of warm dry weather. A sowing of parsley may be made now, for there is always a constant demand for this most necessary article: plants of this that are in an advancing stage may be beneficially watered with soot-water. The dry soot is an admirable manure for it. It is well to take up now a few of your strongest parsley plants, and pot them in rich soil, with the object of having some to fall back upon should a hard winter be in store for us, as we must not forget that the winters of 1879 and 1880 destroyed much in our garden that we had seldom formerly been at the trouble to give any protection to whatever. A main crop, too, of winter spinach should now be sown, and as it comes up it will want careful thinning out. A frequent fault is to let this grow too thickly; the plants should be nearly nine inches apart, and gathered carefully only from the outside leaves, for we must be more cautious in our winter than in our summer proceedings. There are many other matters to which we might have referred, but if gardeners attempt more than they can manage their failures are sure to be more numerous.

HOW TO DRESS RATIONALLY.

SOCIETY is much exercised at present by the different efforts made to reform the female costume. There has hardly ever been a period when greater margin or liberty existed to dress according to every one's own sweet will. People wear anything and everything, in and out of the bounds of reason, often indeed stepping widely beyond their utmost limits, though claiming to be well within any of the four very inclusive terms—taste, art, fashion, or convenience.

That great reforms are generally ushered in by great exaggerations, abuses, and excesses, is an historical fact in more matters than dress; and though the circles in which costume incessantly repeats itself are ever widening, they still remain—circles. At times during these revolutions there come periods when health is seriously menaced by the extremes attained, and then a counter-movement arises amongst those more richly endowed with physical knowledge and common sense than the thoughtless and often ignorant votaries of Fashion.

They have much to answer for who, owing to their own eyes and minds being untrained in the real lines of beauty, or untutored in what is hygienically important, create and uphold by their senseless approbation false standards of taste, that are, in their effects, fatally pernicious. Again, it must be always questionable whether reference to past ages with their very uncomfortable, ungainly exaggerations of form, can satisfactorily—whether artistically or hygienically—amend the styles of present clothing.

How gladly, indeed, should we be released from the umbrella-cover costume, that not only ties our knees, but our feet together, or the æsthetic drapery, with its quantity of loose material flapping most confusingly, if not dangerously, round our limbs! Our blooming girls would like, with all due modesty and grace, to be able to walk without shuffling, and even to run at lawn-tennis, or to climb mountains, without fainting from breathlessness produced by severe waist compression, whilst the feet are clogged and hampered with skirts of incompatible dimensions and decoration.

No one can blame those courageous ladies who, impressed by the necessity of uncramped and healthy action, have suggested certain examples of clothing to meet these requirements consistently with form and elegance. Rational dress should be heartily welcomed, and if attractively presented will stand a good chance of finding favour with those whose judgment in such matters is most reliable and valuable.

But a serious difficulty presents itself almost at the outset. Who amongst women will ever allow that they are not already rationally dressed?

Will the so-called æsthete consent to believe that she is very far from rational in her "terrible terra-cotta garments," her sickly green pudding-bag cloak and crumpled cabbage head-covering? Will our tall and aristocratic "*élégantes*" with their dapper bonnets and ravishing costumes, in which colours are blended to perfection by the cunning of a Parisian *modiste*, tolerate the idea for a moment that their appearance is irreconcilable with "health, comfort, or beauty"?

Still further, how will this accusation be met by "the more resolute sisterhood of small growth, who will do anything to come out important," in spite of the painful fact that any but the simplest and plainest attire needs a proportionate presence and altitude to do it justice, and, lacking these, merely present a monkeyfied caricature simply ridiculous?

The first object of those advocating a reform in clothing is to aim a death-blow at tight-lacing. It is quite impossible that this can be accomplished suddenly; people must be educated to see nothing but deformity in the "hour-glass waist," and well frightened at what it entails, before they will modify, much less entirely resign (as some enthusiasts in the cause demand), so useful, and, in cases of stout persons, so necessary a part of female attire as stays.

Besides the risk to health and the disfigurements of complexion that accompany tight-lacing, the distorted squarely-strained position of the shoulders cannot be overlooked, giving as it does the impression of a constant desire to rise out of the pressure below. The natural lines and beautiful contour for which the shoulders of most Englishwomen are justly noted, are entirely lost—the neck looks stunted, and never moves with the free grace of untrammelled action, and the arms have that fastened-on appearance peculiar to wooden dolls. And when some decidedly practical and useful thing is suggested, *why* does the world look coldly askance upon it? These are enigmas whose only solution can be found in a widespread want of common-sense education—and I might almost add, refinement.

Rational dress must be hygienic, and hygienic dress must be rational and attractive. To insure complete success the reforms of both must be brought about as quietly and undemonstratively as possible. Certain old superstitions will have to be exploded, such as—that warmth is only secured by repeated layers of clothes, without any regard to their heat-retaining powers, or that very loose or very tight coverings increase the temperature; that the exposure of one part of the body is compensated for by the addition of extra clothing on another, particularly when the parts exposed are often the most vital, where consumption first begins; that because it is urgently recommended to renounce tight-lacing, and unequal pressure anywhere, human pillows tied in the middle must inevitably be the result; that when it is suggested to change or divide the under-skirt in such a way as to secure freer action in walking, women should be instantly accused of launching into masculine attire.

With regard to the supreme evil of tight-lacing, it is a very certain fact, though much forgotten, that the delicate machinery of which the human frame is constituted *must* have due space allotted to work in, and that an undue compression of the organs of the body cannot but result in discomfort and danger.

Clothing, to be sanitary, should never be heavy: warmth is not necessarily secured by weight; lightness, on the contrary, being quite compatible with it. In fact, heavy clothes, especially when hung from the waist or shoulders, are *most* injurious to delicate girls and women, for the braces, which are used by some to keep up the skirts in the absence of stays, obstruct respiration and free growth. No mass of thick folds should be permitted round the waist, but set into what are known as deep shaped-bands, so as to hang from below the hips.

It is an equal mistake to suppose that extremely loose clothing is healthy. *Le juste milieu* is best in costume, as in most other things.

Young growing girls need for warmth but a simple bodice of a material that will not stretch but (with the addition of a few whalebones) keep its shape, thus obviating the necessity of continual tightening, to be *fitted* to their figures, and merely reaching at the sides to the hips. Tightness must be absolutely avoided, as likely to produce congestion by impeding the circulation of the blood. I commend this suggestion to my lady readers, to develop in their own way, always avoiding pressure. Mothers who are careful for their daughters' growth will do well to remember that no dress is hygienically made in which the arms cannot be raised to the head.

Seeing that already many close-fitting garments, intended to replace the numerous petticoats of former days, have been willingly accepted and worn by our modern ladies, there can be no reasonable objection to the division of the under-skirt, if it insures, as it certainly does, greater facility and comfort in walking without in the least attracting attention. I think that, rationally and hygienically speaking, even if undivided the skirt might for winter wear, when muddy weather is the rule rather than the exception, be shortened with great advantage, so as not to cover the ankles. I have always advocated the short, black leather leggings (not gaiters) for lady pedestrians in muddy country walking—why should they not be as becomingly adopted in town? With a neat boot they give a smart dapper appearance, only attainable by boots similarly high, and nothing is more repulsive than low boots, and stockings bespattered with mud.

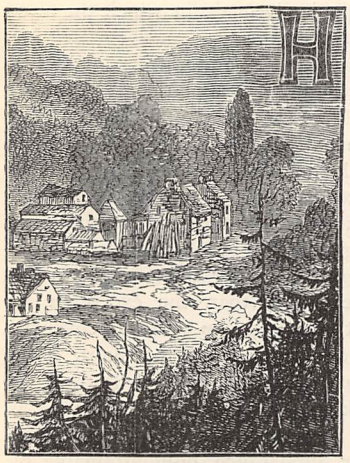
Under-clothes should always be made of porous materials, even in the case of extremely delicate people; evaporation is so necessary that, though often recommended, wash-leather next the skin can hardly be healthy. The use of woollen under-clothing is therefore particularly advisable, as, by its capillary properties, it slightly stimulates the action of the skin, thus becoming a preventive to cold. Many object to flannel and woollen fabrics next the skin on the score of the tickling sensation they produce when new, but that is a very passing grievance, and seldom lasts longer than a day or two. If worn at night, it is better outside the calico or cambric night-dress, as its action, combined with the added heat of the bed-coverings, would be too violent. It is as well to mention, also, that on no account must flannel or woollen under-clothes worn during the day be retained at night, but quite separate ones provided, and that both must be changed at least once a week, to insure health. Persons who suffer much from heat should always have a liberal supply of under-clothing; it is far better to expend a little extra on the laundress's bill than to adorn the exterior at the sacrifice of the interior's sanitary condition, and no error is greater than to suppose it is possible to be too clean. I even wish that a weekly change of stays might be made as much the rule as the change of under-clothing.

In conclusion, whilst preserving a certain originality in the method of adapting any form or change to your own particular style, eschew that eccentricity which is no more originality than notoriety is fame, though many small-minded people think so. Eccentricity so often degenerates into vulgarity, pure and simple, and vulgarity goes hand in hand with tight-lacing.

A. A. Strange-Butson.

THE MOSQUITO-CLOUD.

BY J. BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "PAUL KNOX, PITMAN," "RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP," &C.



HILLOA! Colonel! I say — Squire Morton, hearken here! Here's a game! Britishers in the township!"

"But, Abe," I answered, smiling, as the gaunt old man hobbled up, "Britishers are not such novelties at Ossunie. We had two, a fortnight ago, bound for Fort Adams, U.S., and——"

"Ay, but these are as rare here as a green leaf on a sumach in the Indian summer, Squire Morton," broke in the old trapper; "none of your bagmen, but a real boss, with his two pretty—no, but beautiful—sisters, going to the Far West. Want to see the Dominion, not to pile dollars. Well, wolf and coyoté of the prairie will get a meal of dainty flesh afore daydawn, I reckon, more's the pity."

"How do you mean?" I asked, surprised and startled, for old Abe, the lame American trapper, was one of our oracles at Ossunie.

"I mean," replied the aged hunter grimly, "that the Britisher's bent on pushing on to M'Clintock's Ranch to-night. His team are fresh, he says. The turkey-buzzards will get fine pickings from their fat ribs, if——"

"But what does all this mean?" asked I, sorely bewildered; "I see the signs of a thunderstorm, but——"

"And don't thunder hereabouts, and at this season, mean 'skeeturs?" demanded the veteran, with considerable asperity; "don't the winged plagues make the prairie that dangerous, that last week two humans —though, to be sure, one was a squaw—lost their lives Elk River way, and Factor Macgregor and his wife only escaped by the skin of their teeth, coming from Fort Dundee? Lucky for them that three of the horse-beasts were seasoned, when the best of the four gave in. There'll be a mosquito-cloud to-night, young Squire, wherever swamp-lilies and wild flax grow, and then, at sundown, the bitter cold that chills the marrow and stops the heart."

I made the best of my way to the Post House, and sure enough, before the door stood a light open car, with four fine horses harnessed to it; the leaders being fiery, powerful young chestnuts, the wheelers handsome bays. In the rough wooden balcony of the little inn stood a laughing, high-spirited girl, with golden hair; and presently another, as lovely but more thoughtful and sedate, and with brown tresses wrapped around her well-shaped head, came out to stand at her sister's side.

Meanwhile the gallant horses, which were full of fire and strength, and unwearied, were eating their crushed maize and wild hay with good appetite, and, snorting and pawing the dusty earth, seemed ready for a start. Those who attended on them were an Indian lad who acted as ostler at the Post House, and a so-called guide who travelled with the English wayfarers, a dandified French Canadian with gold rings in his ears, twinkling black eyes like beads, a smart brass-buttoned jacket, and a glib tongue.

"He a guide! I could wager my scalp the *coquin* couldn't tell east from west if he were lost in the woods, nor make a fire without a box of lucifer matches to help him," growled the man nearest to me, one Michel, a fine specimen of the French colonial *voyageur*, half whose life had been spent with the Indians who were our near neighbours.

"You think so, Michel?" I asked.

"Sure of it! The mosquito-cloud will rise at sunset, and where will they be then? But it serves the Anglais right. He has been warned, and he laughed at those who spoke. Let those laugh best who laugh the last, as this Capitaine Douglas will find," was the resentful reply.

Presently a fine-looking young Englishman came out, accompanied by his two beautiful sisters.

"Why, Morton, you here!"

"Douglas! I never thought to see you in the wilds!"

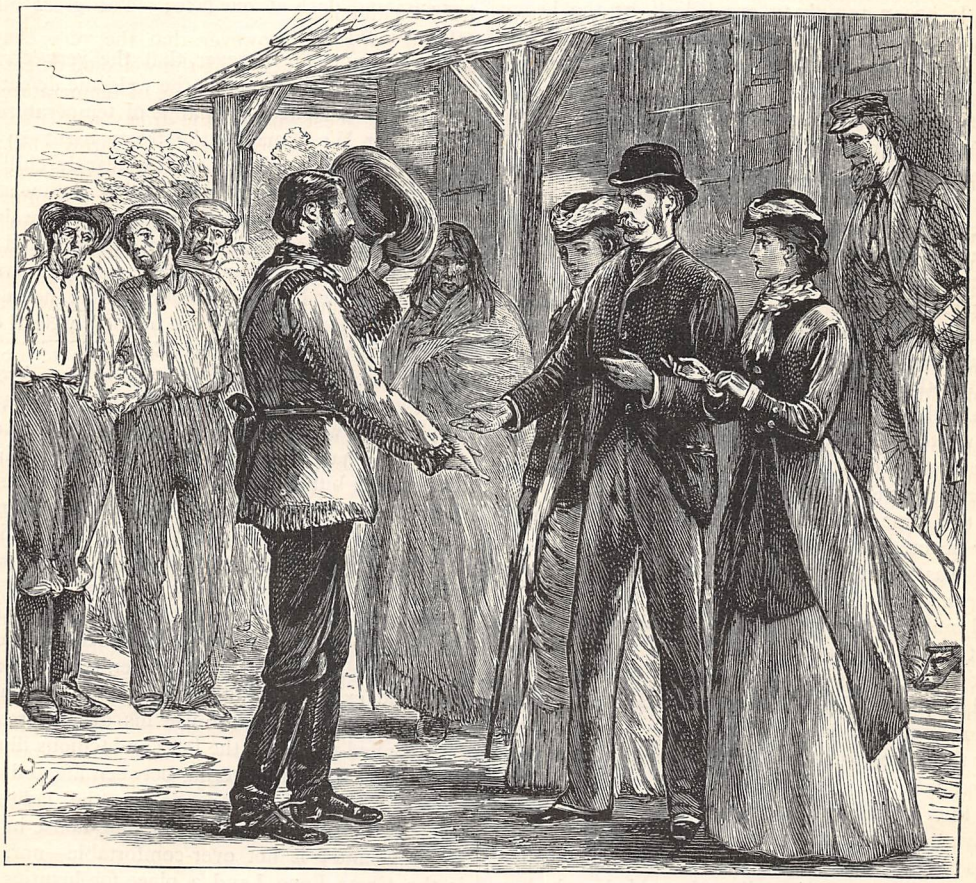
And we shook hands, and he introduced me to his sisters, for we had been friends in other days, when Harold Morton also wore Her Majesty's uniform in India. But he quite pooh-poohed my remonstrances —Hamilton Douglas had always been a self-willed fellow—as to any peril in the path, or the propriety of waiting till morning before he resumed his journey. "My dear Morton," he said, gathering up the reins and smiling with superior wisdom, "if we were to listen to all the counsels we poor pilgrims get, we couldn't travel at all when off the railway. There! You've made Louise quite serious, though Florry, the eldest of my sisters, laughs at the prophecy, like me. Good-bye, old fellow! I'll drop you a line from Fort Fraser, and if we can meet on our way back and have a chat over old times—— These chestnuts won't stand! Jump in, Antoine—good-bye!"

So off they went, through a cloud of dust.

And now let me explain the danger which I feared for Captain Douglas and his beautiful charges. One of the worst peculiarities of that region of the Far North-West is the prevalence of insect life, and, above all, the dense swarms of mosquitoes more terrible and

aggressive than any known to the Old World, that at certain seasons, chiefly in autumn, haunt the borders of its creeks and marshy places. There seems to be some connection between these countless aërial pests and thunderstorms, for it is generally when a tempest is brewing that the dreaded mosquito-cloud, for it is no less, rolls across the grassy plains. Woe to man, or horse, or cattle, unless "seasoned" by long residence in the country, that are unlucky enough to meet with this formidable flight! There are stories of mounted Indian warriors who have sunk down to die, steed and rider, exhausted, blind, bleeding, worn out by the ever-renewed assault of these pitiless foes. It was just the weather for the mosquitoes to be at their worst. I returned home, but, somehow, I could not settle to my wonted occupations, and at last, bidding my lads to harness the team, I flung blankets, cordials, buffalo-robes, all that my brief experience of the West told me might be wanted, and persuading, with some little difficulty, Michel the *voyageur* to go with me, I set out at a brisk pace in the direction of the setting sun, and on the well-beaten track that did duty for a road, towards M'Clintock's Ranch, pursuing the route taken by the English travellers.

As we sped on over the elastic turf of the primæval prairie, with its blush and glow of wild flowers, blue, white, or red, my thoughts dwelt on times that now seemed far distant, when Hamilton Douglas and I were subalterns in the same regiment. I had known him very well, but he was a richer man than myself; and when, at my father's death, I was forced to leave the army and emigrate, I had lost sight of my former friend. Once, in India, I remembered his having shown me in an album the photographs of his sisters, and spoken, at the same time, of the visit I was "booked" to pay the Douglas family at their ancestral home in Scotland. In those days his sisters could scarcely have been out of the schoolroom, whereas now——



"'WHY, MORTON, YOU HERE!'" (*p.* 560).

"Do you see it, Monsieur? Ah, there it goes!" said the practical companion of my journey, as a blinding flash of lightning glared across the rolling surface of the measureless steppe, followed by a sullen thunder-peal. "Do you see it? yonder!" And, as Michel stretched out his lean muscular arm, he pointed

towards a spot where there rose up a dense black cloud, about sixteen feet in height, and perhaps three times as broad, through which the light of the setting sun gleamed crimson-red.

"But where are they, the travellers?" asked I, straining my eyes to make out the carriage.

Michel laughed grimly enough. "The bloodsuckers crowd too thick. We had better hurry," he said, "so lash the nags, and let us reach them before——"

A crash of echoing thunder drowned the remaining words. I cracked my whip, and on we went, like the wind. It began rapidly to grow dark, as the heavy cloud-banks veiled the sinking sun, but Michel knew every league of land and water within range of Ossunie, and by the fitful gleam of the fast-succeeding flashes we made our way to the swampy hollow, between high grassy rolls of the prairie, where still the black swarm of venomous insects hovered, their threatening hum mingling, so I fancied, with the sound of groans. My own horses swerved, sniffed the air, and started back, neither soothing nor the whip being sufficient to compel the terrified animals to approach the winged plague.

"It's no use, Monsieur!" said Michel, at last, as he got out the heel-ropes and hastily drove the picket-pegs into the turf, so as to insure that our alarmed team should not desert us in the wilderness: "whip-cord's wasted on a frightened horse, and all the patting and soft words on earth won't make one that has felt the stings go into the pack of them, like that."

By this time the trembling snorting steeds were snugly secured to the earth by heel-rope and lariat; and I was eager to rush on, but Michel, to whom experience had taught prudence, insisted that we should muffle ourselves first in two of the pliant buffalo-robes that lay piled in the car.

"You'll hardly come out of the swarm with eyes in your head, else," he said, with a chuckle at his own superior knowingness; and, indeed, I was soon thankful for the *voyageur's* sound advice, when once we had plunged into the seething blackness, and heard the angry hum of our winged foes, and found our hands and every unprotected part of us exposed to their furious and incessant attacks. Half blinded, bleeding, but guarding my face as well as I could, I pushed on, and soon reached the overturned carriage, close to which, wrapped fortunately in the large Mexican travelling-mantles which they wore, the two girls lay, but slightly stunned and shaken by the fall. It was far otherwise with their brother. He alone kept his feet, but he staggered as he stood, and there was something piteous in the motion of his powerful arms as he vainly tried to beat back the countless squadrons of his tiny assailants. Blind, bleeding, exhausted, he resembled some dying gladiator in the arena of heathen Rome, while the four fine horses lay gasping on the ground, three of them half dead with pain and loss of blood.

"Morton, is it? I know your voice, old friend, though I cannot see you—I am blind—save my sisters! Never mind—me." And then the strong man, whom I had seen calmly smoking his cheroot amidst a hailstorm of Afghan bullets, sank down, groaning, to die.

Most happily, just then, a real hailstorm set in, heralded by the thunder-peals overhead; and as the heavy lumps of ragged ice fell thick and fiercely upon us, they did us yeoman's service—all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men could not have come so efficiently to the rescue—in beating off and dispersing our innumerable insect foes. Five minutes of that heavy hail, and the blackness passed away, and only a few teasing stragglers remained to hum in our ears and dash at our faces. The great mosquito army was repulsed.

It so happened, however, that the very change of wind which brought about the welcome defeat of our tormentors hastened the change of temperature which in the Far West makes the frosty night so strong a contrast to the sultry day. A deathly chill fell, at once, on all things, and the glittering rime was on the coarse bluish grass and flowerets of the prairie, and the ice-cold breeze shrieked in our ears, and it was with benumbed fingers and hasty steps that we aided the ladies to walk towards our carriole, nearer to the creek, and then bore to it the helpless weight of their brother, unconscious, but breathing yet.

Wrapping the girls and their unfortunate brother in every available buffalo-robe and blanket out of the ample store which I had brought with me, we drove on as if chased by wolves across the prairie, and through the bitter cold of night and the frequent hail-showers, until at last my humble dwelling was reached. And Michel, on making a perquisition in the town, brought the welcome news that Dr. Bates, the only medical man of the district, had just come back to Ossunie, after a prolonged tour of bone-setting and vaccinating among the sparse settlements of the North. He was really a skilful practitioner, and thanks to his care and experience, and to the tender nursing of his sisters, my poor friend, to use his own expression, at last "pulled through" the long and tedious illness that for weeks kept him hovering between life and death.

It was a rough experience for the ladies, for I need hardly say that a bachelor's log-house in the Red River Country is not over-comfortable—nor, indeed, is the Great Lone Land a place for luxuries—but at last the happy day came when danger was at an end and the fever had spent itself, and Hamilton was strong enough to set off by easy stages towards Montreal—Quebec—England.

In the meantime, however, our old friendship had been confirmed and strengthened, and Louise Douglas and I had learned to love one another; and with her brother's ready consent, and the goodwill of relations far away, we were married early in the next year. Our home is not among the illimitable distances and trackless wastes of the Fur Country, but in that more cheerful and long-settled part of Western Canada through which the St. Lawrence rolls, and where blossomed orchards, and trim hedges, and daisied meadows, and lowing kine recall our own unforgotten England beyond the waves of the stormy Atlantic.

REPORTERS AND THEIR WORK.

BY ONE OF THEM.

IN a recent issue we laid before our readers an account of the work done in the sub-editor's room. We now propose to submit some few details of the life of a newspaper reporter, and the difficulties under which he has often to labour. Commencing at once, then, we would observe that but few callings present such variety and constant change as that of a reporter for the Press, and very few indeed entail such a continued strain, both mentally and physically, and demand such sacrifice of self.

Take the reporter engaged on the staff of a morning newspaper. As a rule, he arrives at the offices of his paper not later than 10 a.m., and, turning to the diary, sees for what event he is "marked" by his superior. It may be a morning meeting in town, or perhaps some trial in an assize court many miles away, and for which the public are anxiously waiting.

Off he goes at once after studying his railway timetable, sits in court till six or seven o'clock at night, without any interval for refreshment—save the few minutes he can snatch at a point when he has "written-up"—and then he has to hurry back to head-quarters with what remains untelegraphed. Perhaps he has not finished his transcript, and so he has to go on for two or three hours after his arrival back in town until he has completed his report. It may be that he cannot then go home, weary as he is, as it is his "night on;" or he is just in the act of leaving, conscious of having done a good day's work, when, in the absence of a colleague, he receives instructions to hunt out the details of some horrible tragedy, a disastrous fire, boiler explosion, or railway catastrophe. Having gleaned all the information he possibly can, he returns to his own room to "write out," and finishes only in time for the making-up of the type, at two or three o'clock in the morning. He then gets to his bed as best he can, and after a few hours' sleep begins another day. He is out early, probably writes a record of events coming under his notice in the day-time, and night sees him at a great public meeting where thousands of persons are hanging on the utterances of some minister of the Crown. In conjunction with others, he must have his full share of note-taking, the transcribing and the responsibility resting, consequently, on him and the firm he serves.

Saturday comes, but with it probably no rest. The reporter must take a morning or noon train for a town or city scores of miles distant, to be ready for more speeches; or, word having come in that a colliery disaster has occurred, he must hasten to the vicinity. All this, and much more, he is called upon to do.

The reporter for the evening newspaper is not obliged to undergo fatigue and suffer inconvenience in exactly the same way. If not connected with a leading metropolitan or other widely-circulated evening paper, his field of labour is confined to a much more limited area than that traversed by our morning newspaper reporter. His duties lie mainly in the town where his paper is published each afternoon or evening. Nevertheless, his work is laborious, his hours are long, and constant worry is often his lot.

The reporter for the "weekly" is perhaps more happy, for though long reports of comparatively unimportant events are expected from him, he is not hurried in the same way for "copy," except it be on the same day, or day before, the newspaper is published. If not making "calls" or reporting, possibly he is proof-reading, and, in such a case, his liberty is considerably curtailed.

Whether he be on the staff of the daily, the bi-weekly, or weekly, the reporter must be prepared for anything and everything. It not infrequently happens that while in the morning he views the bodies of those from whom life has suddenly been taken, at night he is in the midst of life and gaiety, recording festivities and merry-making. He must be able, too, to describe anything, from the smallest machinery to the largest erection, and from the insignificant to the imposing. Should danger beset his path in the search for items of news he is undaunted, should difficulties stand in his way he defies them, ever ready, ever willing to spend and be spent for the profession he has at heart.

Innumerable stories of adventure could be told by the reporter, and many are the tales that could be related of episodes arising out of friendly rivalry between men of the same cloth. With one example this brief sketch must be brought to a close. The time was one of great political excitement, when the elections throughout the country were to tell whether the electors approved or otherwise of the policy pursued by the Government that had just resigned. The writer of this article, with a reporter from an opposition paper in the same town, had gone to await the result of the counting of votes taken in an important division of a Northern county. The announcement was made in due course, and immediately, and without any warning to me, away rushed my "friend" to a cab-stand close by, and directed Jehu to drive with all speed to the telegraph office. Being unable myself to find a cab disengaged, I followed on foot and arrived at the telegraph office as the reporter was handing in his telegram. Judge of my astonishment next day when my chief asked me whether the reporter of the —— was "first on the wire?" I could not deny it, much to my chagrin, and I was almost wild on seeing my superior turn up the —— newspaper of the previous day and point to the words following the result of the election, "First on wire!" Was it not human to determine in my own

mind I would be revenged? My opportunity soon came, and I took it. In the course of a few days we were away together in another division of the county. Notwithstanding the fire of indignation within me through having been "sold," I remained friendly towards my fellow-reporter, though I firmly, albeit courteously, declined to "join" with him in sending off a telegram giving the town we had left news of how the voting had gone. Without his knowledge, I had written out as far as I could the words of the telegram I intended to despatch, so that when we entered the returning officer's room I had only to insert opposite the name of each candidate the number of votes polled for him. My friend pressed eagerly forward when the figures were being read out, while I remained quietly behind, and, having inserted the figures in the proper places in my telegram-form, sped away to the Post Office. I fought my way through an excited populace, unheedful of the questions asked of me, and arriving, breathless almost, at my destination, I handed in my telegram and had the exquisite satisfaction of knowing my message was away before he who had so lately "sold" me arrived in the Post Office with other reporters. Need I say I added at the foot of my despatch, "First on wire"? or need I attempt to describe how I revelled in the idea that my friend would see the words in my journal the following day? I trow not. To say the least of it, here was a Roland for an Oliver!

Such are the little trials and triumphs of a provincial newspaper reporter.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION V.—OUGHT TRIAL BY JURY TO BE ABOLISHED?

(*Debate continued.*)

REV. C. B. BRIGSTOCKE:—Sir, the question brought before us now is one of the gravest importance, and when one finds the Lord Chancellor's Legal Procedure Committee and the Committee of the Incorporated Law Society on one side, and Blackstone, the renowned exponent of English law, on the other, the members of the Family Parliament may well be excused if they hesitate before they give in their votes on one side or the other.

We are dealing here with one of the existing institutions of the country, one that dates back to the times of Alfred the Great, and which is admitted by the Opener of the debate to have done "good and true service for the past ten centuries," and in olden times to have "often rescued the oppressed from the oppressor, the defenceless from the tyrant." From its very antiquity it claims at our hands gentle treatment. It is, moreover, a serious thing to shake the public faith in one of the established institutions of the country, nor is the Opener's case made out till he has not merely convicted it of certain defects, for all human institutions are imperfect, but shown that it has been fruitful in glaring abuses and thwarted the great ends of justice.

The system may be cumbersome and expensive, but this is after all but a small price to pay, assuming that we thereby gain the impartial administration of justice, for on this depend the nation's life and prosperity. On the other hand, we may dismiss as irrelevant the fact of its benefiting the jurymen themselves. No doubt it does give them "valuable legal training," but as the system originated, not for the benefit of the juryman, but for the protection of the oppressed, its value must be measured by the degree in which its great object is promoted, not by any incidental advantages it may confer upon the jury.

Opener does indeed contend that jurymen are often incapable, and as often partial, and here he touches the very root of the matter. Proved inability to weigh the force of evidence, or a constant bias in favour of persons, must indeed interfere very seriously with the due administration of justice, and lead to disastrous results; but if such miscarriage of justice had been common, it is not easy to understand how the institution could have existed so long.

That trial by jury "has become a farce and a mockery" in Ireland recently is only too well known, but to contend that it should be abolished in England on that account is as illogical as it would be to demand the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act because it has been found necessary occasionally to suspend it.

I cannot, then, think that the days of trial by jury are numbered. We need clearer evidence of the incompetency and partiality of common juries than we possess at present, and till that is forthcoming I for one must vote in favour of the existing system of trial by jury.

J. A.:—I am in favour of the abolition of trial by jury, and there can be no doubt, I venture to think, that such trials are now inappropriate. It is all very well to say that they have done good service in the past, but that is nothing to the purpose. We might just as well say that the stage-coaches should not have been superseded by the railway, and yet no one now denies that the change was really imperative. When jury trial was first established, our laws, and indeed our people, were in an entirely different condition, and such trials no doubt served the purpose. But law has been gradually expanding until it has become quite a science, and my contention is that only those who have studied the law are able properly to administer it. In medicine we never seek outside help to assist the physician in dealing with the cases under his charge—why then should a jury be needed to assist in applying the law? No one will say that our judges are not impartial, and the fact that they are entrusted with presenting the case to the jury in a consecutive form, and ridding it of all unnecessary matter, is a strong reason why he should be allowed to determine what the decision is to be.

J. T. MARPLE:—Mr. Speaker,—A celebrated statesman once said that "some men make speeches better without facts than with them," and I think, Sir, the Opener of this debate is one of that number. I quite agree with his hon. Opponent that he must be a professional man, for his speech from beginning to

end is a decided case of special pleading. The arguments which he advances (if indeed they are worthy of the name) in favour of the abolition of trial by jury are four in number. In the first place he charges jurors with being incapable, and secondly with being partial, and the only ground on which he attempts to justify this sweeping assertion is that juries are generally composed of tradesmen. This statement, Sir, I consider a gratuitous insult to that class who form the backbone of our commercial prosperity, and whose verdicts will, I feel persuaded, compare favourably with those given by magistrates, who often by the mere "accident of birth" have been placed in more affluent and responsible positions.

With regard to the hon. Opener's second point, that juries are frequently partial, I take the strongest objection, and I challenge him to point out above one or two cases of importance in which a jury has given a verdict in direct opposition to the weight of evidence. Firmly as I believe in the impartiality of our judges, I am equally convinced of the impartiality of our juries. The "absurd verdicts" which he states have often been returned are only the outcome of his own imagination, and have no foundation in fact. There is no system however perfect but what is liable to abuse, and my hon. friend must indeed have a weak case if he can bring forward no stronger argument in favour of the abolition of trial by jury than that the system has sometimes been abused.

With respect to his third and fourth objections, that trial by jury is expensive and cumbersome, the same argument would apply to our whole representative system of government, but there are very few persons indeed who would on this account wish to see it abolished, and all power centred in the Crown and hereditary legislature. Then, again, it must be remembered that the jury system was established not only for the vindication of the law, but also for the protection of the subject; and it behoves us as Englishmen to resist to the utmost any attempt to deprive us of our privilege. The consensus of opinion which the hon. member says exists amongst the legal profession on this question, is to my mind only an additional argument in favour of our retention of a system which has, according to Blackstone, been for ages "the palladium of British liberty, and the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for;" and I think, Sir, the Opener of this debate has entirely failed to establish his case in favour of the abolition of trial by jury.

G. DOMLEO:—To my mind the question which requires consideration is not the abolition of juries, but rather the extension of their powers. Some of the sentences, decisions, and verdicts of our judges and country magistrates are infamous, and I trust the time is not far hence when all trials shall be by jury, and when they will not only have the responsibility of finding a true verdict, but shall also possess the power to mitigate or add to the punishment assigned.

E. W. K. LOW:—The honourable Opponent appears to rest one of his main arguments in favour of the continuance of the jury system on the services which the jury has rendered in times past, and adduces one instance in the time of Charles II. to support his statements. Well, Sir, I don't think any one will deny that the jury has been of great benefit to the people in times when judges were not altogether the dispensers of justice. But I hold with the honourable Opener that the time has now come for its abolition; for though its present defects would have held good in former times, yet its recommendations, in a tyrannous age, outweighed these defects; but now its advantages have disappeared, while its bad points remain.

As to the incapacity of juries, I am disposed to agree with the honourable Opponent that the principal qualification of a juryman is common sense, but from the curious verdicts often returned a person would be led to think there was a lamentable lack of common sense amongst them. Think of the verdict of a Welsh jury, "Not Guilty, but we recommend him not to do it again;" and another jury, after the prisoner had confessed, returned him "Not Guilty" because, as they said, he was a most notorious liar, unworthy of belief, and they adhered to their verdict. And a great many equally clever conclusions could be mentioned.

J. COOK:—I would, with all due respect, point out that in cases where the "liberty of the subject" is involved, or, in other words, in criminal cases, it would be difficult to uphold the grand principle of English law that "every man is innocent until he be proved guilty" if tried before a judge alone; for during a trial, I believe, a judge is generally cognisant of a prisoner's antecedents, and in many cases of "previous convictions."

With a jury, however, this cannot happen. During the progress of a trial they know nothing of the accused's antecedents, and can only judge of a case as laid before them; and it should be borne in mind that in the future the common jury is likely to be composed of a better class of men than hitherto, if the remarks of the present Lord Chief Justice and other learned judges upon this subject bear the fruit it was doubtless intended they should do. Whilst, however, inclining to the preservation of the "common jury," it is not so with the "grand jury." I think this jury can well be dispensed with.

H. J. WATKINSON:—A slur seems to have been cast upon the juryman who goes from the weighing of tea to the weighing of evidence, from the measuring of cloth to the measuring out of justice; as a rule, these men take with them free, unbiassed minds, and the same sound common sense that has enabled them to make or to carry on their business, which, without any legal training, is quite sufficient for the work required of them.

There is an old saying that two heads are better than one, and where it is only a question of fact, and not of law, ordinary people will consider that twelve are certainly better still. No doubt a few abuses exist, but, because of these, the Opener would sweep away what has served us so well for ten centuries, and put in its place a system fraught with many evils. If we must have an evil, by all means let us choose the least. Why destroy the grand old tree that has given shelter to many a persecuted one, to many a poor wretch who has happened to be the victim of circumstantial and official evidence, and whose only hope has been in reaching the shade of its outstretching branches? Lop off the dead and dying members, dig about it, improve the soil from whence it comes; but uproot it—never.

T. H. J. PORTER:—I think, Sir, there can be no doubt as to the charge of partiality against juries being only too true, and I am afraid it would be very hard to prove otherwise. For instance, what can be said to the following? A landlord entered a distress for rent on a farm; the bailiff (with the consent of the tenant) sold all the goods, instead of only sufficient to satisfy the distress. The tenant (probably with the advice that the jury would most likely for the principal part be composed of farmers, and that therefore he would stand a good chance of getting a verdict in his favour) brought an action for illegal distress. At the trial it was shown beyond doubt that the tenant had consented to the arrangement, and that the goods were sold at a great advantage to him. The judge in summing-up clearly put all the facts of the case before the jury, with the result, one would have thought, of a verdict for the defendant, but no, it was for the plaintiff, with somewhat heavy damages; and, more than this, on the foreman of the jury being questioned by some of his friends as to the reason of such a verdict in the face of such evidence, he made the reply that "the farmers are very badly off just now, and we must do something for them when we have the opportunity." Surely, this cannot be said to be justice, and it is unfortunately only one of many instances of partiality shown by juries. And then how often are the jury carried away by the pitiful tale of an eloquent counsel, and a wrongful verdict given?

The debate on this question will be concluded in our next, when the Prize Speech will be printed. No further speeches on this subject can be received.

A Summer Day's Dream.

Words by H. *Music by* CHARLES W. PEARCE, Mus.B., Cantab., L.Mus.T.C.L.

VOICE. PIANO.

Andante con grazia. *p*

1. At the sleep - y
2. Queen with mel - low
3. Au - tumn passed on

riv - er's feet, Where the woods and corn - fields meet, Where the deep - est sha-dows play—
sun-light crowned, Queen with frag - rant gar - lands bound, Queen by right of state - ly mien—
noise- less wing, Win - ter glad - dened in - to spring; Then the woods and sha - dy ways

pp

cres - cen - do. *f* *ritard.* *a tempo.*

There we met one sum- mer's day, There we met one sum - mer's day :.....
Beau - ty, grace, and sweet nine- teen, Beau - ty, grace, and sweet nine - teen.....
Missed us in the sum - mer days, Missed us in the sum - mer days.....

cres - cen - do. *sf* *colla voce.* *ten.* *a tempo.*

mf *con anima.*

Gra - cious, state - ly, smil - ing, fair, Ro - ses bloom - ing in her hair;
All the land was full of bloom— Leaf and fruit, and rich per - fume;
In the white house on the hill, There my queen is reign - ing still:

ritard.

Flowers be - neath her dain - ty feet, She— of all the flowers so sweet—
All the heaven was full of glee— Sun - light, warmth, and mel - o - dy;
Gra - cious, state - ly, smil - ing, fair, Jew - els gleam - ing in her hair;

ritard.

a tempo. *p*

Passed me, as I mus - ing stood, In the sha - dow of the wood;
And the wa - ving mea - dow sweet Laughed be - neath our care - less feet,
While I let the mo - ments pass, Ly - ing in the long, cool grass,

a tempo. *p*

cres. *dim.*

Paused be - side the riv - er's brink, Bent her gold - en head to drink,
While the joy - ous birds a - bove Sang tri - umph - ant hymns of love,
Think - ing, now the dream is o'er, Love's a sha - dow— no - thing more,

cres. *dim.*

ad lib. *pp* *a tempo.* *Last time.*

Bent..... her gold - - en head to drink.....
Sang..... tri - umph - - ant hymns of love.....
Love's..... a sha - - dow— no - thing more.....

Last time.

colla voce. *a tempo.* *ppp*

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"WELL, the truth is, anything and everything is in fashion nowadays, if you do but have it well made." So ended a long conversation the other day, which began by lamentations on the part of a friend of mine, who had by her a number of unmade dresses from her *trousseau*, and feared the patterns of the brocades and tints of velvets and cashmere would be out of date before they were made up. But in the end we came to the conclusion that, if things went on as they do now, she might let her mind be easy that all could be turned to good, profitable, and fashionable account, always provided she could get the materials well made.

Prophets have been guilty of a good many mistakes with regard to the weather this season, and the extreme cold and dampness that prevailed in England in the early part of June were disappointing to those who had hoped to disport themselves in the many charming washing-dresses prepared for Ascot, Sandown, and other gay gatherings of the London season, and for Le Grand Prix in the French capital. But in London, as in Paris, black carried all before it, but black relieved by brilliant colouring at the throat and on the bonnet.

English people have quite forgotten their whilom *penchant* for sombre colouring, and the deepest orange, the brightest reds, together with tender pinks and canary colour, and various shades of yellow, were most readily chosen to throw out the dark background; while on parasols (which, by-the-by, to be *en règle* should be about as large as an umbrella) a huge bow of ribbon or bunch of flowers on the outside, and a bow of ribbon on the handle, carry out the same idea. For the dainty manner in which these important looking parasols are trimmed, see the illustration at the commencement of this chapter.

But with August, and the country gaieties consequent on an influx of people back to their homes, we have a right to expect to wear washing-dresses, so I am going to describe to you some that are really fashionable, well-worn, and easy to arrange. A butcher-blue gingham or zephyr-cloth, made with a full bodice banded. Nothing is being so generally worn as these full bodices by Englishwomen. There is a high band round the throat, with a plaiting of lace above, and perhaps below, forming a point on the back between the shoulders, lace or lace insertion laid on quite plain, a knot of inch-wide crimson satin ribbon at the throat, and a large crimson sash round the waist. The skirt in front has two deep flounces edged with lace, with six-inch-wide insertion let in above the lace. These flounces are so arranged that they appear like a double rounded tunic, while at the back are draperies edged with lace carried across the waist in front, but caught back with the sash. This is a favourite style in cream and écru dresses, which are much trimmed with twine-coloured embroidery.

Perhaps some among my readers are lovers of archery, and may care to hear of an effective archery dress prepared for a club. The material was nun's cloth and emerald-green satin. The skirt consisted of double lace-edged flounces, with runnings and back draperies, and for day wear there was a full bodice, green belt, and tight sleeves; but for dinner wear (a general dinner of the members followed the shooting) there was a long jacket bodice of nun's cloth, with a green pointed and gathered plastron and lace sleeves. The hats were large-shaped, made of fine Tuscan, lined and trimmed with emerald velvet.

Some of the porcelain-blue cottons, with rich covering patterns, are exceedingly fashionable; they are made as all the dresses for out-doors are worn now, flounced to the waist, the bodices buttoning at the back, with panier draperies from the side, fastening together and falling in graceful folds at the back. There are paniers and paniers. Many for evening dress are made on the skirt and very *bouffant*, standing out in a wide close puff all round the pointed bodice, when it is put on, and having all the appearance of being sewn to it. Others are a straight scarf-like piece closely plaited in front, and starting from either side of the bodice, passing in a sort of festoon over the hips.

It is curious to see what a number of puffs and angles can be concentrated on one person with these paniers. The puffings on the shoulder and the puffings round the neck as often as not prevail.

One long treble box-plaited flounce from the waist to the hem of the dress is now a favourite style for the front; also some six treble box-plaited flounces with draperies at the back, and long flounces or puffings headed by runnings, perhaps seven or eight above each flounce.

There must be a total ignorance of all the laws of form in those who now decree that the fronts of dresses should cling so closely and the backs be so *bouffant;* but the worst, perhaps, of all the exaggerations of fashion is the heavy ruche round the hem of the dress, which makes one look just like a china figure requiring a strong foundation.

WHAT TO WEAR IN AUGUST.

Tussore silks are useful for travelling, for garden parties, for sea-side, and indeed for so many occasions just at this time of year, that I recommend them to the special notice of those who are economically inclined; also black Surah, the latter intermixed with cardinal, the former with a large cardinal sash. These are as dressy, and far more useful and economical than the now fashionable book-muslin, bedizened with lace and guipure embroidery, which run up their cost to that of a silk dress.

If you are on travelling bent, you may require a new ulster or a jacket, and to be *en règle* these will be of a mixed cloth, rather bright in colouring, trimmed with most decided gold buttons, plain and glistening, a bright-coloured handkerchief protruding in front or encircling the neck, so as to be very visible. I cannot discover that there is anything very novel in the cut either of the jackets or ulsters, except that they must fit to perfection, and that the skirts of the ulsters give ample room for distended skirts.

We have not yet begun to paint cloth dresses or jackets, but pretty well everything else has—"suffered," I was almost tempted to say, at the hands of the too often unskilled amateur artist. Parasols, satin cloaks, and dresses are covered with oil paint, and one of the most remarkable toilettes when the Grand Prix was run, was a grey linen with sweet-peas painted on it.

Natural flowers are very much worn both for morning and evening; and for evening wear, when artificial flowers are resorted to, they are of prodigious size.

For garden-parties, shoes and open-work or embroidered stockings are worn; but on all but very dressy occasions, boots with welts and buttons, and coming well up on the ankle. A few young ladies, more ambitious than the rest, are having boots made of a piece of their tailor-made dresses.

Gloves continue to be worn outside the sleeves, and are exceedingly long.

In bathing-dresses there is little or no change as far as Englishwomen are concerned, save that the proportions of both skirt and bodice are more ample, and that red bags are much employed to carry bathing-dresses and the paraphernalia, of which the fair damsels seem to be as proud as a barrister is of his red bag. This, by-the-by, reminds me that capital cases for umbrellas are made of four strips of holland blind material sewn together, bound with braid, and tied top and bottom. Each strip is four inches wide and half a yard long.

Aprons are coming in again, but only dainty ones, which make a garden-party dress more bewitching. They are made in muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbon, and come well round to the back, with bibs back and front.

Tailor-made costumes are still notable for their severity of style. The tunics are for the most part fastened on to the bodices, which fit without the suspicion of a crease. Some new ones have striped under-skirts, and there is a great disposition to return to the old polonaise just looped over them.

A pretty style of costume for a garden-party is worn by the first figure in the upper row of our illustrations. This material is figured sateen, ficelle or twine-coloured ground, showered with graceful red flowers. The long Suède gloves are drawn above the sleeves; the fichu of soft Indian muslin is fastened with a red flower; the parasol is red, so are the hat-trimming and lining. For a costume to be thoroughly successful the principal note of colour must be carried into the smallest detail; every accessory must have the effect of being made specially for that particular dress.

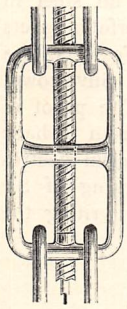
The second figure in the group wears a more pretentious toilette—terra-cotta satin skirt and waistcoat, with ivory gauze over-dress flecked with tinsel stripes and trimmed with rich ivory-white embroidery. The terra-cotta satin also appears on the cuffs in the form of a fine kilting, and on the Panama straw hat as a bow. The sticks of the fan are terra-cotta-coloured. The little maiden of six summers wears striped pink-and-white cotton, trimmed with white embroidery worked in ingrain red cotton; the cape is bordered with this trimming, and the stockings match the frock. The last figure (seated) wears a travelling costume of the new checked tweeds, bright and gay-looking, as the tiny squares are of divers colours, all well blended. The costume is made with a jacket.

The dresses illustrated in the lower group are for in-door wear, with the exception of that on the little girl who turns her back the better to show the pretty make of her Pompadour sateen frock, with its gathered back and sleeves, its large lace collar and crimson scarf-sash. Madras muslin and nun's veiling are inexpensive materials for demi-toilettes, and might be used advantageously for any of the dresses that follow, although plain and striped foulard and painted lace compose the first dress; beaded black Spanish lace over mauve satin, the second; Tussore silk, crimson satin, and embroidery, the third; and electric blue watered silk and chenille bordering and fringe, the fourth. Other pretty combinations for evening wear are white muslin, ficelle lace, and carnations (there has been quite a furore for these flowers of late); écru muslin, with embroidery to match, and violet heart's-ease. Natural flowers are worn on ball-gowns almost as frequently as artificial ones, and if they are well fastened they do not crush and tumble readily. Gloire de Dijon roses, and lilies of all kinds, have set off many evening toilettes of late. And of bouquets a chapter might be written—they are enormous, and how they are carried by the small hands in which they are frequently held is often a mystery. Bridesmaids sometimes carry huge bouquets of one flower only, and sometimes gilded baskets of various blooms, with which they strew the bride's path at the conclusion of the wedding ceremony.

THE GATHERER.

Telegraphs to Lightships.

At the Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition there was exhibited an ingenious means of communicating by telegraph between lightships and the shore. A model lightship was shown riding at anchor in a large tank, and by touching a press-button in the side of the tank, representing the shore, an electric bell was rung on board the ship. The current was conveyed to the ship by a cable which ran along the bottom of the tank and then up the mooring-chain to the ship. To prevent the straining of the chain damaging the cable, each link was made double and of the form shown in the figure, with the cable passing through it. The cable also passes through the mooring-swivel, and enters the ship by a revolving joint, which allows the ship to swing to the wind and tides without twisting the cable. The importance of a telegraph from lightships to the shore is apparent in case of a wreck, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Trinity House are about to try this new system on the *Sunk* lightship off Walton-on-the-Naze.



Fireproof Railway Carriages.

In the United States, where a train on fire is no uncommon occurrence, asbestos is being largely used as a lining for railway carriages. The method adopted is simply to pack three or four inches of asbestos between the floor proper and a false bottom; and since this mineral wool is not only non-combustible, but also an excellent non-conductor, it subserves a double purpose—protecting from fire and also from cold. It has been suggested that an inch lining of asbestos on all other parts of the carriage would greatly add to their comfort, and would keep out both the cold draughts of winter and the heat of summer. Such a lining would certainly be appreciated on the English railways.

Copying Drawings in Colour.

The paper on which the copy is to be made is first dipped in a bath consisting of 30 parts of white soap, 30 of alum, 40 of English glue, 10 of albumen, 2 of glacial acetic acid, 10 of alcohol of 60° proof, and 500 of water. It is then taken out, and afterwards put into another bath which contains 50 parts of burnt umber ground in alcohol, 20 of lampblack, 10 of English glue, and 10 of bichromate of potash, in 500 of water. The paper is thus rendered sensitive to light, and must be kept in the dark. To make the copy the drawing is put into a photographic printing frame, and the paper thus sensitised is laid over it, then exposed to the light for a few minutes in such a way that the light traverses the two sheets. After exposure, the negative is developed by immersing it in water, and being a negative the drawing is seen reversed on it. The paper is next dried, and a positive is made from it by placing it on the glass of a printing frame, and laying a sheet of positively sensitised paper over it and exposing as before. The positive paper is sensitised in a bath like the first of those described, but having lampblack in it instead of burnt umber. To obtain coloured positives the black is replaced by red, blue, or other pigment.

The Centrifugal Gold Separator.

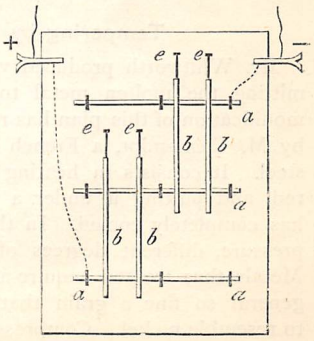
In the cradle or pan of the gold-digger the sand is washed from the gold by water, but a new apparatus has recently been devised by which the dry sand is separated from the gold by centrifugal force. The machine is about five feet in diameter, and is arranged to throw the sand by centrifugal force against a "wall" of mercury kept in position by centrifugal action. In this way every particle of gold is brought into contact with the mercury and amalgamated with it, while the sand is blown away by means of an air-blast. The machine cleans a ton of sand in twenty minutes, and is said to be so thorough in its operation that the refuse or tailings left from other washings can be worked over again at a profit.

The Microphone as a Divining-Rod.

The microphone has already been applied to the detection of earthquakes by giving notice in a telephone of very delicate earth-tremors; and a novel use has been found for it by Count Hugo von Eugenberg, in finding hidden springs on the grounds of his estate at Tratzberg in the Tyrol. His plan is to bury microphones in the soil and connect each of them with a battery and telephone, then listen in the night-time for the murmur of underground waters. It is worthy of note that the American Indians have from time immemorial applied the naked ear to the same purpose in a similar manner.

A Simple Microphone.

A simple speaking microphone—that is to say, a microphone that will operate as a transmitter of speech when connected in circuit with a battery and telephone—can be constructed at a slight cost in the manner represented by the woodcut. A slim pinewood box is turned bottom up, and three slips of plumbago pencil or hard carbon, *a a a*, are fastened to it by brass wires passing



through holes in the bottom. Upon these rest four other strips of the carbon, *b b b b*, suspended in pairs by threads from the holes *e e e e*. The two end slips, *a a*, are connected to the battery and telephone line, and the box is slightly tilted up. On speaking to the bottom of the box the words are heard in the distant telephone.

Damp-proof Mortar.

The Hygeian Rock composition is a cement for brick walls which is entirely damp-resisting, and when melted and run hot into the middle space between two half-brick walls built half an inch apart, as shown in Fig. 1 or as in Fig. 2, it likewise increases the strength of the structure. For walls in damp places, water-tanks, and other places where moisture is to be kept back and thick walls are not required, the new cement will prove of value. We may also mention that silicate paints of different colours are now prepared for painting walls, in order to exclude the damp by filling up the pores of brick and mortar.

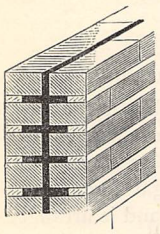


FIG. 1.

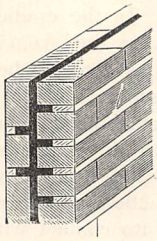


FIG. 2.

An Automatic Telephone Exchange.

Telephone exchanges are now fitted up with a complicated appliance called a "Switch," whereby an attendant can connect any two subscribers' lines together so as to enable them to converse with each other by telephone. An apparatus, however, for enabling either of the two subscribers who wish to converse to put himself in communication with the other, has been devised by Messrs. Connolly and McTighe, of New York, and is now on view in London. The device is somewhat complex in appearance, but less so in reality. It consists in idea of a set of revolving discs, each of which is set apart for a subscriber and in connection with his telephone line. By sending a current over his line, he is enabled to put his disc into communication with any of the subscribers he wishes to talk to, and thus connect both their telephone lines so that they can speak direct to one another without the assistance of an attendant.

Tempering by Pressure.

Mr. Whitworth produced very hard steel by submitting the molten metal to great pressure, and a modification of this plan has recently been introduced by M. Clémandot, a French engineer, for tempering steel. It consists in heating the steel to a cherry-red, and putting it under a strong pressure until it has completely cooled. In this way, by varying the pressure, different degrees of temper can be given. Metals thus treated acquire a great hardness, and in general so fine a grain that they can be polished to resemble nickel. Compressed steel, like steel tempered in the ordinary way, has a high "coercitive force," that is to say, it can be strongly and permanently magnetised; and M. Clémandot has applied it in the construction of magnets for Gower and Ader telephones. The best steel for such magnetic purposes is that of the Allevard Works in France, probably because it contains a small percentage of tungsten. Until quite recently we had no steel in England so well adapted for making powerful magnets as that of Allevard, but Mr. Le Neve Foster, of the India-rubber and Gutta-percha Works, Silvertown, now prepares excellent magnet steel. The proof of this is that permanent magnets made from it have been adopted at Aden instead of the powerful electro-magnets formerly employed in the working of Sir William Thomson's syphon recorder for writing the messages received on submarine cables.

Magnetism and Vibrations.

Professor Bjerknes, of Christiania, by means of little drums or tambours vibrating in a tank of water, has succeeded in imitating all the chief magnetic effects. Thus, when two drums were vibrated by means of air-pulses sent into them, they attracted or repelled one another in the water according as the vibrations were in like or unlike phase, that is to say, according as the two diaphragms of the drums approached and receded from each other, simultaneously, or chased each other to and fro as they vibrated. Mr. Augustus Stroh, with sensitive drums vibrating in the atmosphere by air-waves sent into them from a sounding-reed and bellows, also reproduces these attractions and repulsions when the drums are vibrating in like or unlike phases. His apparatus is shown in Fig. 1, where *a* and *b* are the two drums connected by pipes *e* and *d* to the bellows; the drum *b* being mounted on a swinging stand *c*, so as to be free to move by attraction or repulsion. Moreover, either of the drums will attract a neighbouring light body, such as a piece of card or paper, which is not itself vibrating. The resemblance to magnetism will at once appear if we consider the drums which vibrate in like phase to represent the opposite poles of a magnet, and those of unlike phase to represent the like poles; while the card is taken for a piece of soft, unmagnetised iron, which, as every one knows, is always attracted by a magnet, no matter what pole it is presented to. Mr. Stroh also shows that when the drums are vibrating in like phase, and therefore attracting each other, they are producing a rarefaction of the air between them, whereas, when they vibrate in unlike phase and repel

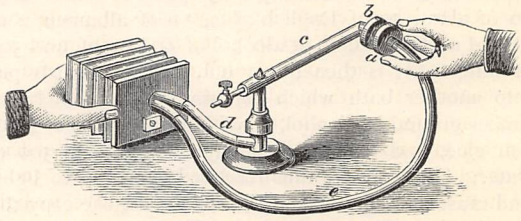


FIG. 1.

each other, they produce a condensation of the air between them. These results lead to a difference of air-pressure on the fronts and backs of the drums, and thus cause the observed attractions and repulsions of the drums. Further, Mr. Stroh has demonstrated the

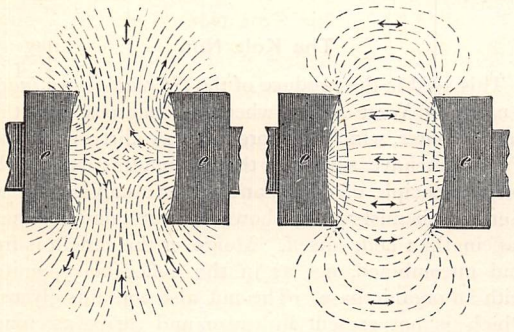


FIG. 2.

remarkable fact that the movements of the air between and around the vibrating drums is exactly similar to the well-known "lines of magnetic force" around magnets, as will be seen from Fig. 2, where *e e* are the vibrating drums, and the dotted lines show the air-movements between. The right-hand case of the figure corresponds to a like phase of the drums or to opposite magnetic poles; while the left hand corresponds to unlike phases or like magnetic poles. Thus, his experiments tend to confirm the surmise that magnetism is a disturbance of the luminiferous ether surrounding matter, set up by the vibrating molecules of magnetic substances.

A Fire-proof Door.

At the recent Building Trade Exhibition a fire-proof door made of concrete was exhibited, slag being used as a conglomerate. It was panelled and hinged like an ordinary wooden door, and moved as freely. Iron and steel Venetian blinds were also exhibited, together with revolving iron shutters which can be used for in-door partitions and safety screens in case of fire. They are arranged to drop by their own weight as soon as the brake is released. Spans up to fifty feet can be closed by a single curtain.

A Submarine Ship.

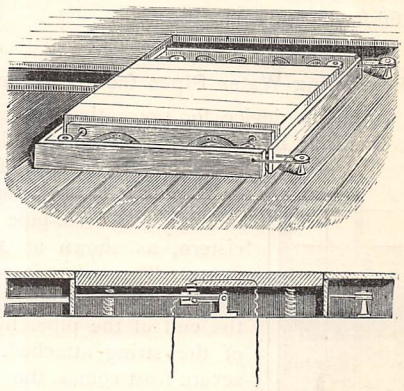
A ship that can sail for twelve hours under water at a depth between 100 and 300 feet, according to the will of the commander, is certainly a novel thing in naval architecture. Such, however, is the invention of M. Theodorescu, a Roumanian engineer; but the announcement must be taken with some reserve until we hear how the new craft acquits itself on trial. The raising and lowering of the ship are done by means of screws, and can be effected either suddenly or gradually. The progress beneath the water is noiseless and nearly as fast as that of an ordinary steamer. Enough light is supplied by electricity to enable those on board to see 130 feet ahead, and to regulate the ship's motion accordingly. Air is provided to serve for fourteen hours, and a fresh supply can be obtained if need be by putting up telescopic tubes to the surface while the vessel remains under water. To complete the duck-like qualities of this marine wonder, it can be managed on the surface of the water like any other boat. For naval experiments, and for objects such as the repair of submarine cables, the new vessel will be an acquisition.

A Weather Compass.

The ordinary barometer is a poor weather-glass by itself, because the moistness of the air and the state of the wind require to be taken into account in foretelling the weather as much as the atmospheric pressure. Professor Klinkerfues, of Gottingen, has therefore devised a combination which, in the form of a compass, gives the result of these three separate factors in the weather-problem. The needle, or indicator, of the compass is controlled by a small aneroid barometer, and a horse-hair hygrometer, while the direction of the wind is also brought to bear on the question by a very ingenious arrangement which, however, would take too much space to describe. The apparatus is very cheap, and is worthy of a fair trial.

New Burglar Alarm.

In the accompanying woodcut is represented an alarm specially devised to checkmate the burglar in the pursuit of his nefarious vocation. It has been invented for employment particularly in vaults and safes, but obviously it can be used wherever thieves may be expected to break through and steal. The *modus operandi* is exceedingly simple. It consists of a platform, supported on spiral springs, which the moment it is stepped upon operates an electric circuit; an alarm is forthwith raised at a point near or remote as may be desired. It is placed in and on a level with the floor, so that it is impossible for a



stranger to pass it without sounding the alarm. When the vault or safe is in use, movable side and end bars are moved inward by cords running over pulleys and connected with a sliding frame, which is moved by a rod reaching to some point near the platform. These bars being furnished with pins or stout pegs for supporting the platform, it will not be depressed when it

is trod upon. As soon, however, as the bars have been released, they will be carried outwards by the springs, and the platform will yield when stepped on, and complete the circuit, which was broken when the withdrawal of the bars released the lower electrical contact. The simplicity of the appliance, apart from its apparent suitability for its purpose, seems to be its strongest feature.

Glazing without Putty.

Methods of covering greenhouses with glass without the aid of putty are coming more and more into use, and two very good plans are illustrated in the figures. In Fig. 1 the pane of glass, *a*, is clamped all along its bottom edge, and the clamping metal is perforated at *b*, to allow the moisture which collects on the inside of one pane to run out on the outside of the next pane. Fig. 2 shows in section another method. In it the panes are clamped between two metal surfaces, the cap, *b*, being adjustable to prevent rattling of the glass, and the metal gutter, *c*, overlapping so as to carry the moisture from pane to pane.

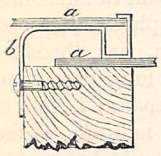


FIG. 1.

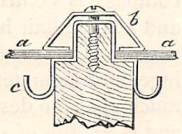


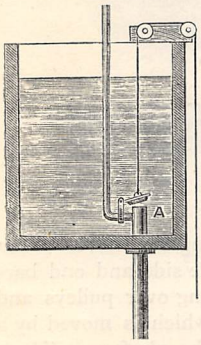
FIG. 2.

Dynamogen.

A new explosive, termed dynamogen, which is a rival to gunpowder, has been invented by M. Petri, a Viennese engineer. It is stated to contain neither sulphur, nitric acid, nor nitro-glycerine, and does not injure the gun or cartridge. The charge takes the form of a solid cylinder, which can be increased in power by pressure without any increase of bulk. The recoil, after firing a gun with it, is very slight, and as it is less costly than gunpowder, and preserves its virtues under great differences of temperature, it may be useful for blasting operations.

Preventing Water Pipes from Bursting.

An ingenious device for preventing service-pipes, in a house, from bursting during a frost, is illustrated herewith. It consists of a valve or trap-door closing the end of the main service-pipe in the cistern, as shown at A in the figure. The valve is raised or lowered, so as to open or close the end of the pipe, by means of the string attached. When severe frost comes, the valve-lid is lowered to close the end of the pipe, and then as no more water enters, the house-pipe can be emptied and thus preserved. To obtain water it is only necessary to open the valve and refill the pipes, taking care to leave them empty as before. To obviate the carelessness of servants, a simple electrical attachment is supplied, which on the temperature falling to the freezing point closes the valve automatically, at the same time cutting off the current from the electric battery to prevent waste, and also emptying the pipe.

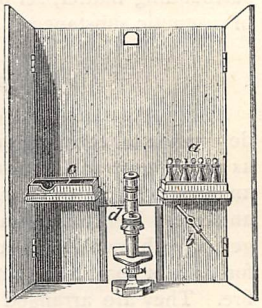


The Kola Nut.

This seed is the produce of the *Sterculia acuminata*, a native of West Africa, where the negroes use it to flavour water, which is more or less dirty or putrid. Travellers have surmised that it contains caffein, the active principle of coffee, and recent analyses by two German chemists have shown that it contains more caffein than coffee itself. Moreover the caffein is free and uncombined, not as in the coffee berry, united with an organic base. The nut also contains glycose, which is not present in cacao, and thrice as much starch as is contained in theobroma. It has no fatty matter like cocoa. The nuts are, therefore, likely to become the source of a grateful beverage. They have hitherto been employed in the cure of liver diseases amongst the dwellers in the Soudan and Western Africa, and it is expected that they will occupy a prominent place by the side of coca.

A Screen for the Microscope.

A good light and a handy method of keeping the various objects near, are both conveniences when working with the microscope; and the screen, which we illustrate herewith, is devised to give them. The screen is formed of three wooden panels, blackened inside and hinged together as shown. Two little panniers, *a c*, attached to the back-wall, carry plates and stoppered bottles, while *b* is a fine pipette hanging in a staple. The light comes through a small window, *d*, which can be obscured by ground or coloured glass if necessary.



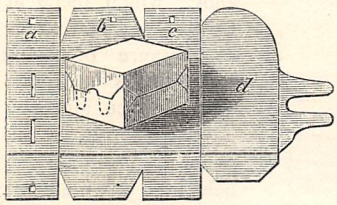
Magnetic Bricks.

It was recently noticed by Herr Hepner, of Salzburg in the Tyrol, that some old bricks there had an attractive and repellent force on the compass needle, as if they were magnets with unlike poles. Following up the hint, Herr Hepner constructed bricks from each of eight varieties of clay found in the neighbourhood and baked them. Seven out of the eight specimens were distinctly magnetic, but unbaked bricks had no such properties. Further experiments have shown that the minerals breunerite, mica-slate, chlorite, hornblende, and clayey iron-garnet become

magnetic by intense heating, and that the line between the poles is perpendicular to the bed-layers of the brick. The bearing of these results on the construction of magnetic observatories and in surveying operations will be readily seen.

A Paper Box.

The accompanying woodcut shows a handy way of preparing a folding box without paste or gum. The blank sheet of paper board is cut so as to form the flaps *a b c*, and the cover portion so as to form the flap *d*. It is then scored with a sharp edge, so that the corresponding rectangular portions form two sides of the box, the ends being formed by the folding in of the flaps. Two slits in the front of the box receive the locking flaps, and holes in the edges, as shown, receive a cord or ribbon to keep the whole together.



Removing Coffee Stains.

Stains of milk and coffee are difficult to remove, especially from light-coloured or fine fabrics. From woollen or mixed fabrics they can be obliterated by moistening them with a mixture of one part of glycerine, nine of water, and half of ammonia-water. The wash is to be applied by means of a brush repeatedly during twelve hours. The stains are then pressed between cloth and rubbed with a clean rag. Drying, or better still steaming, will generally remove the stain. In the case of delicate silk dresses, five parts of glycerine are mixed with five of water, and a quarter of ammonia added. If, however, it is found by trial that this mixture changes the colour of the cloth, no ammonia should be added. The mixture is then applied with a soft brush and allowed to remain on the stains for six or eight hours, then rubbed with a clean cloth. The remaining dry substance is then removed with a knife, the injured places brushed with clean water, and pressed between cloths and dried. Dry bread will rub away the last vestiges of the stain. The finish of the cloth may be restored by brushing it with a thin solution of gum arabic, and drying it.

An Electrical Camera Shutter.

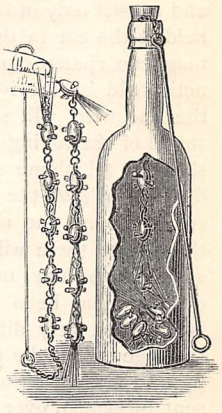
An ingenious plan for opening the camera shutter from a distance, by means of electricity, has been devised. The shutter is ordinarily kept closed by a trigger arrangement, but this trigger is sprung by means of an electro-magnet attracting a soft iron armature when the current circulates through it. The current is produced by two small chloride of silver cells, which only weigh two ounces. These little cells are very portable and convenient for purposes where the source of electricity requires to be carried about. They are made by taking a small rod of zinc, no longer than the little finger, and a similar rod of fused chloride of silver salt. The chloride is sheathed in muslin, then placed beside the zinc with a slip of cardboard separating them. A thin strip of silver forms the positive pole of the cell, the zinc forming the negative pole. The solution is a mixture of sal-ammoniac in water, or common hartshorn.

A Telegraph Plough.

The immunity of underground telegraph lines from damage by storms or accidents is now recommending their use in preference to wires erected on poles through the air; moreover, the spread of electric lighting necessitates the employment of insulated wires buried in the earth, and it is therefore satisfactory to know that a handy machine has been constructed whereby such lines can be expeditiously interred. The telegraph or cable plough of M. Jules Bourdin cuts the trench, lays the wire in it, and closes it again all in one operation, as it is drawn over the surface of the ground by three horses at the rate of three miles per hour. The implement consists of a cutting disc which precedes the share, and severs roots or other obstructions to the share. Behind the disc comes the share, which delves a foot deep, and is provided with a bent tube through which the cable passes to the bottom of the furrow where it is laid. A drum for carrying the cable, and a roller for closing the furrow, complete the machine, which will, at least, prove useful in laying military field-telegraphs.

An Ingenious Bottle-Cleaner.

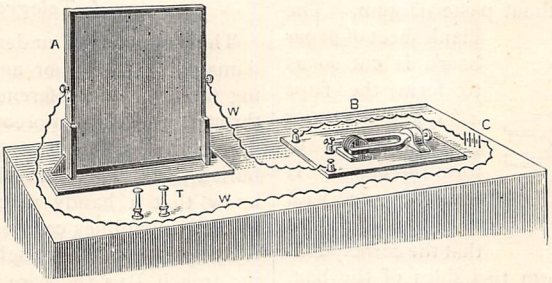
The engraving represents a new appliance for cleaning bottles, barrels, and receptacles of that description. As will be seen, it consists of a series of metal balls chained together, each ball being furnished with several stiff brushes. Attached to one end is a rod, by means of which the chain is inserted in, or withdrawn from, bottle or barrel. The cleansing is accomplished by shaking the chain to and fro, with water or other suitable agent. The weight of the balls carries the bristles into the tiniest nooks and corners. Of course the balls used for cleaning barrels are far heavier and stronger than those employed with bottles, weighing in the former case a quarter of a pound each.



The Inductophone.

An interesting development of the telephone has recently been made by Mr. Willoughby Smith, the well-known electrician. It has long been known that telephonic sounds could be transmitted through the air by means of "induction" from one wire to another, and, in the early days of the telephone, persons listen-

ing at a telephone connected to one telegraph line could overhear music and conversation being sent along a neighbouring wire. Mr. Smith has devised an apparatus on this principle of induction, which enables a number of persons in the same room to hear telephonic sounds by simply holding a telephone to their ears in the neighbourhood of the apparatus in question, the influence being transmitted to the telephones through the air by induction. The inductophone, as the instrument is called, consists of a wooden frame, A (see figure), in size and shape like an ordinary flat looking-glass frame. The frame is wound across in a vertical direction with very fine platinum wire covered with silk, to prevent the different turns touching each other, and short-circuiting the current of electricity, which is received from the distant station and passed through the coil. This current, which conveys the sound, is in Mr. Smith's original apparatus transmitted by a vibrating tuning-fork, B, at the distant station. The tuning-fork is placed in the circuit of a battery, C, and the line-wire W W, and at each vibration it sends a pulse of electricity into the line. These pulses traverse the wire of the inductophone at the receiving station, and in doing so produce a magnetic field around the coil which appears to extend to a considerable distance, and penetrates brick walls, glass, gutta-percha, and other non-magnetic substances. If now a telephone, T (which may have its coil removed and consist only of the iron diaphragm and magnet) is held to the ear in the neighbourhood of the coil, the magnetic changes produced in the surrounding magnetic field by the intermittent current, circulating in the fine wire, will so affect the diaphragm that the sound of the tuning-fork will be clearly audible. The skeleton telephone should be held so that the iron diaphragm *cuts* the "lines of magnetic force" in the space around the coil, otherwise if it is parallel to these lines there will be no effect. While upon this subject, we may mention that a secret telephone company has been started in New York, whereby it is rendered very difficult for any one to overhear a message except the parties concerned. For this purpose two wires far apart are used, and the message is sent piecemeal over one or other wire, alternately, by means of a rapidly-rotating contact-maker. Any one tapping a single wire can thus only hear snatches of the message. For state and business uses this arrangement may be very serviceable.



Pressed Metals.

A number of interesting experiments on the solidification of metal powders by great pressure have been made recently by Professor Walthère Spring, of Liege. He has shown that, under pressures varying from 5,000 to 7,500 atmospheres, metal filings may be united into coherent discs just as if they were solid metal held by cohesive force. Thus, zinc can be formed in this way from powder, so that it has a crystalline fracture and a density equal to that of zinc which has cooled from the molten state. Filings of lead, bismuth, tin, and cadmium, mixed in the proportions of "Wood's alloy," which melts at 63°C., are found under a pressure of 7,500 atmospheres to unite and produce an alloy melting at 70° C. Non-metallic powders also behaved in a similar manner, unless they were of an amorphous nature. Crystalline powders invariably united into solid blocks. Ground salt, for example, turned into a transparent block; and excess of pressure actually liquified some substances from the solid state. Thus, lead filings at 2,000 atmospheres became solid, and fluidified at 5,000 atmospheres. Starch under 6,000 atmospheres became as hard and petrified as alabaster. Peat was changed into a black mass like solid coal by a pressure of 6,000 atmospheres, and Professor Spring concludes that heat and pressure combined may have produced our coal supplies.

Photographing in Darkness.

A plate of rock-crystal silvered to render it opaque is nevertheless capable of allowing certain of the invisible rays of the spectrum beyond the violet to pass through it, and M. de Chardonnet recently employed such a plate to take photographs in the dark. Very white crown-glass, or even thin glass of St. Gobain, will answer instead of the rock-salt, but requires a longer exposure.

Crocodile Power.

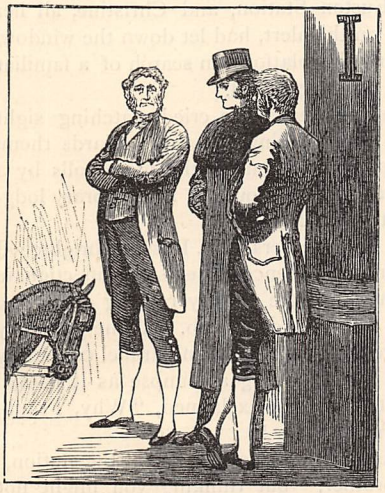
An experiment which belongs to the curiosities of science was made quite recently at Paris by Drs. Regnard and Blanchard on a stud of ten live crocodiles which had been presented to M. Paul Bert, the late Minister of Public Instruction in France. A crocodile was fixed on a table, and its upper jaw was connected to an overhead dynamometer or power-meter by means of a rope. By startling the animal with an electric current the downward blow of the jaw was measured and found to be equal to 308 lbs. at the point, which, considering the distance of this point from the masseter muscle causing the movement, made the total contractile force of the muscle itself equivalent to 1,540 lbs. This extraordinary snapping power was that of a Saigon crocodile weighing only 120 lbs. An ordinary sporting dog gave a snap of 72 lbs. at the muzzle, corresponding to a contractile force in the muscle of 360 lbs.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

FROM THE OLD HOME TO THE NEW.



IT was a blustering October day, towards the very end of the month. A chill wintry wind swept in at the open door of the sumptuous entrance-hall of Dunscarley Park, causing the choice conservatory plants to quiver on their gilded stands, and stirring the heavy crimson curtains which hung across the doors of the various apartments. At the foot of the broad flight of steps leading from the portico stood a brougham, piled outside with luggage. The coachman was already on the box, but the footman who was to accompany the carriage stood leaning in an easy attitude against one of the marble pillars of the porch. A group of men in livery were gathered about the door, and at the further end of the hall a little crowd of women clustered around an Italian stove, whilst a knot of inferior servants protruded their heads from time to time round the corner of a long passage which conducted to their own esoteric regions. Curiosity and excitement, mingled with more or less sympathetic pity, was discernible in every countenance, but there was a subtle and universal change from that deferential air which usually distinguishes the well-bred British domestic.

Presently, at the sound of a little bustle above-stairs, the whispering conclaves broke up. Most of the women raised handkerchiefs or aprons to their eyes, leaving corners, however, through which they could scrutinise the appearance of the three ladies who were now descending the stairs, and who were about to quit for ever, in poverty and disgrace, the home which it had been discovered did not belong to them. Prepared as they were to make their adieus in an affecting style, amidst tears and melodramatic expressions of regret, the servants felt not only disappointed, but even injured, when, after one piteous glance round the expectant assembly, Mrs. Rossiter drew herself up with a sudden return of her old stateliness of manner, and taking her youngest daughter's arm, swept through their midst with a comprehensive nod and general good-bye, as though she might have been leaving them merely for a week. In this unlooked-for behaviour she was imitated by Miss Christine. As for Miss Rossiter (poor Effie, with those dark circles round her eyes, and that look of utter dejection in her beautiful face), she never said good-bye at all; but, without turning to the right hand or the left, followed her mother and sister out to the carriage like a person walking in sleep. A clamour of condemnatory comment broke forth as the carriage door was closed upon them; but this none of the ladies heard. Sinking back against the padded lining, Mrs. Rossiter burst into tears directly the brougham began to move forward. Christine, for the moment too agitated to notice her, sat with her face pressed against the window, taking a last farewell survey of the home in which she had been born, where she had lived all her young life, but whence she was now so cruelly and unexpectedly ejected.

It was the first time since the *fiat* concerning their speedy banishment had been repeated to her that this brave girl had allowed herself to give way to personal regrets. All through the short week that had been granted them to make preparations for departure, she had struggled to set aside her own feelings, and for the sake of her mother and sister to preserve a courageous and cheerful front.

Now, however, as her lingering gaze rested last of all on the turret chamber wherein she had spent so many hours in pursuit of the studies she loved, and where she was leaving behind the treasured telescope presented to her a year ago by her father, Christine had hard work to restrain the tempestuous emotion which convulsed her features with anguish, and bade fair to overmaster her.

But the apprenticeship which she had already served in learning that most rare and valuable virtue of self-control stood her in good stead. It would never do, she told herself, to give way now; she must keep up in order to support, during the journey they were about to make, the weaker companions who seemed instinctively to have given themselves into her charge.

Drawing back, therefore, from the window, she smoothed away the evidences of suffering from her own face, and addressed herself to comfort her mother, who was now rocking herself to and fro in an abandonment of distress.

"Dear mother, don't cry so!" she implored—"When we get to London, away from all our old associations here, you will feel happier."

"Feel happier! How can you use such an expression to me, Christine?" exclaimed Mrs. Rossiter petulantly. "Is it possible, do you think, that I can ever again know what happiness means? All I look forward to now is the grave!"

"Mother, that is not like you to speak so unkindly," remonstrated Christine with her new gentleness of manner. "You have your children still left to live for, especially poor Effie, mother, who has more to suffer than us all."

"Oh, Effie is young; she will get over her trouble!" returned Mrs. Rossiter. Nevertheless, she directed an anxious glance towards her elder daughter.

"Oh, yes! I am young. I shall get over it," repeated poor Effie, in a tone too sad to have any of the bitterness of sarcasm. "Do you know, mother, what day this is? This ought to have been my wedding-day."

"My poor child! Oh, my poor darling!" ejaculated Mrs. Rossiter, to whom this recollection had not occurred, and taking her in her arms, she strained her to the bosom from which, for the time being, more selfish grief was expelled by an overwhelming tide of maternal sympathy.

But after submitting for a moment to the embrace, Euphemia wearily released herself. "Let me alone, mother," she begged; "I only want to be let alone!"

Thus repulsed, Mrs. Rossiter began to sob again, but her tears now were for Effie, not for herself; and rightly concluding that to shed them would bring her relief, Christine suffered her to cry on until the station was nearly reached.

Then, with a tremor of hesitation in her voice, she asked, "Mother dear, would you mind if we were to travel third-class? It would make a great difference in the cost of our journey, and you know we are obliged now to consider such things."

Mrs. Rossiter dried her blue eyes, and stared at her daughter, aghast at the question.

"*Third-class?* We are to travel third-class?" she demanded, with an almost ludicrous dismay. "Oh, Christine!"

"Not unless you agree, mother; but I think we ought. Should *you* object, Effie darling?"

An impatient shake of the head was Effie's only reply. To her such an inquiry, breaking in upon the great tragedy of life she was acting out, seemed so cruelly ironical. What did such a miserably trivial matter signify to her? What did anything in the whole ineffable farce of existence signify to her? The question was not worth an answer. The lesser sufferer, however, argued it out for a little while, and then gave way with the air of a martyr.

Christine accordingly procured three third-class tickets, but just as the train was about to start, and she was hoping to have the carriage to themselves, a number of other travellers got in—rough and ill-dressed workmen. Poor Mrs. Rossiter cast a reproachful glance at Christine and a disgusted one at her companions; then, dropping her veil, she began to cry softly beneath it, whilst Effie, in her despairing apathy, gazed straight before her, with eyes fixed on vacancy. And so the journey began—a journey that to Christine Rossiter seemed like a strange prolonged dream. Her mother, worn out with sorrow and weeping, presently fell asleep; Effie wearily declined to converse; and, released from the necessity for action or speech, her own thoughts came swooping down upon her, like birds of prey that had been waiting their opportunity to rend and tear with beak and claw. The train rushed on, swaying her from side to side on her hard seat. People got in and out, and fragments of conversation mixed themselves up with her painful reverie with a curiously distracting effect. It was very cold, too, and despite her warm clothing Christine felt chilled to the bone. It seemed like a month before the train eventually steamed into Euston Station, and Christine, all her faculties again on the alert, had let down the window, and was scanning the platform in search of a familiar face amidst the bustling crowd.

"There he is, mother!" she cried, catching sight of Frank, who was making his way towards them, and who had preceded them to the metropolis by a few days, in order to look out for a temporary lodgment suited to their means.

Refreshed by her slumbers, Mrs. Rossiter brightened up a little under the influence of her son's affectionate greeting, and the four were quickly rattling out of the station-yard in a four-wheeled cab. At the gate they found themselves for an instant in parallel contiguity with a hansom; and, getting a glimpse as it passed of the occupant, Christine exclaimed, "Why, Frank, that was Martin Callender!"

"Yes; he has been waiting with me at the station," returned her brother, "but thinking you might not care to see him this evening, he ran off as the train came in. I've got some capital news for you about him," he added. "I must tell it by-and-by."

"Have you?" said Christine, with very languid interest. Her moral cultivation had not yet, poor girl, reached the pitch of enabling her to be eager for good tidings concerning others in the midst of her own family adversities. "It must have been a comfort to you, Frank, to have had him with you here."

"It has been something more than a comfort," rejoined young Rossiter, affecting a lightness of spirit which he was far from feeling. "It was he who found the apartments I am taking you to, which are twice as pleasant and half as cheap as any others in London. Oh, if you only knew the kind of places I have seen for the same money! I was utterly sick and dismayed with tramping about in a vain search for rooms that I could bear to see you in. But never mind, mother; we are not going to live in a garret, like the conventional heroes and heroines of romance when they have lost their fortunes. You will be surprised to see what comfortable quarters we—or rather, Martin has engaged for you."

"We don't seem, however, to be taking a very pleasant direction towards them," observed Mrs. Rossiter querulously. "What wretched road is this?"

"Oh! we shall be obliged to pass through some of the lower parts of the City, mother; you must not mind that," replied the young man, possessing himself of her hand. "The house is miles away from here—away out northwards, in a locality that I dare say you have never visited, and where we are not likely to encounter any of our aristocratic acquaintances. You would not care for that?"

"I should think not! But oh, Frank! how are we

to live on £140 a year? I don't believe you at all realise our position." (She did not in the least realise it herself.) "And where is your unhappy father?" (By tacit consent, allusion was generally avoided by the family to this secret source of anxiety.) "How you and Christine can keep up as you do, I can't imagine. Oh, my poor darling! you and I are the only ones that suffer," concluded Mrs. Rossiter, embracing again her irresponsive elder daughter.

A spasm of pain crossed young Rossiter's face as he regarded his golden-haired sister, whose fair, stately young beauty was already withering under the cankering influence of hopeless grief. But he uttered no phrases of empty condolence.

"Mother dear," he said, drawing away the latter, and betraying no resentment of her unjust remark, "we must all try to be cheerful for the sake of each other. And it was you, mother, you know, who used to be the life of our home. It was you who were always so bright and merry, so sweet and kind to everybody. You must not let our troubles alter your disposition, mother mine."

Touched by her son's gentleness, and by the tired look in his pale countenance, Mrs. Rossiter felt ashamed of her fretful reproaches, and for the rest of that long drive through interminable streets, where the gas-lights were now beginning to flare out through the gloom, she strove to be patient and uncomplaining, though the rattling and jolting of the unaccustomed conveyance irritated her sorely.

Poor Mrs. Rossiter! She had found it so easy to be amiable when everything in the world went smoothly for her. But as the sweetest wine will sometimes make the most acid vinegar, so there is a kind of sunny nature which soonest sours when the cherishing warmth of prosperity is withdrawn; and, alas! with this good lady the "winter of discontent" was fast blighting the genial flowers and fruit of summer growth.

It had grown quite dark before the cab at length drew up in front of a semi-detached two-storeyed house, of the white-stuccoed and imitation Gothic style. There was a little garden with a winding path in front, and as young Rossiter led his mother along it, the front door was opened by the landlady—a neatly-dressed, chirping little woman, who reminded one of a canary-bird. Greeting her new tenants with a cheery affability, which Mrs. Rossiter considered impertinent, she showed them into a long narrow room, with a window at either end, and a bright fire blazing in the grate. The apartment was furnished as a drawing-room, the chairs and couch being upholstered with a pretty, delicate cretonne. The few pictures that hung on the walls were good, and there was no evidence of vulgarity anywhere — nothing to shock the eye or taste. The room, in short, was one which any lady might have occupied with comfort; and at the present moment its aspect was especially pleasant. The table, on which stood a lighted lamp and some flowers, was set for tea, and there was an appetising dish of cold chickens covered with white sauce and a tongue already upon it. Young Rossiter had in the first instance ordered dinner to be ready for the travellers, but the landlady, Mrs. Carson, had given him to understand that she objected to receive inmates who dined later than the hour of three. He had, therefore, waived this point, as he would have been ready to have done any other equally unessential; for, in truth, the apartments were wonderful for the sum he had been asked for them. That sum was thirty shillings; and little did Frank suspect that in reality just double that money was to be paid for them. Little did he imagine, when Martin Callender had brought him in triumph to inspect these "cheap rooms," that his deformed friend had beforehand made himself responsible for half the rent, and that, on condition of Mrs. Carson's keeping his secret, he had already advanced his share of the payment for a month.

Cheered by the grateful warmth of the fire, round which they had all gathered, and pleased with the comparative elegance and refinement of her surroundings, Mrs. Rossiter's spirits rose. As for Christine, she had begun to think that she had exaggerated to herself the necessity for fortitude: that, after all, the family lines had fallen in less terrible places than she had anticipated. Only poor Effie remained unshaken in her despairing apathy.

"I should like to go to bed at once," she observed, sinking listlessly on to a chair, when the ladies had gone above-stairs to remove their out-door garments. But against this suggestion her mother and sister protested; and the forsaken girl—whose instinctive longing, like that of a wounded animal, was to creep out of sight, and hide her tortures from observation—was persuaded to go down to tea, on the understanding that she should retire as soon afterwards as she chose. And when she did retire, shortly upon the conclusion of the meal, Mrs. Rossiter decided to retire with her.

Thus left alone—to the unexpressed relief of both—Frank and Christine drew their chairs nearer to the fire, and settled themselves for a quiet talk. Without any explicit acknowledgment of the fact, each of the two felt that between them lay the strength and faculty of the family. Singly they were conscious that an innate force of character had risen to cope with emergency, and mutually they knew that they could depend upon each other. Glad of this opportunity for discussing the future together, and fully intending to make use of it to that purpose, the brother and sister, nevertheless, talked only for some time of the past and present. Then Frank, suddenly recalling the matter to memory, proceeded to impart to Christine the good news concerning his friend to which he had alluded in the cab.

That good news, briefly repeated, was this: a Royal Academician, to whom Frank had been the means of introducing Martin, had used his influence to get "Hypatia" into a private art gallery (it being too late this year to gain admission for it into the Academy). The painting had there been seen by a wealthy commoner and a great connoisseur, who possessed one of the finest private collections of pictures in England, and this gentleman had expressed a desire

to purchase it. At the recommendation of Sir James Anderson, R.A., Martin had asked £1,000 for the painting; and he had obtained his price.

Pending this event, young Callender, who had no ties in Wharneside (both his parents being many years dead), had decided, as Christine was aware, to remove to London at the same time with Frank; and he had travelled thither in his company.

"And what do you suppose he wanted to do with his £1,000, Christine, the moment he got it?" asked Frank. "He absolutely wished—insisted, indeed, until I was quite put out with him—on making me a present of every penny!"

Christine smiled. "It is exactly what you would have done to him under similar circumstances," she said. "But he is a dear, good boy, and I am heartily glad of his good fortune. Frank, perhaps Sir James Anderson will be able to help you too?"

"No, no; I should never think of applying to him on my own behalf," protested her brother. "He is, you must remember, virtually a stranger to me. And I have no genius, like Martin, to interest a patron or entitle me to look for one."

"But you are going to try to earn money as an artist, are you not?"

"Yes," he replied; "because at present I do not see anything else that I can do. But I must be content to dispose of my productions to shops and picture-dealers. In fact, I intend to set about to-morrow trying to sell some of those I have on hand."

"Poor Frank! That will be horribly disagreeable for you, will it not? to go about selling your own work to tradesmen," said his sister. "But never mind, dear old boy; we won't be crushed by misfortune, will we? And *I* have an idea for myself, Frank. *I* am going to contribute to the family finances. I'll tell you my secret; but for the present you must please not to disclose it to poor mother."

With the inherited prejudice of his sex and class against suffering any woman of his connection to employ herself in useful or remunerative work, Frank at first stoutly opposed the notion which his sister proceeded to reveal to him. But by-and-by, yielding to the common-sense wisdom of her arguments, and conquered by her persistent determination, he recognised her right to dispose of her future life in the way she indicated.

It was growing late when, at length—strengthened by each other's strength, and feeling that in adversity they had been drawn together with an affection the depth of which they had not formerly suspected—the brother and sister separated for their first night in their London lodgings.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

THE GHOSTS OF THE BANISHED.

THE week which Dr. Rossiter had accorded his unfortunate kinsfolk wherein to vacate their old home, and leave it free for his own occupation, had been to himself a very busy one. In that brief space he had made arrangements for the transfer of his practice to another physician. He had sold, moreover, to the gentleman in question the furniture of his house and the contents of his surgery, and he had disposed in another quarter of his horses and gig. Besides this, although he had not again visited Dunscarley Park, he had made two further journeys to Wharneside, where he had interviewed lawyers and detectives, *apropos* of the search for his missing cousin; the managers of the two coal-mines, who had agreed to retain their posts; the steward and housekeeper, through whom he had stipulated with most of the servants to remain for the present in his service.

Nor even after entering upon possession of his estate did the doctor appear less occupied. Throughout the fortnight which had now elapsed since he and his daughters had taken up their abode at the Park he had lived in a perfect bustle of business, seeming to be possessed by a feverish activity, which would allow him no rest.

In this early stage of his millionnaireship, at all events, the poor man was evidently getting but very little gratification out of it. Never in the least prosperous moments of his hard-working and struggling existence had his countenance worn so anxious and dissatisfied a look; never had he been less amiable with his children, less agreeable in his general intercourse. As full apparently of care as of business, he was continually harping upon the two chief causes of his disquietude—to wit, the length of time during which he had been kept out of his rights, and the failure of his efforts to find and bring to punishment the man who had defrauded him. The carking reflection that all along his dead wife, as well as he and his daughters, ought to have been in enjoyment of these riches, robbed him of all capacity to enjoy them now; whilst the thought of the usurper being still at large seemed to poison for him the very air he breathed.

So far, however, not the faintest clue had been discovered to Mr. Rossiter's whereabouts. And this fact, though a great vexation to the physician, was a great comfort to his younger daughter.

Poor little Beatrice! As the reader will readily believe, this first fortnight after her return to Dunscarley Park as her own home proved to her no more happy than to her father. Though in a very different way, she suffered keenly. This magnificent hall—palatial in its size and in the costliness of its appointments—was haunted for her with melancholy ghosts. Wherever she went in it, she saw in imagination the shadows of its former owners. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Rossiter would appear seated in her favourite chair, whilst golden-haired Effie lounged upon a settee or bent over her embroidery, sorting her delicate silks. Christine would precede her up-stairs, turning to give her a glance as she silently glided on to her turret chamber; and poor Mr. Rossiter would walk out of the library-door, or suddenly install himself in an empty chair at the foot of the great dining-table. But the ghost which most persistently pressed its company upon her was, it must be owned, the ghost of "Cousin Frank."

Nowhere in the principal rooms of the house, or out in the conservatories or grounds, could she get away from that haunting presence, because nowhere could she look without seeing something that, in one way or other, was associated with the handsome, genial-natured young fellow who, throughout her recent visit here, had so constantly been her companion. So strong, indeed, was sometimes the sense of his being by her side, or following close behind, that Beatrice would actually start and look around, and even fancy that she heard his pleasant voice or hearty laughter. And to heighten this unnerving but not unaccountable impression as to the visionary neighbourhood of the late inmates of the Hall, Beatrice was continually coming across some touching personal memento of them. Mr. Rossiter's gold-headed stick, his eye-glass, his slippers, and dressing-gown—almost everything, in fact, that belonged to him—had been left behind. Frank's fishing-rods and guns leaned in the corners of his private room. Books with his name in them remained on the shelves, and his microscope stood on its stand. The ladies, poor things, had carried away with them simply their ordinary wearing apparel; and in wardrobes and drawers above-stairs handsome dinner and party dresses, costly laces, and ornaments reposed, together with the jewel-cases,

"MRS. ROSSITER . . . . SWEPT THROUGH THEIR MIDST" (*p.* 577).

whereof the housekeeper had handed the keys to Cecilia. Most melancholy of all, perhaps, to a feeling heart was the sight of poor Effie's unused trousseau, packed back again into the cases as it had arrived from the *modiste*.

Her sympathetic emotions kept thus upon the stretch; and the knowledge, ever present in her mind, that the good fortune of her own family was built on the ruin of those she loved, it was little wonder that she was not happy. For the time being, too, her distresses were aggravated by the fact that she had nothing to do. Now that, whilst adding to her importance, the position would cost her no trouble, Cecilia had at once assumed her rights as elder sister and mistress of the house; and poor Bee, having lost all the occupations of her former busy life, had as yet found no new employments whereon to expend the natural energy of her character. Worse still, Beatrice could take just now no pleasure in the society of either father or sister.

It was impossible for her to avoid regarding both with disapproval—the former on account of the vindictive sentiments which he was at no pains to conceal, the latter for a different reason.

Thus troubled upon all hands, the child's health began to give way. She grew nervous and fanciful, and was haunted more and more persistently by the ghosts of her banished relatives. By a strong exercise of will, however, she prevented herself from becoming seriously ill; and though a rather unwholesome love of solitude was growing upon her, there was one companionship at hand wherein she found some comfort. Every day since her arrival at the Park, Beatrice had paid a visit to Polyphemus in his stable; and every day a superannuated old groom who had the charge of him had greeted her in almost the self-same words, accompanied by a shake of his palsied head.

"Come to see Phemus, miss, are you? Poor fellow! he's badly off his feed. Fretting after the young master he is, miss, if you'll believe me, like a Christian." And of late he had regularly added, "But he seems, miss, to have took a wonderful liking to you, miss, that he do!"

And that he did; for at the sound of the girl's light footfall Phemus would instantly turn his head in his stall, and give her a friendly little neigh by way of welcome; and though his appetite was so bad, he would accept from her hand the biscuits she had brought him, and munch them in a slow, apologetic fashion, as people eat at a funeral feast. After that he would yield his gentle nose to her caresses, and even suffer her to lean her head on his arched neck, and cry there a little. Then, with the tears in his own large, pathetic-looking old eyes, Polyphemus would turn round and gaze at her, and say, as plainly as he could in his dumb language, "Never mind, my dear; cry away, it will do you good. I know your secret, poor child. I know you love him." And then Beatrice would whisper, "Oh, Phemus! dear old Phemus! we shall never see him again." Whereupon a quiver would run all over Phemus's sympathetic frame, and he would utter a sad whinny, as much as to say, "Ah! we little thought when you and I and he first met in that lane at Headport what was before us. But it isn't your fault, my dear, this sad state of affairs. Though my old heart is breaking, I acquit you of blame;" which sentiment he would further explicate by thrusting his tearful nose against her neck or face.

It was curious what a consolation these daily visits to her equine friend presently came to afford her, and how she used to come away from them with a sense of having relieved her burdened heart by the confession of her sorrows in a sympathising ear.

But if neither Beatrice nor her father had, so far, proved the happier for their change of estate, Cecilia's unqualified delight and joyous elation of spirit made up for the defects in this respect of both. No consideration of the fact that her advancement in position had been gained at the expense of others was allowed by this sensible girl to interfere with her full enjoyment of it. If any uncomfortable recollection of her former lover or his family did obtrude itself upon her well-balanced mind, she quickly dismissed it; for, as she argued with herself, when propitious Fate had been so good as to load her with such stupendous favours—to lay at her feet all the blessings of life—it would be the height of ingratitude and folly to let anything disturb her appreciation of it. It was her duty to accept thankfully all that her partial divinity provided her with, without troubling herself as to how the good things had been obtained; and Cecilia amiably did her duty.

But, alack! even people who do their duty, and who are sweetly amiable to boot, sometimes get misjudged. And when Beatrice found her sister trying on, with natural and unconcealed rapture, the magnificent contents of Mrs. Rossiter's jewel-case (which she had quietly appropriated), and when Cecilia pleasantly observed one day that she thought most of the articles of Effie's bridal equipment would come in for her own use, she (Beatrice) was so unjust as, on both occasions, to turn away in silent indignation at what she considered her sister's heartless selfishness. Other people, however, did not prove so misguided in their judgment of the beautiful girl. By her father she was still regarded with blind and passionate idolatry, whilst the Park servants, from the housekeeper to the scullery-maid, and the butler to the knife-boy, were quite carried off their feet by admiration of their new mistress's beauty and gracious affability. Visitors, too—of whom during the past week there had been several—were, one and all, charmed with Cecilia, although few were much pleased with the young lady's father.

As has been stated, Mr. Philip Rossiter had been greatly respected throughout the whole county of Northshire, but more especially in Wharneside, where the effects of his charitable philanthropy had been most practically felt, and among his better class associates who owned estates in the vicinity. These, within a radius of ten miles, were pretty numerous; and the events which had so unexpectedly transpired in connection with the well-known millionnaire had

sent an electric shock throughout the district. Not, however, that the truth concerning those events had been felt, even yet, to be correctly known or established. That Mr. Rossiter had been suddenly discovered not to be the rightful owner of the Dunscarley property, that his family had been ejected, that he himself had mysteriously vanished, and that a reward had been offered for his apprehension, were facts that could not, of course, fail to be everywhere canvassed; but that the highly-esteemed county magistrate had been guilty of any dishonesty in reference to this singular and unprecedented business was a notion that was everywhere received with incredulity.

Naturally enough, however, popular curiosity was greatly excited; and though, at first, there had been a kind of general understanding that these new Rossiters were not to be visited, the doctor and his daughters had scarcely been settled at the Park a week before carriages began to drive up to their door, containing occupants eager to learn from head-quarters the true state of the case as regarded their predecessors, and likewise to satisfy their well-bred inquisitiveness as regarded themselves.

Among his callers, however, the present proprietor of Dunscarley Park had not yet been able to reckon his nearest neighbours—the Earl and Countess of Finchinbray. At the time when her son Clarence had first received the private information which had led him to break off his engagement with Miss Euphemia Rossiter, Lady Finchinbray had been upon the point of returning home from Brighton, where she happened to be staying. But that information had decided her to remain away from Finchinbray Court for the present, and she had since then been living at Bournemouth. There her elder son had lately joined her, travelling straight down from Scotland, where he had been enjoying a little solitary shooting; and there, to her dismay, Lady Finchinbray had learned that the earl proposed to marry a daughter of the man who had ousted her former acquaintances and intended connections. On account of that intended connection, and the inevitable association of her proud name with that of the disgraced family—as, also, because she had really liked poor Effie—the countess felt deeply resentful of Dr. Rossiter's tardy discovery, and unreasonably prejudiced against himself and his girls. And to find that her son, now the head of his ancient race, contemplated an alliance with one of those girls was almost more than she could bear. She obstinately declined to lend her own sanction to the match, or even to go back to the Court, so long as Ughtred should persist in this folly. Nevertheless, she knew well, poor lady, that she might as well have attempted to control the tide as to turn her eldest-born from any purpose upon which he had set his mind.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

THE LAND WHEREWITH THERE IS NO EXTRADITION TREATY.

In the way we have described, two or three weeks had passed for the new proprietors of Dunscarley Park, when one morning Beatrice rose with a headache—a complaint to which she was by no means subject. Feeling no better after breakfast, she retired to her own room, and lying down upon the couch, fell by-and-by into a sound sleep, which lasted a couple of hours. On awaking, she found Cecilia by her side, who immediately began to lavish upon her the caresses of which she was always so prodigal.

"How do you feel now, darling?" she inquired. "I should have come up earlier to see you, only that I have been rather engaged" (a faint blush and conscious smile accompanied these words). "Is the head better, Mousie? Let me bathe it with eau-de-Cologne."

"No, thank you, dear," returned Beatrice, raising herself on the pillows; "I am almost well again. This long sleep has done me good."

"Yes. You will be able to come down to luncheon, Bee, won't you? We shall have a visitor, and I have ordered a magnificent set-out."

"A visitor?" repeated Beatrice interrogatively.

"A very particular visitor, my dear. You must please put on a pretty dress. But I'll ring for a cup of tea first. That will cure you, Mousie."

"Who is the visitor, Cissy?"

"Well, let me see. What do you say to Aunt Ettrick? Or Mr. Carr, the lawyer? Or would you prefer it to be Lord Finchinbray?"

"Oh, Cissy! is it he?"

"It is he, my sweet child; but you need not open your eyes so wide, and look as though you were frightened," replied her sister. "Though an earl, he is comparatively harmless, and will not bite."

"Please do not joke, Cissy. Tell me why he is here?"

"He will be here very often, Bee, unless I am mistaken," returned Cecilia, drawing herself up with an air of importance. "But I won't tantalise you any longer, especially as I want to run away and adorn myself a little. Do I look very charming this morning?" She rose to survey herself in the glass, and delighted with the answer she received there, returned and knelt by her sister's side. "Oh, Bee! am I not a lucky individual? I am sure I was born under some fortunate combination of stars," she exclaimed. "Congratulate your sister, for she is to be the Countess of Finchinbray!"

"Cecilia! Oh, is it true? Has Lord Romanes really asked you to marry him?"

"Lord Finchinbray has asked me to marry him, Beaty. And he is at this moment closeted with our respected papa, who, I may tell you, is in the seventh heaven of delight over the proposal, though I hope he will have the good sense to hide his satisfaction from his lordship. I warned him of the earl's visit this morning, as I thought it better that he should be prepared. Well, have you nothing to say, Bee? You, I must say, don't look overjoyed. I hope you are not envious of my good fortune?"

"Dear Cissy, is it possible that you love him?" asked Beatrice, taking no notice of the half-angry tone in which Cecilia made this last suggestion. "Is it possible that you could prefer him to poor Frank?"

"To poor Frank, indeed!" echoed Cecilia scornfully. "Bee, darling, you really are a provokingly stupid child! Have you no appreciation of the advantages of rank? Have you no conception of the difference between an earl and a commoner? Prefer him to Frank, indeed! And, excuse me, dear, it is very bad taste of you to allude to those people at all, or to remind me that I was engaged, for however short a time, to the son of an impostor and thief. But never mind, pet; I won't be cross," she added magnanimously. "I am too happy and too proud to be cross. Come now, congratulate me, and admit that I shall make a splendid countess."

For one long minute Beatrice looked at her sister from out of her sweet grey eyes, and with a contraction of pain on her grave little face. Never before had she realised as now the impassable gulf which divided her nature from that of this companion of her childhood—this once dearly-loved sister, from whom she seemed daily to be drifting further and further apart. Hopelessly she recognised that there was not a particle of their beings in sympathy; and from this moment she abandoned all idea of struggling after any communion of thought or sentiment. With a smile inexpressibly sad and slightly contemptuous (though she was not aware that the latter feeling had found expression) she proceeded to offer the congratulations Cecilia had asked for. Then, after a little more talk, and a good deal more petting and caressing, Cecilia went away to her own room, quite as conscious as Beatrice herself of the lack of sympathy that existed between them, and secretly annoyed at her sister's childish inability to appreciate the high honour to which she was about to raise the family in her own person. But although the thought of her future rank was the one thought that swallowed up every other in connection with her engagement to Lord Finchinbray, Cecilia took good care not to betray in that gentleman's presence any of the vulgar satisfaction which possessed her in this regard.

Luncheon over, Lord Finchinbray and Cecilia retired into the drawing-room. As his lordship had explained to them all, he had only come up the day before from Bournemouth, and he was intending to return thither to-morrow. Lady Finchinbray, whom he declared to be in delicate health, but who, he said, would write very shortly to Cecilia, had decided to winter in Mentone, and he had promised to escort her there, and see her comfortably settled. After that he proposed to take a little tour in Spain; and then, matters at home having blown over somewhat, he should return to the Court. Meanwhile he desired very plainly to make the most of this brief opportunity for enjoying his promised bride's society. Leaving them alone, therefore, Beatrice, at her father's request, went for a stroll with him in the grounds.

For the time of the year, the day was very fine, and relieved on her sister's account by Lord Finchinbray's urbanity, as well as delighted with the change in her father, which seemed like a restoration to his better self, Beatrice could not avoid, in some degree, catching the contagion of her companion's good spirits.

Her nervous headache, too, had been driven away by excitement, and as she rambled about the beautiful park, leaning on her father's arm, and catching every now and then a glimpse of the stately mansion which was now their home, the young girl could not but acknowledge to herself that, under other circumstances, she also could duly value and rejoice in this stupendous change of position. Chatting pleasantly together, and mutually avoiding all painful topics, the two came presently to the little dell at the rear of the house, with the winding path leading through it, as formerly described, to the river's brink. The trees were now almost bare, and dead leaves came fluttering down with every gust of wind to add to those which already covered the narrow walk, emitting, as Beatrice (childishly amusing herself with the rustling they made) turned them over with her dainty little foot, a not unpleasant autumnal odour. On emerging from the wood, they found themselves by the deep pool, where, all unconscious of the precipice of fate that yawned at his feet, poor Frank had fished that July day, dreaming of his love. The river, unusually full just now, eddied and swirled rapidly along its course, and the sheltered depths that had looked so still and green in summer now appeared dark and turbid. Approaching the edge, Dr. Rossiter leaned over, gazing into the water, and all at once Beatrice saw him stoop, and reach down with his stick among the bare willow-twigs which grew below.

"What is it, papa?" she inquired, drawing nearer.

But Dr. Rossiter did not reply until he had drawn up the object that had attracted his attention.

"Ha! I thought so. It is a felt hat, my dear—a gentleman's hat. How on earth can it have come there? Good gracious!——"

"What is it, papa?" repeated his daughter, alarmed by the sudden pallor that had spread over his face and the quick alteration of expression.

"Yes, that is it! I am sure of it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "What fools we have all been not to think of this before! What asses those detectives are! Beatrice, this is Philip Rossiter's hat! He has committed suicide, I am convinced. He lies under that water!"

"Oh, papa! do you really think so?" faltered Beatrice, deeply shocked.

"I'm positive of it. I must have the river dragged at once—this part of it I mean, at the bend, where it looks so deep. Ah! the fellow has drowned himself. That is how he has escaped me!"

"Poor man! Poor Frank! Oh, papa, what a trouble for them all! I do hope it is not so!"

It was so, however. Dr. Rossiter's surmise had leapt at the truth. Hurrying Beatrice home, he returned, without a moment's unnecessary delay, to the river, accompanied by a number of his servants, with ropes and an impromptu grappling apparatus. A boat was taken from the boat-house; and between the party on shore and that in the little vessel, the hole was dragged, and poor Mr. Rossiter's body brought up from its depths. The country whereto the unfortunate millionnaire had elected to betake himself was in-

deed, as he had said, one with which there existed no extradition treaty; for that this last crime on the part of the dead man had been committed with deliberation was very evident. In the hope, doubtless, of sparing his family further pain and his memory further disgrace by the discovery of his self-inflicted death, he had weighted his body with heavy dumb-bells, in order to prevent it from rising.

As may be supposed, this discovery excited considerable commotion in the house. The body, which was recognisable only by the clothes, colour of hair, &c., was deposited temporarily in an out-building, and notice respecting the finding of it sent to the proper authorities. The Earl of Finchinbray begged his proposed father-in-law to take measures to have the affair kept as quiet as possible. This Dr. Rossiter, somewhat touched by the melancholy end of his long-hated enemy, and wishful also to gratify the noble lord, promised to do. Accordingly, a private inquest was held next day; and, having found out his address after some difficulty, the doctor telegraphed to young Rossiter to come and remove the body. Upon the feelings of poor Frank and his family when this last culminating stroke of ill-fortune fell upon them in their London lodgings we need not dwell. Alone the young man travelled down to Wharneside, and a solitary mourner at his funeral, he buried his unhappy father—the once widely-esteemed millionnaire. Then, without having seen any member of the family which had supplanted his own in his old home, and towards one of whom his heart yearned with indestructible affection, he went back to the great beehive of toilers and sufferers, where he and his had thought to hide themselves from the ken of all who had made up their former world. On the day succeeding his return, Mrs. Rossiter received a letter from Dr. Rossiter, offering, not uncivilly, to settle upon her, now that her husband was dead, an annual income of £500. This, however, at her children's urgent request, and likewise at the prompting of her own pride, the poor lady most peremptorily refused to accept.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

LONDON EXPERIENCE.

The dreary month of November—more dreary, perhaps, in London than anywhere else in the world—had slowly dragged itself away. Heavy fogs had hung darkling over the City, deepening the gloom of the short days, and the long nights had been depressingly chill. The year and the place had been at their worst.

Excepting that the elder lady had attended once each Sunday at a neighbouring church, neither Mrs. Rossiter nor Euphemia had stirred out of doors, save to walk in a long narrow garden at the back of the house, shut in by a high wall. And even to induce the two ladies to take the air here had been a task that had needed all Christine's ingenuity to accomplish. Day by day growing more listless in her apathetic misery, Effie had cared only to lie upon the sofa, nursing the regretful melancholy that was consuming away her life. As for poor Mrs. Rossiter—accustomed as she was to lofty and spacious rooms, to the breadth and openness of breezy park-lands, and to regular daily drives in her luxurious carriage—she had felt sometimes as though she were being stifled to death in the confinement of her one sitting-room and the narrow garden, beyond which, nevertheless, she had obstinately refused to move. And, unhappily for herself, no less than for those around her, the poor lady's temper had become each day more soured and peevish. Talkative as she had ever been, her conversation was now made up of useless self-bemoanings and fretful complaints, and she put no restraint upon herself for the sake of others. In happier days, when all things had gone well with her, no one would have believed that kindly-seeming Mrs. Rossiter could ever have shown herself selfish and querulous; and as little would any one have believed that her daughter Christine, outspoken, brusque, and even inclined to be snappish under the smiles of Fortune, would in evil times have discovered the sweet graces of womanly patience and tender forbearance which now characterised her. Not once—though sometimes sorely tried by her mother's fretfulness and her sister's wearisome despair—had Christine given way to her natural irritability of temper. Again, being in her turn Frank's confidant, she had participated in a devouring solicitude and continuous grievous disappointment, which the young man, for his part, had likewise kept from the other two.

Poor Frank! he had been undergoing an experience sadly familiar in the great metropolis, where youth and inexperience flocks, eager to engage in the battle of life, but only to meet with repulse and defeat. The fate which attends so many willing workers—aspirants in literature and art, as in every other field of labour—had been his. His pictures, as to the disposal of which he had been so sanguine, although he had not expected to receive for them large sums, had not sold at all. Pocketing his pride, because, as he knew, the welfare of others was involved in the pushing of his own interests, the young fellow had gone about from picture-dealer to picture-dealer, humbly soliciting an examination of his paintings. But on all hands mortification and failure had awaited him. Some of those to whom he applied had refused even to look at his work; others, after looking, had declined to buy; most cutting of all, one or two had offered him something below the price of the canvas and frames!

In a state of utter despondency, he one afternoon presented himself at the little studio that Martin Callender had engaged (not far from Woodlark Villa, Mrs. Rossiter's lodgings), and which he was for the present, as it had been arranged, to share gratuitously.

"You, Frank? I am so glad! I wanted to see you so much that I was thinking of calling at Woodlark Villa."

"Were you? Well, come and take tea with us, my boy. They will all be pleased, I am sure; and your company will do my mother good," said Frank hospitably, but in a tone that betrayed his hopeless dejection of spirit.

"Not this evening, thanks. Well, how have you got on to-day?"

Frank shook his head.

"I may as well make a bon-fire of the paintings. I always thought I was no artist, but now I know it. No one will have my work at any price."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Martin, breaking into an exultant little laugh, which made his companion start and look at him in surprised inquiry. "Will you give me a commission to sell them for you?" continued Martin, thankful for the dusk, which hid the flush of crimson that rose to his face. "Dear old Frank, I've got some good news for you! Look here; do you see this?" He produced a roll of bank-notes from his pocket. "*I* have sold your pictures—three of them, at least—and I have got an order for 'The Dead Warrior.'"

"Martin! is this true? You are not chaffing me?" cried young Rossiter, laying his hand almost roughly on Martin's shoulder.

"Chaffing you? I should think not, indeed! Here is a pretty substantial proof of what I say. If you will look, you will see which pictures are gone." He specified the names of three. "I couldn't get as much as I asked for them," he went on, "but I hope you won't be vexed at the price I took for them. I got ninety pounds for the three."

"Ninety pounds!" ejaculated Frank. "Impossible! What, for those small studies?"

"Yes; there is the money. You can count it for yourself," said Martin; "and I can dispose of all the rest, if you will only give me time, *and* a commission," he added, laughing rather nervously.

Young Rossiter stretched out a trembling hand for the roll. Then, with a murmured "Thank God!" he sank upon a chair, unable for some moments to speak again, so great was his revulsion of feeling. Following thus closely upon despair, the relief and joy he now experienced gave him a sensation of giddiness and intoxication. In his delight he felt incapable of thinking very clearly; but at length he stammered forth an inquiry as to when Martin had sold the paintings, and who had been the purchaser.

"Ah! that is my secret," rejoined Martin. "I'm not going to tell you the fellow's name until we've settled about that commission. But I'll tell you what it is: you're a goose, Frank, about this kind of thing, and in future you must leave it to me. I inherit the faculties of a good salesman. It comes in the blood, you know."

There was some further conversation between the two friends, Martin still jokingly refusing to reveal the name of his purchaser, and then they separated, Frank taking the money home, and Martin remaining to do some sketching by gaslight.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

ALL the way home young Rossiter kept one hand in his pocket, with the fingers tightly closed over that roll of notes. Scores of times had the young man carried considerable sums about his person; but no money had ever possessed for him one iota of the value, nor given him one-thousandth part the pleasure, that this money did. He handled it with quite a new sensation. Hitherto gold had rained upon him, as it were, from the skies, and naturally he had been careless of what had come to him so easily. Moreover, it had all been for his own use, his own pleasure.

Now the case was very different. This money was not to be spent upon personal gratification. It was to be devoted to the comfort and happiness of those dear to him. As he carried it home, Frank was conscious of a novel kind of pride and satisfaction in himself. After all, how much better it was to be a worker instead of an idler in life! And to have to labour for others—this gave him an object in existence which he felt had formerly been lacking to him.

After the purgatory of the past month, he had been raised into a temporary elysium of relief and hope. This £90 was only the first-fruits of the little fortune which, in the reaction of his excited feelings, he now hoped to win. He was not a great artist, certainly, but he could do better things than he had done, and with this encouragement, how he would work!

Thus thinking, and walking with a quick step, he reached Woodlark Villa before he was aware of it. A glow of light and heat greeted him as he entered the sitting-room, for Mrs. Carson, notwithstanding the high price of these commodities in London, was liberal of her coals and gas.

"Good evening, mother. You look very comfortable here," observed Frank, as Mrs. Rossiter raised her head from the book she was reading by the fire, whilst Effie turned listlessly round on her couch, dropping from her lap a novel she had *not* been reading, and which her brother instantly sprang to pick up.

"You don't increase the comfort by leaving the door open, Frank," snapped Mrs. Rossiter, professing to shiver. "And what a wretchedly cold air you seem to have brought in with you!"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, laying Effie's book down by some pretty fancy work, which Christine had procured for her sister in the hope that it might afford her interest and distraction, and hastening to close the door. "Where is Christine, mother? Up-stairs, I suppose."

"No, she is *not* up-stairs," rejoined Mrs. Rossiter tartly. "I am very much annoyed and disgusted with Christine. But I won't allow it any longer. I will not suffer this kind of thing to go on."

"What kind of thing, mother mine?" demanded her son, stooping to caress her.

Mrs. Rossiter pushed him away pettishly. "I believe you know all about it, Frank," she protested; "and it is shocking of you, if you do, to encourage a young girl like that to have secrets from her mother! She has gone out to-day again on one of her mysterious errands. She received a letter just before luncheon—dinner, I mean—and she went off without eating anything."

"Oh, mother, how cross you are!" broke in Effie

wearily. "You know Christine promised to tell you everything when she came back this evening."

Glancing at his sister and noting how wan and pale white she looked, how her fresh young beauty was fading and withering, Frank's heart ached for her, and the tears sprang to his eyes.

"Dear Effie, you ought to go out more," he said; "you are looking so very pale. Mother, you both stay in the house too much."

"Do we? And, pray, would you have us tramping about the muddy streets on foot this dreadful weather, like beggars?" retorted the elder lady; "and so soon after your poor father's loss, too! You have not much feeling or sense of propriety, Frank, I must say."

"I didn't know there was any lack of propriety in taking fresh air and exercise, my dear mother," replied her son, with undisturbed good-humour. "And you might take a coach now sometimes, mother, and drive to one of the parks. Look here; I've got something that will enable you to do so. What do you think of that?" and he laid on her knee the roll of notes.

Mrs. Rossiter's countenance changed as she took up the notes and began to count them. "Where did they come from?" she questioned, with some eagerness.

Frank explained how the money had been obtained from the sale of three small paintings of his, and how he hoped that this was only a presage of better things to come.

"Ninety pounds," said Mrs. Rossiter, who had been reckoning up the amount all the while her son was speaking. "Oh! to think that I should ever have come to be so glad of this paltry sum! Did any one *ever* before, I wonder, live through such affliction as mine?"

"To be sure, mother dear, plenty of people have," rejoined Frank cheerily. "Why, do you know that for one family better off than ourselves in London, at this very moment, there are a thousand worse off? Oh, please don't cry, mother!"

"How can I help crying?" sobbed Mrs. Rossiter. "You are so callous, Frank; and so is Christine. I believe neither of you feel our position at all. And how do you suppose I can bear the idea of living on your earnings, or of having a son who is nothing but a common artist?"

"It is a very honourable calling, mother, that of an artist," asserted the young fellow, putting a noble restraint upon his rising irritation. "Shall we have tea soon, mother?"

Mrs. Rossiter dried her eyes, and rang the bell with a martyred air. "*Tea*, at this hour!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear! how fortunate you are to take all these dreadful changes so easily, Frank!"

The clean, neat-handed servant-maid had just finished setting the table when Christine peeped in with a pleasant nod, running off again instantly to remove her bonnet. When she returned, Mrs. Rossiter regarded her with an aspect of dignified displeasure; and Frank, in order to avert the storm of angry words which he feared might follow, began at once to acquaint his sister with the good fortune he had met with at last through Martin's instrumentality.

"How jolly!" ejaculated Christine when he had finished. "And *I* have some good news, too. It never rains but it pours."

"Christine, how excessively vulgar you are!" complained her mother. "Surely we have sunk low enough without your adding to our degradation by using such language as that! And until you have explained where you have been this afternoon, I should prefer not to hear you speak at all."

"Then I'll explain without a moment's delay," laughed Christine, "because I rather want to talk this evening. But I hope, mother," she added, more seriously, "that you will not be annoyed with what I have done: that you will see the necessity for it. The mystery is a very simple one, and can be told in a few words. I have only been keeping my little business secret so that you might not be disturbed by it until it was settled. Mother, you know how little money we have to live upon. We cannot afford it, even with Frank's assistance, until he has got better established in his profession. So in the meantime, mother, you must not object to *my* earning a little money—will you?"

Mrs. Rossiter's face reddened at the suggestion. Although in her youth she had served in a shop, the poor lady was far more tenacious of her dignity on account of her fall in circumstances than were any of her children, who had known no inferior position. "*You*, my dear? Oh! how could *you* earn anything?" she exclaimed, laying down her knife and fork in consternation.

"It will not be very much, mother, I am afraid," rejoined Christine; her sallow face was slightly flushed with the excitement of making her communication; "but I have already made arrangements to bring *some* grist to the mill. I have obtained two engagements as visiting tutoress—one to give lessons, or lectures, on astronomy at a ladies' college, the other to teach mathematics in a boys' preparatory school; and I have no doubt these engagements will lead to others.'

"This is perfectly awful!" interjected Mrs. Rossiter. "Now, indeed, my cup of bitterness is full!—My son a painter, and my daughter a governess!"

"Not exactly a governess, mother," protested Christine, "though it is no disgrace to be a governess; but I look upon myself as a kind of female professor, and feel quite proud, I assure you, of the avocation. You won't mind it, mother dear?"

"It is of no use my minding anything, Christine, so far as you are concerned," moaned Mrs. Rossiter, divided between her inclination to weep and a desire to resume her attention to the game pie. "You are the most obstinate of all my children, and I know well enough that if you have once set your mind on a thing there is no moving you. Take your own way. I will try to bear all till death releases me from further trouble."

An uncomfortable silence followed this remark; but in a few moments, Christine, who was getting used to her mother's frequent references to her own demise, proceeded to add the information that it was

through the influence of a learned author and examiner at the London University that she had obtained her two engagements—a gentleman whose acquaintance she had first made on the occasion of a scientific soirée, to which Lady Finchinbray had taken Effie and herself during that single London season which they had gone through under her chaperonage. There she had been introduced to the elderly professor, who, upon discovering from her remarks that the girl, for her age, was profoundly versed in her two favourite studies (also his own), had been so attracted and interested in her, that throughout nearly the whole evening he had kept by her side. It was this gentleman to whom, recollecting the kindness and interest he had shown towards her, Christine Rossiter had ventured to apply for advice and help as to her resolve to work for the support of her family.

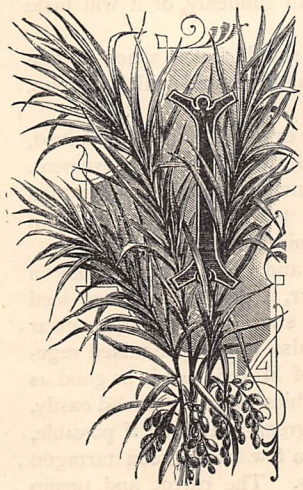
"'COME TO SEE PHEMUS, MISS, ARE YOU?'" (*p.* 582).

When Mrs. Rossiter and Effie had retired to rest this evening, Frank and Christine sat long together, building castles in the air with regard to their future lives, the course of which both fancied to be now definitely settled. Little did either of them dream how widely different the reality was to be from the imaginary lot which they had sketched out for themselves!

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

SOUPS FOR HOT WEATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," &c.



CAN fully understand some persons saying, "What! hot soups this weather? Why, that would be as bad as oysters!" This depends very much upon what soup it is. I fully admit that a thick mock-turtle, especially if made from pig's head, would be as unsuitable as pork sausages or any other hot weather abomination; but a well-flavoured white soup is, I think, as nice a commencement to a dinner in very hot weather as anything, if the soup is properly made, and some tempting fried bread is served with it.

I will first describe how to make a few varieties of white soup, and then will explain how to make a clear soup, that can be served *iced*, which, when the weather is really very dreadful, will make an agreeable change.

White soups may generally be described as good white stock, mixed with boiling milk, and flavoured with various vegetables, such as celery, cauliflower, artichokes, vegetable marrow, cabbage, potato, &c. There are also many other vegetable soups suitable for summer made without milk, such as carrot, asparagus, green-pea, &c.

In order to make every kind of white soup, it is necessary to have some good stock made from veal bones. Bones will do just as well as knuckle of veal. As the stock need not be clear, and as bones are cheaper, they are, of course, to be preferred. Take, say, a couple of pounds of veal bones, chop them up, and put them in a saucepan or stock-pot, with a quart of cold water, an onion, a few sticks of celery (if they can be obtained), and a few sprigs of parsley; a small carrot and turnip can also be added, but are not absolutely necessary. Next, if possible, get a piece of raw ham, or a ham-bone, or a lean bacon-bone. This is a very great improvement to all white soups. These bones should be put on very early in the morning, so as they can stew gently for five or six hours. After they have stewed for this time, the stock should be strained off, and allowed to boil away till the whole quart of stock is reduced, by boiling, to about half a pint. This reducing may, to some, seem extravagant; but I will explain the reason, which is really an economical one. To make what may be called high-class white soup, cream is generally ordered—a pint of boiling cream being added to, say, a quart or more of good stock—but by reducing a quart of stock to half a pint we get good soup without cream, equal almost to that which is made with cream.

Having reduced this quart of stock to half a pint, next take a quart of good milk, or nearly a quart, and put it on the fire to boil, adding, if possible, two dried bay-leaves, or one fresh, to boil in it; as soon as it begins to boil, which can be told by the bubbles rising, and then the white foam, take it off the fire, and add this milk to the reduced stock. Take out, of course, the bay-leaves. Season this white soup with a little pepper and salt, and it will be very nice as it is, without any vegetables. It can be thickened with a little butter and flour (white roux) mixed together, and baked in the oven a short time to take the rawness off the flour. When vegetables are added, thickening is not always necessary, as the vegetables generally are sufficient in themselves to thicken the soup.

To make cauliflower soup, proceed as above, with the addition of getting a young cauliflower, and boiling it for about ten minutes in salt and water in the ordinary way. Then take it out and drain it, and cut off the white part, and pick out a number of the best little white sprigs of cauliflower, in shape like a tiny bouquet of flowers, and put them aside to add to the soup after it is finished. Next trim away the green part, and put all the rest of the stalk, white part, &c., into the stock to boil till it is perfectly tender. When this is tender and the stock sufficiently reduced, rub it all through a wire sieve, and then add the boiled milk. The soup will now be probably thick enough. Then add the little sprigs of cauliflower, and bring the soup to a boil; this will be sufficient to make them tender, as they were not fully boiled at first, and the soup can then be served with the fried bread.

In making vegetable marrow soup, the vegetable marrow must be first peeled and cut into quarters, and all the pips removed. These quarters can now be boiled in the stock, and the whole boiled away till it is a pulp. Take care, however, you do not boil it away till it burns. Then rub the pulp through a wire sieve, and add the boiled milk as before.

Potato soup is made as above, with the addition of sufficient cooked potatoes being rubbed through a wire sieve to make the soup thick. The thickness of white soup should be about that of double cream. A very great improvement to potato soup is to serve a few very small new potatoes, not much bigger than large marbles, whole in the soup.

Perhaps the nicest of all white soups is celery soup, but, unfortunately, celery is not easily got in very hot weather. Plenty of celery must be boiled in the stock. The green part should be removed first, and the celery, when tender, should be rubbed through the wire sieve, sufficient celery being sent through to make the soup thick without any thickening being added afterwards.

Palestine soup is made in just the same way as vegetable marrow soup, the chief point being to use

sufficient Jerusalem artichokes to make the soup thick without having recourse to other means.

In all the above soups I have mentioned, I suggested that the stock should be strained off. It is an open point, however, dependent on the taste of the eater, whether or not an onion boiled in the stock may not also be rubbed through the wire sieve with the vegetables. When the flavour of onion is liked, this should be done. It imparts a richness to the soup, besides rendering it more nourishing. On the other hand, it should be remembered that even a slight flavour of onion is strongly objected to by many. There are persons who become absolutely ill after taking onions; when, therefore, the soup is intended for those whose tastes we do not know, it is best not to rub the onion through the sieve.

With regard to potato soup, I have recommended stock made from veal bones, but for this nourishing and much-neglected soup almost any stock will do. Like pea soup, it can be made from the liquor in which a piece of bacon has been boiled; or, in other words, potato soup can be made from greasy stock. Of course it is not so nice, nor so suitable for hot weather; still, the point should be borne in mind. Potato soup is an admirable soup for children, being a mixture of potatoes, milk, and a little meat, or rather, juice of meat.

There is one more addition to all white soups that can be made, viz., a little nutmeg. This, however, requires great care in adding, as too much will spoil the soup; and it is by no means an easy matter to impress the "good plain cook" with the fact of how long a way a little nutmeg goes. The nutmeg should flavour the soup to a certain extent, and yet you should not be able to tell that there is any nutmeg in it. A very good expression is "a suspicion of nutmeg." If you rub a used nutmeg—*i.e.*, one that is cut into, and fits the grater, so to speak—twice across the grater, it will, as a rule, be ample to impart flavour to a quart of soup. It is safest to grate the nutmeg on a spoon, so that if too much falls it can be taken out.

One essential to all white soups is fried bread. The bread, which should be cut from a close loaf free from holes, should be stale, and must be cut into very small dice. The fat or lard in which it is fried should be clean, and more than deep enough to cover the bread. The very best thing in which to fry bread is a small copper tinned saucepan, and a little wire basket made to fit. The worst of a frying-pan is that it requires such a large quantity of fat. A very little ingenuity will enable you to make a wire basket yourself that will just fit inside a little saucepan. A small copper saucepan lined with tin, one about five inches in diameter, will be found very useful in every household. The fat should be almost smoking hot. The bread should be put in the basket, and the basket plunged into the hot fat; about thirty seconds will fry the bread. As soon as it gets a light brown, take it out, as it will turn a darker colour after it has been removed from the fat; throw the bread first on to a hot cloth, and then place it on some coarse paper in front of the fire, or in the oven, to drain the grease from it. Do not let the fried bread get cold suddenly, or it will taste greasy.

The fried bread, which should be of a rich golden brown colour, should be handed round with the soup, and never served in it.

With potato soup a little dried mint may be served, like pea soup. Some think this a great improvement. I think a tea-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley added to the soup, and allowed to boil in it for about a minute, better than dried mint served with it.

An agreeable change, and probably to many a novelty, in very hot weather, is to have the soup iced instead of hot. The soup should, of course, be clear and perfectly bright, and also have some mixed vegetables in it. A small tin of Macedoines is as good as anything, or if fresh vegetables can be obtained easily, have some carrot, turnip, green-peas, and, if possible, a few asparagus tops and a few fresh green tarragon leaves cut into thin strips. The carrot and turnip must be cut up into small dice or thin strips, the whole thrown into fast-boiling water, to preserve their colour, and boiled, and then added to the soup.

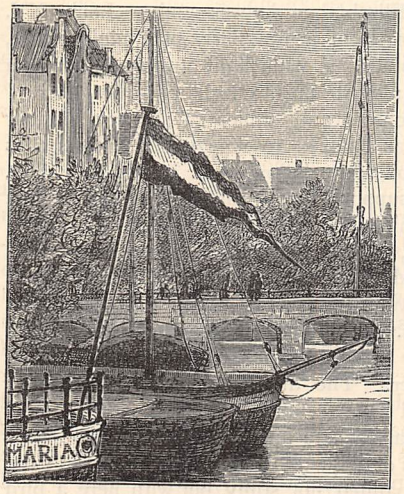
The first point is to get some perfectly bright stock; a little veal will be sufficient. It must be placed in some cold water at starting, with an onion, in which six cloves have been stuck, a carrot, a turnip, some sticks of celery, and some sprigs of parsley. Suppose we have one pound of veal, we should want a quart of water, and let it stew gently for two hours. Some cayenne pepper and salt may be allowed to boil with it. This should then all be strained off, every particle of fat removed, and if not quite bright, cleared by beating a white of egg up in a little cold water, adding this to the soup after it is strained, and boiling it for five or ten minutes, then straining the whole through a jelly-bag. As the soup is required quite cold, it must not be too strong, or it will be a jelly. Therefore, the veal must not stew too long. Of course, after straining off the first lot of soup some more water should be added to the veal and vegetables, and they should be put on the fire again to make more stock. The soup is now clear, but poor both in flavour and colour. This can be remedied by adding some extract of meat. Add to a quart of soup a brimming tea-spoonful, or even more.

Make the soup a rich, bright, golden-brown colour, like the fried bread; boil the already-cooked vegetables in the soup for a few minutes, and let the soup get cold. Taste it first, to see if it requires a little more pepper or salt. When it is quite cold put it in a basin, and put the basin in the soup-tureen, with some rough ice round it outside, and let it stand so for half an hour before dinner.

The soup will taste very good, as though not a jelly, it will not be thin, owing to the jelly from the veal. The extract of meat can be added without making it in the least degree thicker when cold, as Liebig's extract does not contain gelatine.

AT HOME WITH A DUTCH FAMILY.

BY A LATE VISITOR.



I HAVE always been drawn to Dutch people whenever and wherever I have met them, because of their cultivation of mind and quiet, simple, good breeding; and I am tempted by a feeling of gratitude to my kind friends in Holland to detail a few of the small points in their daily life which struck me as distinctively national. My experience has been chiefly gathered at the Hague; and in dwelling on the social life of any country, it is surely to the capital that we naturally look for first impressions: not that we necessarily find there the highest type of the national life, but rather that, for better or worse, we get there the concentrated essence, so to speak.

It was on a bright spring morning that I reached the Hague, and was conveyed in a neat, well-appointed brougham to my destination—a good-sized house on one of the canals which are so picturesque to English eyes, though the idea of *admiring* a canal affords infinite amusement to the Dutch. Kindness (let us be thankful for it!) flourishes on all soils, so I must not dwell on the cordial reception which greets me as distinctively Dutch; but although the words of welcome are spoken in French, there is a sincerity and straightforward simplicity in the manner of utterance, a freedom from all *gushing*, which gives me a home-like English feeling, and inspires a conviction, which only deepens as my visit continues, that of all Continental nations the Dutch are most like us in manner and character, and can best appreciate our national virtues, and sympathise with our national faults.

My room has little to distinguish it from an English bed-room, except the compromise between stove and open grate which usually obtains in the larger Dutch houses, and the inevitable French clock, ticking in state on the mantel-piece.

The sitting-rooms in this, as well as in all the other houses I saw, are more English in their arrangements than either French or German rooms; there is not the painful tidiness so noticeable in the latter, nor the careful obliteration of all signs of occupation; on the contrary, books, papers, and magazines lie about on the tables, just as with us. I noticed many of the leading English periodicals, and I found that the newest English books were as well known and as intelligently discussed as in England—a contrast, indeed, to our very limited acquaintance with foreign literature.

Our meals began with breakfast at half-past eight, with meat, and eggs which were boiled in the bright copper urn on the table. As soon as breakfast was over, we read together a passage from the Bible, and then Luther's Commentary on it, and a German hymn. I spoke of our beautiful English custom of uniting the whole household in family prayer at the beginning of each day. My friend approved warmly, but added, "While we are reading together up-stairs, the servants are similarly employed down-stairs; and this is done in most of the houses I know."

At one we had luncheon, which was just like our English meal, except that tea and coffee were the beverages, though wine stood on the sideboard. At this meal no servant waited; all that was needed was on the table or sideboard, and we did what was necessary for ourselves or each other, as is now usually done in England at luncheon.

A housewifely duty which seems strange to our English eyes, but is always performed by Dutch ladies of all ranks, is the washing up of cups and saucers. After lunch and tea, a silver bowl is brought in, and the cups and saucers are daintily washed, and carefully dried with a delicately fine linen napkin, usually beautifully marked in white embroidery with the initials of the family, surmounted by the count's or baron's coronet, if the family be noble. This time-honoured custom is now, I think, retained rather as a cherished observance of an old national peculiarity, dating, no doubt, from the days when ladies in all countries took the personal supervision of their linen and china closets.

Afternoon tea is by no means unusual in Holland: any excuse for indulging in this, their national beverage, is gladly made use of; but as six, or half-past six, is the usual dinner hour, it is not regarded as a necessity. The white, evenly-cut lumps of sugar are brought to table in a square or oblong chased silver casket, which is often provided with lock and key.

Old silver of rare and beautiful design is much affected in Holland; nowhere have I seen such artistic specimens of this work as at a loan exhibition of old plate and jewellery at Amsterdam, and also in private houses in and near the Hague. The usual playthings for children in former generations were complete sets of miniature household furniture and utensils in silver; many such still exist. In the museum at the Hague is a large baby-house made in tortoiseshell, after the exact model of a Dutch house, fitted up entirely with silver, which was intended by Peter the Great of Russia as a present for his wife.

Dinner presents no novelty, either as to manner of serving or component parts; the *cuisine* is more

French than English. In every house where I dined a solemn pause was made before and after dinner, while each person with reverently-bowed head and folded hands repeated a private grace.

Tea is brought between eight and nine, and is made in the room. Two or three cups may be taken without any breach of etiquette, and visits from intimate friends are allowed and encouraged at this hour.

Dress on every-day occasions is certainly simpler than with us. Though some change is always made before dinner, it is not usual to put on in the family circle what we should consider evening dress, and at a small dinner of eight or ten persons such a toilette as we should wear in England would be out of place. This may probably be accounted for by the fact that an evening drive or visit is not unusual.

So far as I can judge, intercourse between ladies and gentlemen is very much what it is in England among well-bred people. I saw no undue affectation of prudery or want of ease; on the contrary, young men laughed and talked with the young girls just as they would with us. Though certainly the quite modern English development of seeking *tête-à-têtes* on the stairs or in secluded corners would not be approved, yet in the presence of the general company, Dutch girls can carry on quite as bright and animated innocent conversations as those of their English sisters who keep within the bounds which innate womanly feeling and tact prescribe. The domestic and social position of women in Holland seemed to me as nearly as possible that which English women claim, and to which their education and training entitle them; they are neither domestic drudges nor upper servants, nor are they mere playthings and mechanical echoes of their husbands and fathers, but in all intellectual pursuits they are the cultivated and intelligent companions of the men. I am speaking now not of distinctly literary coteries, for of these I know nothing, but of the ordinary well-bred lady of the upper classes, and I have no hesitation in affirming that Dutch ladies can well hold their own in any conversation on politics, literature, art, or science. Their very unusual linguistic accomplishments have opened to them the literary treasures of other countries, and they have not been slow to avail themselves of this advantage. Although intensely patriotic, the Dutch are not narrowly national; they travel much, have an intelligent and appreciative knowledge of other countries, and value highly the outlet for their young men which even their comparatively small colonial possessions afford.

Country life has a large share in the affections of the upper classes; all who are rich enough have a town and a country house. At the latter, the men lead a life wonderfully like that of an English country gentleman. Riding and sport are enthusiastically pursued, and the ladies are as fond of riding as are the men. One of the most beautiful country houses I ever saw was within a short distance of the Hague. After a pleasant drive under beautiful trees, and within sight of many canals and windmills (the universal concomitants of a Dutch landscape), we turned in at a neat substantial lodge, and drove through pretty grounds, where rhododendrons were blazing in all their brilliancy, and where copper beeches occurred with a frequency that surprised me. The house was large, and though modern, was built in the old style of Dutch domestic architecture (a sort of compromise between our Elizabethan houses and a Louis XV. château), in brick of a peculiarly pale pink colour, with stone copings. A wide flight of steps led up to a large portico, almost like an Italian *loggia*. Here I found basket-chairs and tables of a very familiar design, and was amused to recognise Minton's tiles round the door and windows and in the lofty hall, which was supported by pillars of magnificent Aberdeen granite. A light graceful stone gallery ran round the hall, and I conclude gave access to the bedrooms; but I did not go up-stairs. The dining-room and library were wainscoted throughout, and had oaken ceilings. Pediments of carved oak surmounted all the doors, and the handles and fittings were of oxydised silver. The drawing-rooms and boudoir were furnished in a tasteful French style, bright and light, but withal delicate and harmonious. The walls were in panels of delicate blue and fawn damask; the ceilings were painted, not stiffly, but with here a bird and there a butterfly. The curtains and furniture were of rich dark colours, almost like old tapestry. Having seen the house (not omitting a visit to the billiard-room), a thoroughly English-looking landau came round, with a pair of beautifully-groomed horses and a "smart" footman, and I was taken for a charming drive, passing through the grounds of several other places. Everywhere the same order and comfort prevailed, and the magnificent timber excited my warmest admiration: finer avenues I have never seen. We had our five o'clock tea under the portico, and returned to the Hague in the cool of the evening, having enjoyed a pleasant glimpse of Dutch country life.

One point of sympathy between English and Dutch ladies is that both are interested in the welfare of the poor, and in many instances work personally amongst them. A pretty young girl, whose home was in Rotterdam, seemed quite as well acquainted with the condition of the working classes, and as familiar with the practice of visiting them, as any English clergyman's daughter; and though the division between class and class is perhaps more strongly defined than with us, there is not the absolute bar which exists in other parts of the Continent, and the young men especially have much more opportunity of carving out their own fortunes without any loss of social position.

To sum up my impressions, I should say that the Dutch excel their French neighbours in thoroughness, sincerity, and gravity of character, and are superior to their German cousins in breadth of sympathy and grasp of mind, though deficient in their poetry and imaginative qualities. They are simpler and less self-conscious than the English, but resemble them very closely. Indeed, in looks, manners, ways of thought and of life, household arrangements, education, relative position of men and women, and ideas of government, I see little difference.

GARDENING IN SEPTEMBER.

SUMMER is once again rapidly leaving us, and we shall therefore, among other things, be busy this month, or at all events by the end of it, in getting everything into winter quarters; and yet, in this matter, we must not be in too great haste, for to have our plants all housed unduly early in the season only tends to make them more delicate and fragile, and renders them less able to encounter the rigours of a possibly severe winter. Except, then, for the most delicate or half-hardy plants, a large portion of your stock which you intend to have by-and-by in your greenhouse may yet be allowed to stand out in the open air; only the plants must certainly be sheltered from rough and boisterous winds and heavy rains. But you must keep a very sharp look-out for the first suspicion of frost, so that perhaps some slight protection at night might be advisable. The more delicate of

your plants can be for a time put under a cold frame, and perhaps, if you only boast of a few such treasures, they could be stowed away in an old cucumber-frame. By a little management of this kind we have known, in a favourable season, a greenhouse kept unstocked until October itself has well advanced. Now, however, that the season is decidedly changing, we shall perhaps have a little more to say this month on the necessary changes and alterations to be made in what is popularly called our window-gardening. Many, of course, then, of our flowering plants will still be in flower in our window-garden, and in that case all they require, as yet, will be a careful watering, while the decayed leaves must be removed.

Another operation in this department of our subject is the getting in of a stock of bright evergreens in pots, for our winter window and balcony display. If instead of flowers you have evergreens with coloured berries, the effect is very gay. Thus, for instance, there are the red and yellow holly-berries, and then there is the snow-berry, though unhappily this plant is not evergreen. But, in addition to this, you can have endless varieties of evergreens with variegated foliage, among which we might name the Acuba Japonica, the striped privet, or the gold and silver striped box. Small plants too of the juniper, fir, and pine tribes can be added, not to mention also the common laurel and the Portugal laurel. Your window or balcony arrangement of evergreens being once set up, the really important thing is to give a regular and systematic watering. The general appearance of the foliage will always give you warning as to the necessity for the watering-pot, for the foliage for lack of water will begin to turn brown; this, however, should never be allowed. In the depth of the winter, then, let us say, if the soil of your pot looks dry when you have turned it over some two inches below the surface, give a good watering, sufficient to penetrate quite through the entire mass of earth, and from this day perhaps your plant will go two or even three weeks without water, especially if the weather be moist and "muggy." In an intense frost, perhaps it is as well to get some of your balcony plants under slight shelter at night. Should, however, your leaves get frozen, water your plants overhead in the morning when the frost has passed, and do not let them immediately afterwards be exposed to the rays of the sun.

Then preparations should be made this month for the bulb display in the window-garden. October is generally the month for putting in our bulbs in the open flower-garden, but for an early or forced display we must begin early; bulbs, then, in glasses should be placed in a dark, dry, and airy situation this month, for the purpose of the development of their roots; or if in pots, these should be plunged in coal-ashes and also be kept in a fairly dry place.

A careful examination should be made this month of the rose-garden, and more particularly of those roses that were budded in July last. The budded stocks will very probably want untying, as if they are too much confined their growth will be checked. When, however, a very decided union has taken place between the bud and the stock, the ties may, perhaps, be removed with safety; and yet, when your little shoot has made a sudden advance and got long, your danger will next be from its very length, which would almost act as a lever when the wind blows, to carry your shoot completely away. In this case, then, fasten a small stick to your stock, seeing, of course, that the stick is thoroughly secured, and to the stick tie loosely your young shoot. All growth along the stock, now that your bud is fairly started, should be cut neatly off; and get away, too, the suckers, not merely cutting them down level with the soil, but get them well up, and part of the root with them, or you will only be constantly having your work to do over again, besides endangering the wellbeing of your young shoot, which cannot fail to be proportionately weakened by any growths or suckers that are allowed to flourish in secret.

In our fruit-garden, we are watching the peaches and nectarines, and doing our best to preserve them, now that they are rapidly ripening, from the attacks of vermin. Sometimes it is a good plan to allow any thoroughly spoiled fruit to remain on the tree. All the wasps and large flies will pay undivided attention to a hole in a diseased or mutilated peach, and this often seems to draw them off from the rest. Fine fruit, when gathered, should be handled lightly, and touched as little as possible; treat the peaches and nectarines in your basket just as if they were eggs, which no one would think of squeezing in their hand.

As for the apples, do not be deceived by their roseate appearance and have them gathered nearly a month too soon; the windfalls will give you an ample supply from the end of July until the middle of October, and then you may harvest your stock. Not a day must be lost if your new strawberry bed is not yet made up; indeed, this operation should not be postponed later than the middle of August.

In the kitchen-garden there is any amount of routine work to be got through. One operation about this time is often neglected, and that is the systematic clearing off of a used-up bed; two or three rows of peas, for instance, should not be allowed to remain on occupying valuable space when they are quite done with. The celery too must, on a dry day, be earthed up; but the banks of soil by this time will be pretty high, and they must not be too high. The whole stock of potatoes is probably not got up yet. Many of us prefer, however, digging them as we want them, but when they show sign of disease they had better be got up as soon as possible, and carefully looked over. The herbs should have been gathered before this, but if you are wishing to increase your supply, save your seed now, or add to your stock by very carefully dividing the roots. Our gathered herbs are for the most part hung up, but it is often best to put them away, if you can, in tin canisters, and by this means you preserve better the full flavour and aroma of the herb. The onions should by this

time be got up, and when dry stored away in a dry place. There may be yet time for sowing a bed of onions for your winter drawing supply; and, for this purpose, have your land dug deep, and let it be richly manured, and then sow thickly. In the garden generally we may expect to be well occupied in keeping things in order, for the first fall of decayed leaves is beginning gradually to make us busy on the lawn and among the flower beds; and, after all, it is this general order and neatness that helps to make up a little for the sort of sadness which the fall of the leaf brings with it.

CHECKMATED.

"GOOD morning, Jasper; how are you?"

"Mornin' to you, sir; why, pretty hearty 'cept the pegs. The rumatiz do twist 'em about a bit, certain-ly," said the speaker, with a twinge of agony.

He was a merry old fellow, and I was a merry young one; he was my servant and my uncle's, and I also was my uncle's servant in a different capacity. People who knew me said I was a fortunate fellow, and distantly hinted something about a silver spoon. Jasper was a superannuated coastguardsman, his salary was one pound per week and a few extras; his only private perquisites being, so far as I am aware, the most extraordinary rheumatic tortures man ever had.

"Sun's up, Mr. Harry, time the moon went to roost." The allusion to the heavenly bodies was a poetic conceit of his, and always afforded him considerable amusement. The ground of this poetic conceit was that he was in charge of the premises during the night, and was released when I appeared on the scene in the morning.

My uncle was a diamond merchant of considerable wealth. His business place was in Hatton Garden, and his private residence at Hampstead. Keen, strict, almost stern in business hours, it was at home, after dinner had vanished, that the lines on my uncle's face relaxed and the genial, generous man stood revealed.

I was the only child of his youngest sister, who died a few months after my birth. As I was alone in the world—my father having been lost at sea almost on the day my mother died—my uncle determined to make a man of me. I had grown into a well-educated young man, and had been, at the age of eighteen, placed in a responsible position in my uncle's business. On the morning when Jasper indulged in the pleasantries I have just mentioned, seven years had passed since I entered the office. The entire control of the business was in my hands, and it was well known that my uncle regarded me as his heir-apparent. This morning, there being nothing of unusual importance to be attended to, my uncle had not accompanied me when I set out from Hampstead, saying he would come down after luncheon.

It being Monday—on which day we usually left business an hour or two earlier—and having completed a long inspection of a heavy consignment of diamonds, I was just turning the key in the last safe, when my uncle's barouche drove up to the door, and he ran in with his well-known quick, firm step. But when he stood before me, I noticed that he was paler than usual, and appeared to have been recently agitated.

"You are unwell, uncle; what can I do to ease you?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nothing, my boy; I shall be well directly. If there is nothing you wish to stay here to attend to, we will return at once, and I'll explain the matter to you," he said, endeavouring, with poor success, to summon up his usual smile.

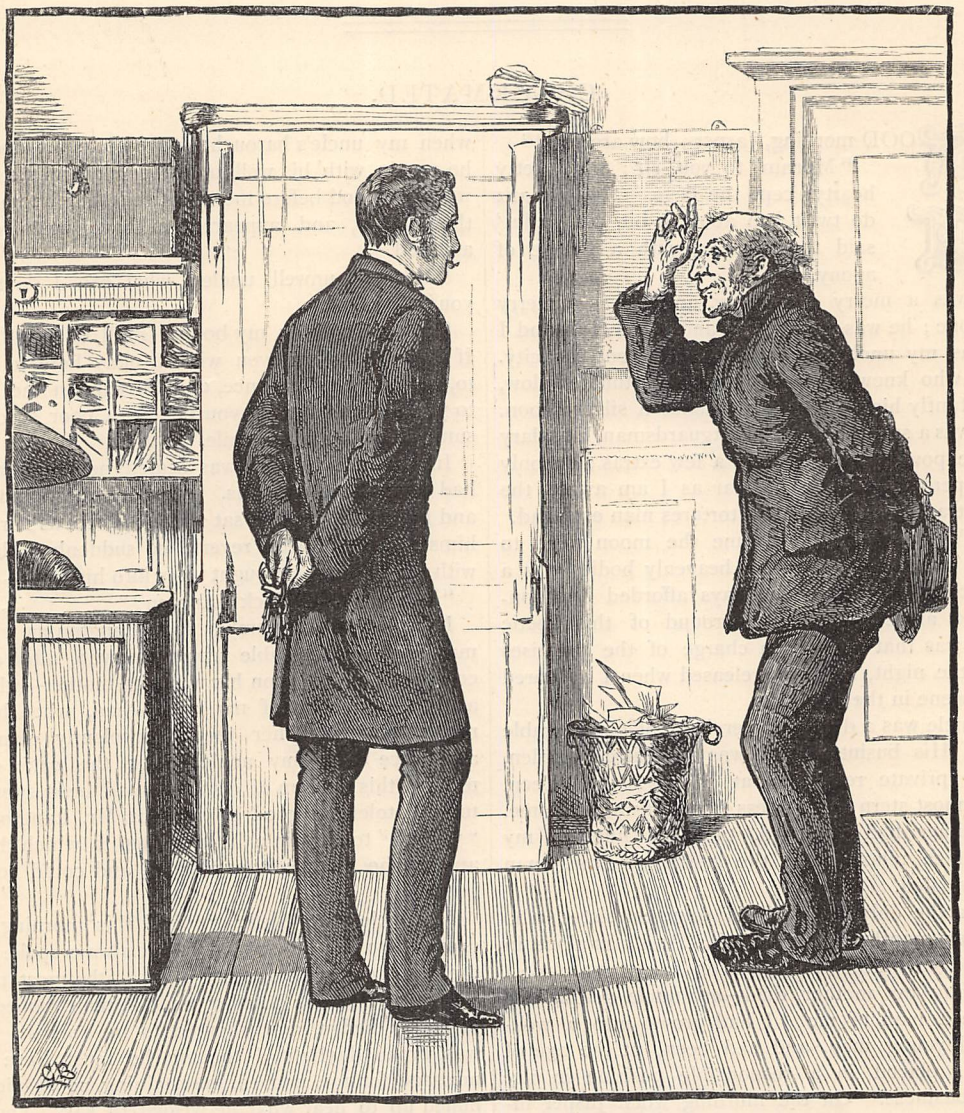
In a few minutes I was seated next him, and he had handed me the reins. I forbore questioning him, and for a mile or so he sat silent. Then, as if rousing himself from a deep reverie, he suddenly exclaimed, with a pathos that brought tears into his eyes—

"You remember Jack Langton?"

I certainly did remember Jack Langton as a young man of very unenviable reputation, who, after a long course of preying upon his widowed mother—who was a distant relative of my uncle—had, when he had nearly exhausted her means, insolently demanded assistance from my uncle. For the sake of his mother, this system of extortion had been submitted to with tolerably good grace, until Mr. Langton was "wanted" to explain a little matter to which the law applied the stern epithet forgery, and could nowhere be found.

My uncle proceeded: "I had this morning, as I drove down to 'the Garden'"—we always spoke of our dingy place in this flowery style—"the most painful adventure that has befallen me. A man rushed from behind a hedge, and shouted to me to halt. As it was broad daylight, I thought he must have some message for me, and so, entertaining no suspicion, I pulled up to hear what he wished to say. You may judge of my surprise when a closer scrutiny of the man revealed unmistakably the person of Jack. He was worn and haggard, and had disguised himself as far as possible. The complaint from which he suffered was, of course, want of money; and I gave him a note for ten pounds, telling him that if he again presented himself before me, I would certainly denounce him to the police. He pocketed the note without the least acknowledgment, and turning away, as I thought, to proceed on his journey, he sprang savagely upon me, trying to wrest my pocket-book from my hand. I was too quick for him, and, thanks to my elevated position, threw him off and drove on."

We arrived at home a few minutes before the ordinary dinner-hour. The meal passed off almost in silence, and it was not until we were alone, and dessert was on the table, that my uncle regained in some measure his usual high spirits and appeared at ease.



"'MORNIN' TO YOU, SIR'" (*p.* 595).

A knock disturbed our serenity, and the butler electrified us by announcing that Mr. Jasper begged pardon, but could he see my uncle or Mr. Harry. Jasper had never been to the house before, and was the most unlikely man in the world to come with a false alarm of any kind. Clearly something of importance had happened, was happening, or was about to happen.

"Show him up," said my uncle, and when he was shown up I could scarcely help smiling at his perfectly unruffled, beaming face. "Well, Jasper, anything the matter?" said my uncle. "Sit down, sit down," as Jasper continued standing, engaged in turning his hat round and round between his hands, apparently very undecided what to do with it; and, preparatory to sitting down, he deposited it very carefully in the corner of the room next the door.

"Why, gentlemen, I made bold to come up to see yer, conskwent on a little affair as happened this afternoon about five o'clock. The old sea-dog, which is Jasper, gentlemen, was just a-pullin' himself together arter a refreshin' sleep, when my old 'ooman sings out from below, 'Now then, yer cirkinnevgater, when

are yer a-coming to have yer tea? Here's a gentleman as wants to see yer.' Well, when I goes down there were a person there as looked as if he'd *been* a gentleman; but that must have been some time ago, for of all the evil faces I ever see his were the don. He looked wery seedy, as though he'd had a hard time on't, and sort o' fierce and desprit like, as skeared my old 'ooman. 'Well,' sez he, 'your name's Jasper, ain't it?' 'You've hit it fust go,' sez I, 'but I've another, guess that.' 'Oh, hang guessin',' says he, 'out with it.' 'Why, I'm Jasper in plain sailin'; but if yer comes it rough with me'—not likin' his manner, beggin' yer pardon, gentlemen," he explained—"'why, I'm A Rasper.'" 'Now, I don't want to fall out with you,' he sez, crossin' the room and takin' hold o' my arm, sort o' friendly-like; 'send yer missus out o' the room. I want to do a bit o' business with yer.'

"My missus went up-stairs, and he, arter seein' the door were shut, comes and brings a chair close to the fire agen' mine, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a bit o' paper afore my eyes. 'See that?' sez he. 'I does,' sez I. 'Well,' sez he, 'that's a note for ten pounds.' 'Oh,' sez I. He draws his chair closer to mine, looks round the room and listens, drops his woice wery low, and sez, 'I'll give yer that'—'Wery kind o' yer, I'm sure'—'upon condition that you do a bit o' business for me.' 'Right yer are,' I sings out, 'I'm game.' 'Bravo, old man!' givin' me a backhander on the chest, 'I like yer.' 'Consider it 'siprecated,' sez I, givin' him a dig in the ribs. 'Well, now,' sez the stranger, 'we understand each other, eh?' 'We does.' 'Your governor's place in Hatton Garden is pretty well lined, eh?' 'Pretty tolerable.' 'Right. Now, when you are there to-night, could you accidentally leave the door on the jar about two o'clock? I mark it with purfes'nal tools so as to save yer all risk, and me and my mates, three on us, ull ruffle yer about a bit; and yer story is, yer never heerd nothin' afore yer got a crack on the pate as flattened yer.' 'Right,' sez I. 'Done,' sez he, 'here's the note; and mark me, old man, if yer fail in yer work, I swear I'll make mutton of yer.' I puts the note in my pocket, and my finger aside my nose, and gives him a wink as made him comfortable. He gets up and sez, 'Two o'clock, mind, back cellar door.' 'I'm yer man,' sez I. 'Mum,' says he. 'Mum it is,' and in a moment he had gone."

"Jasper," said my uncle, 'did you bring the note with you?"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, producing it from his pocket.

My uncle took it from his hand, opened his pocket-book, and compared the note with an entry. Pushing the book and the note towards me, he said, "Compare the numbers, Harry."

I did, and thereby had proof, as strong as moral evidence could give, of the villany of Jack Langton.

My uncle said, "I shall keep that note, Jasper."

"Course yer will, sir. I don't consider it as my pruppety. 'Tain't mine till I've earned it, and I'm blest if that time ain't a long way off."

"No, no, Jasper, the note is yours; but, for certain reasons, I should like to keep it. Here are ten sovereigns for it."

"Wery good on yer, sir, and I thanks yer kindly," putting the money in his pocket. "But if yer don't mind, gentlemen, I'll just finish windin' up my windlass."

My uncle nodded assent, and the honest old servant resumed.

"Arter a few moments considerin' o' the difficult matter, I sez, 'I'll go round and see the inspector at the station, and ask him to have the place in Hatton Garden watched, as I have to take a message to the firm's flag-ship. For,' sez I, 'that scamp's a knowin' bird, p'raps he thinks he'll catch Jasper with chaff. P'raps he sez to himself, 'Jasper's honest and will go up to Hampstead to inform the firm, and while the old fool's gone I'll do the trick.'"

"Quite right, Jasper, very thoughtful of you," said my uncle.

"Thankee, sir. Well, the inspector, wery civil like, sez, 'Right, Mr. Jasper,' and sends two of his best men round—one to the back, and one to the front of the premises. And that's 'bout all I know, gentlemen."

"Jasper," said my uncle, "I will not forget you."

"Lor love yer, sir, beggin' yer pardon, ye're always wery kind to the old sea-dog!"

What was to be done? The clock struck eight. Our plans were soon arranged. My uncle determined not to place the matter in the hands of the police, from his consideration for Mrs. Langton, but that we should at once drive down to the City; that Jasper should then take the trap, and wait upon three of our most trustworthy servants, acquainting them with the nature of the business, and bring them to "the Garden" with him.

When the clock struck ten, we and our companions, whom Jasper had brought, were inside the cellars at Hatton Garden, and the dog-cart was at a neighbouring stable. We had lit two or three jets of gas, and were lounging about in various positions, reading or conversing. All the available arms, five revolvers, had been served out, thus leaving one of our party unarmed.

The orders were that when one o'clock struck the gas was to be extinguished, save the slightest possible spark; each of us was to take his appointed place, and Jasper was to open the door. Immediately the robbers had fairly entered, the gas was to be turned up to its fullest capacity, we were to raise a shout, and each fire one chamber of his weapon in the air.

If the robbers turned, they were to be allowed to escape, except Langton—whom my uncle described to the men—who was to be captured with as little violence as possible. If they had weapons and turned them upon us, we were ordered to disable them without, so far as might be, inflicting serious hurts.

Time flew. The City clocks struck one. We were in darkness; each man was at his post. Jasper stood at the door. Upon the pure morn-

ing of a new day the bells chimed the first quarter, the second, the third, the fourth, and clashed the hour — two. Silence profound, painful, intense. Hark! Jasper hears the faint tap, and the low hoarse command to open.

The door swings heavily on its hinges, and, by the faint light of the stars, we perceive a muffled figure in the doorway, with two other forms in the background.

"Ha!" said the first man with a sigh of satisfaction, as he stepped cautiously in, closely followed by his companions, "safe, my jolly boys. Now to business."

At that moment the solitary policeman—if such there were—upon his beat in the neighbourhood must have imagined that Chaos had come again, or that the Deluge was upon him, as a fearful shout issued from six strong throats and five revolvers cracked. The cellars blazed with light, and active forms sprang from every corner. The robbers, with a cry of consternation, turned and fled.

One, however, stood his ground; and in one human face I never saw such strength of evil power as in Jack Langton's, when he turned upon us. His whole frame quivered with the intensity of his malignity, as he grasped the barrel of his revolver and sprang towards my uncle, evidently intending to beat him down with the butt. So quick were his movements that he was almost upon his victim before we could interpose, when he caught his foot in an inequality in the floor, and fell heavily upon his face. A sharp report, and a cry of bitter agony, told their own tale. We ran to him and turned him over. He fixed his eyes upon us, and his lips quivered with an effort to speak. Too late! The film of death glazed his eyes, his hands fell, one sigh of anguish, and his soul had flown beyond the reach of human justice. In his fall the weapon in his hand had exploded, and the ball had passed through his heart.

There is a grave without a mark upon it, and a nameless man rests beneath. No tears fall on it, and no fresh flowers from loving hands lie there.

* * * * * *

Years have passed. I am married; my affairs are prosperous; I am at ease. I am spending the day at my uncle's, and my eldest boy—five years old—is with me. I am talking to my uncle, and the boy is forgotten. Suddenly he runs to me and puts a small case, which he has taken from a desk in the room, into my hand. My uncle sees it and exclaims, "Poor Jack! poor boy!" That case contains a note. My trap is at the door, and I wish my uncle good night. My wife and boy are with me, and I drive them to a little cottage standing back from the road. Before I knock the door is opened, and a cheery "God bless yer, sir," from an old grey-headed man, salutes me. He is past work now, but he wants for nothing. "God bless you, Jasper."

F. B.

AT AN ITALIAN SPINNING-WHEEL.

RUN, my wheel, run fast and faster! Love will laugh at all disaster;
What if Beppo see Lucia near the pine-grove on the hill?
Honeyed words and fair pretences may beguile his wandering senses,
But the finch once more his mate seeks when the fowler's pipe is still.

Run, my wheel, run fast and faster! Say, hath love then found its master,
That my heart is vaguely throbbing, and my glances seek the gate?
And at length when sunset flushes all the west, my cheeks with blushes
Are aflame because a step comes—but the vineyard-dresser, late!

Run, my wheel, now slow, more slowly! Do these knots, the white wool wholly
Complicating, weave in tangles till e'en patience half despairs?
Sadly now bodes sober reason that in time a chilly season
Sorrow-laden must succeed ere use love's plighted circle wears.

Run, my wheel, run slow, more slowly! Let e'en happiness be lowly
And remember how the future days of darkness will disclose;
Yet my blackbird "tirra lirra" sings; and when I ask my mirror,
Beauty whispers, loving trust and hope disarm love's ancient foes.

Stop, my wheel! Ah! threads, by breaking you remind me that forsaking
Snaps a life-love more than death parts; I'll address me to my wool;
Love and Duty are twin-sisters, with them walk we through the vistas
Of the darkened days in front, and trust with mercies they'll be full.

Run, my wheel, again, run gaily! Jealous angers, die out daily!
Can Lucia's eyes dim these? her love, what is it matched with mine?
Round her face my moth may flutter, but should trouble even mutter
Near my heart, he'd swift fly back with "Giulietta! I am thine!"

Run, my wheel—but why this trembling? Peace, my heart, no more dissembling!
Some one comes—the blackbird chirrups—still advances—still alarms—
Through the oleanders pushes—by the roses careless brushes—
Stop, my wheel—ah, stop!—'tis Beppo! and I'm locked within his arms!

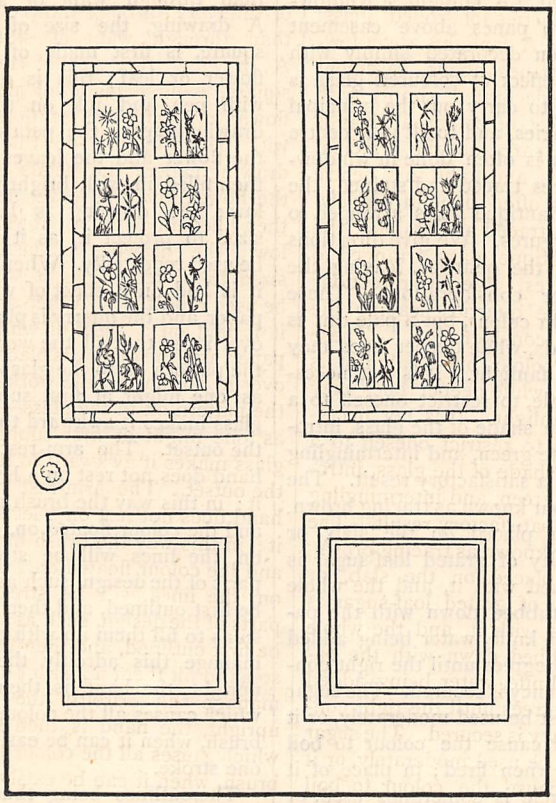
M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

"'RUN MY WHEEL, NOW SLOW, MORE SLOWLY!'"

"AT AN ITALIAN SPINNING-WHEEL" (*page* 598).

HOW TO PAINT ON GLASS.

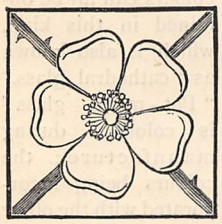
ST. JEROME and Gregory of Tours, who lived during the fourth century, are, we are told, the first writers who make mention of glass windows. Cathedrals and abbeys were enriched with coloured glass long before windows became general in houses. As early as 669 the Archbishop of York improved the cathedral by the introduction of windows; still they were not generally adopted, even in churches, until the twelfth century. The palaces sacred to royalty were the next to enjoy the luxury of glazed windows, then the nobility followed, while the commoners had to wait until the sixteenth century before glass was made in sufficient quantities for them to fill their casements with it. The general supposition is that the earliest windows were arrangements of coloured glass in mosaic patterns; the ease with which small pieces of glass could be fused, in comparison with larger sheets, probably accounted for the employment of the mosaic style. Later on figures were inserted, being outlined and shaded with black, and afterwards fired. Next came painting on glass with colours mixed with oil and varnish, or with white of egg; but this method, proving to be liable to be damaged by exposure to the weather, was again supplanted by a new and better plan—namely, that of using vitrified colours, which are believed to have been invented by the Flemings or Germans. By availing himself of these means, the artist was placed in a position to introduce without difficulty intermediate tints, and varieties of effect, such as could not be accomplished under the old system; this naturally led to a general employment of them, until, as we read, in France the mosaic style was abandoned in favour of the colouring of glass by the enamel process.



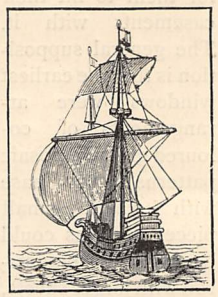
In painted glass, properly so styled, there is inevitably present the sense of heaviness and obscurity. By covering glass with pigments the light is necessarily lessened, the surface being rendered in some degree opaque; then, too, the treatment of a window as a picture is obviously against the canons of good taste—the figures highly relieved from the background become obtrusive, and the sensation of space is lost. But when art revived the old style was again adopted. As the great masterpieces in oil cannot be surpassed by modern work, though centuries of learning have rolled by since first they were executed, so with coloured glass windows, no art, no science, can improve on the richness and brilliance of the glass manufactured during the best period of the art. Modern workers must, if they would succeed, follow the early glass-painters, as students learn from copying the works of the old masters. Of glass there are several sorts; the ordinary window-panes are termed "sheet glass." "Rolled glass," to which preference is given, the former being seldom used, is thick and semi-transparent. White, green, yellow, grey, buffs, and straw-colours can all be obtained in this kind, which is also known as "cathedral glass." "Pot-metal glass" is coloured during manufacture; the colours being incorporated with the other ingredients in the pot causes the entire body to partake of the given hue. Oxides of iron, lead, copper, cobalt, and silver are employed to impart the various tones. "Antique glass" is another name for the same. "Flashed glass," on the contrary, is coloured on one side only; the body of the glass is

white, and it is coated while hot with a thin layer of coloured glass. "Flashed opal" is, as its name implies, opaque. "Bubble glass" is another kind of pot-metal glass. The requisite tools for the decoration of the above are few, while the choice of colours also is necessarily limited. Some brushes of sable and camel-hair, two badgers, a few scrubs made from hog's-hair brushes, an easel or frame, an arm-rest, a glass muller and slab, a palette knife, the colours, and some yellow stain, a bottle of fat oil of turpentine, some ordinary turpentine, and a pot of ox-gall will complete the list. The colours are made from oxides of metals, with the addition of flux of borax, so that when laid on the glass and exposed to heat they fuse, and adhere to the surface; the borax in melting encloses, as it were, the colours between two layers of glass.

The amateur will find it the easiest plan to commence on squares or quarries of rolled glass, either white or slightly tinted. A fanlight, a window-blind, or the small square panes above casement windows, all look well when decorated simply with quarries, although the rich effect of coloured glass is wanting. Another plan is to carry out the principal portion of the space in quarries, and to fill in a centre of a coloured design. This is often done in window-blinds; the sides are squares traced and stained, the centre being composed of antique glass arranged to represent fruit, flowers, or figures. We give directions first for the decoration of the quarries, leaving the coloured designs for later consideration. These quarries vary in size and in colour, but a pale tint is perhaps preferable for blinds, while deeper hues may consistently be placed in a fanlight. It is not necessary, and not always desirable, to restrict oneself to a single tint. Artists vary the shade of the glass, introducing two shades of delicate green, and intermingling with them yellow tints, with a satisfactory result. The squares are traced with colour known as tracing brown. Some colour in powder is placed on the slab, or palette, a very small quantity of grated loaf-sugar is mixed with it, and the whole is rubbed down with the palette knife, water being added by degrees until the right consistency is secured. The sugar must be used moderately, or it will cause the colour to boil up when fired; in place of it treacle is sometimes used, or a few drops of solution of gum arabic. As a test whether the right amount has been amalgamated with the tracing brown, allow it to dry on the slab; if it takes a long time to do so, and remains shiny, more powder must be added, otherwise there will be the danger of its "bubbling" in the kiln. If the palette knife does not grind the colour down sufficiently smooth, the muller must be brought into requisition, but for rubbing down small quantities it is not always employed. It is an important point that no particle of powder should remain unground, it must be rubbed until all grittiness has disappeared; the small lumps, if allowed to remain, will appear darker after the painting has passed through the furnace than the rest of the tint, and the effect will be anything but good. To use the muller, first mix the colour, a little water, and sugar together with the palette knife until soft, add more water, then rub round and round with the glass muller, collecting the colour up again with the knife when it has spread too far on the slab.

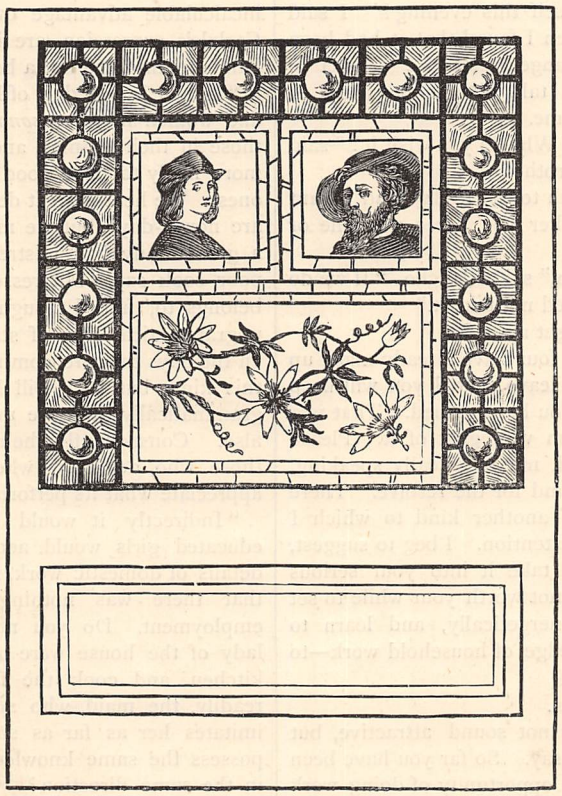


Colour that has been mixed for some time before being used is far pleasanter to work with than any that is mixed at the time of painting; it floats better, and adheres more readily to the glass. The artist will also find that exposure to the air brings turpentine into a good working state. It is in these trifling matters that the amateur is often at fault; slight technical hindrances, that are quickly overcome when once we understand their nature, often rise into mountains of difficulty through want of a word of advice rather than through want of skill. A drawing, the size of the square, is first made of the flower or leaf; this is done with pen and ink on thick drawing-paper; the petals of the flower and the leaves are then filled in with bright yellow; the drawing is lastly sized to protect it, as it will be used repeatedly. When dry it is laid on a sheet of white paper, and the quarry is placed over it, so that all the worker has to do is to trace off the pattern on to the glass—not quite so easy a matter as one might at first suppose; the thickness of the glass makes it awkward to follow the lines correctly at the outset. The arm-rest must be used so that the hand does not rest on a level with the glass, but above it; in this way the brush may be held perpendicularly, and the colour floated on. If it is painted or dragged on, the lines will be streaky when dry. All thick parts of the design, such as the stamens, or stalks, must be first outlined, and then the colour is to be floated in so as to fill them up with one stroke of the brush. To manage this adroitly the brush is filled and held upright, the hand is then struck gently on the table, which causes all the colour to flow to the point of the brush, when it can be easily transferred to the glass at one stroke.



The outlines being thus all drawn on the smooth side, the square is laid by to dry, and the process is continued until all are traced. When these are quite dry staining is commenced. The petals of the flowers, and also the fibre of the leaves, are filled in with yellow stain on the reverse side to that on which the tracing is done, namely, on the rough side. The stain, which is composed of chloride of silver, is mixed with oil and turpentine in the following manner:—Some

powder is put on the slab, and the point of the palette knife is dipped into the oil of turpentine, which is rubbed thoroughly into the colour; it is then gradually diluted with turpentine until of the right strength. Success depends on the quantity of fat oil employed; it may be tested in the same way as the tracing colour above-mentioned. Glass stain is essentially different in character from enamel colours. The latter remain on the surface of the glass even when fired, but the silver possesses the quality of staining the glass, and during firing becomes incorporated with it; thus a transparent yellow is obtained, while pigments render the glass partially opaque. In staining the square is held obliquely against the light, that the worker may see that he does not spread it beyond the outlines visible from the other side; if he should do so he may remove it with the point of a penknife, or a sharply-pointed stick. It must be laid on without streakiness, with a large brush, evenly and decidedly; still it is undesirable to get it too flat—a slight variation in strength adds to the effect. On no account must the stain be used on the same side as the painting colours, for the pigments will destroy its brilliance. The squares are then ready for firing. Not only can quarries be thus treated, but centre pieces of a larger size can be decorated in a like manner. A circular piece of glass may have a design of birds traced on it and shaded; the downy brown plumage appears extremely soft and natural when dexterously performed. Round the circle a bordering of coloured glass adds brightness and warmth; the same border must be repeated around the edge of the blind to match. Heads or figures can be done in the same way, the tracing and shading being carried out on the one side with the brown, and a little stain applied at the back for the hair, and any drapery that is needed. The design should be simple; it may be little more than a sketch, and yet be effective; all intricate details should be rigidly excluded, the main point is to get strength and grace of form with as few lines as possible, therefore the simpler and broader the treatment the better. After firing, the glass is leaded and fitted by a glazier to the window-frame. Blinds are constructed so as to be easily removed, that the window-panes can be cleaned without any extra trouble; not being fixtures they do not become the property of the landlord when the tenant removes to another residence; fanlights can be arranged in a similar fashion to take down when required. The illustrations of the wild rose and its leaf are examples of quarry designs; no shading is introduced, the form of the flower with its stamens, and the leaves simply veined, giving quite sufficient pattern to show well. The door panel for a room is worked out in the same way as the window-blind, but it is grounded with brown, and diapered for the sake of preserving the privacy indispensable to comfort. Take for example the panel shown in the door on page 599. The flowers are first traced, then the background is filled in, and the pattern picked out with an etching tool; lastly the stain is laid on at the back. Daffodils, buttercups, March marigolds, the cinquefoil, the silver-weed or prince's feather, are all suitable for the oblong pieces, as rather set flowers growing on separate stems are in keeping with the form of the glass. It is not, however, necessary to employ only flowers that are naturally of a yellow colour; in glass decoration great licence is allowed to the worker, and although it is expected of him that his drawing should be correct, he may give colours to certain flowers according to his fancy, and for the sake of harmony, that have never belonged to them by nature.



GIRL-LIFE AT HOME.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

HAT shall you say if I ask you to let me have all the talk to myself this evening?" I said when I found that it had been arranged that the subject of our talk should be Girls at Home.

"Why do you wish it?" said Dorothea.

"Because I have so much to say to-day, and I want you to listen to me whether you agree with me or not."

"Very well, we will listen," said Blanche. "If we do not like your advice, we need not take it."

"Then I will begin straight away.

"I understand that you four have already made up your minds that when you leave school you will keep up the 'book knowledge' you have gained. That is a very good thing, and I am very glad of it. Please believe that I applaud and, metaphorically speaking, pat you on the back all round for the resolve. There is, however, knowledge of another kind to which I wish you would turn your attention. I beg to suggest, therefore, that you should take it into your serious consideration whether it is not worth your while to set to work earnestly and energetically, and learn to acquire a practical knowledge of household work—to cook and sew and clean."

The girls pulled wry faces.

"I know that this does not sound attractive, but listen to what I have to say. So far you have been busy, and have not had the opportunity of doing work of this kind. But I dare say, for all that, you have found out, from the conversation of lady friends, and in other ways, that the 'servant' difficulty is one of the chief difficulties women have to contend with now-a-days. Wherever you go, you find women who, if they followed their bent, would be soaring away on wings of imagination and fancy into realms unknown; but who are being kept down to earth because the domestic wheels do not run smoothly, the people who are paid to keep them going being either too ignorant or too idle to fulfil their duties.

"Do not mistake me, and imagine that I urge you to relieve these people of responsibility, or that I look upon household work as the most suitable employment for educated women. I do nothing of the kind. But I am sure that cultured women do not lose anything—they gain rather—by understanding what household work means.

"Whatever the difficulties connected with the due performance of work of this kind may be now, it is not likely that they will decrease; indeed, it is probable that they will increase. What the state of things will be by the time you are as old as your mother now is I cannot tell. But I dare predict that those women who understand how domestic work should be done, so that they can teach others, and point out at once where faults are when they occur, will possess an incalculable advantage over those who, to use Mr. Carlyle's expression, are incapable of 'putting their hands to anything but a bell-rope.'

"Actual knowledge of household work makes girls and women more *reasonable* in what they exact from those in their employ, and reasonable mistresses are more likely to have good servants than unreasonable ones. We hear a great deal of the bad servants there are now-a-days, but we must not forget that there are a great many bad mistresses also. I once heard a poor cook say, 'Mistresses don't know what things belongs to,' and I thought it was a forcible though ungrammatical way of stating the facts of the case. In the days that are coming, servants will see facts of this kind, but they will have learnt to express them grammatically, and, we may be sure, to apply them also. Consequently their respect will be given to those who do know when work is well done, and appreciate what its performance includes.

"Indirectly it would benefit servants if highly-educated girls would acquaint themselves with the details of domestic work, for they would believe then that there was nothing degrading in household employment. Do you not think that if the young lady of the house were able at need to go into the kitchen and cook the family dinner skilfully and readily, the maid, who admires the young lady and imitates her as far as she can, would be proud to possess the same knowledge, and distinguish herself in the same direction? Of course she would, and this would lead to her own little home, when she had one, being managed better than it would otherwise be. Who can say that the advantage would end even here? Knowledge of the details of household work is therefore desirable; yet, if it is to be real and worth anything, it can only be gained by actual practice. It is of no use to read cookery books and theorise about processes. If you want to know how to do work of this kind, you must do it. Read about methods and get hints from books, with all my heart, but prove them in order to make them your own. You may never need this knowledge, or you may need it sooner than you think, but once gained it will be there, 'a solid substratum of fact.'

"Understand, therefore, I do not advise you to send away the cook and the housemaid, prepare all the meals, and clean the rooms yourselves. But I do earnestly recommend you to take steps to become practically acquainted with the details of domestic work now, while you have the leisure and opportunity for doing so.

"Some people seem to think knowledge of this sort is intuitive among English girls. It is nothing of the kind; it requires to be learnt as much as do French verbs. Others, on the contrary, appear to imagine

that domestic knowledge is incompatible with intellectual culture and the possession of accomplishments, and that if a girl is to be 'domesticated' she must begin when she leaves the nursery to serve a long apprenticeship to the business. This also is a mistake. Domestic knowledge is nothing but an acquaintance with the best means which can be adopted for the attainment of domestic ends, and girls whose intellects have been developed and strengthened by a thorough general education are much more likely to comprehend these methods, and judge of their reasonableness and suitability, than are ignorant girls who do so-and-so because they have seen some one else do it, or because it is the family custom to do it after a certain fashion.

"I was speaking a little while ago with a lady who was the head of a cookery school, and she told me that girls who had received a good general education learnt to cook more skilfully, more quickly, and with far greater ease than did uneducated or half-educated girls. What an advantage the combination of intellectual culture and domestic skill would be to the girls themselves; and what a comfort it would prove to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, and friends in the future, it will take years to reveal.

"While you have leisure I would recommend you also to become skilful in needlework, millinery, and dressmaking. It is a great thing when a girl is able to dress herself neatly and tastefully. Sometimes we see highly intellectual women who have minds above appearances, and who look mere dowdies. I respect the mental power of these ladies, but I am sorry for their appearance. Why should they not be clever and prettily dressed too? They make a mistake from their own point of view in neglecting dress, for they unnecessarily lessen their power. The arguments of a woman in a becoming bonnet go twice as far with ordinary folks as do those brought forward by a woman with untidy and unbecoming headgear.

"It is the *duty* of a girl to look her best. A great part of a girl's work in the world is to make it bright, and to diffuse cheerfulness and happiness around her. How much more easily she does this if the first impression she creates is a pleasing one! If a girl looks happy, is happy, and brings happiness wherever she goes, I do not think there is so much we should wish to alter in her.

"A girl who is skilful with her needle may be prettily and becomingly dressed without going to any great expense. Good taste has much more to do with becoming dress than money has. How many people there are who devote anxious thought and spend large sums over their apparel, yet who, if after all they are satisfied, must be as Charles Kingsley said, 'under a deep delusion as to the success of their own toilette'! Surely want of taste is a sign of want of culture, and if educated girls cannot invent graceful economical dresses for themselves, who is to do it?

"There is another way in which girls may do much for themselves and for the world with regard to dress. When fashion runs riot and transgresses the teaching of common sense, educated girls, at any rate, may dare to despise its dictates. Every girl who is courageous enough to adopt dress which leaves her free to breathe and run, and jump and skip, is not only benefiting herself—she is helping to make it possible for other girls less courageous than she to dress sensibly also.

"Fortunately there are a great number of girls and women now-a-days who have begun to see the absurdity of swathing themselves in fetters of whalebone, and balancing themselves on the tips of their toes, until health is an impossibility and life a burden. You would scarcely believe it, I know, if you judged by the patterns in the fashion books, and the specimen dresses in the shops, and the specimen ladies who frequent fashionable resorts. Nevertheless the fact remains. The number of sensible women who venture to throw off the shackles of fashion is increasing every day.

"On the other hand, the extravagances of foolish women are also growing. A fashionable dressmaker told me the other day that I had no idea of the way in which ladies 'tightened themselves up' and tried to make themselves look small. Again and again she had offended customers by making their dresses fit comfortably. She had received letters from young ladies saying that they had been trying, and they believed they could bear the dress she was about to make a quarter of an inch tighter than the measure of the last one, and would she make it so? What are we to say to these girls? It relieves our feelings to say that they are geese—but it does no good. They will be more likely to be convinced of their mistake by seeing that girls may be dressed becomingly, and yet comfortably, than by any other argument.

"Not only for the sake of outsiders, but for your own sakes, I would beg you to dress in accordance with common sense, and to make yourselves acquainted with, and obey, the laws of health. If ever you have worn stays and felt inclined to try whether you could not bear them a little tighter—throw them off. If ever you have worn high-heeled boots and fancied they looked elegant, take them to the maker and ask him to cut them down. Respect yourselves, and do not devote your energies to making yourselves seem to be what you are not. Re-model your dress entirely. Let there be perfect freedom and ease everywhere; let the weight be borne by the shoulders, not rest upon the hips, and aim at uniformity of temperature all over the body.

"There are still other things that I want you to learn, yet how can I name them all? Time goes very quickly, and before you know a tithe of what there is to know girlhood will have gone, and you will be grown-up women, and with all women's hopes and fears and anxieties. I must, however, speak of two or three subjects to which you should turn your attention, and if you will let me lecture you again, I will tell you what they are at our next meeting."

LYDD.

A QUAINT CORNER OF OLD ENGLAND.

NEW ROMNEY, FROM THE MARSH.

WITHIN a hundred miles of the metropolis, within easy reach of half a dozen fashionable watering-places, there lies on our southern coast a complete *terra incognita*. So far away is it from all beaten tracks, so little intercourse have the inhabitants with the outside world, that they consider it to be the sixth division of the world, and are as proud of their isolation, of their peculiarities, of their old manners and customs, as are said to be the folk of the tolerated Andorran Republic. Yet the name of Romney Marsh is familiar, and now that Hythe has awakened from her sleep of years, and has basked in the smile of Royalty, it is not unreasonable to expect that before very long Romney Marsh will lose much of its sequestered character. Ere the hands of the "improver" and destroyer commence operations, let us go for a tramp through this quaint corner of old England.

We leave Hythe early, as we have a hard day's work before us, past the shingly rifle-ranges, where squads of red-coated soldiery are being versed in the mysteries of "trajectory," "elevation," and "judging distance;" we bid farewell to hill and dale, to pleasant lane and leaf-embowered cottage, and step out briskly upon the Dymchurch Wall, that sturdy rampart which for so many years has resisted the ceaseless efforts of the ocean to swamp the broad pasture lands lying behind it. There is a strange stillness in the air which seems to tell us that we are entering upon another world; the sea is scarcely audible as it ripples upon the foot of the wall beneath us, and only the shrill cry of an occasional peewit or the distant tinkle of sheep-bells breaks the silence. An hour's walk, during which time the only human beings visible have been two sunny-haired children playing outside a Martello Tower, and we reach Dymchurch, a straggling village with a toy church and a quaint old inn, which lies almost against the wall. Dymchurch is dead, we can see that at a glance, as dead as any of the cities on the Zuyder Zee, or as the old Roman Portus Lemanus on yonder hill-top; so we pass on, leaving the sea, and striking inland. The scenery reminds us of Cuyp's pictures, save that there are no windmills, much less trees, to lend animation to the view. Pastures to the right, pastures to the left, pastures in front as far as the eye can reach; fresh green expanses dotted with

white sheep, and at rare intervals a shepherd's hut or a clump of bushes. Our path is plain enough for the present, and we have no inkling of the difficulties yet to be overcome, for it is a solitary road leading straight to the "capital" of the Marshes, New Romney. At New Romney we are in the world of long years back, without a nineteenth-century sight or sound to break the spirit of the dream. When the sea deserted Old Romney, some miles further inland, New Romney became a place of some importance, until in turn it was left high and dry, when it obtained considerable notoriety as a central receiving port for goods which had never paid the king's duties. But duties are low, and smugglers are phantoms of the past, consequently New Romney is silent and deserted; the grass grows in its streets, and the chimneys of its fine old houses give forth no smoke; there are shops, but no customers; huge, rambling old inns, with suites of empty rooms, and ranges of stabling and out-houses abandoned to fowls and lumber. Our host of the "New Inn" tells us of the old days as we munch our bread and cheese, and glad enough he seems to be to get listeners. "There waren't hardly a night," he says, "but a cargo 'd be run in under lee of Dungeness; they 'd keep the goods here for the night, and have 'em off inland through Tenterden, Cranbrook, and Goudhurst before daylight the next morning. But that sort o' thing's all knocked on the head; and we've nothing now to keep us going but the August sheep fair." As is the case in so many obscure villages of Kent and Sussex, at New Romney there is a fine old church, big enough for a cathedral town, and we linger about it for some time whilst we transfer its embattled tower and its curious old Norman doorway to our sketch-books. Then we start for Lydd, which lies almost due south.

There is animation at Lydd, for the bishop has been holding a confirmation, and we just catch a sight of his reverend gaiters ascending the steps of his carriage, and as the Lydd folk appear to be in their festal attire, we stand aloof, a little ashamed of our knickerbockers and our travel-stained suits. But the animation dies away with the disappearance of the bishop's carriage-wheels round the corner, and we are soon convinced that Lydd is quite as dead as Dymchurch or New Romney. There is no ostensible means of gaining a living in Lydd, so we presume that the entire population, men, women, and children, are connected directly or indirectly with the flocks of sheep around the town; and such would seem to be the case from the facts that such scraps of conversation as we can make out are about sheep, that the women are invariably engaged in spinning, and that the larger proportion of shops are saddlers' or butchers' establishments. Lydd enjoyed even a worse reputation than Romney for smuggling, and before sheep-farming became the predominant industry, no one, from the parson downwards, was free from the imputation of being connected with the contraband trade. The roominess of Lydd church tower suggests uses other than what were intended at the epoch of its consecration, and as from its great height an uninterrupted view of sea and land can be obtained, doubtless its bells rang out other signals than those of grief and joy. One is struck, too, by the number of idle, weather-beaten old men—first cousins to the boatmen of Hastings and Brighton—who look keenly from beneath their shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say, "We know a thing or two. Just lift your excise duties a bit, and see if we can't burst into activity." And those cellars beneath the shame-faced old inns, if they could speak, could tell tales of barrels of "right Nantes," Flanders tobacco, and bales of Belgian lace which had never paid duty; depend upon it they could.

Lydd stands alone in this vast marsh-land, and although Romney gives the name, and is called the "capital," it is upon Lydd that the farmers and the inhabitants of the tiny communities scattered around depend for food and articles of domestic use. Very quaint little places are these communities, dignified by the name of "villages," because most of them possess a church and a public-house. The biggest of them, Newchurch, contains but three hundred inhabitants, whilst Eastbridge, Snargate, Brenzett, Burmarsh, St. Mary's, and Old Romney scarcely number eight hundred between them; but some of them, notably Brookland, Old Romney, and Snargate, contain churches astonishingly large in proportion to the places, and not unworthy of a visit.

THE TRICYCLE: A MEANS OF OBTAINING HEALTH AND ENJOYMENT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

A PAPER like the present needs neither preface nor apology. As a means of locomotion, or pedal progression, as one might call it, whether for business purposes or in pursuit of pleasure, the tricycle is becoming every day more common. Not only can young and old easily learn to ride this machine, but both sexes, and that too with equal grace and safety. Indeed the votaries of the three-wheeler do not hesitate to predict that the time is not very far distant when the tricycle will run the bicycle off the road.

Although very partial to the former, I cannot believe that it will supersede the latter until we have the additional power of either steam or electricity. That this will eventually be the case, no one doubts who gives the matter a thought. The old turnpike-roads will then be kept in better repair, they will be watered, trimmed, and tidied, and the ponderous steam-roller will be constantly seen at work on them. The old-

fashioned country hostelries will in these coming days flourish once again, and once again "make up beds," which they seldom require to do now. But, on the other hand, I opine and hope that the extra cycle traffic on the roads will not effect the sale of intoxicants to any very appreciable extent, for—and here is the first thing I mark in favour of our silent roadsters—cyclists are as a rule, which admits of very few exceptions, extremely temperate. To men who are breathing the pure air, and enjoying ever-varying and beautiful scenery, the temptation to indulge in vinous stimulants is but little likely to present itself.

Now, what one really wants is a machine that will have no injurious effect upon the health. Such a tricycle as this will not weigh too much, to begin with—most machines are uselessly heavy—it must be an easy-going machine, simply constructed, not likely to get out of order, and possess some extra power for assistance up the hills.

To this last point I wish to draw the especial attention of would-be tricyclists. Why, I should like to know, cannot a machine be so constructed that riding up-hill shall be no whit more fatiguing than walking up that same acclivity and trundling your tricycle in front of you?

Now, on the pleasures of tricycle-riding I do not mean to dilate except in so far as they relate to the health, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that the enjoyment of innocent pleasure in moderation means the acquisition of health and the bracing up of both mind and body. To thousands on thousands of our dwellers in cities and towns the possession of a good tricycle is an incalculable boon. Walking lacks excitement unless one has the time to go in for long spells of it; games cannot always be played, and even when they can be constantly indulged in they are not invariably advantageous to the health. The air of a racquet-court or bowling-alley is never pure, while a tennis-lawn or cricket-field is seldom far removed from the smoke of the town; boating or riding is often impracticable; but mount your tricycle, it seems to glide away with you of its own accord, lethargy is at once banished from your brain, care from your mind, and *ennui* from the heart. It is but a very short time ere you are out of the dull town with all its prosy worries and petty annoyances, out of the town and surrounded by the green, quiet country, with nature and things natural on every side of you. Probably the day is fine and the roads in order, but what matters even a shower or two? you have a light macintosh and you have even an umbrella, both can be used on a tricycle; and as to the road, there are good bits and bad, and you will not grumble at either. Life itself is all ups and downs. There are a hundred and one little incidents to be met with on the way, which will tend to divert and amuse one. Probably, lured on by the beauty of the weather and the scenery, the rider goes much further than he first intended, and the appearance of a snug, old-fashioned hostelry suggests dinner. It may be but a frugal meal, but a good appetite makes it a really enjoyable one, and thereafter, feeling like a giant refreshed, the cyclist mounts for the return journey. Mayhap night overtakes him. What of that? he has bell, and lamps, and fairly good eyes, and when he gets home at last he has to see neither to grooming nor feeding; the iron horse needs but a stall to stand in while its master enjoys his well-earned rest and sleep.

The bicycle is the machine for long speedy journeys, the tricycle for lounging on; you may go as slowly as you please or as fast as need be on the tricycle; if tired of looking around you, you may pull out a book and read; and you can rest when you wish without coming off, or stop and sketch or write. No one possessing a tricycle would think of going to the seaside, or anywhere on his summer holiday, without taking his favourite along with him, and thus enhancing his enjoyment a dozen-fold.

To an accomplished rider on horseback his special exercise must be more enjoyable to him than tricycling could be; this stands to reason; but, on the other hand, tricycling is much more pleasurable than driving, and it is much better exercise as far as health is concerned.

To a person wishing to learn the tricycle I would say, be most careful in your selection of a machine, try and try again before you buy, for what may suit one man will not suit another. Having procured a tricycle to your satisfaction, you must set yourself to learn to ride it; and as a medical man and a cyclist myself, I will now give you one or two hints on this.

It must not be imagined that you can be an accomplished rider in a few days. To ride a tricycle well and safely does not certainly require so long experience as playing the violin, but it needs a little nevertheless. Besides, from the very day you first mount, if you keep up riding daily, the body begins to acquire a special training. The muscles of the legs get harder and the joints more supple, and at the same time you gradually get into the knack of riding without fatigue.

If you would not, then, affect your health detrimentally, go cautiously to work and do very small journeys at first, and increase the distance daily by slow degrees, as you feel fit. Sit gracefully and upright in the saddle or chair, do not sway the body about, but let the feet and legs do the work.

The power should come directly to the pedals from the front part of the foot, not from heel or instep. Be most particular how you paddle or pedal at first, for I have known of accidents happening from people having missed footing and fallen forwards.

Never ride far from home to begin with, but when you do so, choose a fine day with good roads. Avoid riding up any hill that "winds" you, or sets the heart beating too fast. This is most important. Whenever you feel tired, stop to rest. After a time both lung and leg power get increased, and the exertion that at first tired either, becomes only pleasurable. Before starting on a journey see that every nut is in its place, that every joint and bearing is well lubricated, and that the whole machine is clean and nice, with the lamp or lamps in position, and the bell in good working order.

If going on a journey, take some refreshment in

your bag or basket—biscuit, eating-chocolate, and cold tea with plenty of milk are the best; and as at the terminus of your ride, where probably you mean to dine, you may find your merino under-clothing damp or wet from perspiration, have a change in your bag, so that you may avoid catching cold.

The tricycle is a very safe machine, and with ordinary caution an accident need never happen. One should never ride too closely behind a dog-cart or carriage; he should always keep to his own side, being carefully obedient to the rules of the road; he should never race round a corner, nor turn a corner at too acute an angle, and although it is very pleasant to fly down hill, it should not be forgotten that it is often dangerous.

Special care and caution are required when speeding through towns, for there are special dangers there—crowded thoroughfares, trams and tramways, and last, though not least, awkward gratings in the streets.

Never spare your bell, keep a hand on the break when needful, and light lamps before dusk.

Neither extreme youth nor advancing age would seem to be any bar against the enjoyment of tricycle-riding. In America children positively ride before they can well walk, and in our own country it is by no means unusual to find men between sixty and seventy, who can do from thirty to fifty miles a day easily enough on the tricycle. They ride best and with the greatest safety to the health who race not. Seven or eight miles an hour for a young man, or from five to six for one past life's prime, is speed enough.

Tricycles are made to suit any height or strength, and even people who have not the use of the legs can have machines specially made for them.

As to sex, I have only to say that as a means to the enjoyment and acquirement of health, the tricycle is becoming every day more fashionable among ladies. And I am very glad to know that it is so.

For the tricycle, gentlemen ought to dress lightly though warmly. Flannels should be worn, and light, strong, flexible shoes, with soft merino socks. The neck must not be muffled up, and the hat or cap ought to be soft and light, and at the same time not easily blown off. There are dress-guards specially fitted to tricycles for ladies' use, and I am told there are habits adapted for riding; at all events, everything worn should be of a close-fitting nature, with as little loose floating trimmings as possible.

And now, in conclusion, I stand face to face with the questions: (1) What particular classes of persons are likely to derive benefit from tricycle-riding? and (2) who are those that should avoid such exercise?

The name of the first is legion, and includes every one who is strong and supple enough to ride the machine, and who does not possess other and ample means of obtaining heathful and enjoyable exercise in pure air. To shop and office people, to hard-working men of business, but more particularly to brain-workers, the possession of good tricycles would, if judiciously used, indeed prove a blessing.

Tricycle-riding, if not carried to excess and weariness, relieves brain fatigue and incipient congestion of the liver; it causes the kidneys to act more freely and lightens the whole system; it banishes *ennui* and lowness of spirits, strengthens the whole muscular system, induces a free action of the skin, braces the nerves, and insures a healthful sleep. More I surely need not say.

As an answer to the second question—Who should not attempt tricycle-riding?—I may reply: The very aged and very feeble, and the extra-nervous, those who have a tendency towards apoplexy, or whose lungs or hearts are not strong enough to bear strain. This is a general answer; it is of course impossible to individualise. But I know many men to whom the tricycle seems to have actually brought back health and strength, who from being scarcely able to walk from rheumatic stiffness, or obesity, have become really good riders, and whose very minds have been improved by the pleasant exercise; happiness and contentment with life having taken the place of lethargy and indifference, or utter lowness of spirits.

Just one last word of advice, and like every hint I have given, it is the result of my own experience. You will often come in from a ride contentedly tired and hungry. Do not think of sitting down to table until you have changed your under-clothing, and, after a delightful wash and rub down, quietly and leisurely dressed again.

WILD-FLOWERS FOR HOME DECORATION.

IN these autumn months when all the world makes holiday, while many English people betake themselves to Swiss mountains, and German forests, and old French towns, there is a large number—chiefly composed of those whose families are large in proportion to their purses, or who lack enterprise or strength for foreign travel—who settle down for their autumn holiday in country or sea-side lodgings, or, in the pleasanter Scotch fashion, move the whole family, servants and all, to some farmhouse among the hills, or some old sea-captain's cottage nestling in the breast of a cliff overlooking the ocean, which has been temporarily deserted in their favour by the usual inhabitants.

At such a time the younger members of the family, who are out from morning till night, wet or dry, on the hills or by the shore, care nothing for the interior of the house in which they are supposed to dwell, but which they only use for the purposes of sleeping and eating, and indeed not always for the latter. Their

elders, however, often complain sadly of the bareness and ugliness—what they emphatically call "the lodging-house look"—of the sitting-rooms in which they have to spend a considerable part of their waking hours, and these complaints are forcibly echoed by the younger ones when an unusually stormy day keeps them within-doors.

Can anything be done to make the temporary home more home-like? Some people have undoubtedly a wonderful knack of making a temporary abode pretty and comfortable; they produce from their various packages a few photographs, a few pretty rugs, one or two small folding-chairs (all things which pack flat, and are therefore easily carried), and in their hands such little additions to the furniture, along with judicious concealment of the very ugliest of the objects already in possession, will in an hour or two turn the barest lodging into a cosy home-like nook. Others, again, when away from their usual surroundings, are as helpless and uncomfortable as a snail deprived of his shell, and would as little think of attempting to make a new one.

But why should any of us settle down in the conviction that we must swell the number of these helpless ones? It is wonderful what people can do if they try, and by using the brains and energy they possess, most persons may at least make their rooms fairly pleasant and habitable, though they may not be able to effect the wonderful transformations achieved by their cleverer friends.

This paper only refers to one of the many ways of beautifying an abode—one which is sure to occur to every person who begins to think on the subject; it is, to have plenty of flowers about. When a garden is at hand, nothing can be easier or more delightful than to carry out this plan. But we are thinking now of people who are far from gardens, far even from shops where flowers might be bought. What are they to do? Well, why should they not try what may be done with the wild-flowers which abound on every hill-side and in every hedge?

But another difficulty arises. In the temporary home there is not only a want of suitable flowers, but even if flowers can be found there is nothing to put them in. The house-mother declares that it is quite trouble enough to pack and carry the many objects that are absolutely necessary, without adding flower-glasses. It might be possible to persuade her that it would not be very extravagant to invest in some of those little round glasses—as shown in the illustration—that may be got in London for a shilling the dozen; the box in which the dozen comes packed from the shop would not be such a great addition to the family luggage, and if it was thought too much trouble to take them home again, they would be an inestimable boon to succeeding lodgers. But supposing this is voted impossible, there are many other devices that may be tried.

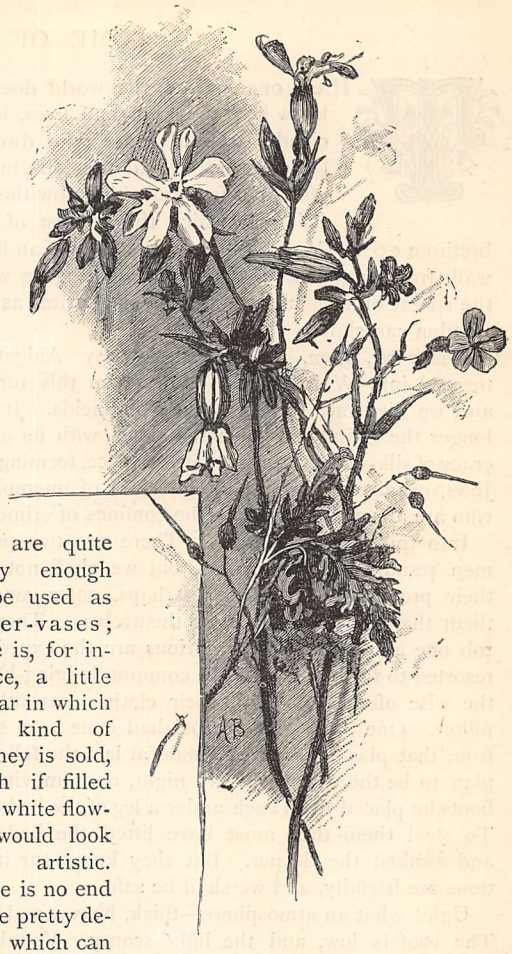
First, take a suggestion for the outer hall. Narrow and shabby though it may be, it is worth while trying to let it give a pleasant first impression to any one entering the house. Take, then, two pails such as are used by all children at the sea-side—rather large ones if possible. If, on some wet day, the boys will nail fir-cones all over them, or the girls adorn them with the black varnish and gold paint that can now be got so cheaply, so much the better. Then put inside each pail a large jelly-can, and fill up all interstices with moss, of which a little should hang over the edge of the pail. These can be filled with a regular succession of flowers—branches of hawthorn, if you are lucky enough to be in the country so early, then of wild roses, then may come the ferns and fox-gloves, or irises. These, as autumn advances, may be replaced by a handful of oats, a bunch of heather, or of rowans, or hips and haws, always keeping the background of ferns.

Now we come to the sitting-rooms; and first of all, can anything be done with the fire-places? Probably you have already removed the waterfall of muslin or cut-paper ornamented with spangles and paper-roses, though in some lodging-houses even that might be a rash act. But we will suppose you have an amiable landlady, or still better, that you have taken the whole house for a month or two. In this case a good deal

may be done. One of the easiest plans, for the dining-room or any room not much used, is simply to fill the fireplace with fir-cones, which quite take away the uncomfortable bare effect of an empty grate. But for the drawing-room of the little house we must try to have something prettier. A good plan is to put in the grate a bowl (the commonest kind will do, as it is not to be seen) filled with water, and then conceal it and the bars with moss. Into this bowl you can put tall ferns, which will fill up the back of the fireplace and look deliciously cool in hot weather, and will keep fresh for nearly a week. If this is not thought bright enough, any of the tall flowers already recommended for the decoration of the hall may be put in front of the ferns. Sprays of ivy may be used instead of moss to cover the bars of the grate, and a fern in a pot may be substituted for the bowl: this last is an easier plan, as the fern does not require to be changed, but it is difficult to find a growing fern sufficiently tall to cover all the back of the fireplace.

Now to come to the flowers disposed about the room. It is for these, and especially for the dinner-table, that the little penny glasses, if they have been brought, will be so useful; but if they are not to be had, substitutes may be found.

Every one has tried a soup-plate filled, at the sea-side, with sand, and inland, with moss, into which flowers are stuck. And the soup-plate is not at all bad if skilfully treated, though perhaps a saucer is better, or two saucers instead of the one big plate, or even four saucers if they are small enough, arranged in a diamond shape on the dinner-table. A great deal may be done with baskets, of which every household must have one or two, or they may be bought for a few pence at the village shop. A small bowl or cup, or any dish that will fit, must be placed inside the basket to hold the water, and the flowers arranged in a natural careless way, so as to produce as much as possible the effect of having been put in the basket to be carried. There are many little jars of various shapes in which different articles of food are sold,



that are quite pretty enough to be used as flower-vases; there is, for instance, a little red jar in which one kind of chutney is sold, which if filled with white flowers would look quite artistic. There is no end to the pretty devices which can be invented by any one with an eye and "with brains," only let every one avoid the standing resource of all idealess people—the ordinary tumbler and wine-glass, in which it is quite impossible to make flowers look well.

As for the flowers themselves, the main rules are, as has already been said, to avoid mixtures, to choose only one or two kinds of flowers at a time, and to let these be flowers which have some decided and striking characteristic either of form or colour, or both, avoiding those which, though exquisitely lovely when looked into closely, produce no effect at all at the distance of a few feet.

To the flowers already mentioned may be added as examples of what is meant: the scarlet poppy, the yellow marigold, the blue corn-cockle, the sulphur-coloured toad-flax. No wild-flowers are better suited for decorative purposes than daffodils, but they, as well as primroses, cowslips, and snowdrops, bloom too early in the year to come within the scope of this paper. Most of the flowers we have mentioned are beautifully pictured and described in Mr. F. E. Hulme's "Familiar Wild Flowers" (particulars of which may be had of the publishers of this Magazine), and as the plates are coloured, the reader is greatly aided both in search and in identification.

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBOURS.

THAT one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, is decidedly true of those who dwell in large towns. Of all London's inhabitants, but few probably know the condition in which the poorest of their brethren exist. Come with me. A quarter of an hour's walk from the Bank of England will bring us within the sphere of as much want, misery, and crime as even London can show.

Eastward, then, we go, until busy Aldgate is merged into Whitechapel. Now down this turning, and we dive into the streets of Spitalfields. It is no longer the Spitalfields of olden times, with its aristocracy of silk-weavers, but a changed place, teeming with Jews, criminals, and that large class of unemployed who are always hovering on the confines of crime.

Into this street with me. There are two policemen standing at the corner, but we shall not need their protection. We are, perhaps, safer amongst them than if we were one of themselves. They will rob one another, and very curious are the expedients resorted to for protection. In common lodging-houses the wise often sleep with their clothes beneath the pillow. One man, whose boots had once been stolen from that place of security, found at last the following plan to be the safest. Every night, on removing his boots,he placed them each under a leg of the bedstead. To steal them they must have lifted the bedstead, and awaked the sleeper. But they know our intentions are friendly, and we shall be safe.

Ugh! what an atmosphere—thick, heavy, and hot! The roof is low, and the light scanty. Ventilation seems to be out of the question. Presently our lungs grow accustomed to the stifling vapour, and our eyes to the semi-darkness. We descry at one end of the kitchen an enormous fire. Before it some scraps of meat are toasting, jealously guarded by their hungry owners. An old woman crouches on the ground at one side, eyeing the food with wolfish looks, and spreading her skinny hands towards the generous heat. It is a cold afternoon, and the place is well filled. Men are here of all ages, lean and hungry-looking, with pale, colourless faces, and dim eyes which have a look about them altogether different from that of an honest, prosperous man. Some crowd curiously around the strangers, as though they were visitors from another world. Others sullenly turn their backs. This is a house for men and their families only, so we are spared the sight of the younger women.

Whence do these young men come? Some were born to this life; others have brought themselves to it. A certain proportion are sure to have fallen from higher stations. Broken-down clergymen, solicitors whose names have long since been struck off the rolls, bankers' and other clerks are seen with more or less frequency. The lodger yonder, whose clothes are still arranged with an air of better times, was until recently a merchant of good credit. Not far from him sits a man who, only a few years ago, was a clerk in Lombard Street receiving £400 per annum. Last winter he was glad to beg sixpence for the purchase of a broom when an eligible crossing fell vacant.

Imposture? Yes, that is frequent enough. For originality of conception and boldness of execution their plans are sometimes most striking. The case of Simon P. is one in point. A well-dressed young foreigner of good manners, giving that name, applied to an institution for such an allowance as would enable him to pursue theological studies, with a view either to ordination or service as a Scripture reader. Could he give references? Most certainly. The Rev. —— of ——, with whom he had once spent six months, knew him well. Pending inquiries might he have a small loan? With some regret the official explained that this was impossible. The applicant then respectfully bade him "good morning" and withdrew. The references were written to. The clergyman replied that the story of Simon P. having stayed with him was quite true, as he was chaplain to the county gaol, and Simon P. had undergone six months' incarceration there. Simon P. never returned to ascertain the result of these inquiries.

William M. was a young man of like ambitious projects. To be accepted by the London City Mission was the object of his desires. In the meantime assistance was urgently needed. He, too, could procure an excellent character, for he was well known in two cities. In one a subscription had been made to set him up as a book-hawker. Illness (he came from the infirmary) had brought him to his present state. The references were written to, and in due course replied. The clergyman in the North said that William M. was indeed known to him, but only as a professional beggar. He knew nothing of any subscription having been set afoot for him. It was, however, true that he had obtained possession of a collecting card for a charitable society, had gathered a good sum of money, and decamped with it. The other references replied that they knew only too much of William M., and would be heartily glad to hear no more of him.

But of course all cases are not so disappointing. Many a man has been raised by judicious help from such places, and in time has recovered his former position.

But enough of lodging-houses. You would like to see how they live who can boast a furnished room. This way, then. A still narrower street. A filthy doorway, in which a group of ragged children are huddled together. The stairs are little better than a ladder, and there is no light. We stumble up three flights, and arrive at the garret.

"Come in," cries a feeble voice, in answer to our knock. We stoop, and enter something like a shed. It is the attic, and in the middle we can just stand upright. On either side the roof slopes to meet the floor. The occupants are a man and wife

crouching over a scanty fire of chips. A lad stands between them, and a young child, covered with an ancient patchwork quilt, lies upon an apology for a bedstead. This bedstead, a broken chair, and an upturned basket complete the furniture of the room.

At our entrance Smith and his wife rise. The latter dusts with the skirt of her dress the damaged chair and basket. Upon these we are hospitably invited to sit. But, distrusting our ability to balance ourselves thereon, we prefer to stand.

"No work again, Smith?"

No, Smith has not had anything "regular" since the weaving became so bad. How do they live? Well, sometimes Smith gets a shilling at the Docks or in the market. Joe, the lad, brings in a little by selling matches in the City. Now and then the wife does some "cleaning." "But it's mostly bad times."

And so it seems. All are clearly enough in the first stage of fever. We leave them happier a good deal for our visit.

A larger room in another street. There is more furniture in the room, and a clean blind to the window —a somewhat patched and mended one, but still a blind. Mrs. Lagg is in, and, whilst we talk, industriously stitches away at a pair of trousers.

Yes, Lagg had been a weaver in old times. Now he did anything, which meant that on three weeks out of four he did nothing. He was at home now, nursing the last baby. Mrs. Lagg, you see, is a needlewoman, and works for a wholesale clothier. By working all through one night in the week she manages to keep the family head above water. Brave little woman! Struggling against continual ill-health, she toils on, the bread-winner of the family. But we must leave her.

A smaller room, but still a tidy one. A young girl is dusting it as we enter.

The husband out? Yes, he was gone to the hospital, and the lad from up-stairs had gone to lead him. These young people, aged respectively twenty and nineteen, had been married some three months when the husband went blind. The doctors give but little hope of his sight returning, and the wife knows no trade. The workhouse in prospect at twenty years of age! Can nothing be done to prevent the marriages of mere children? The Registers of numberless parishes prove that lads and lasses, still in their teens, are too much given to entering on wedded life. The husband belongs to no club, and the wages barely meet each week's expenses. When sickness comes, or work is slack, they must live on private charity or "go into the house." The subject notoriously calls for attention.

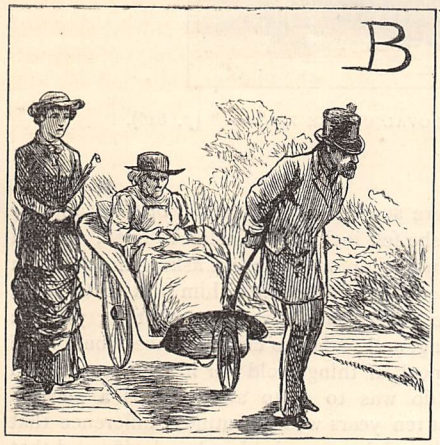
There are many other cases at hand, but time presses, and we must separate.

A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.



BY the end of May the party at Stanwick had dispersed again—Fred Carey had recovered strength, and gone to Yorkshire, where his presence was needed in order to re-arrange the mismanaged estate, which had been long neglected from the incapacity of one brother and the idleness of the other. George Leighton had returned to London, whither Claudia also had gone to stay with relations for the rest of the season. That Agnes should remain at Stanwick with Mrs. Leighton was an arrangement equally convenient to her and to every one concerned. If she found her life a little dull, and Mrs. Leighton's endless talk of unknown people a little wearisome, she would not have confessed it; and, indeed, the comfort and good taste of the well-ordered house, the beauty of her surroundings, and the charm of Mrs. Leighton's ease and refinement were advantages so great that she was more than contented, and almost persuaded herself that she could wish to live for ever in this quiet world of beauty, where pleasure and pain seemed alike forbidden to enter.

But before midsummer a change came. Fred Carey wrote to ask his aunt to spend a month with them at Careysford, and bring Miss Baring; and Mrs. Leighton, without hesitation, decided to go. Agnes was delighted. It had been pleasant enough to make acquaintance with all the beauties of Stanwick inside and out, but Careysford was far grander, and the very journey was a pleasure to one who had seen so little; and as Fred had sent her a kind message, saying that he looked forward to her helping him again as she had done at Stanwick, she had no fear of being in the way.

She felt an additional interest in Careysford from the hope she secretly indulged that it might one day be Claudia's home. Fred in good health, and heir to this fine estate, was a very different person from the invalid with no prospects whatever, who had scrupulously refrained from hinting at his wishes; and though she knew that Claudia would be little influenced by riches, the case was now entirely different, and without presumption Fred might now put forward a claim.

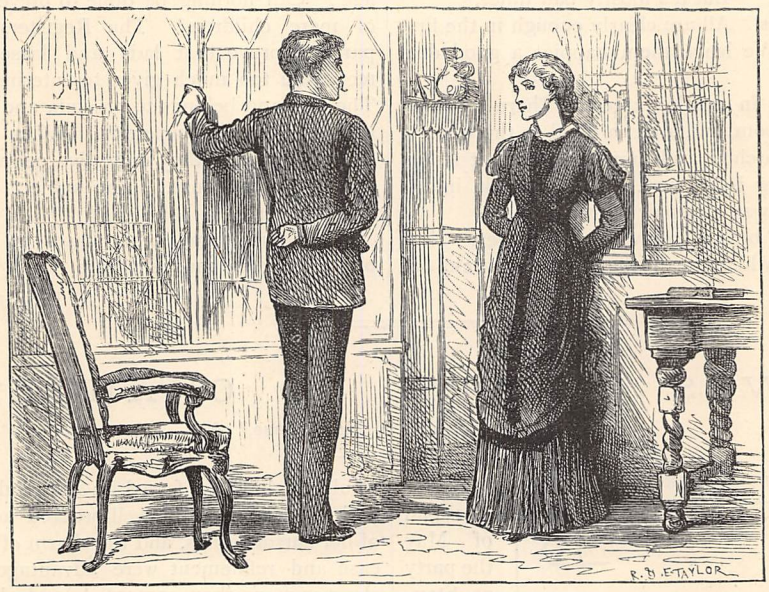
Careysford looked beautiful in the bright summer weather which followed their arrival, and Fred was proud to display it to his aunt and Agnes. Sir Gerald's health had been declining for many months, and his wife, who was at all times nearly a nonentity, was only too glad to leave everything to her brother-in-law, who showed her the kindest consideration, and never allowed the fact to be apparent that he was master in everything but name.

There was a great deal of business to be got through, and Agnes often spent the morning in the library, copying and sorting papers, and trying to reduce the contents of desks and drawers to order; but in the afternoons Fred took her for long rambles in the park, or drove her to see some of the sights of the neighbourhood, and there was no lack of interesting conversation between them, for every subject seemed to begin and end with Claudia; and as Fred quickly discovered that Agnes had guessed his secret, he talked to her without reserve.

Sometimes her occupation was varied by walking beside Sir Gerald's invalid chair. He had taken a fancy to her gentle manners and pleasant voice, and was never tired of listening to her admiration of his beautiful gardens, and her descriptions of the pleasure she felt in enjoying such things for the first time.

Mrs. Leighton and Lady Carey felt no uneasiness in leaving Agnes and Fred so much together. They too knew of his love for Claudia, and greatly desired that she should become his wife. As Fred was almost certain of a seat in Parliament the next spring, she would be provided with a due mixture of town and country life, and they decided for her that the position was exactly that which was best suited to her.

Mrs. Leighton's visit, which was to have been for a month, extended to two, and every one was pleased that it should be so. Claudia was visiting amongst her friends, and did not intend to return to Stanwick till the end of August; and Agnes would have been altogether contented with the state of affairs if her sympathy with Fred had not made her painfully alive to the fact that there was a certain Lord Edenbridge, who was mentioned very often in Claudia's letters, and who seemed to follow her wherever she went. At first Agnes had thought little of it, for this new friend was described as rich and philanthropic, and at least fifty; but when Claudia, as if by accident, asked her opinion on the subject of difference of age in marriage, her eyes were suddenly and painfully opened, and for a moment she felt inclined to hasten to Fred, and tell him not to waste a moment before asking the question which was so important both to him and to Claudia. But a little reflection showed her that as yet she knew nothing, and under no circumstances could have a right to speak of things told her in confidence. All she *could* do was to write and express a decided opinion that ten years was the utmost difference that could be allowed between husband and wife, and that even that was too much, and then diverge into such warm praises of Fred, his talents and goodness, that she thought no woman's heart could withstand such excellence. But she was afraid that her eloquence had not the effect she desired, for it only made Claudia silent on the chief subjects of interest; but for awhile Agnes had not much time to give to her friend, for George Leighton appeared unexpectedly at Careysford, knocked up by hot weather and the fatigues of society, and exacted attention from every one.



"'I AM SURE MY AUNT WOULD BE FLATTERED AT YOUR APPROVAL OF HER FRIEND'" (*p.* 616).

He had not been in the house many hours before he confided to Agnes that he too had suspicions about Claudia and Lord Edenbridge—"a sort of mummy of a fellow, swallowed up in love for his fellow-creatures, but not at all to be despised, mind you, for he had a good sound head on his shoulders, and seldom allowed himself to be imposed upon; and it was only when one thought of his aspiring to Claudia that he seemed ridiculous."

"No doubt you know what I hoped for once, Miss Baring," he said one day, when they were talking together; "but I declare now I could give her up with scarcely a pang to any man I thought worthy of her, but not to that monomaniac! Perhaps it is the contrast to my idleness and worthlessness which charms her, after all."

"I know all about that too," said Agnes, smiling.

"And what do you think about it? Do you look upon me as a contemptible idiot, as she does?" asked George eagerly.

"Not at all. I don't think those epithets well chosen."

"Supply me with others, then, if you will. It will be a relief to see myself in a new light."

"I don't think I could deny you the possession of brains: there is no appearance of idiotcy," began Agnes, laughing; then she suddenly remembered herself, and blushing deeply, she went on, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Leighton; I am afraid I forgot myself. I have no business to talk to you like this."

"Don't say that, Miss Baring, or I shall think I have offended you," said George earnestly. "I am only too glad to find some one who will let me talk about my miserable self. I dare say you think Claudia's views right, and I have no doubt they are, but I believe I am too old now to put myself to school and learn usefulness. I am fond of the good things of the world, and find it all pleasant enough on the whole, but I don't know what a life like mine will be worth to look back upon."

"But you have time yet. There may be years of good work before you," said Agnes gently.

"Then you don't think I am beyond redemption?"

"No, indeed! But I think, Mr. Leighton, I am getting rather beyond my depth—my place, at any rate;" and taking up her book, Agnes moved quietly away, unconscious that George's eyes followed her with pleasure and admiration. And so the happy summer days slipped by; and late in August, Mrs. Leighton and Agnes returned to Stanwick.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WHEN Claudia left the retirement of Stanwick, and went amongst her friends again, she felt at first as if she had lost her liking for society. Thrown back during her blindness on the resources of her own thoughts and previous reading, it was naturally the gravest and most important things which forced themselves upon her attention, and she had learned to care less and less for amusement, and to wish more earnestly for opportunities of being of use in the world.

Her acquaintances were, of course, quick to remark a change which made her less agreeable than formerly, and felt checked in the warmth of welcome they had intended to give her on her recovery, but she scarcely seemed to notice it; and the first person who interested her and attracted her particular attention was Lord Edenbridge, whose philanthropy and eccentricity made him an object of universal remark, and almost of dislike, from those who could not perceive the nobility which lay beneath an unattractive exterior. His early life had been spent in dreams of reform and benevolence, which he had never expected to be able to carry out; but at fifty he had suddenly succeeded to property and title through the death of a relative, and not wishing to confine his intended benefits to any one class, he had taken his proper place in society, believing that there he would find as many opportunities of doing good as amongst his humbler brethren.

Early in life he had wished to marry, and had been disappointed, and until he met Claudia he had not imagined it possible to find a wife whose ideas would coincide with his own. But after a few days' acquaintance with her, he began to look upon the matter in a different light. Here was a woman, young, handsome, and clever, whose tastes and opinions he could approve, whose ideas of duty led her to the same ends he set before himself, and who, if he could win her, would bring into his life a joy and beauty which until now he had never dreamed of seeking. True, the difference in their ages might at first make the idea seem preposterous; but she was grave and dignified, and her seriousness seemed so entirely part of herself, not the effect of any passing care or distaste, that the difference did not in their case seem so great as to amount to a prohibition. Carefully, and by slow degrees, he managed to suggest the idea to her, and though she was startled at first—for she had hitherto thought him too old to marry—yet on reflection she was pleased and flattered; and when at last he spoke openly, and begged her to take time to consider, and ask the advice of her friends, she felt little doubt of the answer she would finally give him.

She looked upon her love for George Leighton as a thing of the past now, and could think of it almost without regret, and no one else had in any degree taken his place; but it was difficult at first to make up her mind to settle down to this newly-offered and undoubtedly prosaic life, knowing that henceforward, if she would be in sympathy with her husband, all thought of self must be cast behind her.

Lord Edenbridge had begged her to consult her friends, but she felt little inclination to do so. The only person whose opinion she would really value was Fred Carey; he, she thought, would not be prejudiced or unduly anxious: he would appreciate her motives and judge of her strength; and to him she determined to write for advice.

Meanwhile, Fred had been working hard to get business settled and everything in order before he asked Claudia to marry him. There was a great deal to be done to the house before it would be fit to receive

a new mistress, and that position Fred's wife would occupy from the first, by Lady Carey's express desire, and he knew that if Claudia refused him he should scarcely have the heart to begin even necessary improvements. So for a few weeks workmen were busy all over the house. Every taste and fancy of Claudia's that he could remember was carried out: two or three rooms were altered especially for her; and though he knew that he had little reason to feel sure that she would accept him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of doing all this for her sake. At last, when everything had got forward, and he thought the right time had come, he sat down one night and wrote to her.

He went back a long way into the past, for he could scarcely remember the time when he had not loved her, and told her how unvarying that love had been. He spoke of his difficult post as adviser when she was engaged to George, of his hopelessness while he was poor and ill, and of his joy when, as heir to Careysford, he felt that he had now something to offer her. He told her of the pleasure he had taken in making his home beautiful for her sake, and showed her how much it would be in her power to do as its mistress; he promised to help her in every good and useful scheme she wished to undertake; and his letter ended by telling her all over again how much he loved her, how long his waiting had seemed, and how poor and worthless his wealth and prospects would be unless she would share them with him. Then closing his letter, he went to bed hopeful and happy.

The first thing he saw on the breakfast-table the next morning was a letter from Claudia, which he put in his pocket to enjoy quietly, expecting the usual pleasant record of her thoughts and doings, but nothing which need alter a word that he had written the night before; but after breakfast, sitting in his study, he opened it, and the first few words awoke him from his dream.

"DEAR FRED,

"This is far from being the first time that I have come to you for help, and I often think no brother could have been so kind. I want to consult you now about something which it is difficult to explain even to you, but there is no one whose opinion I value so much. You know how I have always wished to be of some use in the world, and not to be a mere pleasure-seeker, and how strongly I have felt that I could never marry any one who was not even more in earnest than I am. I fancied it would be a long time before I met with the right man, for I am afraid I have not too good an opinion of my fellow-creatures; but I believe I *have* found him now, only I want you to confirm my judgment.

"I think you do not know the new Lord Edenbridge, who has only lately succeeded to the title and property, and dawned upon the world as a philanthropist and—it must be confessed—an oddity. Well, Fred, he wants to marry me, but as he is five-and-twenty years at least older than I am, I am a little doubtful about it; and yet I am ashamed of doubting, for of all men in the world he is the one whose opinions I most respect and admire. Every good aim I have ever had would be strengthened by his approval and example. If I let him go, I believe I shall repent it all my life; and yet—and yet—I am young, and I believe I may want something more. Write to me, and try to give me some of your wisdom. Look further into the future for me than I can for myself; show me that the sympathy we can feel with each other in all the noblest ends of life is worth more than the beautiful romance which I have had, and believe now I can put behind me for ever. I think you will understand me, though it is so hard to express what I mean, and you have never failed me in a difficulty yet.

"Write soon, dear Fred.

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"CLAUDIA FANSHAWE."

Fred read the letter through, and then leant his head down on the table. "My dream is over!" he murmured to himself, and for a long while he did not move; but by-and-by people came on business, and he roused himself to attend to them, but first he took the letter he had written to Claudia, and locked it in a drawer in his writing-table. He went about and gave orders as usual, but it was as in a dream; and it was late at night when he shut himself in his study, and read Claudia's letter again, and faced it all.

There could be no mistake now: his happiness was gone from him. Well, he had been mad to dream that she could love him, and he was not worse off than if she had refused him, but he almost wished that she had had his letter and known of his faithful love; but for her sake it was better as it was, for she could still come to him as her friend.

It was a hard task she had given, but he ought to be equal to it. He knew her well—better than any one, perhaps—but he was not sure how far a sense of duty and power of doing good would satisfy her, and this life which she proposed for herself must be entirely unselfish. There would be no romance to beautify it, no sympathy, except in doing good, to draw her and her husband together. One in noble aims they might be, but the differences between them were too great to be bridged over, and she might awaken to a life-long repentance. He had two temptations to fight against: one to advise her strongly against this marriage, and so give himself another chance; the other, by an excess of precaution against his own weakness, to say too much in favour of his rival, and influence her against her own happiness.

So the letter he finally sent was lukewarm and disappointing, and Claudia felt that it gave her no help whatever. Fred's wisdom had failed her for the first time; and Lord Edenbridge being on the spot to plead his own cause, she decided somewhat hastily in his favour, and wrote to tell Mrs. Leighton and Agnes of her engagement

Mrs. Leighton was furious. She had been slighted and kept in the dark; Claudia had treated her with disrespect and ingratitude; she detested all she had heard of Lord Edenbridge and his ideas; and, worst of all, she was disappointed of the desire of her heart that Fred and Claudia should marry. Agnes, being alone with her at Stanwick, came in for a full share of displeasure. She could not conceal the fact that to her the news was not entirely unexpected, and in her first unreasonable moments Mrs. Leighton was ready to accuse her of helping and encouraging Claudia to bring sorrow and disappointment on them all.

But Agnes was patient, and waited for a quieter moment for putting forward the advantages Claudia would gain; and, knowing that opposition would be useless, Mrs. Leighton was glad after awhile to be persuaded into seeing that there was a bright side to the calamity. Rank and wealth were not to be despised, and Claudia was peculiarly well fitted to be the possessor of them. Lord Edenbridge was undoubtedly eccentric, but there was no knowing what

the influence of a young wife might do; and but for poor dear Fred and his sorrow, it might not be such a bad thing after all.

So Mrs. Leighton decided that as the matter *was* settled, and she could not alter it, there should be no quarrel between her and her niece; but she was glad that other relations claimed Claudia for a month or two, and that it was probable that she would not return to Stanwick until just in time to make preparations for her marriage, which was to take place early in January.

Fred's letter of congratulation, when everything was settled, Claudia thought was the kindest she had ever received; but though her eyes filled with tears as she read it, and she thought him the dearest and best friend in the world, she did not guess his secret, and he was glad now that she should remain in ignorance.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THOUGH her property at Stanwick was small, and had been for many years without a master, Mrs. Leighton prided herself on the fact that she had never yet failed to offer good pheasant-shooting to her nephews and their friends in October, and always took care to assemble a pleasant party to meet them. This year the house was full to overflowing. Nearly all her invitations had been accepted, and George Leighton was obliged to make the best he could of walking half a mile every night for his bed to a small farm-house in the neighbourhood.

"I shall look upon you as my right hand in Claudia's absence. I am bewildered with all these people," said Mrs. Leighton to Agnes before the guests arrived.

"And shall you wish me to be with you as usual?" asked Agnes, who had been dreading the visitors, and wondering what her place would be when they came.

"Of course, my dear. Where else should you be?" And Agnes, knowing now what was expected of her, rather enjoyed the idea of her responsibility. Her own good taste suggested a few little differences which she thought ought to be made between her and the ladies staying in the house, but they scarcely interfered with her comfort, while they won for her increased confidence from Mrs. Leighton and consideration from other people.

Since Claudia's engagement, Agnes had only seen George once, and Fred not at all, and she was anxious to judge of the effect it had had upon them. She believed that George had quite got over his disappointment now, but he was vexed at Claudia's choice, and believed she was bringing unhappiness upon herself. He had no sympathy with Lord Edenbridge, and felt for him nothing but dislike, which on the occasion of their meeting he had expressed unsparingly to Agnes. But she knew that with Fred it would be different, and was not surprised to find that no one who had been ignorant of his attachment could have guessed it from his manner. He was not a man to take the world at large into his confidence, and except that he was more grave and silent than usual, even Mrs. Leighton could detect no outside difference.

When George arrived, Agnes decided that it would be impossible to find any one who looked less like a disconsolate lover. He was cheerful and cordial, interested in the pheasants, and ready to join in everything that was going on; and, indeed, in the bottom of his heart he felt Claudia's engagement a relief. Now and then during the last two years he had been seized by a quickly passing, but uncomfortable, impulse to shake off his idleness, and now that Claudia was beyond his reach he was glad to think that he would not be so troubled again; and he came to Stanwick determined to enjoy himself, and make the most of the welcome given him by Agnes's bright looks and evident pleasure at seeing him again.

It was one of Agnes's pleasant tasks to provide the house every morning with fresh fruit and flowers. Grapes and peaches, early pears and late roses, Mrs. Leighton considered indispensable to her breakfast-table, and Agnes delighted in gathering and arranging them every day before the visitors came down. It scarcely surprised her that George remembered her habits, and was waiting for her in the garden on the second morning: he had done so before in some of his former visits; but she had wondered whether he would be quite the same when other visitors were in the house. A stroll in the cool morning air was very pleasant, and George had a great deal to talk about. This companionship was new and charming to her, and she gave herself up to it without a thought; it was the best part of her day, and made up for everything, and she went in to breakfast each morning with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, which earned for her well-deserved admiration from every one, although by some it was grudgingly given.

Agnes found her time fully occupied. Mrs. Leighton had announced that if anybody wanted anything they were to go to Miss Baring for it, and something seemed to be wanted from morning to night. Agnes fancied that people were less scrupulous about giving her trouble than they would have been if she was a daughter of the house; but they were pleasant and friendly, and she wondered, and was grateful that her position should be made so easy.

Amongst the visitors in the house was a Miss Hilton, who had gone to Stanwick fully expecting to be the belle of the party, as she had been the previous year, but, to her great disgust, was obliged to acknowledge to herself that her fair prettiness and pink cheeks would not bear comparison with Agnes's darker beauty. Miss Hilton was also annoyed by the indifference of George's manner. They had seen a good deal of each other in town during the season, and she thought he had shown her considerable attention, and had come to Stanwick with the expectation that two or three weeks spent together in the country would bring him to her feet. But, to her annoyance, she found that not only was the pleasure of her society insufficient to keep him at home during the day, but that even in the evening he seemed to have no inclination for renewing the flirtation, which in her case had gone just a very little deeper. He was undeniably the handsomest and most agree-

able man in the house: it was vexatious that she could not look upon him as her own property; and, her sight being quickened by this wound to her vanity, it was not long before she perceived that, whatever other demands George might have upon his time, he always found a few minutes to devote to Miss Baring, and that when with her his manner changed from its usual carelessness into interest and attention, which Miss Hilton thought must be in the highest degree pleasant and flattering; and she felt she could never be satisfied until she had transferred this delightful earnestness from Miss Baring to herself.

A wet day, which kept even sportsmen at home, gave Miss Hilton a good opportunity for trying to regain her lost influence, and that she might not lose a moment of the precious time, she asked George after breakfast to go with her to the library and get her some books from the highest shelves beyond her reach; and when she had once got him alone, he must be very much changed if she could not keep him interested and amused as long as she chose. She had one or two little scores of annoyance, though, to pay off before she could quite forgive him, so with a double purpose she began—

"What nice manners Mrs. Leighton's companion has! Don't you think so? One really forgets sometimes that she is not a lady."

"I am sure my aunt would be flattered at your approval of her friend," answered George. "But she and I both consider that Miss Baring *is* a lady."

"Really? I thought she was a farmer's daughter; some one told me, I'm sure."

"You are quite right: her father *is* a farmer, but she has been educated like a lady, and is one in every way."

"But seriously now, Mr. Leighton, do you think that a person from that station of life can ever be quite like one of us?"

"Not in the least like you, without doubt," said George, with a little bow that made Miss Hilton feel uncomfortable; "but a lady nevertheless, and fit to take her place in any society."

"Dear me! she has a warm champion, at any rate," said Miss Hilton, with a giggle. "But though you take her part so kindly, do you not find *something* wanting in her?"

"A great many things I find wanting to make her a fine lady, but not a real one," answered George warmly; then, as if he thought he had said too much, he took up a pile of books, and said he would carry them to the drawing-room to be examined at her leisure.

Miss Hilton was anything but satisfied, and thought Mr. Leighton disagreeable: "quite altered from what he used to be;" and when, as he was leaving the drawing-room again, he stopped to speak to Agnes, who sat a little apart, and they fell into an evidently interesting discussion, she could not resist a desire to interrupt them, or at least hear what they were talking about, and crossed the room for that purpose.

"May I inquire the subject of this earnest debate, Miss Baring?" she said, with what George thought was insufferable impertinence. "Is it for the good of the public? or am I interrupting?"

"Oh, no; we were thinking of asking for your help," said Agnes coolly; she had detected the slight in Miss Hilton's tone. "Mrs. Leighton wants us to get up some *tableaux*, and we were discussing the rival advantages of a scene from Shakespeare or something original."

This was a scheme after Miss Hilton's own heart. She was good at *tableaux*, and liked the opportunity for displaying her talents, and was only vexed that Mrs. Leighton had not consulted her in the first place.

"Oh! if Mrs. Leighton is thinking of that, she must leave it all to me. You know," she went on, turning to George, "I am considered an authority on these matters. I will go and ask Mrs. Leighton if she would like me to manage it all, and then I will see what helpers I can get."

"I am sure Miss Baring will be glad to be saved the trouble: she has so many things on her hands," he answered, determined to uphold Agnes's dignity, and forgetting that it might be disagreeable to her to be taken out of the position in which her own good taste had placed her.

Miss Hilton deigned no reply, and soon forgot her vexations in her importance as head manager and highest authority. She found plenty of helpers, and showed good sense in attempting nothing but easy scenes. Agnes was asked to take a small part, but by Mrs. Leighton's advice—which agreed with her own wishes—she refused; and though a good deal of the trouble of preparation fell upon her, George was so kind and helpful, even sparing time from his shooting to do things for her, that she was sorry when it was all over, and her work and his help came to an end together.

Every hour which she could spare from her visitors Mrs. Leighton gave to her nephew, Fred Carey. Although to people in general he appeared much as usual, his aunt and Agnes knew what an effort it cost him to take his share in what was going on. In Mrs. Leighton's society only he seemed to find comfort. To her he could talk of the difficulties which his brother's increasing helplessness brought upon him, and his longing to get rid of wealth and responsibility together; and though Claudia's name was seldom mentioned between them, he was sure of her silent sympathy, and knew how well she understood that the work which he had welcomed in the thought of Claudia's sharing it had now become a burden. But he would not give up one thing which had before seemed good to him, because he had been unhappy in his love, and he hoped and intended that the true friendship which had always existed between them should suffer no change from her change of life.

With Agnes he was constrained and uncomfortable, though he did his best to get over it; but he had talked to her so openly of his love, and she was so mixed up with that happy time of hope, that as yet he could not force himself to talk to her on indifferent subjects, and the one constantly in his thoughts he was resolved should not pass his lips.

So it happened that he had few opportunities of observing, as he would otherwise have done, the rapid

"'I COULD NOT HELP IT, INDEED I COULD NOT!'" (*p.* 619).

growth of intimacy between her and George; and as the other inmates of the house were equally blind or occupied with their own concerns, it was only Miss Hilton who noticed it.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

ONE set of visitors had succeeded another at Stanwick, until at last there were none left of the original party but Mrs. Leighton's two nephews, Mrs. Hilton, who was detained there by illness, and her daughter, who, of course, stayed to take care of her.

"What shall I do when they are all gone?" thought Agnes, not acknowledging to herself that "all" really meant one to her, and that to the others she was nearly indifferent. These three weeks had been the happiest of her life, and had made an impression on her which could never pass away.

So, unchecked and unnoticed, the intimacy grew between George and Agnes, neither of them thinking or daring to realise where it might lead them, until the last few days of George's visit came, and the difficulties Miss Hilton tried to put in their way defeated her purposes, and brought them nearer together.

George came in to breakfast one morning in a bad temper. He had been wandering in every part of the garden for an hour without finding Agnes, who, unless it was wet, had never before failed to be there, and it was not until the rest of the party were seated at the table that she appeared.

"You have forgotten our flowers this morning, Agnes dear," said Mrs. Leighton. "Did you sleep too late?"

"No," answered Agnes, blushing, "but I thought you would excuse me until after breakfast to-day."

George looked at her, but she took no notice of him, and glancing at Miss Hilton, he detected a satisfied little smile on her face, as if she knew why Agnes had neglected her usual duty.

Either by accident or design, Agnes was nowhere to be found before the gentlemen started on a distant shooting expedition, which ended with dinner at a friend's house, and made them so late in returning that they found all the ladies had gone to bed. George had been brooding all day over the disappointment of the morning, and had persuaded himself that Agnes had purposely avoided him; he had been sulky during the long drive home, and the empty drawing-room was a finishing stroke of aggravation; so being in no mood for society, he started at once for his lodging, saying, by way of good night, "What you fellows could find in that old fool to keep you at his house all night I can't imagine!" Then he went out, with a hearty slam of the front door behind him, which woke half a dozen people and relieved him infinitely.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself as he walked along. "I must be pretty far gone to be put out by such trifles. I suppose I have put my foot in it again; and no wonder! for she does shine amongst those stupid fine ladies without an idea in their heads. Well, what's to be the end of it I don't know."

The next morning he was disappointed again. Agnes was nowhere to be seen, but a gardener was cutting a basket of flowers, which he said he had orders from Miss Baring to get for her.

"What is up, I wonder?" he thought. "She has some reason for not coming: it can't be a mere whim. I will certainly find out all about it as soon as breakfast is over."

He had recovered his temper now, and no longer blamed Agnes; and though it was dull work sauntering about by himself, he felt so confident of a satisfactory explanation, and an assurance that she also had been disappointed, that he went in to breakfast in tolerably good humour. Agnes was coming down-stairs as he passed through the hall, and he went eagerly to meet her.

"Why haven't you been in the garden the last two mornings?" he asked, holding her hand while he spoke.

"I couldn't help it," she answered, blushing, and not meeting his eyes. "Oh, here is Miss Hilton!" and hastily drawing away her hand, she hurried into the breakfast-room.

The shooting was over now, and the gentlemen were about the house the whole day, but it was in vain that George tried to get a moment alone with Agnes. She steadily avoided him—so steadily that at last he felt sure that she wished him to understand that it was from necessity, and not caprice.

Two days before, Miss Hilton having by some accident got up earlier than usual, had gone down to the drawing-room for half an hour before breakfast. The windows of the room looked out on the garden, and the first thing she saw was George carrying a basket and talking to Agnes as they sauntered among the flower-beds. She saw a little bouquet given and received, which reminded her that his coat was adorned in the same manner every morning, and suggested that the meeting was a custom and not an accident; and she determined to let Miss Baring know that she was found out, and that Mrs. Leighton might be told at any moment that an underhand flirtation was going on between her nephew and her companion.

After breakfast no time was lost in beginning the attack, and Agnes, after listening with tolerable patience to some very impertinent insinuations, at last obliged Miss Hilton to speak plainly.

"Mr. Leighton generally helps me to gather flowers in the mornings," she said quietly, when she understood the charge. "But if his doing so gives offence, it is a habit easily left off; only, of course, I must explain to him that it is you who make the objection."

Miss Hilton was silenced, but her object was gained, for Agnes felt that she could not really say anything to George, and so determined, for a few mornings at any rate, to avoid the garden, thinking, though scarcely expecting, that perhaps he would let it pass over without remark, and resolving to give him no opportunity of asking for an explanation.

But now, after the second morning, she found that instead of letting her go her own way he intended to discover the reason of her avoidance, and wondered how best she could make him understand without speaking openly.

There was to be a large party that evening, as a sort of farewell to the guests, who were to disperse the next day, and for this Agnes dressed herself with particular care, and when she stood before the glass ready to go down-stairs, she could not help feeling that she might be satisfied. A dress of pale amber colour, given by Mrs. Leighton, but chosen by Agnes herself, with crimson flowers in her smooth dark hair, suited her to perfection, and the excitement of the coming explanation with George, which she knew could not now be avoided, brought a colour into her cheeks and a light into her eyes which made her strikingly beautiful; and George's eyes told her what he thought when she appeared. He was determined that the evening should not pass without his getting an explanation from her, and when he found that both he and she were in such constant request that there was no hope of a moment's quiet, he wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to her with some music she wanted.

"Will you speak to me in the greenhouse while the others are at supper?" he had written, and after a moment's hesitation she looked at him, and nodded her answer. When the time came she slipped away, and found him waiting for her.

"Why have you avoided me for the last two days?" he asked at once, taking both her hands. "I must have an answer now."

"I could not help it, indeed I could not!" she answered eagerly.

"So you said before, but why couldn't you?"

"I thought I had better not go out in the garden because——"

"Because what?"

"Because people talked," said Agnes desperately.

"Who talked? It's some of Florence Hilton's meddling, I believe. Promise me you won't mind her or any one else, but come out to-morrow morning."

"Oh, no, I cannot! *Please* let me go; some one is coming."

"Let them come. You shall not go until you promise. You know what I want to say to you, Agnes."

There were footsteps coming near, and she had no choice. "Yes, I will come," she answered; and as he opened a door and went out into the garden, she turned, and met Miss Hilton and another lady.

"I thought I heard Mr. Leighton's voice; he is wanted," said Miss Jerrold, in obedience to a sign from her companion, who did not choose to speak herself.

"Yes, he was here a moment ago," said Agnes; and not caring to give an opportunity for remarks from Miss Hilton, she hurried away.

George walked slowly across the fields to his lodging. He was not quite sure what he thought or wished, but he knew that he had decided his future now, and no one should turn him from the path he had chosen. Though his lips had never yet confessed his love, his eyes, his tones had said it a hundred times—had said it that night especially so plainly that Agnes's eyes had answered the unspoken words.

Never before had she looked so lovely or seemed so charming to him, yet at the bottom of his heart there was regret. He loved Agnes, and was glad of his love; but she could never be to him what Claudia had been—Claudia who had sent him away as unworthy, but who had hoped to see him climb, with her at his side, to the high place in the world which she had, not unreasonably, expected him to reach. That Agnes had never suggested to him to give up his pleasant idleness, or hinted that she thought he might be better than he was—that she had looked up to his as the master-mind—had been from the first her greatest charms for him. It was sweet and pleasant to think of this wife who would love him, and his idle life, which had begun to be a little wearisome, would gain a new charm from her; but he could not stifle a regret that he had not made a better man of himself, and for awhile the things he had thrown away appeared in his eyes unduly precious.

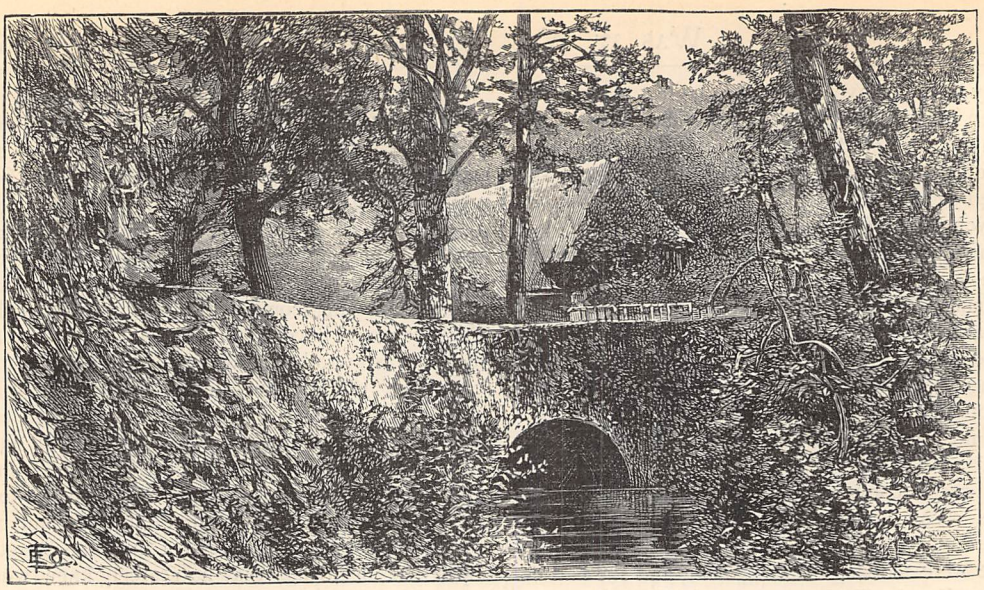
He loved Agnes too much to be daunted by any consideration of her birth and connections. She was a lady, fit to take her place in any society, and she was now so entirely cut off from her relations that, unless they wished it, no one need now remember their existence.

Of course he would meet with opposition from family and friends, but there was an easy way out of that; he would take his wife abroad until the storm had blown over, and when they appeared again he was sure she would be able to make her way in any society they wished to enter. He wondered what Claudia would say, but neither she nor any one should influence him in the matter. With which conclusion, his pipe and walk having come to an end, with a sigh, for which he would have found it difficult to give a reason, he went hastily to bed, and dreamed of Claudia towering above him in the clouds, and Agnes sitting amongst the flowers at his feet, of desperate efforts to stretch a hand out to each, and then of falling, falling through a wilderness of blossoms, which shrank from before him or turned into thorns at his touch; and then he woke, to find that morning had come, and had brought with it such a mixed multitude of hopes and misgivings that he scarcely knew whether he was happy or not.

It was not until the last guests had departed, and the visitors in the house had gone to bed, that Agnes was at liberty to sit down in her own quiet room, and think over what had happened. She would have thought beforehand that an assurance of George's love would have made her completely happy, that there could have been no room for doubt or misgiving; but now, when all uncertainty was at an end, she could scarcely restrain bitter tears of disappointment. For the first time, Claudia's distrust and dismissal of her lover came before her with bitterness. The man who seemed to her the noblest in the world had been rejected by another woman as unworthy, and the prize seemed to lose its value. No doubt Claudia had a right to look for far more than she could expect, but the idea that it was possible that he could be thought wanting was almost more than she could bear. Of the worldly advantages of the marriage, she had at present no thought; her love for George was jealous and absorbing, and it was the fact that she was not his first love, while he most truly was hers, over which she grieved.

Then came the wonder over what he would say if he knew of her former engagement. It was a subject which, of course, had never been mentioned between them, and she doubted if she should ever have courage to tell him, or, indeed, if there was any occasion. She hated the thought of concealment, but she scarcely dared to think in what light her folly and vanity would appear in his eyes. How bitterly she repented it! But it could not be undone now, and she must expect to bear the consequences. Tired and over-excited, the dark side of things prevailed, and she persuaded herself at last that this new love was a folly, which must come to an end almost before it had begun, and that she must prepare herself to tell George bravely that it was all a mistake, that they had both forgotten her proper place, but that it was high time now that they remembered it, and parted. And after this wise resolution she went to bed, and cried herself to sleep.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.



The Lay of the Brooklet.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS. By F. PEEL, B.Mus. Oxon.

Andante grazioso.

PIANO.

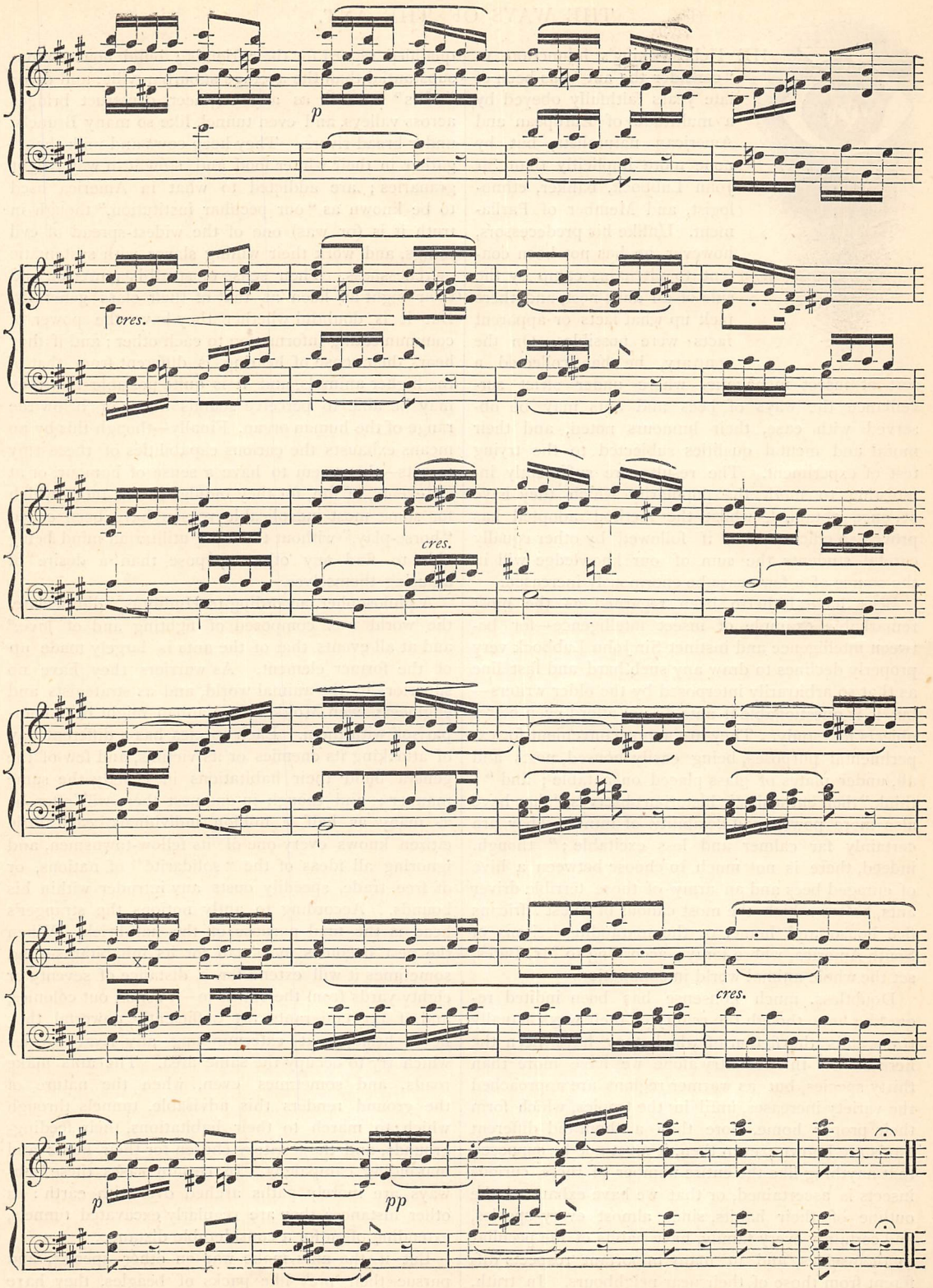
p

cres.

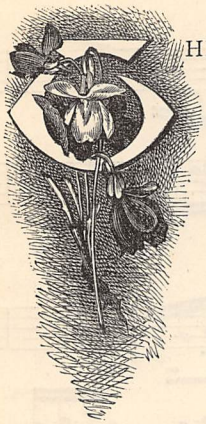
p

cres.

PED.


p
cres.
cres.
cres.
p
pp

THE WAYS OF THE ANT.



THE Hebrew king's injunction to "consider the ant" has been of late years faithfully obeyed by a multitude of European and American naturalists, but by none more implicitly than Sir John Lubbock, banker, ethnologist, and Member of Parliament. Unlike his predecessors, however, he has not been content to pitch his camp by the side of an ant's nest, and there pick up what facts or apparent facts were possible. On the contrary, he has collected a sort of insect menagerie, where under strict surveillance the ways of bees and ants may be observed with ease, their humours noted, and their moral and mental qualities subjected to the trying test of experiment. The results are sufficiently interesting to merit the popularity which they have at once obtained, whilst the method adopted has proved so efficient, that if followed by other equally careful students, the sum of our knowledge will in the course of a few years be enormously increased.

Bees have hitherto been regarded as the most remarkable example of insect intelligence—for between intelligence and instinct Sir John Lubbock very properly declines to draw any such hard and fast line as that so arbitrarily interposed by the older writers—but it is questionable if ants do not afford even better objects for study. They are more convenient for experimental purposes, being easily housed, nests and all, under plates of glass placed on a table; and "I think," their enthusiastic historian observes, "they have also more power and flexibility of mind. They are certainly far calmer and less excitable;" though, indeed, there is not much to choose between a hive of enraged bees and an army of those terrible driver ants, before which the most callous of West Africans flee house and home, or the marauding ecitons of South America, whose forays, according to Mr. Bates, set the whole animal world in commotion.

Doubtless, much nonsense has been indited regarding ants, though the reality of their ways actually transcends the fiction of which they have been the heroes. In this country alone we have more than thirty species, but as warmer regions are approached the variety increases, until in the tropics, which form their proper home, more than a thousand different kinds are known; even then, it must not be supposed that anything like the entire number of these curious insects is ascertained, or that we have exhausted the outline of their habits, since almost every species, and certainly every family, have habits of life peculiar to themselves, and in many important respects different from those of their near neighbours. In truth, they are all painfully human. They work and idle, fight and make love, hate their enemies and show a qualified regard for their friends; build houses more substantial than the average suburban villa, and drive "adits" as well as any engineer, construct bridges across valleys, and even tunnel, like so many Brunels, under broad rivers. They keep cows and milk them; gather in their winter food and stow it in water-tight granaries; are addicted to what in America used to be known as "our peculiar institution," though in truth it is (or was) one of the widest-spread of evil things, and work their willing slaves with systematic mercilessness. Their sense of smell is powerful, and their sight as keen as that of their class generally. But it is doubtful whether they have the power of communicating information to each other; and if they hear, their sense of hearing is different from that of the higher animals, and it is quite possible that they may be able to perceive sounds above or below the range of the human organ. Finally—though this by no means exhausts the curious capabilities of these tiny insects—they seem to have a sense of humour, or at all events, of fun, for they indulge in the antics which for some most inexplicable reason have been called "horse-play," without the most utilitarian mind being able to find any other purpose than a desire of amusing themselves.

A philosopher, according to Hudibras, "did declare, the world was composed of fighting and of love," and at all events that of the ants is largely made up of the former element. As warriors they have no superiors in the animal world, and as strategists and engineers even Moltke and Vauban might bear comparison with them. Each species has a different way of attacking its enemies or its victims, and few of the genera build their habitations in exactly the same manner; and though in one nest there will often be as many as half a million individuals, each little citizen knows every one of its fellow-townsmen, and ignoring all ideas of the "solidarité" of nations, or of free trade, speedily ousts any intruder within his bounds. According to antly notions the stranger's head is the final purpose of the half-brick. When the nest becomes too small for its inhabitants—and sometimes it will extend for a distance of seventy or eighty yards from the entrance—it sends out colonies, and if the emigrants are sufficiently powerful they never hesitate at exterminating any rival species which try to occupy the same area. The ants make roads, and sometimes even, when the nature of the ground renders this advisable, tunnels through which to march to their habitations, their feeding-grounds, and the territory chosen for their hunts and marauding campaigns. In certain cases these subways are merely paths arched over with earth; in other instances they are regularly excavated tunnels, extending often for a considerable distance.

But if the ants make war on other species, and pursue their prey like packs of beagles, they have numerous enemies. If a nest of brown ants, so common in our woods, is disturbed at any time during

the summer, some small flies may probably be seen hovering over it, and every now and then making a dash at some particular ant. These *Phoræ*—as they are named—lay their eggs on the ants, inside which their maggots live. Mites also attack them, and if they do not eventually kill their victims, they inflict on them, during the period of sharing their involuntary hospitality, the most excruciating torture. Morally—if it is allowable to contrast this with mentally—different species of ants, though closely allied to each other, differ widely. For instance: *Formica fusca*, being pre-eminently a slave ant, is extremely timid, as all serfs are, while *Formica cinerea*, which is nearly connected with it, has a considerable dash of audacity. The horse-ant, another species of the same genus, lacks initiative, and always moves in troops. *Formica pratensis* worries its enemies, which *Formica sanguinea* never does. The slave-making ant (*Formica rufescens*) is perhaps the bravest of all. "If a single individual," Sir John Lubbock remarks, "finds herself surrounded by enemies, she never attempts to fly, as any other ant would, but transfixes her opponents one after another, springing right and left with great agility, till at length she succumbs overpowered with numbers." *Myrmecina scabrinodis* is cowardly and thievish; during wars among the larger species, they haunt the battle-fields and devour the dead. So widely do the different genera differ in temperament, that while one may be greedy, another is notoriously phlegmatic.

The traditional industry of ants has not been exaggerated. They work all day, and in warm weather, if need be, all night. Advocates of the eight hours' movement will be shocked to learn that one ant was seen to toil without any intermission, even for food, from six in the morning till a quarter to ten at night, and that it is nothing uncommon for one of these unwearied little labourers to start to work the moment she is freed from imprisonment, as if impatient at the enforced pause in the tasks of her brief life. Sir John Lubbock confined one under a bottle for a week, but the instant the brave little creature was released she picked up a larva, carried it off to the nest, and after half an hour returned for another, until she had finished the duty in which her gaoler had interrupted her.

But, as we have already said, it is not all work and no play with the ants. They have been noticed engaged in "sports," and scenes observed on certain hill-sides can only be characterised as gymnastic exercises. "The ants raised themselves on their hind legs, caressed one another with their antennæ, engaged in mock combats, and almost seemed to be playing hide and seek." In their habits they are cleanly, for they often lick one another, and those which Sir John painted for facility of recognition were gradually divested of their unwonted coloration by the good offices of their friends. Nor are they without aids in their daily life, apart of course from the slaves which so many of them possess. The green-fly, or *aphis*, which is so familiar on hops and roses, is often termed the ant's cow, and with some reason too. The aphides exude a sweet juice, known as honey-dew, on which the ants are fond of feeding. It is indeed an advantage for the aphides to have the sticky substance removed from their bodies. When Linnæus styled the aphis the "ants' cow," he devised a name for it more literally true than might be imagined, for the aphides generally retain the honey-dew until the ants are ready to receive it. Then the ants stroke and caress the aphides with their antennæ, until they emit their sweet "milk." Various species of other insects are utilised in the same way, and only lately Mr. H. Edwards, a tragedian, who amuses himself with entomology, and Mr. Mc Cook, a clergyman, who spends his vacations in the same study, have observed ants licking the caterpillars of an American species of butterfly.

After studying these and other equally startling features of ant life, it is certainly hard to deny them the attribute of reason. On the other hand, the slightest variation in the routine-work of some of the species quite throws them out, and renders perfectly helpless the insects which seemed a second before to work with a sagacity almost human. The way they divide the labour of their lives is very remarkable; so is their foresight in hoarding up supplies of food, and appointing foragers to seek it, and store-keepers to distribute it when required. For long it was doubted whether the royal entomologist of Israel was not indulging in an Oriental figure of speech, when he spoke of the ant storing up grain. But we now know that in various parts of the world there are villages of agricultural ants who follow this prescient practice. Still more astonishing is the fact, for fact it has proved to be, that while some ants prevent their grain from germinating by nipping off the young rootlet, M. Forel, a Swiss observer, declares that *Alta structor* allows the seeds in its granaries to commence the process of germination, or malting, for the sake of the sugar which is produced during that operation.

But of all the hideously human traits possessed by ants, none is so remarkable as their addiction to slavery, a circumstance which has long been one of the most familiar features in their history. Some of the slave-keeping species attack the nests of their victims, steal their larvæ and pupæ, and carry them off to be reared for a condition of servitude. One species is entirely dependent on its slaves; others can partially "do" for themselves, and even, on a push, carry on the functions of the nest without the aid of their auxiliaries. Sir John Lubbock ventures the belief that slavery exercises on ants the demoralising influence it has always been understood to exercise on those nations of men among whom it is found. In time the slave-owners become helpless dependents on their servants. Their bodily structure has, in course of untold ages, undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and become mere nippers, deadly enough in war, but useless for every other purpose. They have lost the power of building, and display no care for their young; the slaves performing every domestic office, including the providing of food, and carriage of their

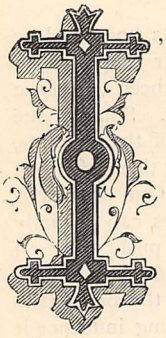
masters from place to place. They have even lost the habit of feeding, and were it not for their anxious slaves, would perish of hunger with plenty in their close vicinity. Mr. Grote considers that no society can exist without the sentiment of morality, but in an ant society that species of morality which consists of love for relatives, and regard for the unfortunate of their race, is hardly found. They will pass a maimed or wounded compatriot and fellow-citizen without the slightest notice. This callousness to the distress of each other is the more remarkable since it is notorious that they retain with extraordinary tenacity their hold on an enemy they have once seized. M. Mocquerys tells us that the Brazilian Indians utilise this quality in the cure of wounds. If their limbs are gashed, they force an ant to bite the two lips of the cut, and thus bring them together, after which they snip off the ant's head, which thus holds the lips together. He asserts that he has often seen natives with wounds in course of healing, with the assistance of seven or eight ants' heads, playing the part of the surgeon's sutures. Strange ants are put to death, and intoxicated members of the same nest are immediately extruded by their sober, cleanly-living comrades. Ants easily recognise their friends, and in their wars the young, especially if they belong to the same species, are spared; and they will even hail as relatives the pupæ of their nest stolen and brought up among strangers, when restored to them. As a rule, however, hatred is with them a stronger passion than affection.

But we must draw these notes to a close. Before doing so, however, it is worth remarking that ants can distinguish different colours. Only a fact here and a fact there has been picked out of the vast mass from which we had to choose.* But one anecdote more, and we have finished our foray in a field, the wealth of which for the humblest of students is inexhaustible, provided only that he possesses patience, keen eyesight, and a conscientious desire to admit nothing into the category of knowledge which is not worthy of that honourable station. Dr. Büchner is our authority for the following remarkable story. He obtained it from Herr Theuerkauff, who in his turn relates it on the faith of the eye-witness. "A maple-tree standing on the ground of the manufacturer, Vollbaum, of Elbing (now of Dantzic), swarmed with aphides and ants. In order to check the mischief, the proprietor smeared about a foot-width of the ground round the tree with tar. The first ants who wanted to cross naturally stuck fast. But what did the rest do? They turned back to the tree and carried down aphides, which they stuck down on the tar one after another until they had made a bridge over which they could cross the tar ring without danger." The facts of this tale may, no doubt, be correctly stated, but the interpretation is so contradictory of the automatic-like actions of ants, that it is likely enough Herr Vollbaum, while accurate enough in his premises, is wrong in his inferences.

R. BROWN, M.A., F.L.S.

* "Ants, Bees, and Wasps: A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., &c., President of the Linnean Society. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.

THE MISSING WITNESS.



"I'M afraid it's a bad case," I said to myself as I laid down my brief after reading it over for the third or fourth time, and leaned back in my chair to reconsider it for about the twentieth. "A bad case, and I am sorry for it."

I was a barrister, young both in years and in professional standing, and this was the first brief of any importance I had ever held. My client was an Italian sailor named Luigi Bernini, and the crime of which he was accused was robbery; the plunder being the life-long savings of a woman upwards of eighty years of age, which the poor creature kept hidden in the thatch of her little cabin.

The witnesses were the old woman herself, who had been stunned by a severe blow from the perpetrator of the theft; and a neighbour who deposed to having met the prisoner in the immediate vicinity of the cabin. When Bernini was arrested some days later, a curious foreign coin, identified as part of the stolen hoard, was found in his pocket. This however he accounted for, by saying that he had picked it up on the road. The weak point in the chain of evidence was a scarcely perceptible hesitation on the part of one of the witnesses. She had at first declared positively that the prisoner was the man whom she had seen going towards old Joan's cabin, and had afterwards adhered to this statement, with what appeared to be dogged obstinacy, rather than real conviction.

The prisoner himself positively denied having been in the neighbourhood at all on the day of the murder, but unfortunately he could not speak with certainty as to his whereabouts. He had been lately dismissed from hospital, scarcely convalescent, after a bad fever; his own ship had left the port, and he had been rejected by the captains to whom he had offered his services, as not being sufficiently robust for a sailor's work. He had a little money left, and he therefore took to wandering aimlessly about the country, intending, as soon as the *Columba* returned, to ship aboard of her again. His mind had been weakened and confused by his illness, and although he knew

that for several days preceding and following that of the murder, he had been in a part of the country fully twenty miles distant, he could not possibly say where he had been, or to whom he had spoken on the day in question. Many inquiries had been made, and many persons interviewed who remembered "the poor foreign chap," but no accurate information as to dates was forthcoming. As the testimony of a person who had extended her hospitality to him, "either of a Tuesday or a Thursday, she couldn't rightly say which," would not, unfortunately, carry much weight in a court of justice, I had to trust for a defence to the cross-examination of the witnesses, whose character for veracity I hoped, by judicious management of the usual forensic weapons, to compel them to annihilate with their own lips. I much regretted this want of evidence, as I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the prisoner; something frank and honest in his face making it difficult for me to believe him guilty of the cowardly crime of which he was accused. Besides, it was, as I have said, my first important case, and self-interest and professional instinct alike prompted me to desire its successful issue. But of this I had little hope.

"'IT WAS MISS DARCY WHO DID THAT SKETCH'" (*p.* 627).

I laid aside my brief at length, and went up to the drawing-room, where I was greeted by my cousin and hostess with a somewhat petulant reproof for having lingered so long over those musty law papers.

Alice and I had been children together—a big girl and a little boy—we had grown from play-fellows into friends, and since her marriage, her house in Carrigarvan had been my resting-place in assize times. I was at no loss to understand the cause of her vexation at my tardy appearance. She was somewhat of a match-maker, and having no one but myself on whom to exercise her talents, she had devoted them exclusively to my service. She had already decided on a suitable wife for me, and was now exerting herself to the utmost to bring about the marriage. The chosen young lady was present, and I knew that Alice was much annoyed with me for devoting the evening to my brief instead of to Dora Lyne. The latter was the daughter of a solicitor in good practice, and was herself a very pretty, bright-looking girl, who would, I was compelled to admit, be a most desirable wife for a young unknown barrister.

I was thoroughly fond of Alice, and she was my chosen confidante whenever I needed one, but I could not tell even her that the true reason which prevented Dora Lyne's brown eyes and sweet voice making their due impression on me, was the remembrance of a face seen but during a three hours' railway journey, a face with dark grey eyes, and quiet thoughtful expression; and of a voice heard at somewhat rare intervals in the same space of time, whose full, low-pitched tones still vibrated in my imagination. Alice would have been too good-natured to laugh at me, but I felt sure that, had she known the state of the case, she would have entertained, and probably expressed, fears that over-study had affected my brain—an opinion that would probably have been shared by all persons whose characteristic was common-sense.

Miss Lyne, perceiving that Alice was vexed with me, and wishing, I think, to show that she did not share the feeling, called me over to look at some prints and photographs which she was examining, and we were soon deep in a discussion of their merits.

"Alice," said Miss Lyne at length, "did you show Mr. Lestrange the sketch you found in that book?"

"No," said Alice; "I forgot it. You will find it in that volume of the 'Stones of Venice' on my table, Richard. It is really a beautiful sketch. I wonder how it came to be forgotten in the book."

I brought the book to Dora Lyne, who turned over the leaves until she found the drawing, which she put into my hands. The moment I saw it, I uttered an exclamation of surprise which brought my cousin at once to my side.

It was a spirited water-colour sketch of a man's head—a dark, foreign-looking face surmounted by a red cap. It was, however, neither the skill of the artist nor the picturesque beauty of the model that attracted my attention; it was the fact that in the somewhat peculiar features of the latter I recognised those of my client, Luigi Bernini.

"What an odd coincidence!" said Alice when I had explained; "I wonder who could have taken the sketch—some one who knows how to handle a brush," she added, looking critically at it. "See, here are initials and a date, but they are so faint that I cannot make them out."

"Let me try," said Dora; "I have good sight." She took the sketch over to the lamp, and scrutinised it closely. "W. M. D., but I cannot make out the date. Stay, I have it. May 10th, 18—"

"May 10th—why, that was the very day of the robbery," I said. Then the full significance of this date flashed suddenly upon me, and I absolutely turned giddy. "The alibi!" I gasped—"if we could find the man who did that sketch, we might succeed in proving the alibi." Dora Lyne grasped my meaning with ready quickness.

"Morrison's Library, that book came from, was it not, Alice? They ought to be able to tell you there who had it on, or immediately after, the 10th of May."

"And the person, whoever she or he is, will have to be hunted up," I said, "and there's so little time. This is Monday, and the trial is fixed for Wednesday. I suppose Morrison's is closed by this, Alice?"

"Indeed, it is," she answered. "You would find no one there now but a caretaker. You must just wait patiently until to-morrow, Richard."

I had perforce to wait; as to the patience with which I did so, the less said the better.

The following morning found me at Morrison's Library. On explaining my business, I was referred to the clerk in charge of the library department, from whom I totally failed to obtain the required information. The young man who usually attended to that part of the business was away; if I could call next week——

I intimated with what appeared to me, at the time, most praiseworthy self-control, that next week would not do, giving a partial explanation of the circumstances. But the clerk, although apparently willing to help me, professed himself quite unable to do so.

"You see sir," he said, "if you wanted to know what book any subscriber had out at a given time, I could probably tell you, but as for ascertaining the whereabouts of a special book—it's an impossibility. If you like to look over our entries for yourself you are welcome to do so."

I accepted this offer, and spent a good part of the day turning over the blotted pages wherein were inscribed the names and course of reading of the subscribers to Morrison's. And an unprofitable morning's work it was. The record was to all appearance imperfectly kept, and I failed to trace the second volume of the "Stones of Venice" through a period longer than three weeks, during which it had twice changed hands.

Some hours more were spent in hunting up the persons in whose possession it had been for that time, neither of whom could give any information concerning the sketch. An application to Bernini himself was equally fruitless. He remembered that a lady and gentleman whom he had met during his wanderings had asked him to sit to them, but he did not know who they were, nor could he even make it clear where the incident had occurred.

I returned home at dinner-time, tired and baffled, to report my failure to Alice and her husband, from whom I received much sympathy but no suggestion of any practical value. I had given up hope, and was endeavouring to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, when late in the evening the hall door-bell sounded, and a message came up that a person wanted to speak to Mr. Lestrange. Going down, I found waiting for me a bright-looking boy, one of the shop-assistants at Morrison's, who had been for a short time aiding in my investigation of the entries.

"I think I have what you want, sir," he said as I entered the room. "It was in my mind all day that I had given out that book to some one, I couldn't think who, and a chance word that I heard this evening brought it all back to me like a flash. It was to Mrs. Ffrench of Redcourt that I gave it, and it must have been on the 3rd or 4th of May. Here is the lady's name and address, sir;" and he handed me a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. Ffrench, Redcourt, Kilcarran." It was in Kilcarran or its neighbourhood that, according to Bernini's own statement, he had spent the day of the robbery.

Thanking and dismissing the lad, I returned to the drawing-room with my prize. The next step was to communicate with Mrs. Ffrench. Kilcarran was fully fifteen miles from Carrigarvan, and the trial was to begin the following morning.

"Hand me over that railway guide, Dick," said Alice's husband. "I thought so—no train before ten. There's nothing for it but for me to drive to Kilcarran the first thing in the morning—the mare can easily do it in two hours—and if I find that any one there can give evidence worth having, I'll bring them back with me, and have them in court before the case for the defence opens."

The trial began next morning, proceeding at an unusually rapid rate. It seemed to me that the learned counsel for the prosecution had never before put forth his wisdom and legal knowledge in so condensed a form. The cross-examination of the witnesses was of course in my hands, and I did my best to make it as tedious as possible, totally failing however in my attempts to confuse them, or cause them to contradict themselves. My only hope now lay in the unknown witness, and of him there were no tidings. The case for the prosecution closed and the court adjourned for lunch; I was standing in the bar-room, thinking over my speech for the defence, and mentally re-arranging my sentences after the manner of the most prosy member of the circuit, when a note was handed to me: "All right—the witness is in the Sheriff's room."

Going into the Sheriff's room, I found my cousin, accompanied by a strange lady and gentleman.

"This is the prisoner's counsel," said the former as I entered. "Allow me to introduce. Mr. Lestrange—Miss Darcy, Mr. Ffrench. I turned to the lady as her name was pronounced, and, I am afraid, forgot to bow, in my surprise and delight at recognising in the tall, fair-haired girl before me, my dream of the last six months; my unknown love, another glimpse of whom had been my chief desire ever since I lost sight of her as she stood on the platform of the little road-side station where she had alighted.

"It was Miss Darcy who did that sketch," said my cousin, "and she remembers all about it."

"Yes," said the girl, "the sketch was taken at Kilcarran on the 10th of May. I remember all the circumstances perfectly, and should have no difficulty in identifying the original."

Having by a few hurried questions convinced myself of the value of Miss Darcy's testimony, I took her and her brother-in-law into court, placing them where they had a full view of the prisoner. Miss Darcy looked attentively at the latter for a minute or two, and then said decidedly—

"Yes, that is the man."

I opened the case for the defence in as few words as possible, and then called up my witness—Winifred Darcy. She gave her evidence very well, in grave concise language, without irrelevance or circumlocution. She stated that she lived at Redcourt with her sister, Mrs. Ffrench, and that on the 10th of May she and her cousin had spent the greater part of the day sketching by the river-side at Kilcarran. At about two o'clock, a gust of wind had carried her hat into the stream, whence it was recovered by the prisoner, who happened to pass by at the moment. Interested by something in his appearance, they tried to enter into conversation with him, but without much success, his English being very imperfect. They, however, managed to make him understand that they wished to employ him as a model, and he sat to them patiently for more than an hour, at the end of which time he went away, with many expressions of gratitude for the money they gave him. Miss Darcy would have been certain as to the date, even if it had not been affixed to the drawing (which was produced in court), as her cousin had arrived at Kilcarran on the 9th of May, and left on the 11th.

Cross-examination failed to cast any doubt on the accuracy of Miss Darcy's evidence, while her veracity was of course above suspicion.

The jury professed themselves satisfied with the evidence, and declining to hear counsel for the defence returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The prisoner was seized upon by some of his compatriots who were serving on the mixed jury, and carried off in triumph, somewhat dazed by the change in his prospects.

Some months afterwards, a man dying from the effects of a hurt received in a drunken brawl, acknowledged himself guilty of the crime of which Bernini had been accused. He also was an Italian, and bore sufficient resemblance to his countryman in height and complexion, to account in some degree for the mistake of the witnesses.

As for me, I date the beginning both of my professional success and of my life's happiness from the day of Bernini's trial.

VENTURE, GWEN!

FROM THE WELSH.

Thy loveliness is known,
Fairest Gwen, fairest Gwen;
From Mynwy unto Môn,
Fairest Gwen.
Oh, stay to-night and rest thee,
'Tis love's own voice hath prest thee,

Ye mountain-top is dreary,
And thou art cold and weary,
But here 'tis bright and cheery
Thou must venture, venture, Gwen

This castle old is mine

'Tis love's own heart hath blest thee,
Thou must venture, venture, Gwen.

Thy road is long and lorn,
Fairest Gwen, fairest Gwen;
Then tarry here till morn,
Fairest Gwen.

Fairest Gwen, fairest Gwen;
It might be also thine,
Fairest Gwen.
Here, far from care depressing,
Crogen's great lands possessing,
Come, reign, my bride, my blessing-
Thou must venture, venture Gwen!

Cymraeg.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION V.—OUGHT TRIAL BY JURY TO BE ABOLISHED?

(*Debate continued.*)

RIENZI :—Mr. Speaker,—It is gratifying to hear the honourable member who opened the debate admit that, although he considers trial by jury to be now reprehensible, it really was an effective system in past days. If it answered so well in times gone by, it will have to be proved to us how the overthrow of such a system will tend to the better dispensing of justice before adopting so bold a departure. The honourable gentleman complains of the incapacity and partiality of the jurors. That is a sentiment in which few will join. It cannot be denied that jurors are sometimes of dull intellect, but, as a rule, they are fully fit to discharge the duties entrusted to them. The honourable member asks why we do not go to the gentlemen who have made the subject their special study. I maintain that we do. The honourable gentleman refers, I suppose, to the lawyers and judges; but it is not law alone that we want—we want common sense. The majority of cases requiring juries refer to matters of every-day life, in which the opinions of a number of persons on the case—persons living in the same mode of life—are especially requisite. It is very well to complain of incapacity; special cases have special juries—what more is wanted?

J. TREWAVAS :—Undoubtedly, Sir, the jury system is a relic of antiquity; and I willingly admit that it was the bulwark of England's freedom in times when our monarchs were tyrants—or tried to be—and the judges "sycophants," holding their positions at the will of the Crown. But kings are no longer what they once were. Their power has gradually shifted into the hands of the people, and the judges are independent of anybody's caprice, and hold their office—to use a legal phrase—*quamdiu se bene gesserint;* though they are removable on address of both Houses of Parliament. So far from a judge being "biassed *against* a prisoner if at all," as the Opponent says, it is well known that the judge is the prisoner's counsel if he has no professional assistance in the conduct of his case.

MRS. HICKS :—There is a certain harmony in a system by which, whilst a trained intellect disposes of legal issues, questions of fact are settled upon the judgment of men who are presumed to bring to bear upon them the common sense gained in every-day life. Then, also, the sentimental part of the question must not be forgotten. We ought to recognise that there is a great prejudice, not perhaps wholly reasonable, but undoubtedly existing, in favour of trial by jury, and it would be lamentable if the people were to form the conclusion, however incorrectly, that a "safeguard of their liberties" had been removed, and thus their confidence in the administration of justice were to be shaken. Finally, I cannot admit that the inconvenience of discharging a public duty is a valid argument why that duty should cease to be performed, and the argument is opposed to the healthful principle which recognises that the privileges of citizenship entail responsibilities. For these reasons, although admitting that the system may be capable of amendment—as, for instance, in regard to the absolute unanimity of the jury—I give my vote against the Opener of this debate.

REFORM (a solicitor) :—Sir, it is surprising to me that the system of trial by jury should have been tolerated so long. The experience, mental training, and legal knowledge of a judge eminently fit him for determining questions of fact; while the deficiency of a jury in these respects often prevents them from exercising their functions with justice to the parties interested. If the judge were to supply the place of a jury, he would give his reasons for his verdict, which would be exposed to public criticism—a valuable check upon partiality and despotism. It is well known that juries seldom follow the evidence of the witnesses as they appear in the witness-box, but invariably draw their conclusions from the arguments of counsel, or, which I believe is more frequently the case, the summing-up of the judge, who calls their attention to the facts, and in doing so lays particular stress upon what he considers the more important features of the case. It almost amounts to a contradiction to say that a judge, who is admitted to be capable of distinguishing the more important from the less important facts of the case, is incapable of drawing conclusions from those facts. On the principle that two heads are better than one, it has been urged that a jury are more competent to find a verdict than a judge. It is obvious that this principle only applies if each of those who make up the majority is as competent to form an opinion as each of those who compose the minority, for the judgment of 1,000 ignorant persons cannot be compared favourably with the judgment of one well-informed person; and it is also necessary that those who make up the majority should unanimously agree to a verdict for the same reasons. If they differ as to the reasons for their verdict, there cannot be a unanimous verdict. In some instances a jury will contain one or two men who rule or dominate over the others, and it may be the feeble ones are persuaded against their will. Advocates are often successful in diverting the minds of the jury from the main issues by appealing to their passions, and in putting a false complexion upon evidence. In fine, a common jury cannot be relied upon. Serjeant Cox has said, "From what I have seen of juries, I should be sorry to commit to them any matter in which I was interested, and in which I was satisfied that I had right on my side."

* C. A. PRITCHARD :—Sir,—I should like Mr. Opener to imagine himself standing in the prisoners' dock, his fate lying in the hands of *one* man, who, with calm, immovable face, stands summing up the evidence for and against him—would he then *really* believe in that "experienced judge's" infallibility to err? Would he feel thankful that the verdict declaring him innocent or guilty—in the one case restoring him to his friends and the world as an honourable man, in the other branding him for ever with the stigma of disgrace—would he then, I ask, really feel thankful that that verdict was not to be returned by those "butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers" who, in nine cases out of ten, are impartial, honest, and clear-headed men? Would he then believe that "at the present time the defects of 'trial by jury' far outweigh its merits?"

And what are its defects? Partiality and incapability? I grant that out of twelve men there may be found one or more not quite equal to their work, but what of the others? Are they also to be deemed incapable of deciding the evidence laid before them? Why is it constitutional to have *twelve* jurors? Why would not a lesser number suffice? Because the larger the number, the more chance of perfect justice being accorded the prisoner. No; if we do away with juries the

* To this speech the honorarium of One Guinea has been awarded.

whole power is vested in one man, the judge. And now comes the question, Would this judge be always more impartial than the jury? Is it impossible that he also might have some reasons —public or private—which would influence him, perhaps imperceptibly to himself, in his judgment of a prisoner? Look at some of the judgments of our county magistrates! A poor boy may—either in a fit of thoughtlessness or because he is really hungry—pull up a turnip from some rich farmer's field, and, being "caught in the act," may be marched off to the nearest justice-room, where he is convicted of theft, and sentenced to some days' imprisonment. He goes to prison, and when the period of his confinement is over he comes out an altered boy. For, sensible that his character is gone, and smarting under the injustice of the sentence which deprived him of it, he commits crime after crime, until at last he becomes a notorious "gaol-bird." Would this have happened had twelve jurors tried his "petty case"? I think not. This may sound to some ridiculous, but I believe there have been quite as absurd facts recorded in our daily papers, where the judgment given was quite out of proportion to the offence committed; therefore I say, let us hold fast to every Englishman's lawful right, "trial by jury."

SOME RATHER ODD DISHES.

THERE is nothing about which we more unjustly abuse our ancestors than their habits at the table. "Probably," says one writer on the subject, "the bullock, or the eternal 'swine' they seemed to live on, was seldom cooked through, and each guest flung himself upon his favourite food, tore it in his hands, and crammed it into his mouth, and what he could not swallow he would cast upon the table-cloth, which, as no plates were used, must have been drenched with grease."

What a foul libel is this on an age which had tastes almost as exquisite as those of Brillat Savarin, and cooks nearly as dexterous as Soyer! Why, strange as the assertion may seem, our ancestors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were scarcely less "nice" in their eating than are the epicures of to-day. So far from limiting themselves to roasted bullocks, and the "eternal swine," they had a choice of at least 300 curiously devised dishes; and, as for insufficient roasting, those who care to do so may read in the "Liber Niger Domus" of Edward IV. how even Hardicanute, who, the historian observes, "deyed drinking at Lambithe," engaged "cunyng cookes in curiositie," that "the honest peopull resorting to his courte" might be decently and abundantly fed.

Our ancestors had, indeed, their books of cookery, two of which have descended to us; and it is particularly noticeable that, whilst they contain some hundreds of recipes, there is nowhere any mention of the roast bullock, and scarcely a single reference to the "eternal swine."

The most authentically dated of all ancient books of cookery is "that choice morsel of antiquity" the "Forme of Cury," compiled by the "Maistre Cookes" of Richard II. It seems, however, to have been preceded by another cookery book, a manuscript of which is also extant, and which, although its precise period is in doubt, is supposed to date as far back as 1285.

Either of these ancient documents furnishes a complete refutation of the libel that our ancestors ate half-raw food with their fingers. On the contrary, they were somewhat dainty, preferring soups before joints, and having many varieties of sauce and garniture. This, for instance, is how they dealt with cabbages:—"Take cabaches and cut hom on foure, and mince onyons therwith, and the white of lekes, and cut hom smale, and do all togedur in a pot, and put therto gode broth, and let hit boyle; and colour it with saffron, and put therto pouder douce, and serve hit forthe." Saffron was the most popular of all articles for colouring and garnishing. It is mentioned in almost every ancient recipe, and was used indiscriminately with green peas or "Boor in Brasey." "Raisynges of Corance" were also used very frequently, and in very singular combinations, as, for instance, with the aforesaid boar, with "conynges," and with "drye stewe for beeff."

Whether the "drye stewe" would please present-day palates is perhaps doubtful. The "cunyng cooke" was directed to make the following singular mixture:—"Take a great glass and do thi beef therin, and do therto onyons mynced, and whole clowes, and maces, and raisynges of Corance, and wyn; then stop it welle, and sethe it in a pot with watur or in a cawdron, but take gode care that no water goe in; or take a fair urthen pot, and lay hit well with spentes at the bothum, that the flesh neigh hit not; then take ribbes of beef, and couche hom above the splentes, and do thereto onyons mynced, and clowes, and maces, and pouder of pepur, and wyn, and stop it well that no eyre goo oute, and sethe it wyth esy fyre."

Among our ancestors, as these ancient manuscripts show, roasting and boiling were processes frequently used as auxiliaries to each other. Here, for example, are directions to cook "felettes in Galentyne:"—"Take felettes of porke, and roste hom till thai byn nere ynogh, then take hom of the spitte and do hom in a pot, and chop hom, if thowe wyl, on gobettes, and do thereto gode broth of beef, and draw up a lyoure of brede steped in broth and vynegur, and do thereto powder of clowes and maces, and put thereto galentyne, and let hit sethe, and colour hit with saunders, and serve hit forthe."

Again, we have this recipe for making "Goos in Hochepot:"—"Take a goos not fully rosted, and chop her on gobettes and put hit in a pot, and do thereto broth of fresh flesh, and take onyons and mynce hom, and do therto; take brede and stepe hit in brothe, and

drawe hit up with a littel wyn, and do hit in the pot, and do therto pouder of pepur and of clowes, and of maces, and of raisynges of Corance, and colour hit with saffron and saunders, and let thi pottage be hangynge, and serve hit forthe."

The direction to "take a goos" is rather more clear and definite than most of the instructions of the ancient cooks. As a rule, they leave quantity to individual discretion, as in this recipe :—"Take pygges and scalde hom, and wash hom clene, and smite hom on gobbettes, and sethe hom in watur and salt, and when thai arne ynough, take hom up, and let hom kele, and then take sauge and parsel and grinde hit, and do thereto brede steped in vynegur, and grynde it smal, and take the yolkes of harde egges and do thereto ; and grynde hit all togedur, and tempur hit up with vynegur sum dele thick ; then put thy pygges in a faire vessel, and poure the sawce above, and serve it forthe colde."

It is safe to take it for granted, probably, that the "pygges" which were thus to be dealt with were merely in their infancy, in which case the ancient methods of cookery would scarcely have met with the approval of Charles Lamb. That delightful epicure might have been better pleased to read in what manner "pecokkes shall be dight at a feeste Roiall." For these important occasions the cook was instructed thus :—"Take and flee off the skynne with the fedurs tayle and the nekke, and the hed theron ; then take the skynne with all the fedurs, and lay it on a table abrode ; and strawe theron grounden comyn ; then take the pecokke, and roste hym, and endore hym with raw yolkes of egges, and when he is rosted take hym off, and let hym coole awhile, and take and sowe hym in hys skyn, and gilde hys combe, and so serve hym forthe with the last cours." On less splendid occasions it was directed that "pecokkes and parteriches schalle be parboyled, and larded, and rosted and eten with pouder of gynger." Similarly "craunes and herns shall be armed with larde, and rosted and eten with pouder of gynger."

We should scarcely like to eat cranes and herons nowadays ; and even the following miscellaneous way of dealing with smaller birds would hardly meet with popular approval :—"Take chekyns, and pejons, and small briddes, and make hom clene, and chop hom on peces, and stew hom all togedur in a gode broth wel made with faire grese, and pouder of pepur and of clowes, and do therto verjouce, and colour hit with saffron ; then make coffyns, and pynche hom, and couche thi flesh therein, and put therto raisynges of Corance, and pouder of gynger, and of canell ; and take raw egges, and breke hom, and streyne hom thurgh a streynour into the serve of the stewe, and stere hit wel togedur, and poure hit in the coffyns above the fleshe, and then lay the covers theron, and serve hit forthe."

The mention of "coffyns," let it be observed, need not strike terror into the most timid—a "coffyn" in ancient cookery being merely the empty crust of a raised pie.

What is most striking in these ancient directions about cookery is the prevalence of the advice to "breke," and to "hewe," and to "streyne." Nothing seems to have been served whole. If, as it is sometimes said, the highest art of cookery is to disguise the fact that we are eating creatures that have lived and enjoyed life, our ancestors were certainly vastly superior to ourselves.

Any one who sat down to a dish compounded as follows would have considerable room for speculation as to its nature :—"Take conynges and parboil hom, and choppe hom on gobettes, and rybbes of pork or of kydde, and do hit in a pot, and sethe hit ; then take almonds and grynde hom, and tempur hit up with broth of beef, and do hit in a pot, and take clowes, maces, pynes, gynger mynced, and raisynges of Corance ; and take onyons and boyle hom ; then cut hom and do hom in the pot ; and colour hit with saffron, and let hit boyle ; and take the flesh oute from the broth and cast therto ; and take alkenet and frye hit, and do hit in a pot thurgh a streynour ; and in the settynge down put therto a lytel vynegur and pouder of ginger medelet togedur, and serve hit forth."

It must, indeed, have been as difficult to guess the nature of a dish like this as to partake of it with the fingers.

Such dishes as are dealt with in these ancient books of cookery were, of course, only within reach of the comfortable classes, who, it seems, were as fond of "set courses" as are the corresponding classes of our own day. Thus, the "servise on fisshe day" was as follows :—"At the first cours, oysturs in grave, and baken herringe, and pyke, and stok fisshe, and merlynges fried. At the seconde cours, eles in grave, and purpays, and galentyne, and therewith congur, ande salmon, freshe and dore rosted, or gurnard sothen, and baken eles and tart. At the thrid cours, rose to potage, and crem of almondes ; and therwith sturgeon, and whelkes, and gret eles, and lamprons rosted, and tenches in gele ; and therwith daryolus, and lechfryes, made of frit and friture."

The service on flesh days was even more elaborate. The first course consisted of "boar's-hed enarmed, and bruce to potage ; and therwith beeff, and moton, and pestels of pork ; and therwith swan and conynge rosted, and tarte. At the second cours drope, and rose to potage, and therwith maudelard and faisant, and chekons sarsed and rosted, and malachis baken. At the thridde cours, conynges in grave and bore in brase to potage ; and therwith teles rosted, and parteriches, and woodcock, and raffolys baken, and flampoyntes."

How, with such elaborate methods of cookery, and such habits of precision as to the setting of the table, our ancestors have obtained such an evil gastronomic reputation, must remain one of the puzzles of history.

AARON WATSON.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

ACCORDING to the showing of those learned on the subject, Autumn only begins on the 23rd of September, when the sun enters Libra. So we still have a few weeks left of summer. But in our fickle climate the glory of the year bids us farewell, often enough amid tears, and most generally in cold winds and chilly evenings. It is a season when washing-dresses are by no means set aside, and yet furs may not be out of place. It is, however, certainly too early to speak surely of what winter and autumn Fashions are to be, so I shall content myself with dwelling upon what is best suited to the present month, without any special regard to the future.

The summer in England has been characterised by the wearing of more bright colours than I have seen on your side of the Channel for many a long day. They have not, as a rule, been the foundation of the toilettes, but have relieved and smartened the darker backgrounds. For example, one of the best-dressed girls at a large English hotel, where I last week spent a few days, appeared one morning in a most inexpensive gown of pure drab beige. It was made as most of the young "Engleesh meeses'" dresses are made now—for you do run fashions to death in England; you will not quarrel with me for saying that—with a close-fitting pointed bodice, buttoning in front; to the edge of this were sewn the panier draperies forming some four or five puffs at the back. The front had a deep piece arranged in single box-plaits, falling over a narrow plissé at the edge. The wearer had not the clearest complexion in the world, and the dress would not have suited her as it did, if she had not added a sash of bright cardinal at the back, and a knot of cardinal ribbon on one side of the lace ruffle.

Many of the dresses of neutral tones now worn are brightened in this manner. A favourite alteration in the mode of making is that the bodice should be full before and behind, sometimes gathered in straight lines back and front, at the shoulders and waist of the dress, sometimes in circular gatherings round the neck. Two or three straight-gathered flounces, mostly edged with lace, is another easy and favourite arrangement of dresses. Indeed, I consider at the present time young ladies can, if they are so minded, make their costumes themselves more easily than usual.

I will instance one or two other ways of introducing bright colouring. For example, a dark green cashmere dress, with a scarf tunic of old-gold and vivid green. A grenat cashmere with three flounces of striped grenat and gold, so arranged that the gold portion only shows in the plaits. *Apropos* of these flounces, I am sure my readers will admit that I am an advocate for economy, and that wherever it is possible I enjoin it, but there is such a thing as ill-judged economy. We know that silk, satin, and velvet are costly, and to lessen the quantity of stuff required, many skirts are made up on alpaca of the same tone, which is all very well if the arrangement consists of draperies that can be tacked down and kept in their place; but with narrow plaited flounces, on a windy day, it happens that more of the lining is seen than of the outside covering, with very objectionable results.

Englishwomen are taking to checks with a vengeance. At the seaside I noticed that large old-gold and grenat, and old-gold and green checks find special favour, and made up, too, on plain material, which will show when it is not meant to do. Alas! Englishwomen have much to learn with regard to the art of dress. They have this summer taken affectionately to bright red parasols—very charming, no doubt, with grey, biscuit, black, and cream dresses; but it sets one's teeth on edge to see them with vivid greens, and light and dark blues, as you may at any English watering-place, at this moment. The well-covered or all-over patterns in dark colouring are the best-worn cotton dresses of the season except the zephyrs, and they are most liberally trimmed with lace, which in the bad weather, of which we get so much, becomes draggled.

Sailors' hats are the favourite headgear; they are worn well back on the head, showing the curls in front, and are fashionable in white, black, and fancy straw, trimmed often enough with a piece like the dress, or with a wreath of roses, or some other flower. The black tarpaulin hats are fashionable too, and very sensible headgear they are, on land as well as sea. They are now made more dressy-looking with a broad band of cardinal ribbon round the crown.

Children wear these sailor hats a great deal also, but they have them lined with a colour—red, blue, or pink—which throws a pleasant shade on the face. Children's dresses become more and more picturesque.

WHAT TO WEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

They have burst out in a livery of pink cotton this summer, with a scarf tunic of cardinal silk; half the little girls you meet are thus dressed. I have been lost in admiration at the variety of pretty pinafores to be had. In days gone by pinafores were useful rather than ornamental; now they make a shabby frock quite a thing of beauty. Bolton sheeting has been called into play. The pinafores made of it are cut low in the neck, long enough to reach to the hem of the dress, and just slightly gathered at the waist back and front, but on either side of the front is a perpendicular line of forget-me-nots, barberries, or tiny poppies, in crewel-work. Most of the muslin pinafores have yokes of lace and insertion, and a belt formed of lace and insertion, and cut quite high in the throat, sometimes with long sleeves.

The small frocks are mostly gathered about the neck in a circular form. Some of the Princesse frocks have round capes reaching to the waist, cut in vandykes—a coloured silk showing between the points, blue with biscuit, orange with brown, and so on. For small boys of four and five, long coats of bright blue cloth are new, and with these the round blue charity boys' caps, having a tuft in the centre, are considered a suitable accompaniment. The hats worn by very little children are quite easily made in cream cotton, or darker silk or satin; they are drawn, and turned up in front, and have a soft high crown.

Navy blue silk costumes have found favour in lieu of serge; and black and white checks, principally in wool, are worn with velvet bodices. Quite the newest material of the day is a mixture of wool and silk, more durable than foulard, with all its softness, and yet possessing the wiry firmness of alpaca. The tailors make up this stiff yet really charming fabric. By-the-by, some of the new and most stylish woollen dresses have white piqué waistcoats; and even with cotton dresses, jaunty tweed jackets in dark colours are worn, close-fitting and vandyked round the edges. A round tweed cape by way of a wrap is one of the most convenient introductions of late. Newmarket coats are capital things if you go out with them on, and have a close-fitting satin under-dress, or soft woollen one, but to slip on over ordinary dresses as required they are failures. I give the preference to the newer travelling cloaks with large hanging sleeves. The plain all-round skirts, with heavy ruches at the edge and panier tunics above, are still much worn, possibly because it is an easy make for home dressmakers. A bodice, however, is unfashionable unless it is pointed, and I notice that the fronts are universally trimmed with a portion introduced of a contrasting colour.

The quantity of écru and white embroidery in thick muslin used on dark dresses is quite astonishing; it is preferable, I think, to the introduction of satin with huge bright-coloured spots, which mingles with many of the plain silks and woollen stuffs. There is a *furore* for grey, both for day and evening wear, and moire or watered silk is still in high favour. In Paris basket bonnets have been by no means rare, but I see that their advent in London has been much commented upon. They appear to be made of green willow, the plait very open. They fit the head closely, and show a bunch of flowers at the side, or more often fruit.

We have done the tan-coloured gloves to death, and worn them for morning and evening, in season and out of season. Her Majesty banished them from the Drawing-rooms this year, making the wearing of white gloves compulsory.

Now tan shoes are the rage, especially embroidered in a darker tone of brown. They have to be made carefully on firm linings, for the kid stretches; and they have this advantage, that they clean over and over again—but then they soil very quickly.

The Langtry bonnet continues to be universally worn. Anybody can arrange one. The straw can be bought for a few shillings, a wreath of roses or any other flowers must then be placed under the brim, and either flowers, or a silk scarf, or torsade of ribbon or silk twisted round the crown, with strings.

Mourning is decidedly becoming less heavy from year to year, and I notice that crape cloth for widows and parents is almost superseding dresses made entirely of crape.

Many black dresses are made with the front of the skirt covered with flounces about eight inches deep, kilted with half-inch knife-plaits the entire width, and having an inch-wide band of crape about two inches from the edge. Grey and biscuit-coloured waterproof cloaks appear to be worn with the deepest mourning, and crimped, thick, muslin frilling in preference to any other.

Dress improvers and veritable crinolines become larger as the months go on. We may dread the re-introduction of monstrous hoops and farthingales before next year comes round.

Many materials are used for tennis-aprons, such as Turkey twill and black embroidery, oatmeal cloth, printed cotton handkerchiefs, &c. The model at the commencement of this chapter is of soft crash worked in crewels at the corners and shoulder-straps, and trimmed with coloured work. Tennis-aprons are more generally worn in the country than in London.

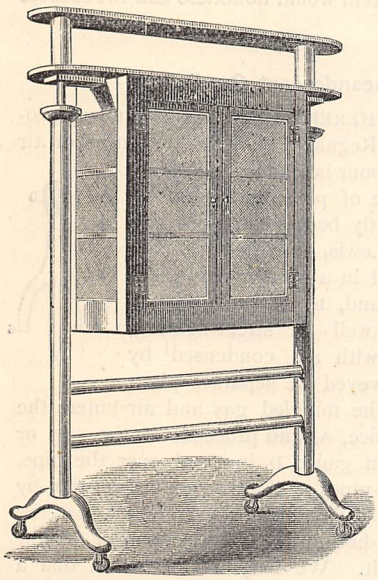
Among the costumes illustrated will be found some useful suggestions for the intermediate season we are now entering on. The rich mantle worn by the first figure in the lower group is of black velvet grenadine and Spanish lace. The popular Hungarian jacket, with its braided brandebourgs, is seen on the second figure; a dark cloth jacket, smartened with a white piqué waistcoat and thickly embroidered trimming, is worn by the third figure; the children's frocks may be made respectively of serge or sateen, the choice to be regulated by climate and surroundings.

The three ladies in the upper group are in evening demi-toilettes in which broché, satin, gauze, grenadine, and nun's veiling play prominent parts. The panier bodice, the pointed bodice, and the waistcoat bodice are all shown here, for they are all popular.

THE GATHERER.

A Suspended Meat Safe.

The engraving represents a very useful form of provision safe, which has been devised for the express purpose of preventing beetles and other insects from gaining an entrance into the interior. It will be seen that the safe is of the ordinary construction, with sides and door of gauze or perforated metal, to allow of thorough ventilation, and to render it inaccessible to flying insects; but the top projects beyond the sides in order that it may be suspended between two upright posts.



In the upper end of the posts there is a cup for liquid, to hinder such insects as have been industrious enough to climb up the posts from ascending any farther. The cups are retained in their places by rods which pass through them and are screwed into the posts. These rods also pass upwards through the projecting top so as to keep the safe securely in position. There are special devices for preventing the escape of the liquid in the cups. It is thought to be almost impossible for insects to find their way into this safe.

A Burning Lake.

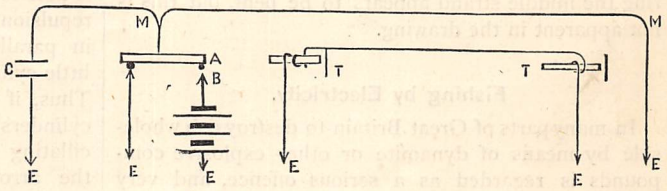
There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long by over a mile wide, and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at 4½ million cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of 1,000 yards from the edge of the fire, and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.

Breeding Fish at Home.

The great advantage of pisciculture is that the young fish are preserved from their enemies while still in a helpless condition, and it is satisfactory to find this art extending in the country. At Huddersfield, Mr. Byram Littlewood has arranged a place for breeding fish for the surrounding rivers which is well worthy of attention. The premises consist of three rooms, one above another; the uppermost room containing a series of stone tanks 32 inches long by 9 inches wide and 4 inches deep, and placed one above the other like a flight of stairs. Through these tanks there is a continual supply of fresh water flowing, and being oxidised by the overflow from one tank to another. The eggs are deposited in the bottom of the tanks, like peas in a box, and sometimes three or four deep. Here they develop in peace, and ultimately, breaking their shells, take to their fins for locomotion. According to a recent writer on the subject, it is very interesting to watch the fish hatching out. Few of the fish remain still after leaving their shells, but go off rejoicing in their liberty.

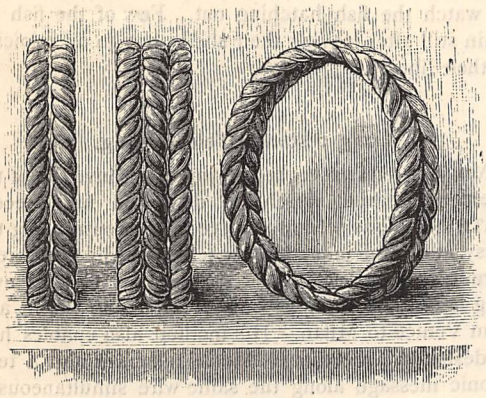
Long-distance Telephoning.

Mr. Van Rysselberghe, the ingenious inventor of the telemeteorograph, which we described in a recent GATHERER, has recently succeeded in neutralising the noisy effects of induction on telephone lines, thereby permitting the despatch of telephonic messages over long lines; for example, from Hamburg to Berlin, and from Venice to Milan. His method also enables him to despatch an ordinary Morse telegram and a telephonic message along the same wire simultaneously. In brief, it consists in graduating the rise of current in the telegraph line when a Morse signal is sent, so that the sudden induction current produced in a neighbouring wire may be obviated. This is done by causing the lever contact of the Morse signal key to throw in or out resistances of a magnitude diminishing from infinity to zero, as it is pressed down in sending a signal. Thus, in the figure, M M is the Morse or ordinary telegraphic circuit, and T T is the telephone



line running parallel to it. Now, when messages are passing over the line M M, the intermittent signal currents *induce* electricity in the telephone line near it, and this has the effect of disturbing the feeble telephonic currents and drowning the sounds of the latter. Inasmuch, however, as the induced currents only create noises in the telephone line when they are

sudden, Mr. Van Rysselberghe prevents them from being sudden by arranging resistance wires between the contacts A B of the signalling key, so that when the contact A is pressed upon B in making a signal by the key, the current from the battery below does not rush into the line M M at full strength, but gradually rises to its maximum. Again, when the contact between A and B is broken by the signalling clerk, there is a gradual fall of current in the line M M, and thus the induction sounds are suppressed in the telephone line. E and E are the "earth" connections of the system for completing the electric circuit of both lines through the ground. Another plan is simply to insert the coil of an electro-magnet between the key and the line. The addition of a condenser, C, joined between the middle of the key and "earth" is also found to help matters. Mr. T. Fletcher, the engineer of the London United Telephone Company, recently tested this system between Faversham and Victoria with success.



Magic Rings.

The woodcut represents three finger-rings made of gold and silver-gilt strands placed side by side. They are similar in size, and gold alternates with silver. On looking at the sides of these rings the eye is subject to a curious illusion; they seem to be much thinner below than above. This is not so apparent in the picture as on the natural object. In the three-strand ring the middle strand appears to be bent, but this is not apparent in the drawing.

Fishing by Electricity.

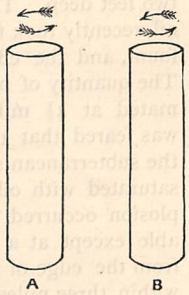
In many parts of Great Britain to destroy fish wholesale by means of dynamite or other explosive compounds is regarded as a serious offence, and very rightly so; and this being the case, a new means of fishing recently introduced by a Frenchman is not likely to be considered favourably here. But as a further adaptation of electricity, which is now becoming such a wondrous power in the hands of man, the method may be worth explanation. The fishing-line consists of two insulated copper wires running side by side, and baited with an explosive cartridge made of gunpowder, gun-cotton, or dynamite. This cartridge contains a fuse, and can be exploded by electricity at any minute by the fisherman on shore, a small portable voltaic battery being the agent by means of which he carries on the work. A likely haunt for fish having been selected, the line is dropped into the water, the fuse is fired, and immediately the floating bodies of the finny victims attest what the inventor of the system would doubtless call the success of the enterprise.

An Incandescent Gas-light.

In a recent GATHERER we described the new petroleum lamp of Dr. Regnard, in which a mixture of air and petroleum vapour is burned inside the meshes of a piece of platinum gauze. A process has recently been introduced into London by Mr. Lewis, in which ordinary coal-gas is burned in a similar way; and it is, we understand, to be tried in the parish of Clerkenwell for street-lighting. The gas mixed with air condensed by an engine is conveyed in separate pipes to the burner. The mingled gas and air enters the burner by the orifice, A, and proceeds to the cap or basket of platinum gauze, D, inverted over the pipe. Two bent draught-pipes, B C, assist the combustion by an inflow of air. The burnt gases soon heat the platinum wire red-hot, and a bright crown of mellow light is the result. We may also mention that a combination of gas and electric light has recently been patented. A strip of platinum foil passes through a gas-flame, which heats it, and the electric current at the same time traverses the foil.

A Water Analogy to the Electric Current.

Professor Bjerknes, of Christiania, has achieved renown for his beautiful experiments showing the attraction and repulsion between little drums pulsating under water, and the analogy between them and the attractions and repulsions of magnets and electrified bodies. Quite recently he has extended his researches to the phenomena of electric currents flowing in wires; and, according to experiments before the London Physical Society, he is able to imitate the attraction or repulsion of two currents flowing in parallel wires, by means of little cylinders oscillating in water. Thus, if A and B are two such cylinders placed parallel and oscillating under water as shown by the arrows, they are found to attract one another, just as two currents flowing in the same direction along two parallel wires attract each other. On the other hand, if the direction of oscillation of one of the cylinders is reversed there is a repulsion between them, corresponding to the repulsion between two electric currents flowing in opposite directions.



Ozone and Sleep.

Some interesting experiments to test the powers of ozone as an anæsthetic have been made by Dr. C. Binz, of Bonn, in Germany. The ozone was produced by the silent discharge of electricity into the air, and when breathed along with a mixture of air it produced a drowsy state on human beings. Sleep generally ensued after seven to twenty minutes, and was usually preceded by a feeling of greater ease in breathing. The sleep was generally very deep, and was followed by a tired sensation for several minutes. The effect of the ozonised air on small animals was very marked. First they became unquiet and restless, then the breathing grew less frequent, and finally they became torpid. The restless condition of animals when "thunder," or rather electricity, is in the air will come to mind in this connection. Torpor is accompanied by a lowering of the bodily heat, irritation and inflammation of the air-passages, causing vomiting. The experiments, taken altogether, demonstrated that, though ozone is not so irritating and destructive in its effect upon delicate membranes as hitherto stated, it cannot be readily employed as an anæsthetic so as to supersede nitrous oxide.

A Golden Cave.

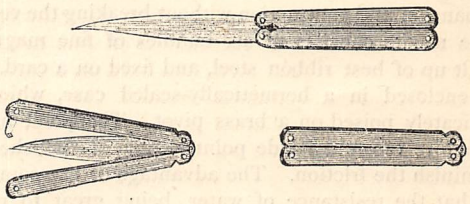
Near the village of Beppo-moura, in Kotchi, Japan, an auriferous cave has been discovered in which strings and nuggets of metal are openly visible in the roofs and sides. The cave has hitherto been considered sacred, and the natives would not enter it, but steps have now been taken to work the gold.

A Self-winding Clock.

In September last a new perpetual clock was erected in Brussels at the Gare du Nord, where, although exposed to wind and weather, it has kept going ever since without being touched. The winding is done by a fan placed in a chimney. The fan, revolving by the draught up the chimney, raises the clock-weight until it reaches the upper limit, when a brake stops the fan. No fire is necessary, as the natural draught is sufficient for the work. Should no chimney be available for the purpose, the inventor, M. Auguste Dardenne, states that a pipe, sixteen to twenty feet high, placed over the clock will do instead.

A Resonance Chamber Piano.

Some time ago we announced in the GATHERER that a way of seasoning pianos by means of ozone had been found. M. René, the discoverer of this process, has lately devised a resonance chamber for pianos, by which inferior instruments can acquire the fulness and strength of tone belonging to grand pianos. In place of the usual sounding-board, M. René uses a sound-chest over which the strings of the piano are stretched, and which, like the resounding body in many-stringed instruments, consists of two arched resonance-plates, which communicate their vibrations to each other by means of bell-mouths placed between. While upon this subject we may mention that Herr J. Föhr, of Stuttgart, has invented a new apparatus termed the "electrograph," by which an extemporaneous piece of music may be recorded as it is played. The result is obtained by causing the keys to complete an electric circuit sending a current of electricity from a metal style through a travelling band of chemically prepared paper, after the manner of the "chemical telegraph." The solution is a mixture of starch, water, and iodide of potassium, and the style is of iron, so that blue stains are made on the paper when the current passes. The duration of the sounds is indicated by the length of the stains, and the positions of the bar lines are shown by depressing a pedal.



A New Knife.

Those who find the ordinary pocket-knife sometimes troublesome to open, and perhaps a trifle dangerous in shutting, will perhaps look with favour on a knife-handle recently patented. This handle is made double so as to split up lengthwise, the blade being disclosed by pulling the two halves apart and turning them round their pivoted ends until they come together again in a reversed position, where they are held by a clutch. To shut the knife the clutch is released, and the two halves swung round to their old position covering the blade.

An Electric Light Tower.

The advantage of raising a powerful electric light aloft on a high tower, so that it can illumine a considerable area beneath when its rays are shed down by a reflector, has been practically demonstrated in different parts of the country, and notably by Messrs. Siemens Brothers at the statue in King William Street, London, E.C. It is now proposed to light the shipping dock, or "levée," at New Orleans, United States, by means of towers; and the design preferred is a high iron mast, 500 feet high, and carrying at the top electric lamps of 40,000 candle power. The mast would be constructed of tubular iron pieces, and in building it the inventor, Mr. William Golding, intends to dispense with staying and the usual appliances of tower erection. In short, he proposes to raise the tower by additions made at the bottom. The top sections to which the lamps are fixed are to be put together first, and by means of an ordinary derrick

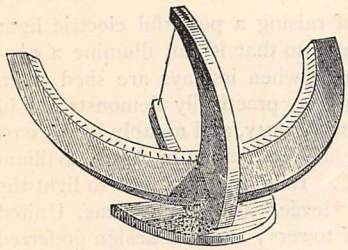
set vertically over a hydraulic press, placed upon the intended foundation of the tower. The hydraulic lift then raises the elevated sections until a new section—say five feet long—can be set underneath. When the new section has been bolted into its place, the whole is lifted another step, and so on. The tubes of the tower would be of a sufficient internal bore to allow the lamp-trimmer to ascend inside by a pneumatic lift, and Mr. Golding also proposes to utilise the erection as a look-out for fires in the city.

A Floating Compass.

A novel compass, invented by Captain Magnagni, has been introduced into the Italian navy. In it the needle floats on a pool of water, tinctured with spirits of wine to prevent its freezing. The water is contained in a glass vessel, with an elastic bottom to allow its expansion and contraction without breaking the vessel. The needle consists of six bundles of fine magnets, built up of best ribbon steel, and fixed on a card. It is enclosed in a hermetically-sealed case, which is delicately poised on a brass pivot. The pivot has a sapphire top and a jade point, all highly polished to diminish the friction. The advantage of the compass is that the resistance of water, being great to rapid movements, is comparatively slight to slower ones; and hence the ordinary movements of the needle are free enough, whereas those due to sudden shocks from without are resisted, with a consequent steadying of the indications. Tried on board the *Duillio*, it is found that the discharge of a 100-ton gun, or the motion of the screw, does not affect the readings of the compass. The effects of the rolling and pitching of the vessel are also guarded against by suspending the floating case a very little above its centre of gravity.

A Chamber Sundial.

A novel sundial for use in rooms is illustrated in the figure. It is the device of M. Péraux, of Nancy, and its geometrical form comprises the straight line, the circle, and the ellipse. To fix the true position for the dial on the window-sill of a room, it is necessary that the line of noon and the finger should be in one plane with a plumb-line, while the graduated limb or dial-plate should be parallel to the earth's equator; or in other words, the line of the finger should make an angle to the horizon equal to the latitude of the place. These adjustments done, the position of the dial is marked so that it may be set in the same place on a future occasion. Sundials are still useful, as regulators of clocks and watches, and that of M. Péraux is decidedly convenient.



Artificial Parchment.

A strong artificial parchment, impermeable by water, is, according to Messrs. Herold and Gawalowski, of Brunn, prepared in the following manner:—Woollen or cotton tissues are freed by washing from foreign substances such as gum, starch, &c., and then placed in a bath slightly charged with water-pulp; and to force the pulp into them they are passed between two rollers, which compress them. They are then steeped for a few seconds in a bath of concentrated sulphuric acid, and afterwards washed in water and ammoniacal liquor, until all trace of the acid and its base is gone. The parchment is then pressed between two steel rollers, dried between two others, covered with velt, and calendered for use.

Trains and Marsh-Fever.

Dr. King of Philadelphia, struck by the absence of malaria fever in those districts of that town and of New York where the railways run, has propounded the theory that this immunity is due to the continual passage of railway trains disturbing the air and soil. It will be interesting to note if his theory is borne out in other parts.

Animated Images.

The zootrope and the phenakisticope of Plateau give the appearance of animation to revolving figures, but hitherto they have not been adapted to project the images on a screen so that a large audience can see them. M. Molteni has devised the apparatus, which is applicable to the lime or electric light. The apparatus consists of a pulley rotated by a handle, and communicating its motion by means of two cords to the glass disc, which is covered with a ring of images, and also to a dark shutter which has an opening or window in it. The shutter, however, revolves much faster than the image-plate. The light streaming through projects each figure of the illustrated disc in rapid succession on the screen, and the result is a changing picture which resembles a living, moving creature.

Fish Guano.

The manufacture of guano from the heads, bones, and other refuse of fishes is a growing industry in Norway. Formerly it was the custom to waste this offal, which is chiefly composed of the remains of cod-fish left after curing, but now it is dried on the hills before putrefaction sets in, and then cut into small pieces, baked on a kiln, and ground into powder by millstones. The heads and bones are ground separately, but afterwards mixed in the proportion of five sacks of head-flour to one sack of bone-flour. It contains a large percentage of fertilising materials, such as ammonia and phosphoric acid, and is in demand by the Scandinavian farmers. Herring guano is prepared in a similar way, but the salt must first be extracted from the refuse, and this is done by subjecting it to the action of steam under pressure. All the

factories for the new industry are situated in Finmark and Lofoden, where cod and herrings are plentiful.

Bleaching by Electricity.

At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society, an interesting paper on a process of bleaching by means of the electric current was read by Messrs. J. J. Dobbie and J. Hutcheson. The basis of the new process consists in generating the chlorine, which is the bleaching agent, by the electrolysis of dilute hydrochloric acid, or a chlorine salt solution. A low battery power gave the most satisfactory results in their experiments. The method consisted in passing the cloth to be bleached through sea-water between two rows of carbon rollers, the upper row being connected to one pole, and the under row to the other pole of the battery. The rollers were caused to rotate slowly and thus pass the fabric from end to end of the bath. Hypochlorite is formed, and on subsequent immersion in dilute hydrochloric acid the cloth is effectually bleached.

Tinting Hyacinths.

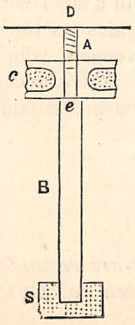
To paint the lily may be the height of folly, but to dye the hyacinth may be more justifiable, especially in the case of white ones. This, at any rate, has been done by an experimentalist, and some beautiful flowers of colours not yet produced by the gardener have been the result. The process consists in steeping white hyacinth plants in water tinged with aniline dyes, and allowing them to put forth their blossoms in it. The tinctured water permeates the cells of the flowers and stains them with its colour.

Wool Velvet.

An interesting process for transforming sheepskins into an excellent imitation of velvet has been introduced by M. Puech, of Mazamet, France. Sheepskins have hitherto been used chiefly for mats and the lining of coats; but after a long series of operations, including the cleansing, tanning, and dyeing of the skins, a kind of natural velvet is the result, very pleasant to behold and comfortable to wear.

Barney's Telephone.

Mr. W. C. Barney has invented a new telephone, which gives very good results. It consists, as will be understood from the figure, of a bar of iron or steel, B, which is magnetised and fitted at one end into a solid piece of soft iron, S, while at the other it carries a bobbin, wound with silk-covered copper wire, *c*. In the hollow of this bobbin is a pole-piece of soft iron, to which is attached a spiral spring of iron, connecting the pole-piece, *e*, to the vibrating diaphragm, D, in front of the bobbin. Now the currents from the line are passed through the wire of the bobbin, and they cause the bar, B, to lengthen and shorten according to their power. This tremor of the bar is communicated to the diaphragm by the spring, A, causing it to vibrate and reproduce the original speech.

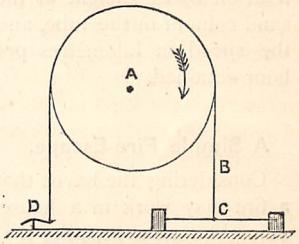


A Prolific Lily.

A remarkable specimen of the Easter Lily of Bermuda was recently transported from Jamaica to New York. It bears no less than 145 separate blossoms. The stalk is three feet high, thickly clad with long leaves, and at the top there is a perfect canopy of blossoms about two feet in diameter drooping over it on their slender stems. The flowers are trumpet-shaped and of a white and yellow colour.

Recording Sound.

In the ingenious phonograph of Mr. Edison, the vibrations of the voice are indented on a strip of tin-foil by a needle, or stylus, attached to the back of a diaphragm set into vibration by the voice. The effect is, however, comparatively feeble, and only soft yielding material will take the impressions. According to the experiments of Mr. W. B. Cooper, recently communicated to the Franklin Institute, there is some prospect of our being able to register the voice on strong metal plates. Mr. Cooper has invented a mechanical device, which he terms a "phonodynamograph," to increase the force with which the stylus bears upon the metal sheet. This is illustrated in our figure, and consists of a pulley, A, which is surrounded by a cord, B, having one end attached to the centre of the vibrating diaphragm, C, and the other end attached to one end of a pivoted lever, D, which is shaped like a stylus and disposed so as to indent a sheet of metal passing under it when the cord is pulled upon. Now, when the plate, C, vibrates up and down, the cord pulls the lever, D, with a tension equal to the force with which the diaphragm vibrates, less the friction of the cord on the edge of the pulley. But if the pulley, A, is rapidly rotated in the direction of the arrow, the lever, D, is pulled upon by a force equal to the vibration of the diaphragm *plus* the friction of the cord and pulley. This friction grows with the speed of the pulley, and hence the feeble vibrations of the diaphragm can be made to indent with considerable thrusting power. In this way Mr. Cooper has succeeded in embossing brass as thick as a sheet of note-paper, by the impact of the voice on a phonograph plate. Thick metal sheets can be thus indented while rendered soft by heating, and the record afterwards preserved in a rigid form. Indeed Mr. Cooper's device is capable of numerous applications in the science of sound, if not also in telephony.

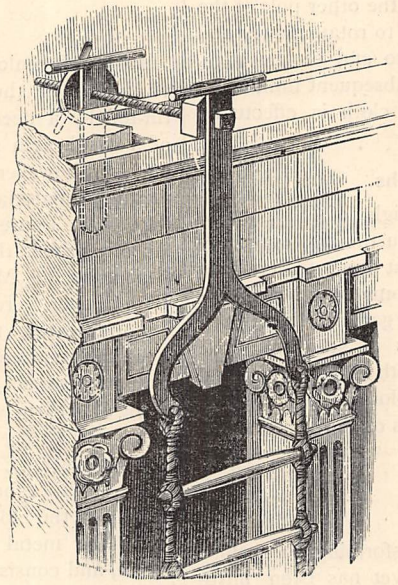


The Cursometer.

"Cursometer" is the name given to a small and inexpensive indicator of the speed of a train, which has been devised by M. L'Esprit, on the principle of the sand-glass. It consists of a glass tube having two bulbs blown upon its ends. These bulbs, with the intervening tube, are partially filled with fine sand, so that when the instrument is held vertically the sand will run down the tube, from the upper bulb to the lower one. This glass is mounted on a wooden case like a thermometer, and a sale of seconds is graduated on one side of the tube while a scale of kilomètres per hour is graduated on the other. To use the apparatus, the observer, holding the larger bulb lowermost, waits until the train passes a kilomètre post and then suddenly inverts it, so that the sand begins to run; at the moment the succeeding post passes, he slants the glass and stops the sand. The scale is then read off by the height of the sand column in the tube, and the speed in kilomètres per hour obtained.

A Simple Fire-Escape.

Considering the havoc that a fire may work in a house, at night time especially, it is well worth the inventor's while to devise some simple, effective, and cheap appliance for insuring the safe escape of inmates. The apparatus represented in the woodcut seems to be an effort in the right direction. It consists of a forked metal plate, to which a rope-ladder is attached, and a clamp plate for adjustment against the inside of the window-sill. The two plates are coupled together by a screw which carries a clamping wheel for readily securing the plates to the sill. When the sill slopes, a block is used in order to give the escape a level bearing. The upper end of the fork is supplied with handles to facilitate climbing out of window and stepping upon the ladder. This appliance is stated to be light, strong, and cheap. Some such apparatus is wanted, but certain features are absolutely indispensable. It must be simple in construction—that is, it must have none of that elaborate gear which generally proves "out of order" when required—strong and well adapted to its purpose, and producible at such a price that every householder might be able to purchase one for every bed-room above the ground-floor.



An India-rubber Horse-shoe.

A horse-shoe for giving horses a good grip of the street has been devised by Herr Schneider, of Berlin. The calks or studs are of caoutchouc instead of iron, and they are fitted into pockets cast into the rim of the shoe, which is of malleable cast iron. They are fixed in the pockets by means of rods crossing below the hoof of the horse and bolted exteriorly. For horses with heavy loads to draw, leather may be substituted for india-rubber, and in time of frost a short screw calk may be added to the front of the shoe.

A Talking Canary.

The imitative powers of parrots and starlings are well known, but it is seldom that the canary develops this faculty of speech to such a degree as is the case with a little songster belonging to Dr. J. McGrigor Croft. This canary not only warbles very beautifully, but speaks words and sentences with great distinctness.

An Iron-Tree.

The "palmetto" is the emblem of South Carolina, which indeed is poetically called the "Palmetto State." During the American Civil War, South Carolina played an important part, and quite recently a memorial to the soldiers who fell in its defence was erected in front of the State House. It took the form of a wrought-iron palmetto-tree, every leaf of which is exquisitely worked, and so delicately poised as to tremble in the breeze.

An Endless Stone Saw.

An endless "band" saw for cutting stone has been invented by Mr. P. Gray. It consists of a steel wire rope passing over two pulleys, and besides its rapid forward motion it has a twisting movement, which clears out the groove cut in the stone. The saw can do twenty times the work of a hand-saw in the same period of time.

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

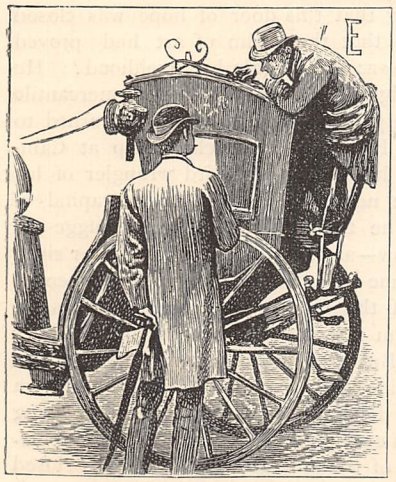
Competitors for the Prize of Five Pounds offered for the best Essay on the above subject are reminded that the Competition closes on September 1, 1882. The rules of the Competition, which must be strictly observed, were published in the June Part of the Magazine.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.



ENCOURAGED by the supposed sale of his paintings, Frank Rossiter set to work with great ardour to finish his copy of Velasquez's "Dead Warrior." The last touches were put in late one afternoon, and whilst afterwards walking homewards, Frank told himself that now he must soon know who was the mysterious patron by whom his other pictures had been bought, and who, according to Martin, had promised to buy this one. For to Frank's perplexity, and latterly to the awakening of certain uncomfortable doubts, his friend still persisted in withholding the purchaser's name. But he could do so no longer, now that the "Dead Warrior" was ready to be disposed of. On entering the studio next morning, however, Frank saw that his picture was gone. Turning from the empty easel, he questioned Martin with his eyes.

"Don't be offended, old fellow," faltered the latter, colouring. "I ventured to do the business for you. You are too modest to puff your own work. I've sold it for £50, Frank. But if you are not satisfied, I bargained that the fellow was to let you off the agreement. Really, though, I don't believe you could get more for it; I don't, indeed!"

"Don't you, indeed?" echoed Frank. "And to whom have you sold it? I must know that, if you please."

"Oh, to a man who has a shop at the other end of the City," rejoined Martin. "He came here after you were gone last evening, and I let him carry it off. But if you are vexed—if you think you could get more——"

"Show me the bill, Martin, or whatever written evidence you have of the transaction."

"Why, you don't mean to say you can't trust me?" demanded Martin, throwing a hurt expression into his face. "Perhaps you think I have pocketed something on my own account?"

"I think that if you have sold the painting at all, you have sold it for less than half the price you name; and I believe you deceived me in the same way about the other three. Martin, I insist upon knowing at once who has taken my work."

"And I decline to answer on compulsion. Upon my honour, Frank, all the paintings are at this moment in a picture-dealer's shop down somewhere in the south-west. And they have been bought at the prices I mentioned. Your £50 is there on your paint-box. If you are not satisfied, I can get the thing back, as I told you. But I won't be made to prove my words."

"You refuse, then, to tell me who has bought them?"

"For *to-day* I do."

"All right, old boy; you are not clever at deceit," said Frank, taking up his hat and gloves. "I'll soon find out the truth. *Au revoir!*" And paying no attention to Martin's call after him to come back, he passed into the street, and hailed a hansom cab from a neighbouring stand.

But the truth was not to be found out quite so easily as he had anticipated. With a list in his hand, compiled with the aid of a directory, young Rossiter drove round to one after another of the print-shops and art-repositories, from the doors whereof he had turned only so short a time ago sick with disappointment. But "somewhere in the south-west" was rather a vague description, and the day had drawn on into the afternoon without bringing any reward to his search.

"There's another pictur-shop a little further down this 'ere road, sir," observed the cabman, when, after one of his fruitless inquiries, Frank stood consulting his list on the parapet. "I drove a gent there last evening from the same place as I tuk you hup. Maybe that's what you're a-lookin' for? A crooked gent he was, and he'd a pictur with him, as he left there," he added gratuitously.

"Ha! Yes, that *is* the place I am looking for," rejoined Frank, with satisfaction; and immediately dismissing the cab, he walked on in the direction indicated by its driver. Upon gaining the shop, which was one he did not remember to have visited before, the young man's eye at once fell upon his own picture, which occupied a somewhat conspicuous position in the window. After lingering for a minute outside, he entered the shop—a long, low building, devoted more to the sale of old china and antique curiosities than to other works of art—and asked to see his "Dead Warrior." A young man behind the counter having brought it to him, he asked the price.

"It would be £10, sir, unframed as it is," was the reply.

"Have you any other works by the same artist?" he demanded presently, with a little catch in his breath.

"Mr. Jones, have we anything else by this artist?" repeated the shopman, passing on the question to an older man who had drawn near.

Stepping forward with alacrity, Mr. Jones, the proprietor of the shop, replied in the affirmative, and produced the three small studies, which Frank recognised only too readily.

"You can have these for £5 apiece," said Mr. Jones, placing them in a good light; "and that is dirt-cheap. They are capital little paintings. And look at the frames! I assure you, sir, the frames are worth half the money."

"I am quite aware of that, as I happen to have bought them," returned young Rossiter, laughing bitterly. "Look here, Mr. Jones, I suppose you are the owner of this establishment?"

Mr. Jones bowed in silent surprise.

"Those paintings are my work. They were sold to you by a friend of mine. I want you to tell me candidly what you gave for them."

"I did not give anything for them," replied the shopkeeper, laying down the one he held with a crest-fallen air. "I am only selling them on commission for a gentleman. I thought *he* was the artist —a young fellow, rather deformed. I couldn't afford to buy just now, as I told him. There's no business doing at present, and I have a heavy stock on hand. It isn't bad work, though," he added, taking up the "Dead Warrior," and glancing at it critically. "I shouldn't mind offering £15 for the lot," he subjoined tentatively.

"Thank you. I'll consider the matter. I'll call again another day," exclaimed poor Frank. And with a hasty "Good morning," he hurried from the shop. But he did not turn in the direction whence he had come. He felt no desire in his present mood either to go home or to return to the studio.

That dream, then, was over for ever—that vain dream he had been indulging of being able to support his mother in comfort, perhaps even to earn a fortune by his brush. His paintings, after all, had not been sold. No paintings of his ever *would* sell, he now felt convinced, for anything that would repay him for the trouble of execution. He must give up art. That, at least, was a settled fact. The disappointment following so swiftly upon his imaginary success was hard to bear. But for some time his anger against Martin Callender on account of the deception he had practised upon him was even stronger than his disappointment. It was disgusting of Martin, he said to himself, to have told such a lie. It was a piece of ill-judged cruelty. It was a stupid imposition, which he should not easily forgive. And what a fool he had made of himself in crediting Martin's assertions about that £90! The young fellow's *amour-propre* was deeply wounded, and this added to his irritation. *Ninety pounds*, forsooth! and the shopkeeper had offered them at £5 a-piece! Yes, he *had* been an egregious fool. And Martin had thought to take him in still further. It was an impertinent trick, which he certainly should not overlook. So the young man thought as he posted along the crowded thoroughfares, without the slightest notion as to where he was going, once or twice coming into rough collision with a passer-by in the blind haste wherewith he sped along.

After awhile, however, his irritation against his friend began to subside, and softer, but not less distressful, emotions to take its place.

However mistaken in what he had done, Martin had been actuated only by generous and affectionate motives. That, of course, was clear; and though still vexed by the well-meant deception, Frank could no longer retain towards him his sense of injury and displeasure.

But how—now that this door of hope was closed upon him—now that the realm of art had proved a barren land—was he to gain his livelihood? He had no knowledge of any professional or mercantile affairs, but surely his education might be turned to some account. He had won a scholarship at Cambridge, and he had come out third wrangler of his year. Could he not in some way make capital of these facts? The thing which naturally suggested itself to him now—as it had done many times since his loss of fortune—was to apply to some influential acquaintance of the family, who might use his interest to get him a post of some description under Government. But from this course Rossiter was withheld by pride and shame, no less than by a fear of refusal. His father's disgrace, he felt, clung to himself. His ever-present recollection of that lifelong fraud, and of the unhappy death that had closed the sad drama, killed poor Frank's ambition. He winced at the bare idea of meeting with any one who had known him in former days—how much more at that of presenting himself as a supplicant for favours which, under the circumstances, he could not feel justified in expecting to have granted! No; that step would be an impossible one for him. He must be content with humble things, and he must fight his own way without the aid of patronage. But how was he to do it?

Revolving scheme after scheme in his mind, but unable to hit upon any occupation for which he felt himself competent, or that promised to be remunerative, he continued to walk on, turning into new streets and roads, and paying no heed as to the direction he was taking. The physical exercise of walking was a relief to his excitement; and until he had found some loophole of escape from his difficulties—some glimmer of hope for the future—he could not, he felt, go home and make others the sharers of his bitter disappointment.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

A "DEUS EX MACHINÂ."

THE most important events of a lifetime, it has often been remarked, will seem sometimes, when looking back upon them, to have been brought about by mere blind chance, or to have depended upon some careless decision as to the veriest trifle. An apparently insignificant circumstance was now to turn the current of Frank Rossiter's existence. Tired out at length with his aimless wanderings about the London streets, the young man paused to inquire whereabouts he was. To his surprise, he found that he had got into the

district of Bayswater, and having received directions as to where he could meet with an omnibus that would carry him homewards, he stepped out again, growing each moment more conscious of his weariness. He was crossing presently by the corner of a square of large detached houses, when a child's frightened cry arrested his attention. Turning to look whence it came, but seeing nothing, he was passing on, when the cry was repeated. For several seconds Frank hesitated. Then with a sigh he entered the square, and guided by the troubled sounds, soon came upon a little fellow, who appeared to be clinging to the railings which enclosed a plot of garden-ground laid out in the centre, whilst his nurse was tugging at him behind.

On Frank's approach, however, she released him, and he then saw that the boy, a chubby little fellow of four, had got his arm tightly wedged in between some scroll-work that ornamented the lower part of the railings. As his nurse explained, he had mischievously thrown his hoop-stick over the fence, and had then pushed his arm through to try and reach it. Soothing the boy, who was a very brave little fellow, young Rossiter gradually worked the small limb, which had become quite swollen through the injudicious tugging, into a wider space in the scroll-work, which admitted of its being withdrawn. The manipulation, which had to be gently done, occupied some time; and Frank had just set down the grateful little man, after taking the kiss he had volunteered, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice exclaimed in his ear—

"By all the powers, Rossiter, it actually *is* you!"

"Carradus!" ejaculated Frank, no less astonished. "Why, where have *you* sprung from?"

"From No. 7, just opposite, my boy, where you'll kindly return with me at once; for, as you'll observe, I'm in slippers," was the reply. "I've been watching you for the last ten minutes from the window there, doing the good Samaritan, and I was sure I recognised the cut of your back hair. Come along; let's get in-doors." And before Frank could recover from his surprise at this unexpected accost, he had been hurried up some handsome steps into a wide hall, and thence into a comfortably furnished library.

"And now tell me what on earth you are doing in London at this time of the year?" demanded his interlocutor. "Sit down, man."

Frank accepted the arm-chair pointed out to him; then, flushing scarlet, he returned, "I am living here at present, Carradus, with my mother and sisters. You know, of course, what has happened?"

"No. What *has* happened? And why are you blushing so sweetly?"

"You have not heard?" faltered poor Frank.

"Heard? I've heard nothing. I only got back from Egypt yesterday. Went there to fetch my sister Jessie home. By-the-by, to return your query: you know what has happened to *me?*"

Frank shook his head.

"Well, I should have thought all the world was informed on that subject. But out with *your* story first. Hello! I hope it's nothing bad, Rossiter? You look rather down in the mouth. Come in."

This last request was addressed to a servant, who, unaware that his master had a visitor, now entered, with a tray containing a tea-service and a variety of sweet cakes, and was immediately bidden to bring another cup.

"You recollect my weakness, eh, Rossiter? I haven't abandoned it yet, you see. This is stunning tea. Got it direct rom Pekin."

"Thanks. I shall be glad of the tea," rejoined Frank, accepting the strong cup held out to him, and becoming suddenly conscious of the fact that he stood much in need of refreshment.

"Take a piece of cake," continued his companion. "And don't sneer at my womanish tastes, like you used to do when we were at John's together. I'm not a fellow to be sneered at in these days, I'd have you know. A man feels ever so much taller when he gets a handle to his name. But now tell me what's the matter. You are not in trouble, old fellow, I hope?"

The tone of these last words was very kind. Young Rossiter gulped down something in his throat along with the hot tea, and regarded his companion with a wistful air. Should he respond to that friendly invitation, and tell all his sorrows to this old college acquaintance? To do so, he felt, would be a relief, and yet a trial. He hesitated, considering the point, and at the same time studying the face opposite to him. As regarded features, the face—which belonged to a young man some years older than himself—was a remarkably plain, if not an absolutely ugly one. The nose was broad, the mouth wide and large. The cheek-bones were high, the forehead massive. Bushy black eye-brows matched the coarse black hair which curled on the head and fringed the side of the cheeks, but they surmounted eyes wherewith no fault could be found. In colour those eyes were grey—in expression pure, frank, and gentle. There was a good-humoured and benevolent play, too, about the large mouth. Altogether, notwithstanding its ugliness, the countenance was a curiously attractive one, and with most men, and *all* women, of his acquaintance Wilfred Carradus was a special favourite. At Cambridge, where he had belonged to the same college as Frank Rossiter, young Carradus had not distinguished himself by any intellectual attainments (though he had escaped being plucked), but he had been a noted man at all kinds of athletic sports. He had not belonged exactly to the same "set" as Frank, but the two young men had been tolerably familiar; and once since they had both left the University (two and a half years ago) Carradus had spent nearly a week at Dunscarley Park, to the great increase of their mutual liking. During the last twelve months, however, both being negligent correspondents, they had completely lost sight of each other.

"I am in very serious trouble, Carradus," said Frank at last; "and I should like to explain the whole matter to you. But what do you mean by saying that you have a handle to your name?"

"Why, my brother Philip is dead—died three

months ago. This was his town house—not the most aristocratic quarter, but all the better for that. It's mine now. Didn't you perceive that I was at home here?"

"Oh! I never thought of the house being *yours*," returned Frank. "Have you left chambers, then? And did your half-brother treat you decently, after all? I understood that he intended to leave his entire fortune in charity."

"So he did, so he did! I only escaped coming in for an empty title by the very skin of my teeth. It would have been a barren baronetcy indeed but for a happy accident, which I'll tell you all about presently. As it is, though I can't perhaps count my money by the bucket-full, like you millionnaire fellows, I'm in a delightfully auriferous condition. But pardon, Rossiter—you shall congratulate me afterwards. What's up, old fellow? You have a band of crape on your hat, I see. Hope you haven't lost any of your family? How dark it is! I can scarcely see your face."

"Don't ring for lights just now, Carradus," begged Frank, as the former was on the point of doing so. "Let me tell you my story first. You must have been out of England for the last two months, or I should think you would have heard something of it." And, without any further circumlocution, the young fellow proceeded to lay before his friend the simple truth concerning his family history. When he had finished by recounting how his hopes of being able to gain a subsistence by art had been this morning so cruelly dashed to the ground, and how he was now suffering from anxious perplexity as to his future course, Carradus suddenly sprang from his chair, and seizing his hand, exclaimed—

"Rossiter, my boy, I have it! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. You're the very fellow I'm looking for. I've got a post to offer you, if you won't consider it *infra dig*. *Do* take it for the present, till we can look out something better, at all events."

"You are very good, Carradus," faltered Frank. "What is the post?"

"I— 'pon my word, I'm ashamed of proposing it. But it'll only be for a temporary thing, you know. We'll speak to my brother-in-law to find you something different. By the way, I have not seen you since my sister Maria's grand match. You *did* hear of that, of course?"

"Yes. Miss Carradus married the Marquis of Southdip. Certainly, I saw it in the papers. I ought to have written you on the occasion."

"No matter; we've both been bad boys in that respect. Yes, she married the old fellow after a few weeks' engagement; and she seems very happy, though he is old enough to be her grandfather. They are in Egypt just now for Maria's health. In fact, they have never returned yet from the honeymoon."

"I hope Lady Southdip is not delicate?" observed Frank, curbing his impatient eagerness to bring his companion back to the subject from which he appeared to be wandering.

"Rather. Yes, I'm afraid she *is* weakly. She took all the good looks of the brood for her share, but Jessie and I got the strength in compensation for our ugliness. You remember Jessie?"

"Perfectly. Did you not say she had just returned with you from abroad?"

"Yes; she's in the house now. We'll go to her by-and-by. She had joined Maria in Italy for a few weeks; but the noble marchioness had the cheek to carry her off to Cairo, where I had to follow and bring her back, for she's got to be my housekeeper now. Well, as I was going to say, he's a capital old fellow, is Lord Southdip, and we'll get him to put you in for some respectable appointment or other when he comes back to England. But in the meantime——"

"Yes?" interrogated Frank, as he paused.

"In the meantime, I want a secretary—confidential adviser—general factotum. Would that suit you? I'll give you a good salary—say £1,000 or £1,500—anything you like. Now don't say 'No' till you've considered the matter, there's a dear fellow!"

"I'm not likely to say 'No' to any employment that I'm capable of, my dear Carradus. But don't talk extravagant nonsense about the salary. Are you *really* in need of a secretary? I'm afraid that's humbug. What can you want with one?"

"You'll precious soon find that out, if you'll take my offer. Look here, Rossiter: I sent an advertisement to the *Times* to-day, and I'm waiting in town now purposely to find a secretary; and, seriously, if you will accept the post *pro tem.*, I shall be no end delighted."

"Oh, Carradus! you are a *Deus ex machinâ!*" stammered Frank. "I really think I *could* act as secretary."

"Of course you could! Just wait a moment whilst I light the gas. This is splendid! Bless that squalling urchin! If he hadn't squalled, I shouldn't have looked out of the window; and if I hadn't looked out of the window, I should not have seen you," rattled Carradus, bent on giving his friend time to recover from the emotion under which he saw that he was labouring. "And if I hadn't seen you, I might have fallen into the hands of thieves, as poor Philip did. *His* secretary, do you know, had been robbing him right and left for years. But I must tell you *my* story now. What ups and downs there are in life! I'm so sorry for you, old fellow; but *nil desperandum!* Mark me, you'll rise to the surface again like a cork. As for me, little did I ever expect to get afloat on this golden ocean. You never met my brother, did you?"

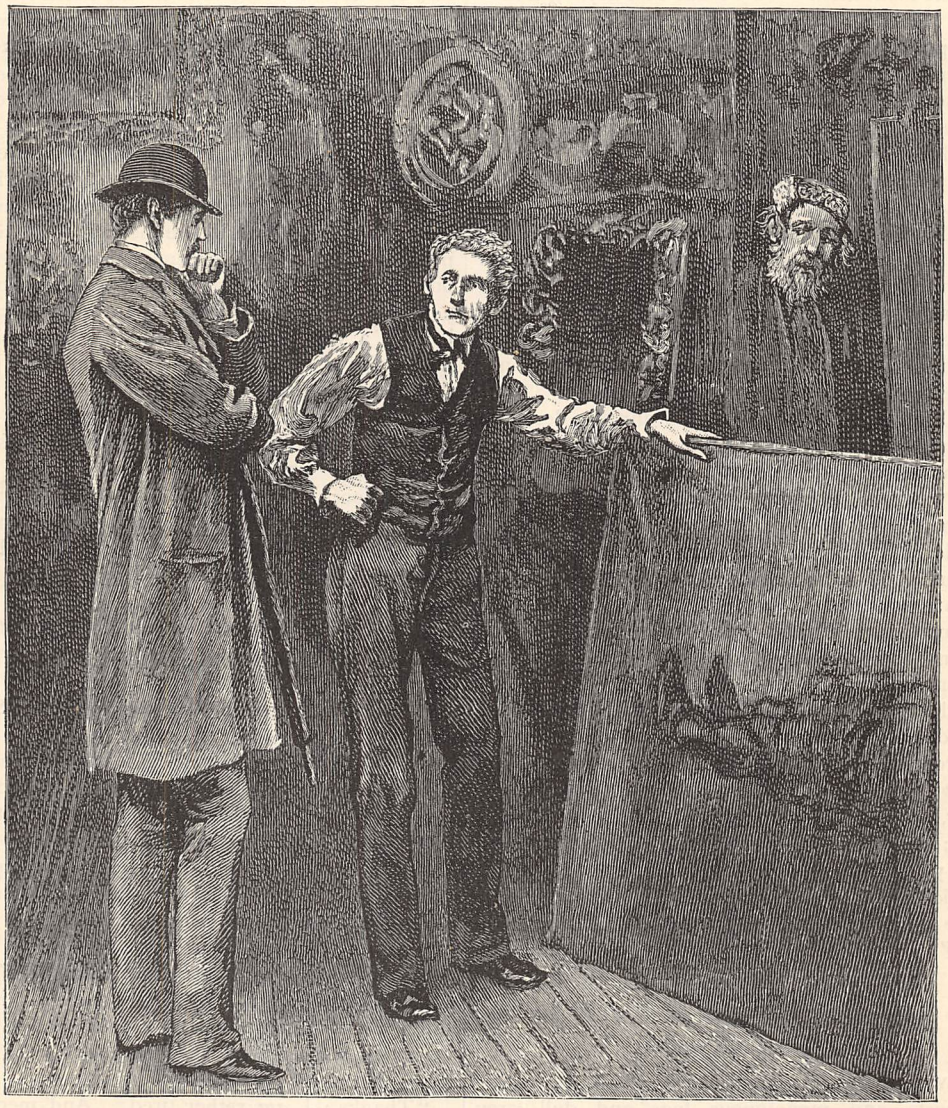
"No. I think you were not on very good terms with him, were you?"

"Well, there was no quarrel. But the fact of the matter is that he detested his father's second wife and all her family. My mother was younger than he, and it is my private opinion that he proposed to her himself, before my father did. However, he wouldn't have anything to do with the lot of us; and when he 'struck oil' in that brewery business, he declared he would leave every farthing he made in charity. He always intended to do it, too. But he was a queer old stick, and, as his attorney tells me, constantly making and re-making his will. He had

just burned his latest, and had a new one prepared for execution, at the time of his death; but it was not signed, luckily for me! I wonder if he remembered the circumstance? But no; his death must have been instantaneous. He was killed in a stone-quarry—one which he had just bought in Cornwall. They were in the act of blasting, and the poor old fellow didn't know it, and had gone close up to the very spot where the explosion took place. The workmen were not even aware that he was in the quarry till they found him lying under a huge piece of rock with his skull fractured. Dreadful thing, wasn't it? But he was never like a brother to me, you see; so it's no use pretending that the affliction was overwhelming."

"And now you are Sir Wilfred Carradus?"

"Now I am Sir Wilfred Carradus. Better still, I have £80,000 a year, my friend. And, *mirabile dictu*, you are my secretary!"



"'HAVE YOU ANY OTHER WORKS BY THE SAME ARTIST?'" (*p.* 641).

"My dear Carradus——"

"Stay a minute, I've something more to tell you. I'm going to carry out a part of poor Sir Philip's last will and testament. He had just commenced to build an orphan asylum at Lowry's Dale, not far from his place in Hants. The foundation is laid, and it was for this object that he had bought that stone-quarry

in Cornwall. Well, I intend to finish that, and endow it too. It's only fair that I should, and it makes me feel comfortable. That project will find work enough for my secretary, don't you see? And there's plenty besides. I say, it'll be rather a lark: two young fellows like you and me interesting ourselves in a charitable institution. We'll make that asylum a nonpareil! Now, to clinch this business, shall we say £1,000 per annum for the salary?"

"Carradus, my good fellow, are you crazy? Who ever heard of a secretary getting such a sum?"

"They do, 'pon honour, lots of them do," protested Sir Wilfred; "and I'll take it out of you in work, you may depend upon that."

"If you offer me half that amount, it will be far too much, Carradus; but I will take it for the sake of my mother and sisters," said young Rossiter, holding out his hand, and looking at his companion through glistening eyes.

"Then I won't—so there! £1,000 is the proper screw for all the work you'll have to do. You'll not get a penny less—so take the offer or leave it."

But Frank, notwithstanding his anxious desire to see his mother and the girls surrounded by some of the comforts of their former estate, could not bring himself to accept a payment which he considered so incommensurate with the services he would be enabled to render. Eventually, however, after much discussion, and obstinate persistency on Sir Wilfred's part, the salary was fixed at £800—of which Frank, almost overcome with relief and gratitude, inwardly resolved to retain £100 for himself, and to hand the rest over to his family.

"And you'll be ready, then, to go down with me to Childersthorpe in a few days? And I may call to-morrow on Mrs. Rossiter? I hope she won't be vexed with me for decoying you away. But we must tell her, you know, that it's not a couple of hours off by rail; and that you can run up any day, or *every* day if you like, to see her. Now, come and speak to Jessie; and then, as you are in such a hurry, you may be off, though I wish you could have stayed to dinner."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS.

SLOWLY the winter passed away, with its snows and frosts, and monotonous fogs and dull grey mists. Spring followed; and gradually, from its outskirts to its centre, the Great City brightened. In suburban regions, dreary oblong patches of soil burst into pleasant gardens and an enchantment of fruit-blossom. Commons clothed themselves with yellow gorse, and parks with sweet spring greenery. Orange vendors appeared at the corners of streets, and flower-girls carried a breath of country air along with the daffodils and primroses in their baskets right into the City's midst. Then spring warmed into summer, and the world of fashion began to blossom and bloom like that of nature. By degrees, as roses took the place of daffodils, and strawberries of oranges, the gay tide rose and swelled in Rotten Row and Hyde Park, and "West End" tradesmen began to have a good time of it.

Not, however, that we have anything to do for the moment with the fashionable world. On the contrary, with our reader's permission, we must introduce him to a certain broad road in the north-lying district of Highgate. There, shut in by a high wall, overtopped by trees, stands a pretty dwelling, too large, perhaps, to be described as a cottage *orné*, yet exhibiting many characteristics of that picturesque style of abode. The ivy-clad porch is of the orthodox cottage form; but on either side of it are modern rooms, with windows on a level with the trimly-kept lawn. Round these windows, roses, jasmine, and other creeping plants have been trained, and roses peep in at the upper casements, and which are all, on this hot July afternoon, now standing open. In a good-sized room, whereto a pair of these casements belong, a young lady is stooping over a trunk, into which she is engaged in packing a litter of garments that bestrews the floor around. She has got her gown tucked up and her hair pushed back, and she looks very warm. To her presently enters another young lady, who has evidently just come in from out of doors. She is attired in a home-spun dress and jacket of the plainest material and make, and she wears a close-fitting cottage-bonnet. But these homely garments cannot destroy, though in some measure they may disguise, the beauty of her form and face. Taking off her bonnet, she discloses to view a head of sheeny golden hair, and at the same time remarks—

"My dear Christine, why don't you let Susan do that?"

"Because, my dear Effie, Susan has got a headache; and, moreover, I prefer to do it myself. Mother had a note from Frank just after you went out. He is coming up to-morrow morning to escort us down, though there was no necessity for such a thing."

"Oh! it is better. The attention will please mother. Where is she? I don't see her below."

"No; she has gone to Regent Street to see after her new bonnet. I don't expect she'll be home till near dinner-time. But we'll have some tea, if you will order it, dear. Not for half an hour, though; I shan't be ready before then. No, you *can't* help me. Go down and rest. I can see you are tired."

"Thanks; I *am* rather tired." And mechanically smoothing her plain linen collar, Effie Rossiter obeyed her sister's suggestion—so far, at least, as to go down-stairs.

A few moments later there arose from the apartment immediately below the strains of a sweet piano, and still sweeter voice singing, to the accompaniment of an air from Haydn, Moore's beautiful sacred song:—

"Oh, Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;

And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

"But Thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe."

"Poor Effie!" sighed Christine to herself. But she did not intermit her packing, and the sigh was not a very distressed one. For Christine knew that if her sister's "broken heart" had not yet been exactly "healed," it was, at all events, in a fair way to become so. Youth, time, and circumstances had done much for the poor girl. Nevertheless, it had been feared in the beginning that Effie would die; and probably the effects of that terrible blow would remain with her through life, not necessarily, however, to either physical or mental injury.

The first thing that had aroused the forsaken girl from that wretched apathy which, so long as she had indulged it, was visibly undermining her health, had been a serious illness on Mrs. Rossiter's part.

This illness had attacked the poor lady very shortly after her son had obtained his lucrative situation as secretary to Sir Wilfred Carradus; and Effie, fortunately for herself, had been forced into acting as her mother's principal nurse.

Thus distracted from her own brooding, and finding herself, for the first time in her life, a useful as well as ornamental member of society, Effie presently began to derive comfort from her work. When Mrs. Rossiter was better, she announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse; but being dissuaded from this course, she put herself under the guidance of the vicar of a neighbouring parish, and became instead an indefatigable district visitor and voluntary tender of the sick and poor. She assumed, too, to Mrs. Rossiter's particular annoyance, the plain garb in which we have just seen her. Indeed, although Mrs. Rossiter, when mistress of Dunscarley Park, had been noted for her generosity to the poor, Effie's "fad," as she called it, altogether displeased her. Her own charity had been of a very different nature, consisting of an easy-going liberality, which dispensed itself without trouble. But she could not tell whether to be the more surprised or shocked at this strange new-born taste which her elder daughter displayed for the *rôle* of sick-nurse. And certainly it was the very last *rôle* which any one would have expected the once self-absorbed, gaiety-loving, and fastidious Euphemia Rossiter to have adopted.

But whatever might be the inciting cause of Effie's present conduct—whether she was moved to it by religious or philanthropic principle, or animated merely by a desire of seeking forgetfulness of her own affliction—the effect was certainly happy. If her mother had not the sense to rejoice in the poor girl's having found this safety-valve for herself in occupation, her sister had.

As for Christine, her own time during all these past months had been full of occupation. Notwithstanding the fact that, with Frank's salary and Mrs. Rossiter's annuity, the three ladies were now in receipt of between eight and nine hundred a year, Christine had persisted in fulfilling the tuitional engagements upon which she had previously entered. As she had represented to Frank, when he vainly attempted to oppose her decision, she was not disposed to lay upon him the burden of her support through life. Mrs. Rossiter's annuity would die with her. Effie and she, therefore, were absolutely penniless; and the high-minded girl felt that to rest supine in the assurance that her brother would generously devote his life to his family was for her an impossibility. The natural instinct of a noble nature impelled her to struggle after independence. Moreover, as she further reasoned, no human life was guaranteed. Frank might lose his health, or die; it was her duty to prepare herself to support her mother and sister, in that event, to the best of her ability.

Accordingly, with a firm but gentle insistence, Christine had taken her own way. She had attended the ladies' college and the boys' school, and she had succeeded also in meeting with a few private pupils. And now she was about to enjoy a well-earned holiday, to which she had eagerly been looking forward. But it was not alone this cause of happiness that operated to produce those pleased smiles which played about her lips as she stooped over the trunk she was packing with her own and her sister's garments.

There was a deeper, though a very secret reason, for the beaming light in her dark eyes, and the tremulous sweetness of expression which seemed to soften all the lines of her rather strongly-marked features. Some few days since, Mrs. Rossiter, who had of late been remarkably *complaisante* and affectionate in her manner towards Christine, had observed that she was "growing quite pretty." And as the girl now rose, at the sound of a bell which had been touched to let her know that afternoon tea was served, and stood before the glass arranging her hair, she could not help thinking that there was some truth in the observation. Her thin cheeks appeared to be filling out, and there was a warmer colour showing through the sallow complexion, which was unquestionably an improvement. Still, Christine was not "pretty," nor ever would be, excepting to the eyes of a few who could discern in her a beauty which was something more than "skin-deep."

The sisters did not converse much together as they sipped their tea. They were neither of them great talkers—a phenomenon nearly always to be observed in the daughters of talkative women; and Euphemia, especially, had ever been one of the silent sort. When Christine joined her, she was engaged in studying a diary, or note-book, in which she kept an account of each day's visitations, with a list of her sick and poor, and their individual ailments and necessities. With a half-apology, she continued her occupation; and Christine, who had no objection to pursue her own private reflections, presently carried her cup to an easy-chair by the low French window.

It was now four months since, on Mrs. Rossiter's recovery from the serious illness already referred to, she and her daughters had moved into their present

abode. This house Frank had taken furnished for them from its owner, and they had left Mrs. Carson's cheap lodgings without having discovered to whose agency they owed that marvellously low rental. Compared, of course, with Dunscarley Park (with its sumptuous furniture, its grounds to be measured by the hundreds of acres, its retinue of servants, &c.) this establishment was but a poor and mean one, and it was scarcely in the nature of things that those who had occupied so different a position should not at times suffer keenly from the contrast. Nevertheless, that there was much ground for thankfulness in that matters were no worse, even Mrs. Rossiter could, upon occasions, be brought to admit. They were rare occasions, however; for, poor lady, her fretful repinings and peevishness of temper had grown upon her with habitual indulgence. There was still plenty of need for the exercise of Christine's newly-developed gentleness of manner and resolute self-control, and of Effie's taciturn and somewhat sulky forbearance, for their mother did not prove to either of the girls a very pleasant companion—at least, until very lately she had not done so. During several days past, however, there had been a decided improvement in this respect. Mrs. Rossiter had been more cheerful and amiable—more like her former self than she had ever been since the commencement of her grievous adversities. Certain private hopes which she had begun to entertain respecting the future filled her with satisfaction, and the prospect of a visit she was about to pay, in company with her two daughters, had further raised her spirits. This visit, which the ladies had been much pressed to make earlier, but which had been postponed until now on account of Christine's engagements, was to Childersthorpe, the estate of Sir Wilfred Carradus, in Hampshire.

Of Sir Wilfred, Mrs. Rossiter had seen a good deal since her son had gone to live with him in the avowed capacity of secretary, but more truly in that of general manager of his estate and bosom friend to the young baronet. From the beginning, Sir Wilfred had frequently accompanied Frank when he had "run up" to see his family. Latterly he had done so nearly always, and once or twice he had even found excuses to pay a supplementary visit on his own account. As to the attracting cause of these attentions, Mrs. Rossiter had her own ideas, and she liked the young man, who was so invariably agreeable, modest, and respectful. She liked his title too, having, it must be owned, a decided weakness for titles. Furthermore, she had been especially gratified on learning, a few days ago, that the Marquis and Marchioness of Southdip were to be visitors at Childersthorpe at the same time with herself. For the occasion of this visit, the good lady had run into a good deal of extravagance in the matter of dress; and Christine, as she sat drinking her tea by the window, felt troubled with misgivings lest she should this afternoon be tempted into adding to her bills.

"Effie," she observed, giving utterance to her anxiety, "I do hope mother will not buy anything more this afternoon. I am sure we have everything we need."

"A vast deal more than we need," rejoined her sister indifferently. "Is that the gate?"

Christine turned back to the window.

"Yes. Why, Effie, it is Mr. Hammond! He must have come to see you. What can he want?"

"Oh, perhaps he has brought me some message from the vicar," said Effie; "though I don't know what it can be," she went on, "for I saw him this afternoon, and I have made every arrangement about my district."

Mr. Hammond was curate of the parish wherein Miss Rossiter worked as voluntary district visitor. Christine drew back as he passed the window; but something in the expression of his face, whereof she had caught sight, suggested a startling notion. She glanced at her sister inquiringly, giving vent to a half-audible ejaculation. But the calm way in which Effie closed her book and at once followed the maid, who had announced her visitor as waiting in another room, dispelled the passing suspicion.

Directly afterwards the garden gate clanged for the second time. On this occasion it had given admission to Mrs. Rossiter, followed by a coachman laden with packages. Christine hastened to meet her mother, and she and one of the maids between them carried the parcels upstairs. Then Mrs. Rossiter, deprecating her younger daughter's disapproval, began to exhibit the purchases she had made—which, to do her justice, were laces and pretty articles of finery for the use of her girls rather than herself.

"But, mother dear, we didn't need them; and I am so afraid of getting into debt," remonstrated Christine, as each fresh article was displayed, until Mrs. Rossiter's good humour began to give way.

"Really," she exclaimed, "how trying it is to have such daughters! Both you and Effie, if you had your own way, I believe, would dress like nuns. But it is only in accord with the other dreadful tastes you have developed. Where is Effie? Has she not come in yet from her back slums? Upon my word, I wish——"

"Excuse me, mother, I will go and see where she is," interposed Christine. And hastily explaining about her sister's visitor, who, she felt sure, must by this time have departed, she ran down to the breakfast-room, where Effie had received the curate. The room was empty; but on repairing to Effie's chamber she found her there, and weeping passionately.

"Oh, Christine!" the beautiful girl sobbed, when pressed by her sister for the cause of her grief, "he made me an offer of marriage—Mr. Hammond! Oh, it is too cruel! As though I could ever—ever dream of loving again! I feel so shocked—so miserable!"

Christine affectionately consoled her sister, who, she saw, was really much distressed. Nevertheless, it struck her in the course of the evening that this "shock," as Effie had called it, might not be without its beneficial effects.

There was a startled look in her eyes, and her manner was more than usually absent—as though she were occupied with new and interesting thoughts.

Once, too, as she chanced to be standing near a mirror, Christine observed Effie furtively arranging some stray locks of her pretty golden hair. It was the first time the girl had shown any interest in her appearance since the loss of her faithless lover.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

AN ACCIDENTAL ENCOUNTER.—CHILDERSTHORPE.

THERE were very few trains in the day that stopped at the new station of Lowry's Dale, in Hants, built conveniently close to Sir Wilfred Carradus's estate. That by which the Rossiters had arranged to travel left London at a little after five p.m.

They had reached a central terminus in good time, and, leaving his mother and sisters upon the platform, Frank had gone to take their tickets. In his absence, an express from the North steamed in and came to a stand-still directly opposite to them. "Hi! there they are, James—my lord and my lady! Bless us! ain't she a beauty?" exclaimed a voice close by Christine's ear; and thereupon a footman in livery and cockade brushed past, quickly followed by a second wearing similar uniform. Christine's glance preceded them towards the Pulman's car whereto they were hurrying.

"Mother! Effie! come away!" she cried. But it was too late to prevent her companions from noticing likewise those two familiar faces which had met her own gaze. Turning crimson to the roots of her hair, Mrs. Rossiter smothered an ejaculation of rage and pain, and, sweeping round, began to make her way towards a waiting-room, whilst Effie followed, clinging, pale and tremulous, to her sister's arm. The couple whose unexpected appearance had thus agitated the three ladies were Lord Finchinbray and Cecilia, *née* Rossiter, this morning converted into the Countess of Finchinbray, and now *en route* for the Continent.

"That wretched, abominable girl! Do you think she observed us, Christine?" panted poor Mrs. Rossiter, on gaining the asylum of the waiting-room.

"No, mother; I am sure she did not," answered her daughter soothingly. "Don't let yourself be so disturbed, dear."

"What can they be doing here together—those two?" faltered Effie, the colour slowly returning to her cheeks.

"They must be married. Oh, mother! I hope *Frank* may not see them," sighed Christine. And placing herself at the door of the waiting-room, she watched for her brother's return. In a very few moments she saw him approaching, and the first glance into his face told her that what she feared had happened. "You have seen them, Frank?" she asked, stepping forward to meet him.

"Lord and Lady Finchinbray, do you mean?" said the young fellow, struggling to cover his feelings with a smile. "She is evidently a bride. They have not waited long, have they? Yes, I came plump upon them, face to face!"

"My poor boy, what did you do?"

"Took off my hat, and stood aside to let them pass."

"And they recognised you?"

"Certainly. Finchinbray held out his hand, but drew it back again the next moment. Cecil——the *bride* bowed, and blushed scarlet. The *contretemps* was, no doubt, quite as disagreeable to them as it was to me. However, they won't allow it to disturb their wedding trip, I hope; and we mustn't let it spoil our holiday," he concluded, making a strong effort to recover his composure. "My mother and poor Effie, I am afraid, will have been shocked. We must try and make them forget it all, Christine."

But it was not very easy to make Mrs. Rossiter forget this very uncomfortable occurrence, and the first half of the short journey into Hampshire proved a gloomy and troubled one. Naturally, at sight of the girl who had jilted her son, and whose family had ousted her own, the poor lady had felt all her grievances stirred up afresh; and it was not in her nature to suffer in silence, as poor Effie did, whose half-healed wounds seemed for the moment to have been torn open again by the unlooked-for meeting with the brother of the man whom, notwithstanding his unworthiness, she had so passionately loved, and of whom she could not even yet think without a quickened beating of the heart.

By degrees, however, the strenuous endeavours of Frank and Christine to divert the thoughts of the other two met with success. Once having suffered the current of her reflections to be turned, Mrs. Rossiter rapidly regained cheerfulness, and by the time their destination was reached there remained no outward evidence in any of the little party of the disquietude they had suffered.

"That is Childersthorpe," said Frank, as the train slackened speed on entering a small station, scarcely yet finished building; "upon the hill there, mother."

"What a fine place!" observed Mrs. Rossiter; "I did not know it was so near the station."

"Yes; it *is* near to walk up the hill through the wood," rejoined her son; "but it takes half an hour to drive round by the road and in at the lodge-gates."

"Could we not walk, then, Frank?" suggested Christine. "It would be so pleasant in the cool of the evening, and that wood looks most inviting."

"You and Effie might," he answered, "but it would be rather a pull-up for mother. We'll see what Carradus says. Ah! there he is, and Miss Carradus too!"

Hurrying forward on catching sight of his expected guests, Sir Wilfred helped Mrs. Rossiter to alight; and when greetings had been duly exchanged, he conducted her to a carriage that was in waiting outside the station.

"Christine thinks she would like to walk up through the wood, Carradus," observed Frank.

"Oh, that's right!" returned the young baronet, casting a pleased, half-shy glance at the young lady referred to. "I was intending to propose that myself. It only takes ten minutes, and is much pleasanter than the hot road. Mrs. Rossiter would find

the hill too steep, though, I think. She and Jessie had better drive. And you, Miss Rossiter?"

Effie chose to walk; and, having waited until the carriage had started, and directions had been given about the conveyance of the ladies' luggage, Sir Wilfred took a key from his pocket, and opened a door in a high wall, almost immediately opposite the station. The wall shut in the wood alluded to—an extensive plantation of well-grown trees, which belted the low hill whereon the late Sir Philip Carradus had erected his stately house. Already twilight seemed to be falling in this cool and shady spot. Christine thought the wood deliciously romantic, as she and Frank followed a little way behind Effie and their young host, who preceded them up the narrow winding pathway. Did she find it any the more romantic or delicious by reason of the fact that Sir Wilfred kept casting back frequent glances from his vantage-ground above them, as though not wholly engrossed in his conversation with his beautiful companion? Did she suspect that, although politely giving his escort and attention to the elder sister, the young man would have preferred the company of herself—the younger and plainer? Whatever Christine suspected, young Carradus himself was very well aware that this was the case. Gradually, but all the more surely, he had, during the last seven or eight months, been falling in love with Christine Rossiter. Two years ago, when he had first seen her at Dunscarley Park, where he had spent a week, he had felt repulsed by the girl rather than otherwise. He had considered her unamiable and brusque, and he had been prejudiced against her as a young blue-stocking. Now, how different were his sentiments! In the beginning, it had been in a great measure through Frank's affectionate enthusiasm respecting his younger sister, and his innocently undesigning revelations of her doings and sayings, that he had learned to appreciate her character. His own observation had done the rest. He had seen how Christine's fortitude had risen to meet her troubles—how unselfishly she had sought to bear the burdens of others as well as her own—how, when most it had been needed, her strength had put on sweetness. First interested, and then attracted, he had learned by degrees to regard her with the deepest devotion. Her plain countenance had grown beautiful to him; her voice—not really a melodious one—the sweetest of music. His love, moreover, was characterised by that modest diffidence which marks the genuine article. He considered Christine "too good for him." Her intellectual attainments—though they in nowise, as he now saw, abstracted from her true womanliness—impressed him with a sense of his own inferiority. Still, Sir Wilfred was not without hope of winning a response to his affection; and he had determined that before this visit to Childersthorpe should end he would invite Christine to become its mistress and his wife.

On reaching the upper boundary of the wood, Sir Wilfred and Effie paused until their companions had come up with them. The four young people then walked together across the terraced gardens which still separated them from the house. Sir Wilfred, howbeit, continued to converse mostly with Miss Rossiter, and all through this first evening his attentions to Christine were so little obtrusive, that poor Mrs. Rossiter (despite the satisfaction she had enjoyed in the company of the old Marquis and young Marchioness of Southdip, both of whom had behaved with extreme courtesy towards her) retired to rest in a doubtful and disturbed frame of mind. Was it possible, she wondered, that, after all, she had been making a mistake as to the young baronet's feelings and intentions?

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

SIR WILFRED CARRADUS MAKES PLAIN HIS INTENTIONS.

IT is not our purpose to follow the events of this visit of our friends to Childersthorpe. The time was spent as it is usually at country houses. There were the customary amusements of shooting and fishing for the gentlemen; there was driving for the ladies, and boating and riding for everybody. There were garden parties, dinner parties, and evening parties, whereat Jessie Carradus, who was an excellent little manager and cateress, played to perfection the part of hostess.

Besides the Rossiters and the Marchioness and Marquis of Southdip, there were some other visitors—a clergyman and his wife, with their child, a sweet little girl of two. The clergyman, Mr. Ingram, a man of about thirty-five, had recently been presented to the very rich benefice of Lowry's Dale. But owing to an illness in the family of his predecessor, who still remained there, he could not as yet take possession of his Vicarage, though he had already entered upon his duties. Accordingly, he had accepted an invitation from Sir Wilfred, with whom he had some slight previous acquaintance, to make use *pro tem.* of his house; and a very agreeable addition Mr. Ingram proved to the society there. A true Christian gentleman, without an atom of cant or priggishness, Sir Wilfred was delighted with his new vicar, and every one agreed that he was a "capital fellow." Mrs. Ingram, too, was very generally liked (as she deserved to be), and very particularly liked by Effie Rossiter. Between these two ladies there sprang up, almost at first sight, one of those strong, and not always accountable, mutual attractions which are sometimes conceived between persons of the same sex. At the end of a few days they were the firmest and fastest of friends. Effie had promised to visit Mrs. Ingram so soon as she had become settled at the Vicarage, and in her sympathetic ear the usually reticent girl had poured out the history of her sorrows more fully than she had ever done even to her own sister. Though now in her twenty-second year, Mrs. Ingram was, in point of fact, the first female friend whom Effie had ever really cared to make; and with Mrs. Ingram's child she was almost as much in love as with the child's mother. In the interest of this new friendship, which was to have an issue little anticipated by either

party in it, Miss Rossiter found both advantage and pleasure in this visit. Mrs. Rossiter, too, having speedily made up her mind that Sir Wilfred's intentions were all that could be desired, spent some very contented days. One evening, however, the third or fourth after their arrival, she ventured good-humouredly to rally Christine on the subject of her lover, and from that hour the poor lady's satisfaction was over-clouded. Bursting into tears—a weakness to which she was by no means given—Christine had protested that she could not marry Sir Wilfred, and that she earnestly hoped he would not ask her to do so. Then vehemently begging her mother never again to allude to such a thing, she had hurried from the room. And notwithstanding that Mrs. Rossiter strove sanguinely to persuade herself that this protestation arose only from girlish bashfulness, she could not but remark, with uneasy alarm, how persistently Christine from this time forth shunned any chance of being for an instant alone with Sir Wilfred Carradus. And Sir Wilfred himself, poor fellow, who was beginning to feel almost assured of her liking for him, grew uneasy also as he noticed Christine's changed demeanour towards him. It had been his intention to delay his proposal until nearly the close of the period fixed for her stay at Childersthorpe, but the anxiety generated by her new manner drove him very shortly to the verge of despair, and he felt that he must put his fate to the test at once. By the use of a little ruse, he secured the opportunity of a private interview. He had discovered that very frequently, when satisfied of the gentlemen's absence from home, Christine would slip away from the other ladies to enjoy a solitary ramble in the woods, of which she was very fond. Accordingly, one morning at the breakfast-table he announced his design of paying a visit of inspection to his orphan asylum (which was still in building on a site about a mile distant, though now nearly up to the roof), and invited Mr. Ingram and Frank to accompany him.

A couple of hours later, Christine, who, after watching them all depart together, had taken a book and repaired to her favourite resort, was startled by the rustling of footsteps behind her. Hastily brushing away a tear (she had not been reading, poor girl), she glanced round, and perceived that young Carradus was approaching her down the shady incline. Her heart began to beat violently, and for an instant she had an impulse to rise and flee. But she did not move from the fallen log upon which she was seated until the young man had gained her side.

"I thought you had gone, Sir Wilfred," she faltered, rising then. "I saw you leave with the others. What—why have you come back?"

"I came back on purpose to catch you here, Miss Christine. Please don't be angry. I felt that I *must* speak with you before to-day was out. I couldn't bear my miserable doubts any longer. Do sit down again, will you not?"

Christine obeyed the request, for she was trembling so that she was afraid her companion might observe it, and Sir Wilfred seated himself by her side. He did not, however, speak again for fully a minute; and trying to recover her composure, Christine picked up her book, and began unconsciously to turn over the pages.

"I knew you came here sometimes by yourself, Miss Christine," re-commenced the young man, who was evidently much agitated; "and I trusted you might do so this morning. So I made an excuse to those two fellows when we had got outside the gates, and sent them on by themselves. I——Miss Christine——"

"Yes," interposed Christine, breaking in nervously as he again paused, "I am very fond of this wood. It is so deliciously cool and green. If this were my home, I should be almost constantly here, I think." (As these inadvertent words left her lips poor Christine blushed vividly.) "Have you many wild hyacinths here in the spring, Sir Wilfred?" she went on hastily. "I see there are a good many primrose roots."

"Oh, Christine! Dear Christine!" cried young Carradus, suddenly seizing the hand which rested on her book, "that is just what I wish to say to you. Will you let this be your home? Will you come and live at Childersthorpe?"

"Live at Childersthorpe!" echoed Christine, pretending to laugh. "I should think *one* member of the family is enough to have living with you at a time, Sir Wilfred."

"Please do not joke," he entreated. "This is a matter of life or death to me. Oh, Christine! you know what I mean. Will you be my wife?"

Christine's lips quivered. "No, Sir Wilfred, I cannot," she answered.

"Don't say that! Oh, wait a moment!" he exclaimed. "Let me tell you how I love you. Christine, Christine, I cannot live without you! Ah! if you only knew how I love you! I am not worthy of you, I know. I am an ugly fellow, without much mind, but no one could love you more truly. Don't give me an answer yet. Let me try to win your affection."

"Oh, Sir Wilfred! do not speak so. Believe me, I appreciate most highly your generous, disinterested offer. I thank you for it with all my heart. But it cannot be."

"Why not? You feel that you can never love me, Christine?" demanded the young man, in a voice fraught with agony, releasing at the same time the hand he held.

"No, no; it is not that. I *do* love—I mean this is not a question of love. Oh, Sir Wilfred! surely you must understand? How *could* I marry you? Don't you see that it would bring the support of all my family on your shoulders? Effie and I have not a penny of our own; even my brother Frank is dependent upon you."

"Frank dependent upon *me!* Good gracious! it is the other way about. It is *I* who am dependent upon him. He saves me hundreds of pounds in the year. I never knew a fellow with a better business head. As for Mrs. Rossiter and your sister—Oh, Christine! there is plenty for us all, and they would be *my* mother and sister then."

"Sir Wilfred, I must be wiser for you than you are for yourself," said Christine firmly. "You shall *not* marry my family. Now let us go back to the house."

"One moment," begged young Carradus, eagerly restraining her as she was about to rise. "Miss Christine, answer me one question, for pity's sake. If you were still rich, if you were still living at Dunscarley Park, should I have had any chance?"

For a second or two Christine hesitated. Then raising her dark eyes, large and bright with tears, she suffered him to read her heart in that silent answer.

"Ah! then you love me? You *do* love me!" he cried, losing all his bashfulness in an instant, and clasping her in his arms. "My own darling! then nothing can—nothing *shall*—separate us."

"No, no! I will never marry you, Sir Wilfred," rejoined Christine, hastily freeing herself from his embrace—"never so long as Frank is in your employ, or so long as my sister is without fortune. I would come to you myself without a penny, because—yes, it is true that I love you. But unless the rest were independent—and how can they ever be? The age of miracles is past. There is no one to leave poor Effie a farthing."

"Hush, hush!" interposed Sir Wilfred. "I under-

"CHRISTINE HAD REPAIRED TO HER FAVOURITE RESORT" (*p.* 651).

stand all you would say. I won't press you any farther to-day. Only, you will promise me one thing, Christine, not to let any one else steal your love?"

"I think I may safely do that," said Christine, smiling. "There are not so many people, Sir Wilfred, who would want a plain, insignificant-looking girl like me."

"You are the dearest and best, the loveliest and cleverest girl in the whole world!" exclaimed the young baronet, breaking forth into a lover's rhapsody. "And you are mine, Christine! You *shall* be mine! The miracle you speak of will get itself worked. I have an idea how. Part of it, at all events, will be easy enough," he added reflectively. Then, after a pause, "Christine, I accept your decision. I will not ask you to *marry* me so long as your family is not properly provided for. But you will consent to be engaged to me now, will you not?—*conditionally*, you know?"

"Certainly I will not. There must be no question of any engagement between us," returned Christine decisively. "We must both forget that this conversation has even taken place, or I shall be obliged to return home to-morrow."

"Ah, no! Pray do not say that!" he urged. "I will not tease you, Christine. But I solemnly vow that I will never love or marry any one but you; and I am convinced that all will come right in the end. You will, at any rate, promise this much—that I may ask you again when the objection your quixotically noble, but too proud, nature has raised, shall be removed?"

"I promise that *if* it should ever be removed, you may—may renew the subject," answered the girl, with a deep blush—"provided that until then you will make no further reference to it of the most distant description."

"Very well, I will promise," he said; "but I must seal the bargain: just once, Christine." And before she could prevent it, he had imprinted a kiss on her brow—the first kiss of pure affection.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

HOUSEHOLD GOVERNMENT.

(A HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED.) BY ARDERN HOLT.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law," and without a thorough system, and well-thought-out order, no household is really comfortable, or characterised by that certain sense of repose and fitness which is one of the greatest charms of daily life. It takes time to ascertain by experience what are the best laws to lay down in a household, when to relax them (for they must be relaxed sometimes), and when to remain firm and insist on their observance.

There is not the smallest doubt that household duties should be done at stated times.

We will imagine that the family assembles for prayers at a quarter to nine o'clock, summoned by a bell or gong—one or the other should always form a part of the Penates. Breakfast over, the cups, &c., should be washed up, the bed-rooms made tidy, the beds being well stripped and aired first. It is only by early rising that the sitting-rooms can be prepared in time. Besides the daily dusting, one room should go through a thorough cleansing each day; and the servants upon whom these duties fall should be furnished with a list of the work they are expected to do, and the sequence in which they are to do it. The plan of not fastening carpets down to the floor enables them to be shaken more frequently, and no sweeping should be allowed to be undertaken without the use of tea-leaves, or else the dust is scattered all over the room, and more harm than good is done.

So much of the desirable appearance of an establishment depends upon the personal neatness of servants, that in engaging them it is well they should thoroughly understand what they may and may not wear. It is possible, perhaps, in the country to dictate to them what to put on out of the house, but, unless they accompany some of the family, this cannot be done much in London, and many a mistress hardly recognises her nice trim maid if by chance she sees her out on a Sunday in ill-cut garments—a very weak imitation of her own. Within-doors, however, the servants should be enjoined to wear plain and simple dresses suited to their work, and neat caps and aprons. Just now many of the latter are made with bibs, and give an additional trimness. For bed-making, specially clean linen aprons should be kept; a rougher kind for hearth-cleaning.

In setting up the necessary household brooms, brushes, house-cloths, glass-cloths, dusters, &c., be sure to have enough, and give out a sufficient quantity of cloths weekly, and see that they are used only for the purposes intended. But unless servants have proper things for their use they cannot do their work satisfactorily. Housemaids' gloves, cloths for stretching in front of the fireplace while cleaning the hearth, prevent dirty finger-marks and unexpected black marks.

So much of the comfort of home depends upon servants, that a wise mistress will study them and value their co-operation. They are much what we make them. They are human beings, with the same

feelings as ourselves, differing only in associations; they require patience, tact, and temper. Be honest in the characters you give of them; half the domestic difficulties arise from a want of honesty among mistresses in the characters which they give each other of the servants they discharge. If the domestics are worth their salt, you will find them doubly to be trusted if you repose trust in them; leave something to them, and interest them in their work. See that their meals are regularly served, and that they are undisturbed during the time set apart for them. Insist on order and punctuality—the work done at stated times laid down for it. As a class, they lack order and punctuality. They require tact and patience; scolding is rarely effectual; but it does not do to look over things. Feel for them and with them when you can, and you will see in their turn they will think and help you. A little judicious praise is a wonderful incentive.

A difficulty which occurs in all households is with regard to servants' friends. To forbid them ever to have a friend to see them would seem to be heedlessly unkind, and is a rule which I am inclined to think would be ignored when it suited them. Still, to admit any one into your kitchen is as likely as not to lead to robbery, for servants are not too particular how they make their acquaintances. My own plan now is—and I have tried many—to allow the servants to see such friends as they ask permission to admit, with the understanding that if they abuse the privilege, and have any one without asking, even this will be discontinued. I always invite their confidence, and if I find any servants of my household are respectably engaged to be married, I allow the young men to come occasionally to the house, and perhaps on Christmas Day, or some festival of the kind, invite them to dine in the kitchen, and I have never yet found my trust misplaced. I should not like my own daughters only to see their affianced husbands out of doors, and, though the circumstances in the two cases differ materially, as a woman I consider we ought to enter into the feelings of those other women who are serving under us.

Nothing should be allowed to be ordered into a house except by the mistress. Gentlewomen are something better than mere housekeepers, and they should carefully avoid giving their whole time to household cares, a state of things which argues a want of organisation. An hour a day, or at most two, ought to be sufficient, and very complicated domestic arrangements take up a great deal of time without any adequate result. My plan is a very simple one. As soon as breakfast is over, I go down into the kitchen and proceed at once to the larder, so that I have before me all the eatables in the house. I then proceed to write down in a book the names of the several meals for kitchen and dining-room, and below this a list of whatever has to be ordered, whether it be meat, fish, coals, flour, hearthstone, blacking, or even additional glass or china. On Monday, when the tradesmen's books come in, there is nothing to do in verifying them but to look to the daily order book. Tradespeople soon learn that extra pounds of meat cannot be charged for unawares, and I never allow any joint to be brought into the house without a ticket of its weight, which the cook verifies. But here, again, so much depends upon your servants; if by kindness and respect you can insure their co-operation and help, it will materially lessen your burdens.

Nobody is happy without an aim and object in life, and the home duties of a mistress should supply an ample field. She should take a broad and liberal view of things, and while "cutting her coat according to her cloth," and as much as possible shielding her husband from the constant demand for money, which few masculine tempers can stand, should refrain from the wearying petty economies which often enough are not worth the trouble and discomfort they entail, and before deciding on the necessity for them, count the cost. I have known ten valuable minutes wasted in untying a knot to save a piece of string not worth the sixtieth part of a farthing, to say nothing of the injury to nails and temper; and the general peace of a household upset by a constant demand for matches, which were never forthcoming when wanted, because, to prevent waste of the same, a sufficient number of boxes, value less than a halfpenny apiece, were not given out; this same mistress paying all the time a halfpenny a pound more for all the meat she ordered than she justly ought.

Many a pound instead of pence might be saved if women would use their intellects and study the provision market lists of prices, published from time to time in the papers, and bring their tradesmen to book for their exorbitant charges. Magazines and newspapers ought to be a mine of wealth to a good housekeeper. Genius, so the sages say, is only a great capability for taking trouble; and, with a little trouble, a woman will learn by the advertisements and letterpress what new things are brought out, and what new theories and improvements are started, and she can hardly fail to get some useful wrinkles therefrom.

A great point in household government is not only to be careful about cleansing and punctuality, but to take care of things. A careful mistress will make carpets and furniture last twice as long as a neglectful one. The sun streaming into a room works sad havoc with carpets, curtains, and chintzes. You should know exactly at what hour in the day the sun shines into certain rooms, and see that at that time blinds are pulled down, and, moreover, if you wish your house to look well from the outside, all pulled down at equal lengths. We judge so much from appearances, and the outside aspect should not be ignored. Clean blinds, tidy curtains, the backs of looking-glasses well disguised, the doorstep cleaned daily by early morning, the knockers and door-handles bright, these speak well as a preliminary introduction to a well-ordered house.

I am no great advocate for keeping everything locked up; at all events, until I find servants dishonest I trust them as much as I can. I do not, of

course, mean that I allow them to go to the stores, but when I find tea out of the tea-caddy goes, I think dismissal is the best course. I know exactly what my consumption is, and should detect at once if they did diminish. When a mistress does not feel sure on these points, she must keep her key-basket always in view.

Servants work all the better for occasional holidays, but it is an inconvenient plan to allow them one day a month, or any particular holidays at stated periods. They generally occur at most inconvenient times, and if you are compelled to keep them at home, it becomes a hardship. It works better to let them ask for holidays, and give them whenever you can.

There must in every house be a place for everything, and it should be some one's duty to see that a supply of string and wrapping paper, ink, pens, writing paper and envelopes are in their right place. Nothing that can possibly have any future use should be thrown away; relegate it to the box-room, where perhaps after seven years you will find a use for it. Let there be a shelf in your box-room; a variety of odds and ends will then be ready to hand, and more easily found.

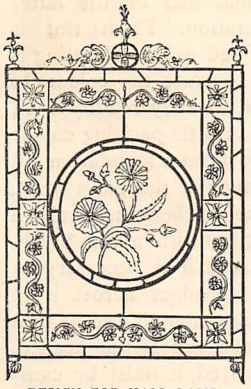
Keep your periodicals, and bind them for family reading. Servants enjoy them much. Or send them to some hospital, where they would be a blessing to the suffering. Books of this kind should never be allowed to lie about useless and get lost.

The management of fires during the winter, if arranged with some forethought, need not entail half the hard work on servants that it otherwise does. Small fires are no economy; pile them up twice or three times in the day, and they need only be touched very occasionally. The cinders should be put up, and the hearth dusted with a hearth-broom kept close at hand. They say, you know, that a clean-swept hearth and a good dinner are a wife's best friends, so it is an important matter. But there is a great art in laying a fire; it should be done lightly with dry wood and plenty of draught, and not over-much paper. Above all, see that your chimneys are swept at proper intervals; no good cooking can be done with the chimney choked with soot, and besides there is the danger of fire.

Gas differs so much in price in different parts of the country, that it is difficult to lay down any fixed rule; but if it be at all moderate, during the summer months at all events, a gas-stove will be found a great economy.

HOW TO PAINT ON GLASS.

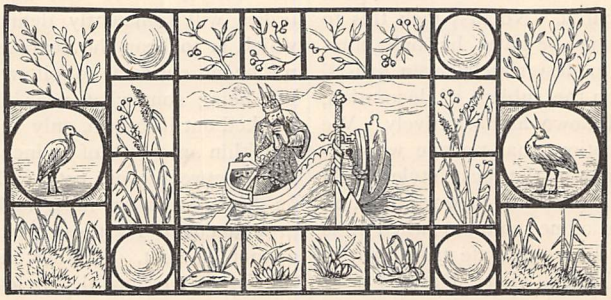
SECOND PAPER.



DESIGN FOR HALL LAMP.

WE come now to consider the style of decoration with coloured glass, the "mosaic enamel" method. This requires greater artistic knowledge than the other, not as far as tracing, &c., are concerned, but as regards the composition of the pieces. It must be executed with due respect to the true principles of art; its adaptability to the form of the space to be filled, the position it will occupy, its accordance with surroundings, its harmony and general tone of colour, must all be taken into consideration if a good effect is to be secured. No easy task this to the novice. A few hints may be given, but only practice will enable any one to design well; even artists' opinions differ so vastly on the subject of decoration, that no rules can be laid down authoritatively. We must grant, without exception, that no one who desired to execute a painting in the best style would choose glass as the ground on which to work; but, on the other hand, glass is alone suitable when it is requisite to admit light. The only safe plan then is to ornament it with this object in view. Designs filled up with fine details, not to be seen at a short distance, are obviously in bad taste; they confuse, and render the whole indistinct. "A pure correct style of drawing, united to simple vigorous colouring," says Fromberg, in his "Essay on the Art of Painting on Glass," "are the qualities which the painter on glass must before all things endeavour to attain." Fitness is as important here as in any other kind of decoration, and fitness for glass ornamentation means that true drawing, broad free treatment of the subject, and harmony of colouring shall receive the artist's first attention. The size of the window-space is first measured exactly, a sheet of drawing-paper is then cut rather larger, and on this the subject is sketched. The outlines must be as free from complication and crookedness as possible; two or more green leaves may occupy one portion of green glass, if by this means too minute pieces can be avoided. The tracing brown will sufficiently define their form. The glass which is to bear the representation of a flower will not be cut out so as to follow the curve of each petal, but being somewhat near the shape, they will be marked out in brown, only the tips of each will reach to within an eighth of an inch or so of the edge; the space between every petal will be filled in with brown. In this process we must look upon the brown as a ground colour for those parts round which the lead cannot be bent. Another sketch is now made from the first, giving merely the lead lines; this is termed a cut-drawing, and is used as a guide by the glass-

cutter who shapes the glasses from it. By thus making a second sketch the first is preserved from damage; it will be used again later on. The cutter lays a sheet of "pot-metal" glass of the colour marked on the copy, and with a diamond cuts it according to the outline; again he takes another coloured sheet for the flowers, and so on. It is sent back to the decorator in loose pieces which he has to put together like a puzzle. Laying the cut-drawing on the table, he places each in its position, until the whole design is apparent; by doing this he easily finds their situation on the first sketch, to which he transfers them one by one. He next traces the lines visible from beneath, with brown, filling up those parts that the leaves and flowers do not cover. In a subject of any importance as to size, the artist can better judge of the effect if he resorts to "sticking up," as the process of fixing the pieces on a sheet of white glass is termed. The entire work can then be placed on an easel, and the light falling through, not on it, will help him to determine how much shadow may be safely placed on it, where the lights should be concentrated, and which parts of the picture would be improved by acquiring a deeper tone. A plate of rolled or clear window glass, large enough to hold the whole design, is laid on the cartoon, and the design traced on it, the coloured pieces put in their places and fixed by means of wax. A little resin, or pitch, is melted with some beeswax in a pipkin, and, while clear and hot, is dropped from the point of a brush, or knife, on to the corners of the several pieces of glass. This causes them to stick to the sheet underneath, which is then placed in a frame of wood, and set up on the easel. The pattern is then traced off on each, care being taken that sufficient space is filled in all round, that the leading may not cut off any part of the subject, and shading is performed. High finish is not a desirable quality in glass-decoration, time is but wasted in working up shadows, or indeed in any glass-painting whatever. On this point M. Chevreuil emphatically gives it as his opinion that fine work is not essential to good work. "It is not necessary for an effective whole that the painted glass, viewed closely, should exhibit fine careful stippling, or blended tints; for with the coloured stained glass for draperies, they must compose a system which compares with painting in flat tints; and certainly we cannot doubt that a painting on glass, executed entirely according to the system of chiaroscuro, will have the disadvantage, that the finish in the details will entirely disappear at the distance at which the spectator must be placed, and that the view of the whole will be less distinct; for the first condition which must be fulfilled by every work of art intended to attract the eye, is that it be presented without confusion, and as distinctly as possible." If any portion of the subject needs a coat of colour it is applied to the reverse side of the glass; such may be the case with regard to certain portions of the drapery, or the flesh. A stronger tone may be given to work already done which may not be considered dark enough by matting the reverse side; when the colour has the proper proportion of gum added to it, it will leave a deposit on the surface, which will produce the deeper tone. Matting is done by grinding some painting colour on the palette, with the addition of a few drops of solution of gum; this is washed thinly over the glass with a flat brush, and is then smoothed with a badger. Other parts may require a stain of yellow applied at the back; this will be more intense in the darker parts, and modified toward the lights. Thus a fruit of a slightly orange tinge may be cut out of shaded ruby glass of a delicate tint. After filling in round the edge as far as the leading will reach, and shading to make it appear round, it is taken off the glass foundation and stained on the opposite side; the stain is laid all over, but thicker on the darkest parts, then with a badger it is softened off and levelled. It is not, of course, removed for this purpose until the remainder of the painting is accomplished, as the displacement of one section is pretty sure to loosen the others that surround it. The shading colour, umber brown, is mixed with oil and turpentine, it may then be passed over the tracing colour without fear of the latter washing up during the operation. Flesh tint is represented by a faint wash of red oxide. Matting is also employed before painting, to cause the colours to adhere more easily to the glass, as they readily wash up from the polished surface. A little painting colour is used as before described to form a foundation on which to work; the transparency of the glass must, however, be preserved. Some workers use only a wash of oil of turpentine, put on with a flat brush, but whichever method is followed it is necessary to level the ground by passing a badger across it in various directions, until it is quite smooth and as thin as possible. For water-colours a mat is not needed, but if for any reason it is employed, it must be composed of a glass-painting colour mixed with water. A different effect is produced by laying a water mat on the glass, and while still wet, dabbling it with a cut badger-hair pencil; this produces a kind of granulated ground that is better adapted to the artist's requirements, at times, than a flat one.

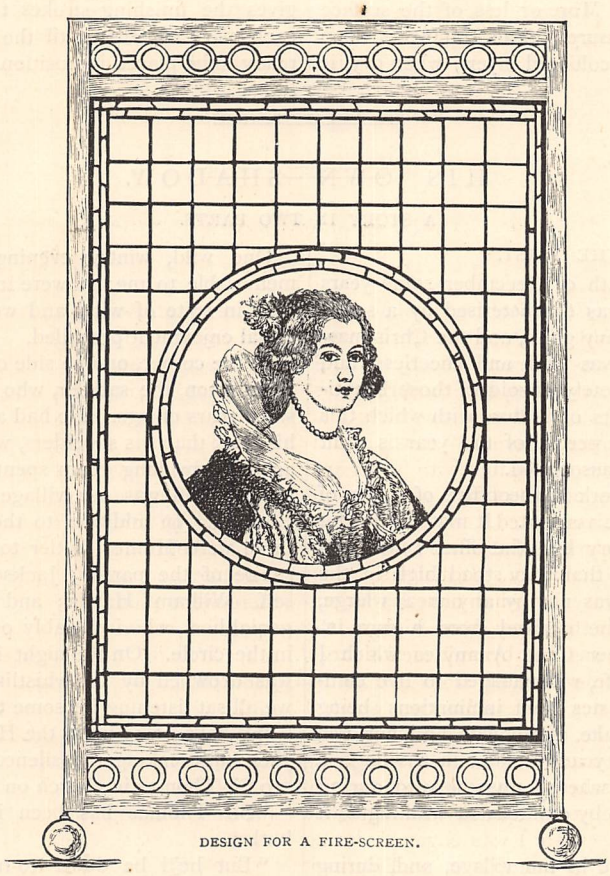


DESIGN FOR FAN-LIGHT.

As to the choice between oil and water-colour, each is good in its way. Oils possess more consistency and

consequently give sharper edges, they are less liquid and adhere more firmly, painting insufficiently strong may be re-touched, while a level tint can be more readily attained by their use. For large surfaces, oil colours may therefore be considered superior. It is requisite in some work that lights should be taken out. Hog's-hair brushes are, for this purpose, burnt down, by laying them on red-hot iron sideways; the frizzled ends are afterwards rubbed on emery-paper.

When a mat has been laid, the scrub is drawn across—lightly or heavily according as it is desired to remove little or much of the mat. The scrubs should vary in size that the worker may have a suitable one to use for each breadth of light. Much depends, naturally, upon the gum employed in the mat, less being required for a light than for a dark one. To diaper backgrounds or draperies, which occasionally enhances the beauty of the picture if it is not overdone, one plan is to lay the pattern under the glass on which the outlines and folds have been already painted, and to trace it off as usual; the second, and quicker one, is to lay a mat and to pick out the pattern with a hard pointed stick.



DESIGN FOR A FIRE-SCREEN.

Enamel-painting is carried out on glass that bears only a slight tinge of colour; larger pieces of glass are employed, but even they must not be too big, because of the difficulty of firing them without breakage. Painting with enamel colours can be performed in three ways—the design can be traced in brown, as before shown, and the colours applied at the back; or the glass may be treated as other materials, and painted only on the front side; or, again, the two methods can be united. Colours may be put on one side, and stain on the other, for giving certain rich effects; for instance, purple in front and yellow at the back will combine to impart a gorgeous scarlet.

The work should be painted on an easel, made of a frame supported by wooden rests. The part of the table on which it stands is covered with white paper, to reflect the light, and no object should remain on it to distract the eye of the worker; he should also choose his seat opposite the window, so that the light may fall directly through the glass. The colours are few in number. Umber brown is a useful warm tint for shading. Chinese red will shade flesh in conjunction with browns. There are three blues from which to choose. The list given by Mr. Hancock is as follows: — Tracing brown, Ancient brown, umber brown, Vandyke brown, hair-brown, sepia, Chinese red, flesh-red, tracing black, strong black, soft black, black shading, blue, green, crimson, purple, pink, white mat, and orange. The last-named colour will not bear mixing with red.

The great objection to enamel-painting is that it destroys the transparency of the glass, thereby failing to comply with the laws of art, inasmuch as it unfits the window for fulfilling its proper function, by rendering the glass semi-opaque, and in consequence excluding to some extent the light. "Mere imitation is not ornamentation, and is no more art in the higher sense of the term than writing is itself literature, for in order to the production of ornament there must be at least adaptation." Glass windows should not be poor imitations of oil pictures, glass transparencies as they have been called, only bad at the best, from the incongruousness of the ground to the purpose; for all ornamentation to be artistic must accord in every respect with the particular material upon which it is placed. Glass colours are best employed when applied sparingly, in conjunction with coloured glass in a mosaic piece; they cannot be condemned *in toto*, for effects are secured by them which are unobtainable in any other way, and that artist shows the greatest wisdom who uses with discretion all the means that lie within his power to produce the finest result; only the student must take heed lest he should be led away from simplicity and true beauty by the apparent facility that colours afford him to imitate nature, and thus he may lose sight of that which should be

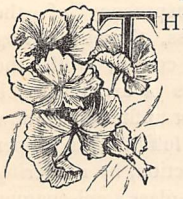
his first object—namely, decorative work that is simply a part of the architectural whole. Among the various glasses that we mentioned at the commencement was "flashed glass." This is useful for a particular kind of work. Glittering jewels on crown or robe can be represented in this glass. "Overlaid" is another name for the same—it is white glass covered with a thin layer on one side of "pot-metal." By means of fluoric acid, which possesses the quality of decomposing glass, the pattern or jewels are left contrasted on a coloured ground. The white portions may be afterwards variously coloured on the opposite side to give yet another effect. More or less of the surface may be removed at pleasure. The tracing is done with Japan black on the coloured layer; when dry, it is bordered all round with Russian tallow, then the acid is poured into the enclosed space. After the acid has remained long enough to do its work it is poured away, the Japan black is removed with spirits of turpentine, and the pattern will be found clearly apparent upon the coloured ground. Another style of using "flashed glass" is to stain the back or white side—thus a green is formed by staining blue glass with the yellow, a scarlet by staining red in the same manner.

All glass-painting is sent to the kiln to be fired when it is finished; if it is retouched afterwards it will then require a second firing. The glazier's hand gives the finishing strokes to the work. He leads each piece together until the design is complete and ready to be placed in position.

HIS OWN SHADOW.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.



THE month of December some years ago was characterised by a series of heavy gales, and the Christmas-tide was dull and cheerless, and completely devoid of those beautiful gifts of Nature with which this happy period of the year is wont to be associated.

I was at that time a clerk in the office of a firm of solicitors practising in Liverpool. It matters not for the purposes of this story by what firm I was employed; suffice it to say that they stood high in the profession. My salary was not by any means large, but, with a small income derived from a sum invested in New Three per Cent. Annuities which I drew on behalf of my wife, we managed to live comfortably enough, our tastes and inclinations being in harmony. For the sake of my wife and our two children I had for some years resided in a village a few miles from the office where I was engaged during the day, going to and fro by omnibus or walking as it suited me.

We were very sociable in the village, and, during our residence there, my wife and I had made several friends among those in our own social position, and a few of us men used to meet in the evening, twice a week, in the parlour of a little farm-house tenanted by one of our number. By degrees we came to look upon ourselves as an established club or society, and consequently to be regular in our attendance on "club" nights.

And on a cold blustering winter's night what a snuggery our meeting-place was! A somewhat long, low room, with the door at one end and an old open fire-place at the other; on the right hand as you entered, a large casemated window closed with folding shutters, which were in turn secured by a flat iron bar placed across them with an upward slope from left to right, and over the whole window-recess a pair of dark, heavy, old-fashioned curtains.

One wild, wintry evening, destined to be ever memorable to me, we were in our accustomed places and, in spite of wind and weather, the most perfect social enjoyment prevailed.

In the corner, on one side of the fire, was old Tom Humbleton, the saddler, who was at this time about sixty years of age. He had a peculiar stoop, more in his back than his shoulders, which no doubt had been acquired by long years spent at his trade. Opposite to old Tom was our village postmaster, Mr. James Gardner. In addition to those already enumerated, there were Hunter, butler to Sir Thomas Grateman, squire of the parish; Jackson the linendraper; myself, William Harris; and John Strangways, our genial host, who invariably occupied the centre chair in the circle. On the night in question conversation was drowned by the whistling of the wind, to which we all sat listening for some time.

"What's doing up at the Hall, Hunter?" asked Mr. Jackson, breaking the silence at length. "I did not see Sir Thomas in church on Sunday."

"Sir Thomas has been in London," replied the butler.

"But he'll be down to-morrow though," put in Gardner; "for he's a witness in the burglary case."

This was in allusion to a daring burglary which had been committed at the Hall a few weeks before this conversation took place, and the supposed culprit, being then in custody, was to be put on his trial at the ensuing assizes at Liverpool. The firm to whose service I was attached acted as Sir Thomas's solicitors, so I was naturally interested in the circumstances of the case, and as our circle was looked upon by us as being of a strictly confidential character, no restraint was placed upon our conversation.

"Did you see the man, Hunter?" I asked.

"Certainly I did," said Hunter; "though not as plain as I see you. It must have been," he continued, as we all hitched our chairs slightly forward in order to catch every word—"It must have been about twelve o'clock at night when the mischief was done.

After I had been down here I walked with old Tom as far as his door, which I pass on the way to the Hall, and stood chatting to him a bit, and as we got talking of one thing and another we gradually got walking on, till at last we were well up the road. D'you recollect that, Tom?"

"No, I don't," said old Tom, rather shortly.

"Why, don't you call to mind we were talking about Parson Graves?"

"No," said old Tom again. "I know what'd come of it if I did."

"What?" we all asked.

"Why," said he, taking his glasses from the tip of his nose and placing a hand on his knee, "Sergeant Jobson would be after me to go swear something about it. I bin once in a court and don't want to go again. That's how it is," he wound up emphatically, looking round the company.

"Never mind," said Hunter; "I was only calling it to your recollection so as to tell the rest of them all about it."

"Well, well! go on. It don't matter much whether I remember it or not," said Tom.

There was evidently something more than reluctance about the manner in which he evaded all questions, and knowing that the information, which could not be elicited by any amount of interrogation, would very probably be divulged by allowing old Tom to speak of his own accord, Hunter continued:—

"Well, after I passed the big gates I walked pretty fast up the drive. I soon turned up the path which leads to the servants' entrance, to get to which I had to pass the pantry-window, and looking at it carelessly enough I thought that I saw a light. I stopped at once, and, after hesitating for an instant, I went forward on tiptoe to find out the cause of the light by peeping through the cracks or openings in the shutters. I could see plainly enough that there was a light in the room, but I could not make out by what means it came there. But this much I could see, that it was not still, for by fixing my eyes on such shadows as I could detect, I plainly saw them move. You can well understand that I felt anything but comfortable, for before going out I had myself locked the door of the pantry, and the key was then in my pocket. Knowing this, I very readily came to the conclusion that there was something wrong, and to confirm this opinion *the shadow of a man was for a moment or two cast on the wall opposite to me.* That short moment gave an outline of the face, and I could see that there was a beard which stood out prominently from the chin."

As Hunter said this, those among us who had beards involuntarily put up our hands to pull or smooth them.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hunter; "you need not be afraid though you have got beards. You can easily shave them off. But stop! Don't move, Harris," he said, suddenly turning towards me and grasping me by the shoulder. "Gentlemen, to show you what the shadow was like, look on that wall. How strange! There is the very fac-simile of it!"

"Come, come, Hunter!" I said, with some difficulty getting free from his grasp, which in his momentary excitement was rather too tight to be comfortable. "I don't want to sit as a criminal to have my portrait taken."

"No offence, Harris," rejoined he; "but you had accidentally pulled your beard into a shape which made you so resemble the shadow I was describing, that I could not help showing the others what it was like."

"Oh, never mind," I replied, "only you startled me so much that for an instant I felt very uncomfortable. Finish your story; we want to see how you behaved."

"I was saying," continued Hunter, "that for an instant I saw the outline of a man's face on the wall. What was to be done? I did not know how the fellow had got in. However, I determined to go as quickly and quietly as possible to the side door, from thence into the kitchen, and there to wait until I could make out what the man's movements were. This plan I proceeded to carry out, and had got as far as the passage door before he heard me. By two or three hasty steps I knew that he had found me out, so with a bound I was at the pantry-door, and as he came out I raised my stick to fell him to the ground, but unfortunately my blow descended on the lantern he was carrying, and, with a sudden flash of light and a smashing echo through the corridors, it was dashed to the ground in a hundred fragments. Fortunately the candle flickered for a few seconds, and I was enabled to see the face of the burglar. Though it was but for a moment, that face was imprinted on my memory too vividly to be forgotten. I saw the glare of the eyes, the drawn mouth, the contracted brow, the fiendish expression, all this I gathered in an instant of time, when a blow from some heavy instrument struck me senseless to the ground. The next thing I remember was having my face bathed with cold water, and on opening my eyes I found myself in Sir Thomas's study surrounded by five or six of the servants. To make the story short, I was put to bed, and you all know that I did not get up again for nigh upon three weeks, for that burglar fellow gave me an ugly knock on the head, I can tell you. It hurts me a bit to put my hat on straight even now, and it's six weeks come Friday since that night."

Hunter rubbed his head gently with one hand as he wound up the story, and we all leaned back in our chairs and for a minute or so pulled away at our pipes in silence. At length the conversation was resumed by our host saying—

"Then after all you were the only man who saw the fellow, eh?"

"Yes, that's it," replied Hunter, "and a bad job it is, for they tell me that we'll never get a jury to bring him in guilty on such evidence, because you see it was only for a second or two that I got a glimpse of him. It's a bad job that there's a chance of such a villain escaping."

"Escape!" said old Tom energetically, and so suddenly as to startle us all. "Escape!" he repeated. "Who says that he'll escape?"

"Why, those who know about trials and evidence and such-like. What do *you* say, Harris?"

Being the only one present in any way connected with the legal profession, this appeal met with general interest, and I therefore answered carefully—

"It seems to me that Hunter is very positive about the man, and unless this fellow can prove what we call an *alibi*, it ought to go hard with him, that is always supposing the jury will think that Hunter is right. But, of course, there is no doubt that his counsel will make the most of the fact that no one else saw him on the night in question save and except Hunter."

"Who says nobody else saw him?" old Tom broke in eagerly. "Who says so?" and he looked at me over his glasses and under his brows with a hard searching glance.

Nobody answered this query, for it was at once evident that there was more behind Tom's question which would soon be revealed. In this we were right, for after looking first at one face and then at another until he had scanned us all, he proceeded—

"I said before that it did not matter whether I remembered anything or not, but if it comes to a scoundrel escaping justice, then, I says, it is time to speak. Am I right?" Again the same emphatic tone and the sharp interrogation, but no reply was given.

"Well, then," continued he, "as sure as we're all gathered in this room to-night, so sure am I that I saw the man. Stop," he added, as one or two were about to speak. "You needn't ask me how or when or where I saw him, 'cause I shan't say. It'll all come out at the proper time, and until that time I say no more, 'cepting that Hunter's right."

Without another word he got up, buttoned his coat and turned the collar up to his ears, and merely saying, "Good night, all," passed behind the screen, through the passage, and out into the blustering night, letting in a gust of wind that well-nigh extinguished our candles. We tried hard to continue our conversation, but somehow it took such a mysterious and dismal turn that before long we were glad of an excuse to be off, which being soon found, we separated at the door, each proceeding through the wind and rain to his own fireside, there to dwell on the events which had been so vividly described, and in my case to wonder what the ultimate issue would be. The strange manner in which my shadow on the wall at the farm had served to illustrate the one which was seen by Hunter and also spoken to by Tom, excited my imagination to such an extent that it required no great effort on my part to recall many unfortunate trials in which the issues involved had hinged on "circumstantial evidence."

Soon after my arrival at the office, in the morning, I was summoned to the room of the head member of the firm.

"Oh, Mr. Harris," he said when he noticed me, "I want you to undertake some important work for me. "Mr. Fusby" (his partner) "is too much engaged to allow him time for attending to anything further, and I am unfortunately called away to Naples. The suit of Fonblanques and Tiernay which comes on for hearing next week is, as you are aware, of great importance, and requires the undivided attention of a man accustomed to such work. I had intended to be in London myself at the trial, which may last some days. Now it is impossible. It is, therefore, my desire, Mr. Harris, that until the trial is over you devote the whole of your time and attention to it, and by close application to the intricacies of the pleadings, and a searching investigation of all the papers, you will put yourself in a position to give due instructions to Sir Jasper Roundhead, whom we have retained, and to take my place in the conduct of the suit. In order that you may get a proper insight into the matter, we will spend the few hours I have to spare in going through the history of the proceedings. Kindly fetch the papers, and give orders that on no account are we to be disturbed."

I hastened to obey this request, and with some trepidation at the great responsibility which was about to be placed upon me, entered on the work at once.

For four hours and more I did not stir from Mr. Corlett's room, but knowing how important it was for me to gain all the information possible, I had so concentrated my attention on the case before me, that it was with surprise I heard him ring his handbell and order a cab.

"I can do no more," he said as he was putting on his coat. "I rely on your application and experience to carry the matter through. You will want money to defray your expenses, so I have drawn a cheque for twenty pounds. Beyond that, you will hand this cheque for one hundred pounds to our London agents to pay counsel's fee, which in all probability will not exceed that amount, but as they have marked the briefs we cannot be certain. Be careful of yourself while in London and keep a clear head. There is, as you see, much evidence in the affair which, in another court, might be called circumstantial. Let none of it escape you. If you find a clue whereby to penetrate the labyrinth, follow it to the end; but"—he paused at the doorway and, turning round, said impressively, "take care that by catching at a shadow you lose not the substance. Good-bye."

I immediately went to the head clerk, announced my intention of taking the papers home to peruse quietly, and as he offered no objection I caught the next 'bus, and was soon on my way to our village.

Arrived there I settled down to what was apparently the continuation of my work, but I very soon found that it was merely the commencement. Knowing how much depended upon my being master of my case, I strained every nerve to the utmost in my endeavours to battle with the mass of papers before me. Hour after hour passed away, and long after the rest of my little household had retired for the night, I was still racking my brain in what seemed a vain struggle to accomplish my purpose. Once I felt sleepy, but I got rid of this feeling by tying round my head a cloth saturated with cold water. For a time this helped me to continue my work, but before long the cloth became heated to such an extent that I could feel my temples throb again under the strain to which I was submitting myself.

Then I began to be conscious of the fact that my attention was no longer absorbed in the work before me, that I kept listening to every little sound in the house. I fancied that a few minutes' rest would revive me, so I sat for a time in my armchair and tried to think calmly. If small sounds had startled me while engaged in work, they now positively seemed to paralyse me. I fell to thinking about the story of the burglary and the circumstances under which I heard it. From this my thoughts wandered to the shadow on the wall, and—what if that shadow should lead to a mistaken identity and place me in the felon's dock! How did I know but that old Tom meant more than he said when he looked at me so searchingly on the previous night?

So rapidly did this awful problem work itself into intensity in my fevered brain that soon I lost all control over myself, and bounding out of my chair I flung open the door and hurried up the stairs.

"'THERE IS THE VERY FAC-SIMILE OF IT'" (*p.* 659).

Even when I was in bed I found it impossible to court that sleep of which I stood in such need, but I lay in an overwhelming torrent of thought, or rather of heated imagination, which made rest impossible, and it was not until a faint grey light came struggling in through the window that, at length, I fell asleep.

As may be supposed I awoke unrefreshed, and with

but little of the horrible weight off my mind. My work, however, precluded repose, and I was at the office in the morning at the accustomed hour. I continued to apply myself to my task, conscious at the same time that my state of health rendered me far from capable of doing justice to myself or to the firm.

The week came to an end, and in spite of the days of incessant toil which I had devoted to the work, I found it still incomplete. Not that I had made absolutely no progress in getting up the case, for that after my extreme application would have been alike improbable and disastrous, but my advance towards obtaining a complete mastery over the matter was not at all commensurate with the amount of labour expended.

I will pass over the few days which intervened between my receiving the instructions referred to and my journey to London. For the latter I had but little time to prepare, for on arriving at the office one morning I found a telegram from our London agents to the following effect :—

"Fonblanques may be reached to-morrow. Come up at once, bringing all necessary evidence and papers."

I immediately proceeded home in a cab, got such things as were necessary for my short stay in London, returned to the office for the papers and money for my expenses, as also the cheque for our agents, which was in the safe, and caught the midday train at Lime Street.

Nothing occurred on the journey worth noting in this imperfect record of fact. In due course I arrived at Euston between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, and drove to the hotel at which every one connected with our firm took up his quarters when business necessitated a stay in London. I was much put about, not to say disappointed, to find that there was not a bed to be had at this hotel. There was nothing to be done but go elsewhere, and accordingly I inquired of the cab-driver to what place he would recommend me, and I was fortunate in being taken by him to an hotel which was, though old, very comfortable.

Having ordered my dinner, or rather tea, for I was unaccustomed to dining at a late hour, I despatched the customary telegram to the office at Liverpool informing them of my address. My tea somewhat revived me after the trouble and annoyance to which I had been subjected. Need I say that I went to bed at an early hour, hoping in the morning to be fresh and equal to the heavy work which I had before me?

I had ordered a fire to be lighted in my room, for I felt cold as well as fatigued. I undressed slowly and got into bed, while the flames in the grate danced about in all directions, but with the uniform upward tendency which makes all the shadows move in the same direction. I had composed myself comfortably, with the clothes pulled well into my back, and my face so buried that I only had one eye free as a sort of sentinel, when, with an outline so clearly defined that it was positively appalling, I suddenly beheld that hated shadow of myself upon the wall opposite to me!

For a minute or two I could not move a muscle, but lay perfectly still, holding my breath as much as possible, and at the same time trying to find out by what means the shadow was cast. In this I was completely foiled until I desperately leapt out of bed and stood upon the hearth-rug. The form of the shade at once became obliterated and absorbed in the one cast by my figure. I moved to one side, and the shadow returned. After some time I discovered that the cause of my fright was merely the head of the sofa which, with the bolster resting against it, formed the outline of the face, whilst my hat placed upon the arm completed the illusion. Before again getting into bed I moved the sofa across the room so that I should not be annoyed a second time. Now that I come to think about it all, I can almost smile at the idea that I have been one of those who are afraid of their own shadow.

Apparently the noise I made in moving the sofa disturbed the house, for as I was getting into bed a tap came at my door.

"Come in," I called, and Boots entered.

"Beg pardon, sir, but was you wanting anything?" he said, at the same time looking somewhat astonished at the way I had disarranged the room.

"Nothing at all," I replied, embarrassed at the unwelcome intrusion.

"No, sir," he rejoined with that peculiarly sharp enunciation which is so characteristic of his tribe in London. "No, sir. Thought as how p'raps you might be ill, sir, so I just gave a look in. Good night, sir."

Once more I tried to compose myself to sleep, but was soon startled by voices outside my door, evidently conversing about me.

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, sir, I see'd him standing in his shift, and lookin' just as scared as if he'd been doin' summut awful! Never see'd such a face in my life, and he had the furnitur' well-nigh all topsy-turvey like."

"Well, we don't know who he may be, so you just keep your eye on this passage, and don't go to bed for an hour or two. Mind, if there is any more of this noise, come and tell me, and we will soon——"

And the voices died away.

Here was a position! Not known to any one, and almost a suspected criminal.

It may be easily guessed that my rest for that night was absolutely gone. I certainly dozed off now and again, but invariably awoke with a painful start and sat up in the bed listening intently, for the scene just recounted never left me even in the troubled slumber which I managed to snatch.

The morning found me in a more deplorable state of nervousness than ever, and my condition was in no way improved by the fact that I was made the centre of attraction for the eyes of all the servants from the waiter to the chambermaid. I quickly got over the farce of pretending to eat some breakfast, and was only too glad to take my bag of papers and hurry away. I was rather late, so instead of going into the City to our agents, I made the best of my way to Westminster to be in readiness for the conference

with Sir Jasper Roundhead, and for the subsequent sitting of the court.

I found Sir Jasper's clerk and appointed a conference, which he informed me would take place in room number four, staircase number two, after Sir Jasper had finished his opening in one case in the Exchequer Court, and before he opened a second in the Court of Queen's Bench!

I ventured to say that this could hardly give sufficient time for going into the whole case as fully as I should desire; but I was soon cut short by the clerk.

"You ought to consider yourself lucky to get a word with the gov'nor at all. Only yesterday he had no less than twelve appointments for conferences, besides being in four cases which came on. He turned up at two conferences, opened three cases, and replied in the fourth."

"But what about the rest," I asked, "and the fees?"

"Oh, them juniors took the rest of the work," he replied, "and as for the fees, why—" he closed his lips tightly, slapped his pocket, and winked—"'Amlet, or Romeo, or some such fellow says, 'What's in a name?' *I* could tell him—Guineas!"

And he turned on his heel to patronise another client fortunate enough to have retained Sir Jasper!

At the time appointed I proceeded to the room in which the conference was to be held and knocked at the door. The clerk immediately appeared, or partly so, for only his head and shoulders were visible round the half-open door.

"Oh, it's you!" he ejaculated. "Sir Jasper is engaged on 'Whetstone and Touchet' now, and won't be finished for half an hour."

"Well, but," I answered, "it won't do for me to be put off with ten minutes' conversation. What time can Sir Jasper give me?"

"About twenty minutes, and plenty too;" and abruptly repeating, "In half an hour," he disappeared once more in the sanctum.

At the expiration of the half-hour I was again at the door, and this time I was admitted.

Half reclining on a sofa, without wig or gown, there was the great Sir Jasper.

He had evidently been engaged in court during the morning, for he still wore the "bands," but his wig and gown were cast on a chair which stood near the window. The sofa on which he sat, or rather lounged, was pulled round to the fire so that his feet projected towards it, and he seemed quite absorbed in thought until his clerk had closed the door and, advancing towards him, said—

"This is the gentleman to see you, sir, about 'Fonblanques and Tiernay.'"

"Oh! I remember. Yes. Just so. Sit down, Mr. —eh—eh—I was thinking over the matter. I dare say you know all about it. You know the facts and have all your witnesses ready?"

"Yes."

"Good. I suppose you also know that you have a bad case?"

"I did not."

"Well, you have. How you could possibly expect any human being to win such a miserable case is a marvel to me."

"Have you no hope of winning, sir?"

"None! No chance whatever. Look at your evidence! Never was a weaker chain on this earth. Why don't you settle with the other side?"

"I have no authority and, therefore, could not possibly do so."

"Very well, very well. If you don't care to follow my advice you must take your own course."

Then came a knock at the door and an usher, putting in his head, said hurriedly—

"His lordship is sitting, Sir Jasper, and has asked for you."

"I'm coming," said that gentleman, rising and putting on his wig and gown, which were handed to him by his clerk. He turned to me as he left the room and saying, "I shall want you in court when the case comes on," hurried down the passages to resume an argument.

I then returned to one of the courts and sat for a short time listening to the proceedings, but I soon felt tired out, and passing through Westminster Hall I bent my steps over to the Palace Hotel, in order to make some inquiries about the witnesses who were to arrive there in course of the evening. I had hardly got as far as the Abbey when I remembered the bag of papers which I had left in the court where I had been sitting.

I ran back as fast as I could, the fear of losing my bag of papers altogether lending speed to my legs, which were, at the best, in a very shaky condition. To my horror I was unable to find it, and the only consolation I got from an usher, of whom I inquired whether he had seen a gentleman carrying a small bag, was, "I haint seen one *without* a bag since I've bin at the 'All, and that's going on twenty year."

I failed, for a moment, to realise the situation in which I was placed, but as all the heavy consequences of the loss dawned upon me my head began to swim and throb, the voices in the court got louder and louder, the heat became so stifling that I gasped for breath, and losing consciousness I fell to the ground in a swoon.

(*To be concluded.*)

GARDENING IN OCTOBER.

URING the month of October, when the sap is down, and all our trees and shrubs are rapidly settling down into a state of rest, is the safest time for making any great and radical changes in our garden. Hence, for laying out a new garden, no better month than October can be selected. For this purpose, it is advisable, first of all, to mark out clearly the edges of your future gravel walks, as well as the shape and boundary lines of your flower-beds. This should be followed by thorough and heavy trenching, getting your spade as deep down as the soil will allow you, so as to have all prepared for the reception of your shrubs, &c. Be careful, however, to choose fair weather for this trenching, so that, as very often in the autumn season we have an abundance of rain, it is well worth while, when you meditate changes in your garden, to neglect other work in fine weather for the sake of well trenching your beds. You will find the benefit of this by noticing the contrast between land trenched in wet weather and in fair. Trenching done under a rainy sky results in leaving you with large lumps of hardened earth that very often have to be worked over again; whereas that done in bright and open weather will give you soil more broken up and easily pulverised, which is what you want.

Now, in getting up shrubs and young trees for the purpose of transplanting them in your new beds, use every precaution to preserve all the fine fibrous matter of the roots; the more violently you tear away your young plant or shrub from the earth, thinking it of no consequence, the greater risk will you run of losing your shrub altogether.

There is another very common mistake, too, which is often made in this operation of transplanting—an error which we are not aware that we have noticed before—and it is this: the hole which is dug for the reception of your new shrub is so often made with its deepest part in the centre. The loosened and pulverised earth then should, on the contrary, form a sort of cone in the centre of your hole, and the hole should be so dug as to allow of the long taper and fibrous roots being spread out in all directions. Your shrub, then, once put in, and the mould and soil being thrown over, do not *begin* by violently stamping and ramming the earth round your tree. This is another mistake very often made, for this impetuosity at the outset of your filling in will probably result in your breaking off completely some of the long roots.

Let everything in the way, then, of ramming down or treading in the earth be quite gentle at first, for you must recollect that the soil which you are throwing in is quite loose and fine, and that therefore a heavy blow or thud struck on its surface goes a long way towards easily damaging your roots which are now underneath it. Your object is to get the soil which is being thrown in to work thoroughly and uniformly among the roots. Have, then, some long stick at hand with which to push and poke any obstinate earth round your long roots. The head, too, of your shrub should be held firmly in one hand, and the whole shrub moved and rocked up and down every way. This, you will find, greatly facilitates the working of the earth among the roots.

We need do no more here than advert to the necessity of a plentiful watering, and the final ramming down, when all the soil is in, may of course be given with a more powerful hand than was used at the commencement of the operation.

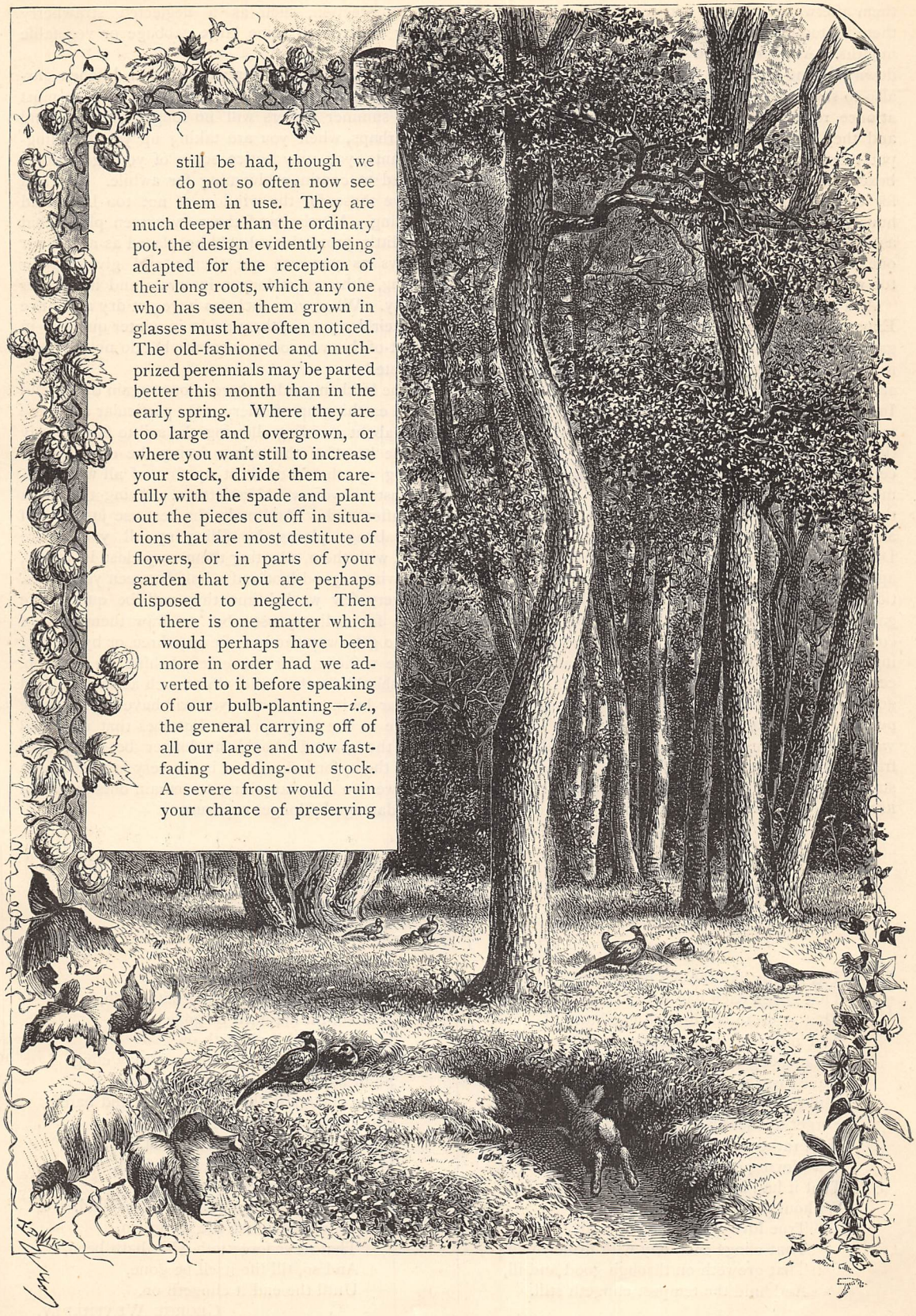
Of the evergreens, we may notice that laurels and firs, and especially the latter, are rapid growers; but not so cedars and holly. And between your evergreens and your gravel continue to have some two or three feet of soil free for flowers. Some are opposed to this, but it will generally be found that the notion of planting a number of evergreens, with the idea of afterwards deserting them entirely, and leaving no room whatever for flowers, is merely an excuse for idleness.

We should recommend, then, beginning by working in the largest and tallest shrubs for your background row; this you might follow up with a dwarf evergreen row, and lastly, have room for your flowers and box edging. About the latter, a word or two may perhaps here be said with advantage. Box should always be put in deep; when you are putting it in, it should all first have been pulled to pieces—that is to say, it should be so thinned as to have each piece separate and with a good root to it. Lay them all down in a row in front of you, get them all of uniform length, and have their tips trimmed square and neatly.

Nothing is better for the borders of your garden walk than box. In a large and old-fashioned garden you may very often notice that the box has been allowed to attain a prodigious size. This is really a mistake, for box thoroughly overgrown not only in that case entails to a certain extent the loss of, at all events, a part of your border by reason of its overshadowing it, but it affords a harbour for snails and other vermin that think themselves secure in such a thick retreat.

And in our flower garden this month is a busy one for getting in the main stock of our bulbs. Due regard must be had in this matter to the colour and height of the flower. This is an operation that may be taken in hand any time this month, or even during a part of the next, only take care that it is not done during a frost. The smaller ones, such as crocuses, snowdrops, &c., may be placed in patches, but the large hyacinths singly. Pots, by the way, used to be made expressly for hyacinths, and probably they may

still be had, though we do not so often now see them in use. They are much deeper than the ordinary pot, the design evidently being adapted for the reception of their long roots, which any one who has seen them grown in glasses must have often noticed. The old-fashioned and much-prized perennials may be parted better this month than in the early spring. Where they are too large and overgrown, or where you want still to increase your stock, divide them carefully with the spade and plant out the pieces cut off in situations that are most destitute of flowers, or in parts of your garden that you are perhaps disposed to neglect. Then there is one matter which would perhaps have been more in order had we adverted to it before speaking of our bulb-planting—*i.e.*, the general carrying off of all our large and now fast-fading bedding-out stock. A severe frost would ruin your chance of preserving



them afterwards; but do not, on the other hand, nurse them up too much, and especially in the early winter months. As soon as you have got them up, cut them down to some six inches in height, and thin the roots also to some three inches in length. This, you will see at once, reduces their size to a more manageable one, and they can then be stowed away closely together, put them in a semi-slanting position in large pots or boxes; water, and if you cannot find greenhouse-room for them, put them in some good dry cellar or out-house, bearing in mind that perpetual damp is almost as much their enemy, and perhaps a more implacable one than a frost; "damping off," indeed, is a gardener's too well-known expression significant of failure.

And this is our great harvest month in the orchard. Experience has long ago taught us that our apple-gathering must be patiently and carefully gone through if we would be successful in the preservation of our stock, on which the domestic demand is so unceasing. Indifference when apple-gathering in October means to a certainty an empty fruit-room, when at Christmas time the children are looking for a full one. Much, certainly, has been said and written about the best method of preserving fruit from decay; and perhaps the good old-fashioned method of putting straw over as well as under the fruit is still not to be despised. Do not be frightened at giving plenty of air to your apple-room. One thing most persons of any observation must surely have noticed. Wander round your garden much later on in the year, or perhaps in the coming January, and you find yourself suddenly stooping to pick up an apple that had hitherto lain concealed, and you perhaps marvel that it is in such a good state of preservation. The writer has often been puzzled at this, and fancies that perhaps some new *modus vivendi* for gathered apples may be discovered from noticing particularly the spot or the circumstances in which the apple has managed to secrete itself. It will generally be found to be under some slight protection, such as a neglected strawberry bed, or underneath some large cabbage or vegetable bed.

A few words about our window and kitchen gardens must not be left unsaid. For the window, most of the summer flowers will no longer avail us; and yet, perhaps, when you are taking up your bedding-out plants, you may notice some of your geraniums disposed to continue blooming for awhile. Try and preserve these for the window, if not too large and straggling. Myrtles, and those evergreen plants that like a little protection, should be placed as near your windows as you can get them; and give regular watering, although at longer intervals and in smaller quantity. When your fuchsias have got dry and have cast their leaves, set them aside in winter quarters in any out-of-the-way room or corner, but do not let them get frosted.

In the kitchen garden there is once again the careful routine earthing up of celery. So particular are some people about avoiding allowing the soil to find its way into the heart of the celery during the operation of earthing up, that they tie it up first of all with matting, just as you would a lettuce, untying the plant again afterwards. And make the best use just now of your cabbage plants, by filling up all your spare ground with them, planting them very close in a row, and having a good foot and a half between your rows. In a very few weeks' time they will be quite large enough for ordinary use; but so draw them, first of all, as to get away two out of every three, or by leaving a space sufficient for those left behind to develop, when, should another mild winter such as that we had last year be in store for us, you will have a good large cabbage in the early spring. Potatoes that may still be in the ground should no longer be allowed to remain there, for indeed this is the very last month in which we can allow anything to remain outside which would damage by longer exposure.

LIKE THE IVY.

TRUE love is like the ivy bold,
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That groweth on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.
What though the wall on which it climbs
Have lost the grace of former times,
Will then the ivy loose its hold,
Forget the sunny days of old?
Nay, rather it will closer cling
With loving clasp, remembering
That it had hardly lived at all
Without the kindly shelt'ring wall.
True love is like the ivy bold,
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That groweth on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.

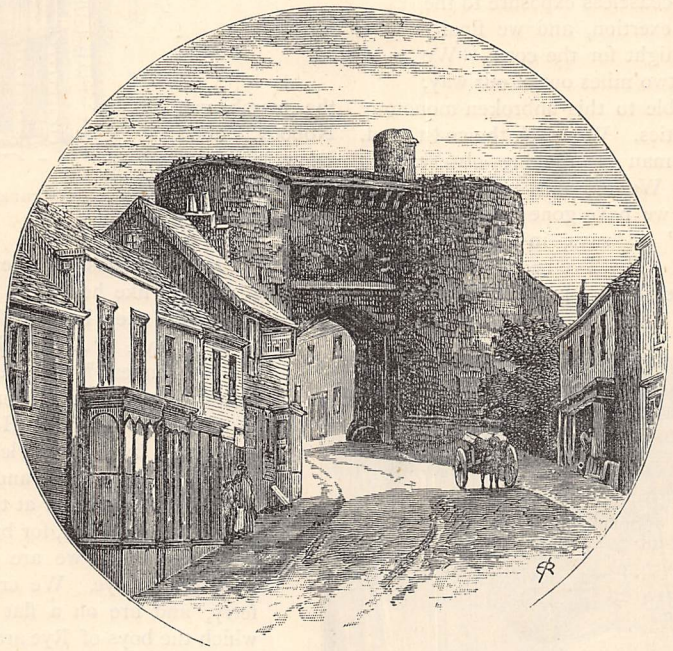
True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall hardly know another spring?
What though its boughs be dead and bare?
The twining ivy climbeth there,
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grace it never had
When time was young and life was glad.
True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

ROUND ABOUT RYE.

FROM Lydd to Rye we have the choice of two routes—by road or by marsh; the former very circular, but easily followed, the latter shorter actually in distance, but by no means so straight as it seems to the inexperienced explorer. We have a mind to see the veritable marsh, and are not fond of plodding along a dusty road, beneath a burning sun; so we elect to go by the marsh. We set off in the fresh morning, brimful of the anticipation of an enjoyable day, and as for some distance the path is well defined and straight ahead, the turf soft and springy, we congratulate ourselves upon not having been persuaded into going by road, by the dubious head-shakings of our Lydd landlord. By degrees the path grows more and more indistinct, so there is nothing to be done but to make for the little town shining on the top of the cliff ahead of us, full of confidence that we shall reach it easily by mid-day.

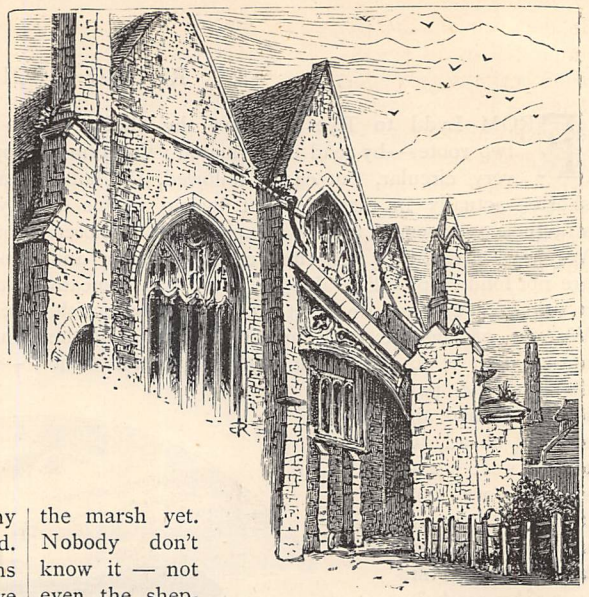
We are pulled up in our swift onward progress by a ditch — too broad to jump, and too deep to be waded—and this necessitates our striking off at right angles and making for a gate-bridge, over which we clamber, and pursue our course. After a hundred yards or so of plain sailing, we are again confronted by a ditch, and the previous evolution has to be repeated; then another, and another, and another, until we calculate that at the end of an hour we must have come to twenty ditches, and must have made twenty rectangular movements. The sun, too, begins to make itself felt, and we are aware of the existence of our knapsacks; so at the next gate we halt, and instead of clambering over it, sit on it and survey matters. Solitude enough to please the most ardent of recluses! Solitude and silence. Not a human being, or anything betokening the existence of a human being, except distant Rye, in sight. Not a sound save the occasional tinkle of a sheep-bell; not even the cry of a pee-wit, or the hum of an insect. Nothing but grass, dotted with white gates, as far as the eye can stretch to right or left. Behind us are the tall trees of Lydd, apparently not very much further off than when we started; in front of us, growing hazy in the mirage, Rye. We attempt to picture the aspect of this wild country in mid-winter, and we shudder at the notion; for we can hardly believe that, except perhaps Dartmoor and Salisbury Plain, there can be a more desolate, deserted region in England. We plod on, but we have ceased now to clamber over the gates —we go through them; our tongues are getting dry, and our knapsacks begin to gall our backs, but there is nothing to be done but steer as straight ahead as we can. This mode of progression lasts for three hours, until the sun shines down with unbroken force; for there is not a breath of air, although the sea is but a mile or two on our left hand. With feelings somewhat akin to those of the shipwrecked mariner who, from his raft in mid-ocean, spies a sail, we observe a low, straggling shanty some way before us. As straight as the ditches will allow us, we make for it.



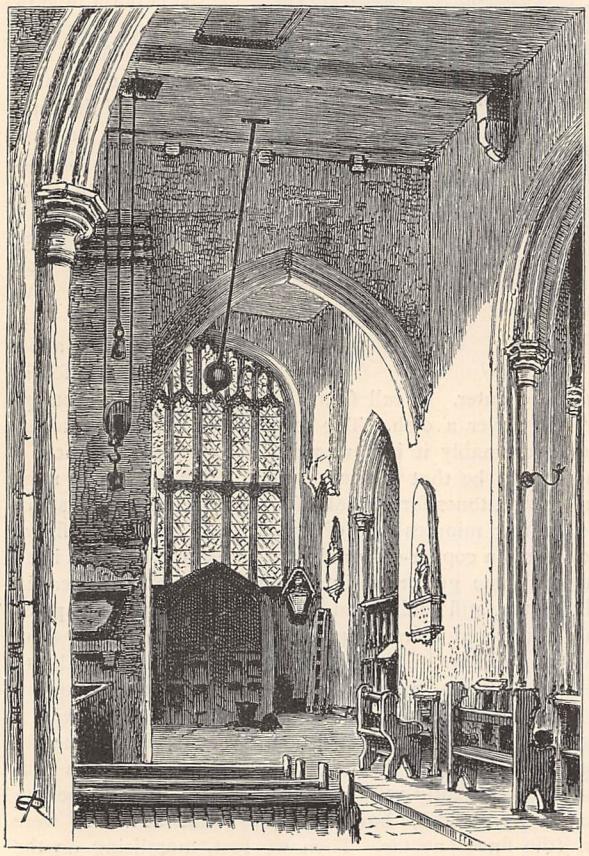
LANDGATE, RYE.

We enter. A tall form, with shaggy hair, is stooping over a dish. The form possesses petticoats, so presumably it is a woman; but for this evidence, it might be that of some animal. We ask in our most dulcet tones for a drink of water and leave to rest for a few minutes out of the baking sun. The figure turns a copper-coloured face to us, and delivers itself of some gutturals, in response to which a second figure, still wilder and still shaggier, but without petticoats, and therefore presumably a man, emerges from an inner room, and indulges us with what we take to be almost a cannibalic stare. We repeat our request. The man shakes his head, not in refusal but with a gesture of incomprehension. We make the motion of drinking; he can follow that; he goes out and presently returns with a basin of evil-smelling water, which, however, we drink as if it were the finest nectar. Then we rest, moralising on the axiom that truth is certainly stranger than fiction, or

in this island of ours, within a dozen miles of more than one fashionable watering-place, we should not be compelled to gesticulate for a cup of water. Refreshed, we set out again. The figures follow us to the door, and as we go away, exchange gutturals, which, if interpreted, would probably mean, "Where are these foreign fools going to?" More ditches, more gates, but not an atom more life. Our voices ring out with startling clearness into the air, and our footsteps on the turf sound as if we were treading pavement. So we progress, slowly and painfully; for, short as the distance would be along a clearly-defined road, or even across an ordinary piece of country, this continual zig-zagging, this ceaseless exposure to the sun, becomes painful exertion, and we finally determine to strike straight for the coast. We shall be going at least two miles out of our way, but anything is preferable to this unbroken monotony of silence and gymnastics. We reach the coast road. A burly coastguard's-man is making observations through a telescope. We tell him where we have been, and detail what we have gone through. "Lor' bless yer, gentlemen," he says, in reply, "I ain't surprised at it, I ain't. Why, I've been stationed here for twenty year, and blessed if I know the road across the marsh yet. Nobody don't know it — not even the shepherds, let alone strangers. There's a many parties wot heve come out snipe-shooting and the like hes been obliged to sleep out all night, they hes." We ask him how far it is to Rye. "About eight miles," he says. "Eight miles!" we repeat, incredulously, "and we've been five hours doing three miles as the crow flies." However, we set out, comforted by the knowledge that the road is clear, and that gates and ditches are things of the past. We halt at the "Royal William," a little wayside inn, for bread and cheese, and by three o'clock we are close to the ancient borough of Rye. We cross the Rother in a ferry, and are on a flat piece of land upon which the boys of Rye are playing cricket. It is hard to believe that, three hundred years back, where cricket is now being played, a grand review of the Cinque Ports Fleet was held. Yet it is an historical fact. Every inch of land we have been treading since early this morning was once sea. There is a mournful air about Rye. It might be a town of sleep, so silent and so lifeless is everything; and, but for the shouts of the cricketers and the whistle of a distant railway-engine, we might to all appearances be approaching a deserted place. Yet there is a considerable trade done at Rye, and although the present harbour is two miles from the town, there are ships there, and a fair number of barges on the river. In the last century, smuggling awoke Rye from her sleep of years, and it became a very hot-bed of illegal traffic, as any of the old fellows smoking their pipes and watching the cricket from the parapet of the cliff will tell us.



RYE CHURCH—EAST BUTTRESS.

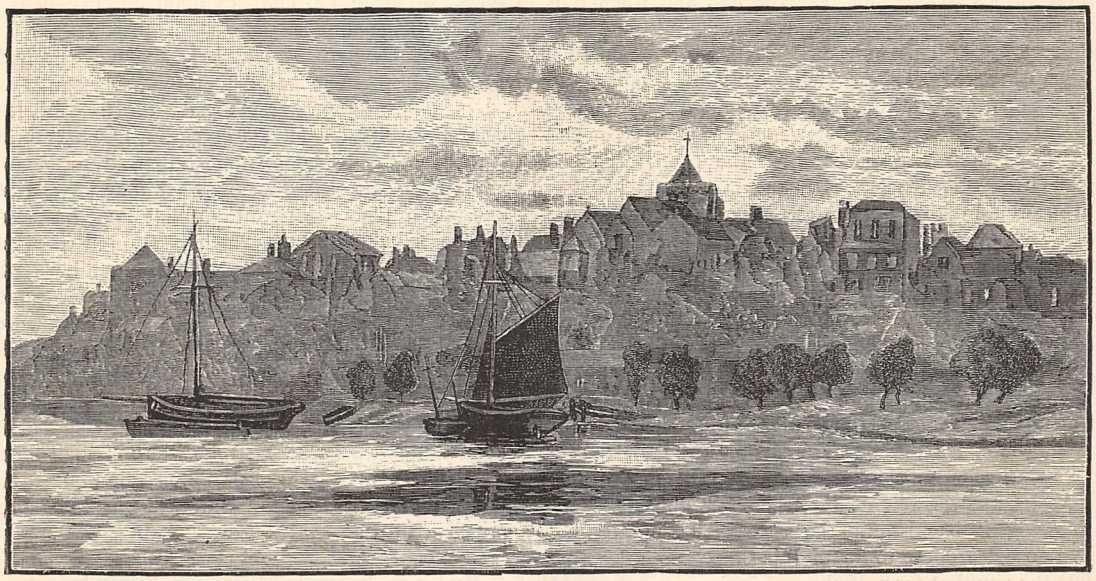


THE PENDULUM IN RYE CHURCH.

Rye is unique; for although there is nothing

in the town of separate commanding interest, one is interested at all points. There is nothing new in it from beginning to end, and could the old fellows who knew it in its palmy days revisit it, they would find it strangely unaltered. One may wander for hours up and down quaint old streets, with quaint old names, where there are fine timbered houses, once the residences of the Cinque Ports merchant princes. But the grass grows in the roadway, and the old houses are either falling from sheer decrepitude or are put to very base uses. On all sides pride, power, and decay go hand in hand. A fisherman, with a short pipe, saunters out of a doorway rich with carved figures and foliage; packing-cases are being hauled in and out of windows to which still cling remnants of delicate stone tracery; out of another window, stained and emblazoned with forgotten coats-of-arms, leans a tattered, dishevelled woman with a baby in her arms; and so on, the contrasts strike us as we saunter through the town.

A very remarkable feature in this country is the stateliness and prominent positions of the churches. St. Nicholas, Rye, stands on the highest ground in the town, which itself is built upon a cliff, and one can well understand how, in the old stirring times, it was an easy matter to send news from Rye to Lydd or Tenterden, and from thence into the heart of the country. It is an interesting old church, which has had more vicissitudes than fall to the lot of most English churches; for the French were continually burning it, and the burgesses as continually restoring it. There is a pendulum swinging under the steeple which is said to be the oldest in England, and the Communion-table is likewise said to have been captured from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada by Sir Francis Drake. Not far from the church is the Ypres Tower—once a fortification of some importance, now used as a prison, although the patriotic men of Rye declare that it never contains a prisoner unless it be a drunken sailor. From the esplanade we get a wide-spreading view towards the sea: flat green land, broken only by the ruins of Camber Castle and the picturesque group of Winchelsea. The only other object worthy of a visit is the Land Gate on the Dover Road—the sole remnant of the ring of fortification put by Edward the Third round the town. With Rye ends the quaint corner of England known as Romney Marsh; but if we strike away inland towards Tunbridge, we pass through a country rich in the three attributes of beauty, interest, and retirement. All about here, and more especially over the Sussex border, was once the "Black Country" of England. Before the development of our northern coal-fields, the dense forest-land was dotted with iron-foundries, as may still be traced in the frequent names of places which denote the old existence of forges and furnaces. Later, the villages gained evil fame for being harbours of smuggled goods; and strange old places they are, with their huge, rambling inns, their fine old manor-houses, and, in the cases of Cranbrook, Hawkhurst, Goudhurst, Horsemonden, and Pembury, their fine old churches. But the route is by no means an easy one to follow, and the explorer must not be afraid of using his tongue when he gets the chance—which is not very often—or he will very rapidly find himself adrift amidst the labyrinth of winding lanes and byways which seem to lead nowhere.



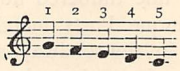
RYE (EVENING) FROM THE FERRY.

THE MYSTERIES OF CHANGE-RINGING.

HAS it ever struck the reader as being little short of a miracle that raw village-lads, with no mathematical training beyond that derived from passing through "the three R's"—at all events, perfectly innocent of such processes as permutations and combinations—could be made to understand and practise change-ringing? A good deal of mystery hangs over this science, and it is placed in most people's minds in the same category as short-hand, Tonic Sol-fa, and Hebrew. In truth it *is* a difficult thing to learn, and no book on the subject that we have ever met with has, in our opinion, succeeded in making the subject perfectly clear to the comprehension of any person who is not able to go into the belfry with "some one who knows" and handle the bell-ropes. Nothing can well be more difficult to explain on paper, and yet we will make an attempt to show the elements, at least, of change-ringing.

We must first know what a bell does when rung—that is, what motions it makes. When you begin, the bell is of course at rest, hanging with mouth and clapper downwards; but before a peal can be begun it must be swung "up"—that is to say, completely upside down—by swinging it first to one side and then the other. Let us suppose this has been achieved. It first swings to one side, say the left, and when it is upside down, it is prevented from swinging quite over by a "stay." This movement of the bell is called a "hand-stroke." Then a slight pull, and it falls again by its own weight, going back the same way, passing over the position of rest below, and swinging up on end again in the other direction, to the right. This is called the "back-stroke." In this way the bell makes what would really be a complete revolution, but for the stay which prevents it, every time it is "up," from turning a somersault, so to speak. During each of these swings—the hand-stroke and the back-stroke—the clapper strikes the bell and it sounds. The ringer's object is to balance the bell so nicely each time it swings up that it does not require to touch the stay—to swing the bell, indeed, as far as it can go without touching the stay, to the place which in mechanics would be called the "dead-point." While the bell is swinging round in the back-stroke to balance again, it goes by its own weight (after the slight pull necessary to bring it back) and the rope is left quite free. We do not propose to do anything more than describe just the simplest form of change-ringing: space would fail to properly indicate the more complicated forms of the art.

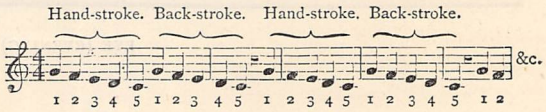
Now let us see how the bells are distinguished. We will suppose a "ring" of five. The smallest bell is called the "treble" and the largest the "tenor"—whatever number of bells the ring may consist of. The intermediate bells are called second, third, fourth, and so on, counting from the treble, or first bell, up to the tenor. When struck in their natural order, thus—



the bells are said to be "in rounds;" and if they were always rung in this way, there would be no change-ringing. But the charming variety heard in good ringing is effected by changing the order in which the bells follow one another, and doing this in a regular and methodical fashion. They are then "in changes."

Every bell which strikes first (of the five) in one of these changes is said to be "at lead," and that which strikes last (of the five) is "behind;" the intermediate places being identified as "in two," "in three," and so on. When a bell strikes in its proper place it is said to be "at home." So that in the following change, 1, 3, 2, 4, 5, treble is at lead, third is in two, second is in three, four is at home, and tenor is behind. The changes on our five bells are called "doubles;" those on four bells are known as "singles;" and those on six as "minor," and so on. There are also various methods of ringing (such as "grandsire" or "Stedman"), and if we propose to ring a "peal of grandsire triples," we mean 120 changes upon our five bells in the grandsire method.

The first thing to be clearly understood is "hunting." But we must begin that by ringing a round, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Supposing you have the treble bell to ring (represented by the figure 1), your first stroke will swing the bell up on end to hand-stroke, and it will sound; while the other four bells will follow you in the same way in their regular order. You must be careful to listen for the interval which is allowed to elapse between the stroke of each of the other bells (the interval between each ought to be exactly the same), and then when the tenor (or No. 5) has struck, you must follow it, with your back-stroke, at exactly the same interval, and thus you will have entered upon another round, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in which the other bells follow you as before. But after tenor has sounded the second time, with *his* back-stroke, you must not follow it at the same interval as before, but allow just twice the time to elapse. The following will make this point quite clear to you:—



Your own bell must be held "up" a little longer than usual, and not struck so quickly as at back-stroke.

It will be better now to take an example of the

(Drawn by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.)

PROFESSOR BLACKIE LECTURING IN EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

(*See page* 671.)

processes known as "hunting up" and "hunting down," and get a first lesson in making changes :—

1 2 3 4 5 . .	In rounds ; hand-stroke.
1 2 3 4 5 . .	,, back-stroke.
2 **1** 4 3 5 . .	Treble in two (or "in 2nds").
2 4 **1** 5 3 . .	,, in three (or "in 3rds").
4 2 5 **1** 3 . .	,, in four (or "in 4ths").
4 5 2 3 **1** . .	,, behind ; back-stroke.
5 4 3 2 **1** . .	,, ,, hand-stroke.
5 3 4 **1** 2 . .	,, in four.
3 5 **1** 4 2 . .	,, in three.
3 **1** 5 2 4 . .	,, in two.
1 3 2 5 4 . .	,, at lead.
1 2 3 4 5 . .	In rounds.

(Repeat as above ; treble going to 2nds again.)

Here we have printed the figure 1 (which stands for the treble—your bell) in thicker type ; so that you may more readily follow its course with the eye. In hunting up, that is, from lead to behind, you lead with two rounds, first the hand-stroke and then the back-stroke, as already explained. Then listen and look for* the bell that followed after yours in the round (namely, No. 2), and allow *that* to strike first, and you strike directly after it. (To allow of this, your bell must be held "up" a little longer than usual, as in ringing rounds.) This places you in 2nds. While striking there, listen and look again for the bell which strikes after yours (now No. 4), hold your own bell up again as before—out of its turn, as it were—and let *that* bell go before you, and if you then strike you will be in 3rds. In this way you "hunt up behind," as it is called, until you are the last of the five to strike. In "hunting to lead" or "hunting down," you reverse this process, in each fresh round striking in *front* of the bell which struck just before you in the preceding round—thus striking in *earlier* than usual, each time.

In the next place, we must try to understand "place-making" and "dodging." Here is an example of both :—

3 5 1 4 2
3 1 5 2 4
1 3 2 5 4
1 3 5 2 4
3 1 2 5 4
3 2 1 4 5

Place-making is when a bell strikes twice in succession, in any place except at the lead or behind—those two places being part of the "hunting course," as it is said. No. 3 bell in this example "makes a place" when hunting up to 2nds place, and then returns to lead. This proceeding on the part of 3 will stop all the bells above 2nds (namely, 2, 5, and 4) in their hunting course, and cause them to "dodge," that is to move a step backward in their path and then go on hunting up or down as before. Here, accordingly, we find 5 and 2 "dodging." 5 was hunting up, but when 3 "makes a place," 5 goes back one step (in fact, changes places with 2, which was hunting down), and then goes on hunting up as before. Meanwhile, 2 performs a similar "dodging," and then hunts again in its own direction, which happened to be down.

You have now placed before you all the elements of this great mystery of change-ringing. Out of this hunting, and place-making, and dodging, the whole science is constructed, and the various peals can be rung upon the various methods. There are rules laid down for each movement in the several books on change-ringing which have been published, and to which we must refer the curious reader who thirsts for more information. These rules, however, are preserved simply by tradition in country villages, and are handed down orally from one generation of ringers to another.

STUDENT LIFE AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

"HARD students," says queer old Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," "are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, . . . consumptions, and all such diseases . . . . They are lean, dry, ill-coloured, and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies." Surely he is too hard on learning, or times and constitutions have changed. The members of the British Association, as a body, do not resemble patients in a home for incurables. The average college don is as well-favoured and contented-looking a being as you can well find anywhere : quite as robust as an alderman, for instance. And in Scotland — to take younger specimens of the learned genus—the youths who frequent the Universities are as muscular and healthy as need be ; and yet, for their years, they are certainly the hardest students in Britain, and only equalled anywhere by Germans. That they are, as a class, healthy, is largely accounted for by the fact that they come from the country, most of them. They are stout workers for very sufficient reasons : they are poor, and they come to their Universities for nothing else than learning. A young fellow who has run about barefoot in the fields after his father's cattle, or the son of an Orkney minister with a stipend of £150 a year, or the pupil-teacher who has to learn in winter and teach in summer, does not save and borrow shillings and pence, and half starve himself for four years in a dingy and barren city lodging-house, working hard all day, and most likely acting as tutor to schoolboys in the evenings, and again pursuing his studies into the small hours—he does not do these things, be sure, except from a hunger for knowledge that is well-nigh

* In actual practice the ringer, especially when learning, has not only to keep his ears open, but to use his eyes, and watch the other ringers.

irrepressible, and that makes him a most dogged gormandiser when mental food is at last brought within his reach.

John Leyden was but a fortunate and glorified example of his class. Humbly born and bred, he struggled up to Edinburgh University, distinguished himself throughout the whole of its Arts course, and before he was twenty had also added to his acquirements a thorough knowledge of French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Icelandic. The brilliancy of his Indian career afterwards was in keeping with his college reputation; but though Leyden was successful beyond many like him, his indefatigable habits of work are shared by most Scotch students to a truly surprising degree.

The avidity for learning seems to be born in them Only a few years ago a Scotch clergyman died—Dr. Eadie, known to students of Biblical literature—who in many ways resembled Leyden. The son of a quarrier, as a little boy he had to start for school on winter mornings at daybreak, bearing a blazing tarred rope in one hand; but in the other, from the time he could read, he habitually carried "Paradise Lost." Is it not a fine picture, that of this little lad, unbefriended by all save one or two ignorant, though honest, relatives, plodding along in the winter dark, by the foot of the Ochil hills and through Alva woods, drinking up Milton's poetry as fast as the blazing rope would allow him? It was no listless study, that. To the day of his death he could repeat "Paradise Lost" from beginning to end, line for line.

I am proud to say that this is the stuff the Scotch University student is made of. Plenty of imperfections he has, of course. When the University begins the task of exerting its influence over him, it finds him woefully ignorant in many things, and in nothing more than with regard to such matters as constitute "polish." Even when it has done with such a student, he is not, as a rule, the pattern of a finished gentleman. But at any rate it has given him, in the four years of his course, as much solid information as the very stoutest capacity could take in. He has passed—if he be an average student—as searching examinations in Classics, Mathematics, and Philosophy as the Oxford or Cambridge degree-man has to face; and as an M.A., he goes home to be a schoolmaster, or lingers on at the University theological or medical classes, or takes his pen to London, or does anything else with his education for a livelihood, still having about him, perhaps, the air of the country, and even a little of the peasant's mien, but ready to speak on most subjects with the well-informed and thoroughly-trained mind that only liberal learning can bestow.

There is talk just now of reforms for the Universities of Scotland, and the standard of their efficiency is to be somewhat raised—perhaps not before it was necessary. Such reforms cannot be brought about practically for some time to come, however, and the ordinary University curriculum as it stands may be taken as the theme of a few explanatory words. Many English youths repair to Scotch Universities for their higher education principally for reasons of economy. Some such may desire to know how things are managed in these colleges; and Edinburgh University, though not the oldest of collegiate institutions in Scotland, may be taken as typical of the others, since it only differs materially from them in being larger.

Perhaps I should add that living is somewhat dearer in Edinburgh than at Aberdeen or St. Andrews. The following is a veritable bill presented to two Aberdeen students for a week's board and lodging. Even when we add twenty per cent. for rise of prices since 1855, the bill will be found more moderate than anything of the kind would be further south. It is quite a curiosity of economy; yet the gentleman to whom it was presented, when he and his brother were students, declares that they fared rather above the average in point of comfort:—

Aberdeen, March 10, 1855.

Mr.....

	s.	d.
To meal, 1s.; beef, 1s. 6d.	2	6
,, loaf, 10½d.; rolls, 6d.; potatoes, 7d. ..	1	11½
,, syrup, 7½d.; coffee, 5d.	1	0½
,, tea, 5d.; apples and flour, 4d.; milk, 8d. ..	1	5
,, sugar, 8d.; barley, 1½d.; sago, 1½d. ..	0	11
	7	10
Rooms	4	0
	11	10
Each	5	11

But the nearer the south, the further from cheapness, though it shall be shortly made apparent that even at the Metropolis of Scotland the student lives at a rate which is calculated to raise a smile on the lips of his Oxford brother.

The University of Edinburgh, incorporated by a charter which dates from 1620, is a handsome enough, but rather sombre, building in the Old Town, on the slope of the street known as the North Bridge. During recent years its accommodation was obviously becoming more and more inadequate to the number of students it had to provide for; and next winter the Medical faculty hives off to new and commodious quarters provided for it not far away, in the vicinity of the enormous hospital whose very windows it takes £400 a year to keep clean. During the past year 3,247 students have matriculated at the University. Of these, 3,023 attended in winter, 1,008 being Art students, 446 law, 90 Divinity, and the remaining 1,479 Medical. All the Divinity, most of the Law, and many of the Medical students prepare themselves for their special courses by taking the general Arts curriculum; and to this we may for the present confine our attention.

The winter session of the University begins at the end of October, and closes with the beginning of April. Into these five months and a half the academical year, so far as the Arts faculty is concerned, has to be compressed. Leaving aside the wealthiest youths who attend Scotch colleges, we may take as an example one of those struggling young men who arrive in Edinburgh after perhaps two or three years

of saving, or else with money advanced by friends on the prospect of repayments to be derived from sums earned by tutorial services by-and-by to be rendered to school-children, or bursaries and scholarships to be won. Such a student comes from his country home prepared to spend £40 or £50 from first to last on his winter's work—not more. After engaging lodgings for about ten shillings a week, he makes his way to the University, and discovers the secretary's office by the crowd at the door. Swaying with this crowd towards a semi-circular counter, he holds tightly in his hand one of those greasy £1 bank notes that always suggest much labour spent in their acquisition. As he approaches nearer to the secretary or his clerk, he tempts the functionary by waving the bit of paper on high like a flag; and when at length notice has been accorded him, he inscribes his name, and that of his birthplace, and his age, in an album, and parts with his money for a card which certifies that he is enrolled as a matriculated student, and may duly proceed to join such classes as he has a mind to attend. This matriculation over, he probably spends part of the afternoon in listening to an address delivered at the opening of the session by the Principal. Usually the address is formal and lifeless, and the audience make more game than account of it.

The evening passed in arranging his effects, and the night spent in uneasy dreams, the student sallies forth in time to reach College by nine o'clock, at which hour Professor Blackie,* who teaches Greek, will perhaps inaugurate the work of his junior class by delivering an address on culture, or ballads, or Gaelic, or anything that comes into his strange but clever brain. After this lecture the student will produce three more of the dirty £1 notes, with three attendant shillings looking so clean and shining by contrast, and these he hands to the Professor of Greek, who attests him a member of his junior class, and delivers him a ticket inscribed with his own name and number. At twelve Professor Sellar, author of "The Roman Poets of the Republic," opens his junior class for Latin, and takes his three guineas likewise from the student, as from perhaps 150 others. These two classes are all the tyro takes for the session. He buys a few text-books, and then buttons up his pocket, so far as the University is concerned, having spent eight or nine, or at most ten guineas in all. His session's work is now cut out for him. In the Greek class he will read a dialogue or two of Plato, some chapters of Thucydides, and of course some books of Homer. Besides, he will write weekly exercises in Greek prose, and study a conversational phrase-book written by the Professor, who calls up the students one by one, and chats with them in Greek. You may imagine that the conversation does not ooze out of the raw Scotch lad very copiously while he is under this ordeal. In Latin the work covers study of Roman history, and translation from Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Tacitus. In this class also, as indeed in every Arts class, the Socratic method is allowed pretty full play, and each student is examined orally from time to time. During the session there are three great written examinations in addition. Such is the kind of labour the first Academical year at Edinburgh has to do with.

It would be tedious to enumerate here the precise stages by which, during the three following winter sessions, the student proceeds to his degree. What a new world of thought is that he breaks upon, when the philosophical classes are entered, and in the room where Sir William Hamilton taught, he learns to ponder the Categories of Aristotle, or puzzle over the irrefutable quibble of Berkeleianism! Later he studies in the lecture-room which has resounded to the reason of Dugald Stewart and the eloquence of Christopher North, while he pursues the argument for and against the Idealism in moral science which is here at present fostered. Whether the Idealism will hold out much longer is doubtful; but at any rate it is fine pure mental training, and the Edinburgh students of Moral Philosophy compete well with their rivals from the other Scotch Universities in the examinations for inter-University fellowships.

In so short a paper as this one need not touch—and spoil—the merrier side of Scotch student life—the frolic and business of the various undergraduate associations, for instance. What nights are to be remembered in connection with the splendid battles of words waged in the debating societies! "These were the happiest moments of my long life," I lately heard an old Edinburgh judge say, talking of the well-remembered evenings when he ascended the president's chair at the University Dialectic Society.

I have seen an unpublished letter of Lord Cockburn's regarding another of these societies—an association not strictly academic, but chiefly composed of Edinburgh graduates—in which he declares: "I am conscious that I owe everything I have to the Speculative Society; and every member who makes a right use of it may be assured that he will hereafter be enabled to make the same declaration truly."

It is in one of the rooms of this society that I am now writing these lines, within the college precincts, and as I lift my eyes up to the walls and see the portraits of Dugald Stewart, Sir Walter Scott—long its secretary—Lord Cockburn, Francis Horner, Lord Jeffrey, Christopher North, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Sir James Mackintosh, and many other strong workers in the world, it seems to me that no member of the University need complain very much of a kind of college life that produced such sterling stuff as these men were made of.

The faults of the Scottish University system are these: the students live in town as they lived at home, without the civilising influence arising from sociable concourse under the same roof. No "commons" conduce to the amenities of their lives. Their food they bolt in silent solitary haste, as a rule, and society exists for them no more than on the hillside, except during an hour or two of the week at the debating or the musical society. The custom of living

* Since this paper was written the eminent scholar referred to has, we understand, resigned his Professorship.

in lodgings outside of the University further deprives them of that supervision from authority which youths so young as many of them are might be supposed to stand in need of. Their morals cannot be looked after. Even illness or death might come to them through hard work, and yet their teachers know it not. The dangers of this solitude are such as no one long connected with any Scotch college could remain ignorant of; and during the very week in which I am writing, two distinguished Edinburgh students have died from the effects of over-zealous and lonely industry—one of the unfortunate young men from brain fever, and the other hopelessly mad.

The advantages of the Scotch system are equally clear. The students are tempted towards the University by no charms of society or idle pleasure. They are made to work very hard while they are at it. They are accustomed to thinking and living in high realms of thought, and have the opportunity of acquiring a life-long love for such thoughts, before leisure or wealth has had an opportunity to entice them with the more selfish pleasures of existence. And the very habit of extra-mural residence, which is the most serious drawback on Scotch colleges, has this one compensating advantage—that it teaches the young fellows from the first what every one must learn sooner or later, how to camp out in the big world.

To the perfervid young student, strong in his studies, weak in knowledge of the world as it is, the past is rich and beautiful as the pages of an antique missal, and the future is only a dream that is to come true. The pure atmosphere of thought brightens his eyes, and grand possibilities, like the winds of heaven, breathe about him, and make his veins tingle. Would that more who leave University walls with their glamour over them could better maintain the old student heart and habit! For often we forget what we learned, and grow too busy to deplore what we have forgotten. We are in the case of the youth spoken of by Thoreau, who "gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth; and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them." Yes, it is very sad. Yet in outgrowing these youthful phases—the sweetest and noblest of our lives—we at least gain a still deeper, if less comforting, kind of learning—experience.

ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

WHATEVER doubts and misgivings George and Agnes might have felt the night before disappeared at the moment of their meeting the next morning. Agnes's wise resolves vanished, George's dissatisfaction was forgotten, and the half-hour which passed before the gong summoned them to breakfast was unclouded. The time had been too short for anything but his question and her answer, and the light in which their engagement would appear to other people remained yet to be considered, together with all the difficulties which they had been too happy to remember. But a supercilious stare from Miss Hilton as they went in together, and a remark from Mrs. Leighton on the want of fresh flowers, which Agnes had forgotten, suggested coming troubles, and awakened them to realities again.

"Let us keep it quiet for to-day, at least," George found an opportunity of saying to Agnes when breakfast was over; and she was glad to have time to prepare herself for the opposition which she knew must be before them.

She had much to do that morning for the departing guests, and had no time to be either happy or anxious, except while George was hanging about the house, trying to get a word or two with her, and keeping her in a flutter of nervousness, which, if any one had had time to notice her, would have betrayed that something unusual was going on.

The Hiltons were leaving after luncheon; and, pretending to think that it was Agnes's business to see to everything for them, Miss Hilton was standing in the hall, giving her cool thanks for her help, when George came up.

"I was just saying, Mr. Leighton," she said, turning to him, "that we are much obliged for Miss Baring's help. Really it is such a trouble to think of things for oneself; but I suppose we shall scarcely find her here next time we come."

Her impertinent tone and manner were too much for George's prudence, and he answered hastily—

"I hope you will find her here, Miss Hilton, but in a different position. I think you have guessed our secret before any one else has the privilege of knowing it."

Miss Hilton was thunderstruck. So he had really

thrown himself away, after all, and the girl whom she had so despised had secured one of the best matches in her circle of acquaintances, while she was passed over!

She could have cried with vexation; and there was not even time for any gratifying revenge, for the carriage was at the door, and Fred Carey was offering her his arm; so the only relief she could find was in passing both the offenders with a cold stare, and without a word of good-bye.

"Oh, George! why did you tell her?" said Agnes reproachfully, when at last they had a moment together.

"I couldn't help it, dear. I couldn't stand her unbounded impertinence! It can't do any harm now that she has gone, and every one shall know it tomorrow."

"Oh! I wonder what they will say? Of course they will persuade you to give me up, and tell you all kinds of things."

"I don't think they will try much of that kind of thing with me; and we won't mind what they say, darling. I know you will have a great deal to bear, but I will try to make up for it afterwards."

"You do make up for it now, but I wish I knew whether I shall really do you harm, and you only make light of it for my sake."

They were talking together in the window of the breakfast-room, and unnoticed, Mrs. Leighton opened the door and came in. There was no mistaking the look and attitude of the lovers, and she understood it all at a glance.

"George! Agnes!" she cried in dismay, scarcely knowing on which to throw the blame.

"I was going to tell you when all these people were gone," said George coolly. "Agnes has made me very happy by promising to be my wife, and I hope you will welcome her for my sake and her own."

Mrs. Leighton's face flushed angrily. "You know you are talking nonsense!" she said. "Agnes has too much good sense to think it possible for a moment."

Agnes wished the earth would open and swallow her up.

"Will you leave us alone for a little while?" George said to her. "I should not like you to hear hasty words which would vex you. I will come to the library, if you will wait for me there."

And Agnes gladly escaped from the coming scene. It was a painful and stormy one. Mrs. Leighton felt that she had been much to blame, and could not wonder that George had been attracted by Agnes's beauty and excellence, but not for a moment would she allow that their marriage was possible. That he, an only son, of good old family and large fortune, should marry a girl in her position was simply out of the question, and when his infatuation had had time to cool she did not doubt that he would see matters in the same light. Of course he must leave Stanwick at once, and she would do all she could to make up to Agnes for the injury she had done her in not looking after her better. She would be sorry to part with her, but it must be done; and she would take care to find some place for her where she would not fall into such a false position again.

But, to her dismay, Mrs. Leighton found that though she might intend to settle matters in her way, George was equally determined to please himself. If his aunt refused to let Agnes stay at Stanwick, he would take her to friends of his own, who would, he was sure, willingly receive her for a few weeks until they could be married; but he represented that as he had no intention of giving up his engagement, it would save much future awkwardness, and be pleasanter for every one, if Mrs. Leighton would make up her mind to what was inevitable.

Unless he received a promise that Agnes should not be subjected to a process which his aunt called "bringing her to reason," but he termed "bullying," he said he should take her away that very day; but it would be greatly against his wishes, as he hoped that no family quarrel would be made about the matter.

Mrs. Leighton's only hope now lay in Fred Carey, who she believed would disapprove of the marriage as strongly as she did, and she hoped that George would be more inclined to listen to him. It was hard, she thought, that she should be disappointed in all these three, whom she had looked upon as her own children. Fred's life was spoiled by Claudia's perversity; Claudia herself was making a match which could be only half approved; and now George wanted to throw himself away.

Unhappy and resentful, she went to look for Fred; but here again she met with disappointment. Fred said it was a pity, and probably a mistake, but he supposed that, as they had settled it between themselves, no one had much right to interfere. For his part, he thought George a lucky fellow. Miss Baring was one of the most sensible and charming girls he had seen. However, to please his aunt, he would see if anything could be done; but if George was really in earnest, he should think it wrong to try to make him change his mind, considering the circumstances under which he and Agnes had met.

Meanwhile things were not going quite smoothly between the lovers. Finding that Mrs. Leighton disapproved so strongly of the engagement, Agnes thought she ought to leave the house at once; while George, who could not endure the thought of her returning to her old home and position, vowed that if she did so he would never speak to his aunt again.

Then followed long talks with Fred, but they did not lead to much result. Agnes tried to be unselfish, and offered to give up her engagement, as it caused division in the family; but Fred did not think there was sufficient reason for doing so, and gave it as his decided opinion that this marriage would be the making of George, and that opposition and difficulty were the very things he needed to make him take the world in earnest.

So, much against her will, Agnes was persuaded to remain at Stanwick for the present, receiving an invitation to do so from Mrs. Leighton, who, in spite

of her vexation, would not for the world have treated her with unkindness.

In Claudia now lay Mrs. Leighton's only hope, and she wrote and told her what had happened, and begged her, if possible, to come to Stanwick, and see what her influence would do. She had flattered herself that at least none of the departed visitors had guessed what was going on; but this illusion was quickly dispelled by a letter from Miss Hilton, containing sarcastic congratulations on Mr. George Leighton's intended marriage, which she supposed was quite according to his aunt's wishes, as the whole thing had gone on under her eyes; and no doubt the beauty and good sense of the bride-elect would make up for her want of birth and connection.

Mrs. Leighton was overcome by this last blow. If Miss Hilton knew of George's folly, the whole world would know it also; so, unless Claudia could bring them to reason, she supposed she must put the best face on it she could.

Fred debated long with himself whether he should stay at Stanwick, and run the risk of meeting Claudia. He had intended to avoid her until her marriage had put a last barrier between them, but he knew that he was much wanted in this family difficulty, and thought that his being there might be of real service to Agnes. And so when Mrs. Leighton received a hurried note from Claudia, saying that she would come to Stanwick at once, he prepared to meet her with his usual friendliness.

Claudia's first feeling on hearing the news was one of disgust. So George was not contented with idly wasting his talents, and leading a life useless to himself and other people, but he was now bringing disagreement into the family.

Agnes herself was everything that could be wished; but Claudia, with the pride of birth in which she had been educated, could not get over the fact that the Barings were people with whom they could not associate, or even recognise, and if George and Agnes had not yet fully realised these difficulties, they must be strongly pointed out to them.

Of course her influence with George was weakened, but she believed he would still value her opinion, and would be more inclined to listen to her than any one else.

She was well satisfied with her own engagement now, and honestly believed she was doing the best for herself and other people, and resolutely stifled a wish, which sometimes came across her, that she could find more personal happiness in her prospects. Now and then she thought how differently she would have felt if Lord Edenbridge had been young, and she had loved him; but she persuaded herself that she was satisfied with things as they were, and was humiliated to find that the news of George's engagement gave her a sharp pang of jealousy. It was a folly she must instantly suppress, and she could not be so weak as to be influenced by it for a moment.

She would do her best to put things right at Stanwick, but it was a difficult task, and she could not yet see how it was to be accomplished.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

CLAUDIA'S arrival at Stanwick scarcely tended towards making matters less awkward. Thanks to her own pre-occupation and Fred's self-control, she still remained in ignorance of his love for her, but she was the only one of the party who did not know it, or guess how painful her presence must be to him. For some time George had known nothing of the state of affairs, but a chance word of Fred's in an unguarded moment had suggested the truth, and he had afterwards persuaded Agnes to tell him all she knew.

"Well, I think Fred has been a fool!" he said. "He ought to have asked her the first possible moment, instead of waiting all these months. She wasn't in love with him, of course—that sort of thing is beneath her dignity—but it might all have come right when it was put into her head."

"I think so, too," answered Agnes; "but it would never have been satisfactory if she did not love him."

"Not romantic, certainly; but Fred is a sensible fellow, and might have put up with that; and now, of course, his chance has gone, and I am afraid he will have a bad time of it while she is here."

But painful as she knew Fred's position must be, Agnes doubted if hers was not worse. Herself, her position, and connections, everything to do with her, would be discussed by every one, and her personal merits weighed, to see if they would make up for all her disadvantages. The idea was almost unbearable, and she thought George mistaken in insisting on her staying.

When Claudia had heard all that her aunt could tell her—how blind every one had been to what was going on, and how much George and Agnes had thoughtlessly been thrown together—she took the same view of the case as Fred, and thought it was almost impossible that anything could be done now.

Painful as the task would be, she undertook to speak to both the lovers; but if, as she expected, she found argument useless, she thought the engagement ought to be recognised and made the best of, and there was little doubt that Agnes's many attractions would soon make every one forget the disadvantages of the match.

Mrs. Leighton scarcely knew whether she was comforted or disappointed by Claudia's opinion.

No doubt, Agnes was good and charming, and would be a far greater comfort to her than any other wife whom George could have chosen; but she had always been ambitious for him, and was inclined to be angry with Claudia for not setting a higher value upon him.

Nothing was said to Agnes the first evening: the engagement was ignored, and she and George were simply polite to each other; but the next morning Claudia set to work at once. She followed George into the library after breakfast, expecting that he would tell her his difficulties and ask her advice. But she was mistaken. He talked on all sorts of indifferent subjects, and then spoke of her approaching marriage with interest; but when she insisted on talking about Agnes, and said she had come to

Stanwick for that purpose, he thanked her for her kindness, but said that it was a matter in which they must judge for themselves—that they had already decided, and that the only thing now to be settled was whether his relations would receive his future wife as she ought to be received.

"But how will you endure your new connections?" urged Claudia. "Or do you intend to make your wife ignore them altogether?"

"They have done without her for a long time; I don't suppose it will trouble them much to lose her for good, and she loves me well enough to leave them for me. You know, that is the sort of love a man wants, Claudia. I have got it now, and no considerations of pride or station shall take it from me. If Agnes finds her new position too difficult, we will go abroad for awhile, until people have forgotten to wonder. And now, Claudia, if you please, this subject must be dropped between us."

Claudia knew that he was right in allowing no interference, but she was vexed that her influence over him was gone, and for a few moments was silent.

"We have both of us chosen differently from what we once intended, Claudia," George said at last, willing to be friendly. "I wish I could think that ambition will make you as happy as I hope to be."

"It is not ambition. Why will you always misjudge me?" cried Claudia. "Work is my duty, and my only means of happiness. I can never regret giving up my life to it."

"You are going to give up fair dealing with yourself," said George gently; "and this idea of duty seems to me overstrained and unnatural."

"Ah, George! we never *shall* understand each other; but we must be as merciful in our judgments as we can, and if I can help it nothing shall make a quarrel between us."

After this conversation Claudia decided that the matter was as good as settled. She felt it would be useless to try to influence Agnes, and could only endeavour to make Mrs. Leighton feel that it was no such great misfortune after all.

But before going further she would hear what Fred thought, and be guided by his advice.

Fred knew that a confidential talk with her was unavoidable, and did not even try to escape from it. He knew that she would unknowingly give him almost more pain than he could bear, but it was what he must expect all through his life, if he did not break with her entirely, and he would not take from her the comfort which she had often told him that she felt in his sympathy and advice.

"AGNES RECEIVED A TELEGRAM . . . . SAYING THAT HER FATHER WAS DYING" (*p.* 678).

In the discussion which followed, Claudia was surprised to find that though Fred considered interference almost impossible, yet he thought more of the disadvantages of the marriage than she did, and foresaw more clearly the effect it might have upon George. He already possessed rank, wealth, and popularity, and was inclined to think he wanted nothing more; and his marriage, which might have stirred him out of his selfishness, would now probably only confirm his idle habits, and make him too well contented to wish for change.

Agnes could not be expected to have knowledge or influence on this subject. The excitement of her new position and entrance into society would, at any rate

for awhile, fully occupy her thoughts and time, and the difficulties which might arise from her family and connections were as yet unknown.

For some time past her father seemed to have forgotten her, but it was more than likely that his memory might revive when he heard of her grand marriage, and, with a family to provide for, would not unnaturally look to her for help. George intended to insist on her giving up her relations; but though she might be willing to do so, they would probably have different views. The whole case ought, Fred thought, to be clearly explained to Agnes, and this he believed had not yet been done; but if, when everything was put before her, she still felt that George was more to her than all the world, nothing remained but to give her a warm welcome, and make up to her as far as possible for all she would lose, which, even with such brilliant prospects, must be a source of pain and difficulty.

Agnes thought that the time occupied by all these discussions was endless. George laughed, and told her that it could not matter what any one said; but she thought it must and ought to make a difference to her.

She was surprised, almost overwhelmed, when, instead of remonstrating with her, Claudia gave her warm kisses and kindly sympathy, and while clearly stating the disadvantages, both to her and to George, of the marriage, could also perceive that there was something to recommend it.

It was so different from what she had feared and expected that she was overcome, and kneeling at Claudia's side, she clasped her hands, exclaiming—

"Oh, Miss Fanshawe, you are too good to me! I don't deserve it. I have no right to him; but how can I help loving him? I had never seen any one like him before. I know that every one will say he is throwing himself away by marrying me, but he couldn't have a wife who would love him better or look up to him more than I shall."

She had begun humbly, but ended almost defiantly, for she remembered that Claudia had judged him, and found him unworthy.

"I feel that the blame—if there is any—ought to fall upon us," answered Claudia. "We ought to have foreseen what was so likely to happen; knowing you, I ought to have guessed that he would find in you the very things he wanted; but I never thought of your loving each other. It is a great deal to ask of you—that you should give up all your belongings. Have you thought over it carefully, dear Agnes?"

"That is the only difficulty I have for myself," answered Agnes. "I do not know whether it is right to promise to give up my own people; but none of them seem to want me or care for me much. If I had a mother of my own, I would make no promise; and I have told George that if my father ever wants help before or after my marriage I must give it to him."

"I am sure you are right in that. George could not think of objecting."

"He did object very much. He wants me to give them up altogether, and forget that I belong to any one but him."

"That is just like a man's selfishness! but I do not think he would keep to it. However, all these things should be clearly explained beforehand, to prevent misunderstanding."

"Yes," said Agnes quietly. "I believe I understand it all, and I am willing in all things to do as he wishes."

After this, Claudia was convinced that the lovers were in earnest, and persuaded her aunt to speak kindly to Agnes on the subject, and accept the circumstances with the best grace she could command.

Fred, finding that he was no longer wanted, made an excuse, and left Stanwick at once; but Claudia remained for several days, to help George and Agnes to settle plans for their marriage, which it was decided should take place as soon as possible, Claudia only stipulating that it should not be until after her own, that Agnes might appear as her bridesmaid, and receive a public recognition as belonging to the family; and when, after consulting Lord Edenbridge, she further proposed that it should take place from their London house early in February, George felt no further anxiety about his wife's reception.

When everything was settled, Agnes wrote and told her father all about it. She had no idea how he would take the news: whether he would be pleased at her grand marriage, or angry at the idea, which George insisted on her explaining, that for the future she would belong to her husband alone.

While she was waiting for an answer, George was obliged to leave Stanwick for a few days on business, but before he went he made her promise that if any home difficulties arose, she would do nothing without consulting him.

But a few days after he left, when Claudia also had gone, Agnes received a telegram which shocked and startled her. It was from her step-mother, saying that her father was dying, and wanted to see her.

Of course she must go: Mrs. Leighton agreed with her in that, and the urgency of the occasion would justify the breaking of her promise to George; but as she wrote him a few lines of explanation, she felt many misgivings, and it was with an anxious and troubled mind that she set out for her old home.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

FRANK CROSSLEY found the conditions under which his visits to Mrs. Tiverton's were allowed difficult to fulfil, and so unsatisfactory, that he was half inclined to think it would be better if he stayed away altogether.

He saw Rose, indeed, and talked to her, but he was bound to show no special care or interest, and was so silent and constrained, so unlike his former cheerful self, that she sometimes wished that he would not come at all to vex her with the difference.

Mrs. Tiverton had thought it best to tell her nothing of what had passed between herself and Frank. She felt doubtful whether this second love of his

would prove more lasting than the first, and was determined that he should be thoroughly tried before Rose's happiness was given into his care, and she was equally anxious to see whether the feeling Rose had for him had sprung from a want of other companions and interests, or was strong enough to last her life, and drive out the remembrance of her former hopes and loss.

So Rose, knowing little of the terms on which Frank's visits were allowed—except that Mrs. Tiverton thought their marriage might some day be possible—fancied that he was beginning to repent, and had discovered that the love of which he had spoken that day out in the fields was a mistake, and that he was now trying to go back to their former friendly intercourse.

But the busy harvest season, when Frank's visits were necessarily fewer and shorter, had brought a little change. He could not conceal his happiness in the few hours he could spend with her; and the fine crops which he took for the first time from his own land had seemed to him like a promise that things would prosper with him; and as he unconsciously implied that Rose's interests were identical with his own, her faith in him somewhat revived, and she persuaded herself that it *was* possible that things might come right in the end.

Many months had passed since Rose and Agnes had written to each other, and every day it seemed more difficult to begin again. It was no longer possible for Rose to stand on a height, and look down on Agnes's fickleness, for she knew that she herself had equally changed, and had not the semblance of an excuse for a quarrel with her friend; but undoubtedly there was a division between them, and it seemed doubtful whether it was wise or possible now to bridge it over.

Agnes's own family appeared to have cast her off altogether, and knew nothing of what was going on at Stanwick, so even when Mr. Baring was suddenly seized with paralysis, and became alarmingly ill, no one thought or remembered how nearly she was concerned.

But one morning early in November, while Mrs. Tiverton was sitting alone, Mr. Golding, the rector, came to see her.

"This is very sad about poor Baring," he said. "I scarcely think he can live over the night. I have just been to the station to telegraph for his daughter."

"For Agnes?"

"Yes. I hope she will get here in time; but it is a long distance, and I almost doubt it."

"Do you think she will come?" asked Mrs. Tiverton anxiously.

"Of course she will. She has not behaved well, certainly, and her people have heard nothing of her for a long time; but her father wrote harshly to her, I hear, when she broke with young Crossley, and we know he *can* be violent. However, all these things will be forgotten now."

"But you don't think she would stay at home? She would go away again, of course?"

"No doubt she would after a time, but I should think she would stay to help her step-mother at first."

"Of course, she wouldn't go about or see any one," said Mrs. Tiverton, half to herself; then she added in explanation, "She and Rose used to be friends and always together, but there has been a quarrel, and they won't care to meet now."

"I am afraid Agnes has quarrelled with all her old friends, myself and my wife included, but we must forget that. It will be a terrible shock to her, poor girl! to come home and find her father dead or dying."

Mr. Golding wondered that Mrs. Tiverton showed so little sympathy with her old favourite. But a great anxiety had come into her mind, and when she was alone again she sat pondering over it.

What if, when Agnes came home, and she and Frank met, the sight of her should put an end to his new-born love for Rose? Then what a foolish mistake she would have made in preventing a definite engagement! She had tried to do her best, but she might, after all, be the means of destroying Rose's happiness. If she and Frank had been already engaged, there would have been little fear, for that in itself would probably have prevented his meeting with Agnes; but, thanks to her management, they were both free, and no one could complain if he returned to his old love.

As yet nothing was known at Kingsdown about Agnes's engagement. The letter she had written to her father had arrived on the very morning he was taken ill, and lay in his coat-pocket unnoticed by any one else; but the news had impressed him, and his first words when the power of speech returned were an anxious inquiry for her.

If Mrs. Tiverton had known the state of the case, and that the very idea of seeing her old lover was hateful to Agnes, she would have been re-assured; but being in ignorance, she resolved to use the only precaution she could think of, and make Frank understand that he was at liberty to speak to Rose without further delay. She expected him at her house that evening, and in spite of the gathering darkness, she went out at his usual time of coming, and waylaid him in the field-path; but her manner was so agitated, and the hand she gave him so trembling, that Frank was alarmed.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked. "Did you come here to meet me?"

"There is nothing wrong, but I wanted to speak to you quite alone, Frank," she said, feeling how difficult her task was. "You know I came and told you once before that you must not speak to Rose in a hurry, but I think you have waited long enough now, and I am satisfied. I have no wish to try you further."

"Do you mean I may ask her when I please? this very evening?" asked Frank eagerly, scarcely believing he could have heard aright.

"Yes, if you like. I am timid over my child, and shall be glad to know that she has you to protect her."

He was too happy to think much about the matter, or give more than a passing wonder at her "giving in" in such a hurry. "Perhaps she thinks she is going to die," he thought to himself. "Poor old woman! we must do our best to make her happy if

"'DO YOU THINK SHE WILL COME?'" (*p.* 679).

Rose will have me; if she won't—why, the sooner I break my neck and have done with it all, the better!"

Rose met them at the door, wondering a little at Mrs. Tiverton's absence, but too much occupied by news which she had heard that afternoon to think much about the matter.

After tea, when Mrs. Tiverton had left them alone, Frank rushed headlong into what he had to say. He told her that he had been forced to wait all these months; but how long they had seemed to him, and how hard it had been to appear so cold! And he drew a pleasant little picture of the happiness they would find at the Homestead after all this waiting—he, and she, and Mrs. Tiverton, for he knew that no place would seem good to Rose unless her mother shared it with her.

Rose listened quietly, but with little encouragement in her face, and she waited a moment or two before

she answered him. "I am going to ask you something which will seem hard, Frank," she said: "that you will wait a month for my answer. Indeed, it must be so," she went on firmly, seeing that he was going to protest. "If I gave it to you now, it would be 'No.'"

"Oh, Rose! won't you believe or trust me yet? You are terribly hard on me! Do you mean I must keep away from you all that time?"

"You may come as often as you like, if you won't talk to me like this; but I must be free till then. Frank, you mustn't ask me to change my mind; I cannot do it."

"I didn't think you would have turned round upon me like this!" said Frank, half angrily.

Rose burst into tears. "I'm as vexed as you can be, Frank, but I know I'm right, and it isn't a very long time to wait."

"It is *very* long when a man wants his answer," he said, getting up and standing before her. "I shan't come here again until you mean to say 'Yes' or 'No' to me. It won't give me pleasure, or you either; but I'll just come once more, and get my answer for good."

"If you do, I'll say 'Yes,'" said Rose, lifting her head, with her eyes full of tears. "No, no! not now, Frank. Say good-bye to me, and go away now." She looked at him beseechingly, and he silently grasped her hand and left her.

Mrs. Tiverton came in soon after. "Why, Rose, what is the matter?" she asked, seeing her tears. "And where is Frank?"

"He has gone home. He is vexed with me just now, mother dear, and I don't know what you will say. He asked me to marry him, and I said he must wait a month before I could say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Mrs. Tiverton stood in blank dismay. "What could you be thinking of, Rose? I believe you'll break my heart. I have tried so hard to make you happy, and now you have spoiled it all!"

"He won't be worth much if he can't wait that little time," said Rose. "And, mother, you'll think me right when I tell you that I heard to-day that Agnes is coming home, and perhaps when they meet they will love each other again, and he will never come back to me at all."

"If you had given him his answer to-night, he would never have gone near her."

"And do you think I could wish that?" cried Rose indignantly. "Do you think I could marry him if I thought it possible she could take him from me? I have given him time to see her, and know that he is free to try his chance with her again, and if he comes to me after that I can believe in him."

Mrs. Tiverton could not deny that Rose was wise, but for the moment she bitterly regretted her wisdom. No doubt, if Frank's love was too weak to withstand Agnes's presence he would be no husband for Rose, but if Mrs. Tiverton could have had her way, he should never have been exposed to temptation.

Rose could not bear to have a quarrel with any one, and went to see Agnes a day or two after her arrival. Mr. Baring had rallied for the time, and seemed in no immediate danger; but he showed such pleasure in Agnes's presence that even at the risk of vexing George she was glad to have come. The news of her engagement was too important to be kept a secret, and she told Rose of it immediately, and received such warm kisses and good wishes that she was astonished and touched, not knowing how nearly it concerned Rose's own happiness, or the weight it lifted from her heart.

Frank kept to his purpose, and did not see Rose again until the appointed time; and when at last he got the answer he wanted, and heard the reason of her delay, he scarcely knew whether he most admired her generosity or resented her doubts.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

FISH AS AN ARTICLE OF EVERY-DAY FOOD.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

"WE cannot afford to have fish every day," would probably be the remark of many, were the subject of fish as an article of daily food mentioned. This remark, too, would also be most likely made by those who, whether they can afford it or not, have invariably had meat twice a day at least, ever since they left the nursery. Perhaps, too, the objections may be made, "But fish is so unsatisfying:" "It gives such a lot of trouble;" or, "But it is not only the fish, there is the sauce." That fish is not so satisfying as "butchers' meat" will of course be universally admitted, but then the fishmonger's bill might so easily be made to assist the butcher's bill, and at the same time be the means of making our daily dinner, not merely cheaper, but better.

I will illustrate what I mean by the following example. Suppose the family to consist of father and mother and three children, all healthy. Say the dinner ordered has been the by no means unusual one of a roast leg of mutton, potatoes, summer cabbage, and a baked rice pudding. I can imagine the good lady observing, "I am sure it is a nice wholesome dinner, and there is not the slightest occasion to have any fish; besides, we shall most likely have some fish to-morrow with the cold meat." I am willing to admit that the person who could not dine, and dine well, off the dinner in question, does not deserve to dine at all. I suggest the fish, say some fresh herrings, to save expense. I also maintain that probably the dinner would be more wholesome as well as cheaper.

I think one great reason why we don't have fish

more often is that, although there are hundreds of different ways of cooking fish, yet as a rule our home bill of fare seems very limited. There is the fried sole or whiting; the boiled cod or turbot; the occasional piece of salmon, eels or smelts—these latter being nearly always dear. There is, of course, the herring; but why that delicious little fish called the sprat, price a penny per pound, is so despised I don't know, unless it is the vulgar reason that it is so cheap.

If sprats cost a shilling each, we should have the following receipt:—"This exquisite but expensive fish, so highly prized by epicures on account of its exquisite aroma, is best cooked," &c. But it is better rather to eat our fish than to talk about it, and as we must first cook it, we will commence with sprats, perhaps the cheapest of all fish. These require, first of all, a clear fire, as they are far best when grilled. The best sort of gridirons for them are those cheap wire ones that shut up. Flour the fish, and as soon as they are floured put them in the gridiron, which can be bent so as to avoid pinching the fish, grill them first on one side and then on the other, by turning the gridiron over—a very few minutes are sufficient—and send them up quickly on a hot dish, and with hot plates. Sprats are best sent up in relays, a second plate to follow the first. Recollect not to wait after they are floured, as they then get clammy. Some persons cook sprats in a frying-pan. It is best, if possible, to keep fish-gridirons as well as fish-frying-pans, for the purpose of cooking fish only. A gridiron that has cooked sprats, herrings, haddocks, &c., is apt to retain the flavour after the most thorough cleaning.

Those who cannot afford to have fish often should invest a penny in a quart of mussels, and cook them as follows:—Put a small onion sliced, a little salt and pepper, and a slice of lemon in a saucepan with some water—about a pint—and let it boil. Then add the mussels, which had better be first washed in water with a hard brush, and then allowed to remain in some salt and water for an hour or two. In cleaning, pull away as much as possible the little pieces of sea-weed that will be seen sticking out of the sides. As soon as the mussels begin to open they are done. About five minutes, as a rule, will be found sufficient. Send them up to table in a soup-tureen, with the liquor poured over them. Thin bread and butter should be served with them. They are best eaten out of soup-plates. A little vinegar may be added, as well as pepper, like oysters.

Although these "fishes" are so absurdly cheap, there is no use in wasting the liquor in which they have been cooked, which has been vastly increased in flavour by the liquor in the mussels themselves. This should be strained carefully—it is often gritty—and thickened with a little flour and butter; it makes capital fish sauce. It can be boiled down first, and a little boiled milk added. You must do what you can to persuade your cook to boil it away; it is an idea that they, as a rule, fail to grasp. The liquor that has boiled a quart of mussels should, after being strained, be boiled down to less than half a tumbler. Half a salt-spoonful of anchovy sauce can also be added. When you intend using the liquor, care must be taken not to put in too much salt or too much lemon at first, the latter having the effect of making the sauce bitter. Should any mussels be left, they can be warmed up in the sauce, or rather the boiling sauce poured over them, as boiling makes them hard. When the mussels are first cooked in their shells, care should be taken to serve them up (of course shells and all) directly they begin to open, as otherwise they will be tough. Mussels cooked this way make an excellent commencement to a dinner, like oysters. They are obviously cheaper than natives. In making mussel sauce, of course they are taken out of their shells. Do not despise this dish because, like sprats, mussels are cheap.

A small shellfish, somewhat similar to the mussel, is the cockle. The cockle is really a very small clam, and, in the opinion of many first-class judges of cooking, is superior in flavour to the oyster.

I am indebted to the late proprietor of a New York restaurant, that has a world-wide reputation, for the receipt for making ordinary common clam chowder, and as cockles answer the purpose equally well, I will adapt the receipt, and explain how to make this delicious American soup.

First take a gallon of cockles, wash them thoroughly, as they are generally very sandy, and place them to soak for two or three hours in mild salt and water. By this means they cleanse themselves and become less gritty. Then drain them off, and let them remain out of water for another hour or two.

Next get a piece of fat pork, and cut it in slices, and line the bottom of a saucepan that will hold at least two quarts. Half a pound of pork will be enough. Take the cockles and put them in another saucepan, in a little water, put in a pint or quart at a time, and boil them just long enough to make them open. They will open directly the water boils. Take them out, saving the liquor, and put them by. Use the same liquor for all the cockles. Next rinse the cockles, now taken out of their shells, in a little warm water, and add this water to the liquor, which should be carefully strained through muslin. These precautions are necessary in order to entirely get rid of the grit. Then pour all the liquor into the pork-lined saucepan, add a pound of potatoes peeled and sliced. Next take a couple of onions, slice them, and add to the saucepan. Take a pound of fresh tomatoes, cut off the part by the stalk and squeeze out the pips and slice them up, add a tea-spoonful of mixed savoury herbs, and let the whole simmer till the potatoes and onion are perfectly tender. Add a little pepper and salt to taste, and add last of all the cockles, but do not let it boil after the cockles have been added, as it will make them hard. The whole is then stirred up with a stick, and served in an ordinary soup-tureen. In America, clam chowder is often made in large quantities in a sort of gipsy kettle over camp-fires. The amount of added water to this quantity should be sufficient to make about two quarts. This soup is a little troublesome, but very cheap, and very nice. Suppose you cannot get the cockles for less than threepence a

quart, a gallon would cost one shilling; potatoes, say one penny; the tomatoes, sixpence; onions, one penny. At any rate, two shillings would cover the whole cost, which is more than enough for eight persons.

As I am trying to explain how to vary our dinners without increase of expenditure, I will, in the few more receipts I give, confine myself to those that are not otherwise than economical. A very nice and easy way of cooking fish is baking it in a tin in the oven. Take for example a haddock; but the same *method* will apply to hake, cod, soles, plaice, &c. Take a fresh haddock. Take out the bone and stew it in a little stock or gravy of any kind that you may happen to have by you. Boning the haddock is not absolutely necessary, but it is far better to do so. Dry the haddock and flour it. You can then egg and bread-crumb it or not as you think best. It is an improvement, but of course adds to the expense. Place the fish in a dish with a little butter, and turn it over in the butter, or baste it with the butter, if you have egged and bread-crumbed it. Boil the stock, with the fish-bone in it, down to less than half a tumbler, adding adding about a tea-spoonful of chopped onion, and a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, and a small pinch of mixed savoury herbs. Pour this over the fish in the tin, and occasionally baste the fish. If you have not used egg and bread-crumb, shake a few dry bread-crumbs over the fish, and let them brown, and also a little grated cheese, very dry. When the fish is done, send it up in the tin, if possible by placing the tin in a dish the same shape as itself, only rather larger.

Plaice is a cheap fish, but take care it is not flabby and watery, as then nothing can be done with it. The best way to cook plaice is to fry it in batter. Take the fillets of the plaice, dry them thoroughly, flour them and dip them quickly into some batter, and then into some hot fat deep enough to cover them. Pray remember that this same fat will do over and over again. This fat must be smoking hot almost, and the batter thick.

The way to make the batter is very simple. Get a little milk, and add enough flour to make it thicker than double cream. Work it in a basin with the back of a wooden spoon till it is quite smooth; add also a little pinch of salt. If you make your batter sufficiently thick with the flour, have your fat sufficiently hot, and deep enough, you cannot fail. Without these essentials success is impossible. Send the fish to table quickly, as it gets sodden by being kept hot. As soon as the batter turns a nice light golden brown colour the fish is done. A little dried parsley can be fried in the same fat, and sent up round the fish as a garnish, as well as to be eaten with it.

A very nice method of cooking fish is what is known as *à la Maître d'Hôtel*. *Maître d'Hôtel* sauce is made as follows:—Take a little good melted butter, and add to it some chopped blanched (*i.e.*, parboiled) parsley and some lemon-juice, with, of course, a little pepper and salt. The highest-class *Maître d'Hôtel* sauce is made by melting some butter in some good béchamel sauce, then adding the parsley and lemon-juice; consequently, whenever you have a little white stock left you can use it up this way. Add it to a little boiled milk, and then make the béchamel. The best method of cooking the fish before adding the sauce is, I think, to do it on a gridiron, only the gridiron must be very clean and the fire very clear.

A GLANCE THROUGH AN ELASTIC MILL.

MOST people well know that elastic is a soft substance with a great deal of spring in it, often used for braces, belts, and the sides of boots. Every one also knows that if for the latter purpose an inferior quality of this article is used, it means, after a very few weeks' wear, an unpleasant payment of two or three shillings to the bootmaker for new side-springs. But, excepting this, and that elastic is made of silk or other material and india-rubber, I do not think many people know anything further about it, unless, like myself, they have gone over an elastic mill, and watched the interesting process of its manufacture.

The invention of elastic is ascribed to an officer in the Austrian army. He first manufactured it at Vienna, but shortly afterwards removed to the gay capital of France, where he erected a large factory in the Quartier St. Dénis. The secret of its manufacture travelled to England, and it was soon made here as cheaply as in Paris. We now produce it in such large quantities, that we supply largely to the Continent and also to the greater part of the civilised world. There are only three towns in England where it is made—viz., Leicester, Derby, and Coventry. (I must apologise to the latter, the "City of the Three Spires," for dubbing it a town.) In the former by far the largest quantity is made.

There are many different kinds of elastic, and it is used for a great variety of purposes. In Leicester are made chiefly "boot webs," as that class of elastic is called by the trade. It is estimated that two-thirds of the middle class, and almost all the "upper ten," more especially of the masculine gender, are indebted to elastic for the ease and rapidity with which they can pull off and on their foot-gear. Elastic of another kind is largely used for braces and belts—where would the cricketer be without the freedom of the latter? In the manufacture of the ladies' costumes and of millinery a small piece of another kind of this material is used. It guards a lady's hat from the dangerous assaults of a March wind, and holds her dress securely. For a purpose widely different, yet

WINDING.

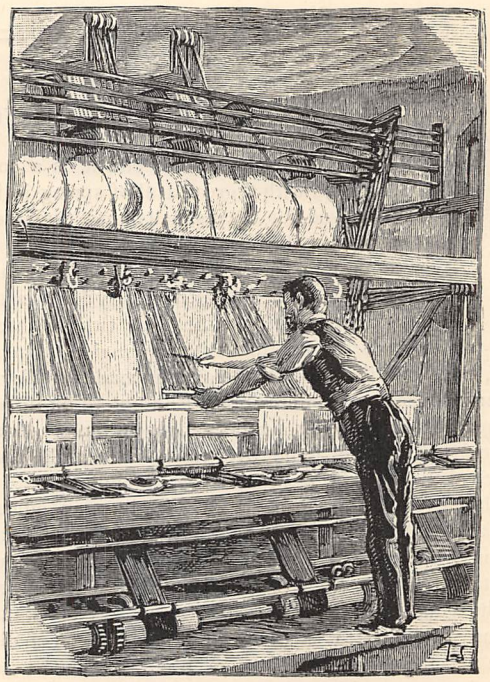
another class of elastic is used. The surgeon is indebted to this article (which for his purpose is produced in a superior quality) for his stockings, bandages, and knee-caps. I have now, I think, said enough to show that it enters into the manufacture of many articles, and that it is a material we should find it hard to dispense with.

It was in the year 1833 that india-rubber was first applied to articles of dress. This material, then known as "bottle rubber," was cut into narrow strips, and being covered with cotton or silk, was used as straps for clogs—articles then commonly used in muddy weather by English ladies. A few years later a hosiery manufacturer of Leicester made worsted and cotton gloves with bands at the top of this bottle rubber. Braces and garters soon followed. So long as the atmosphere kept at a medium temperature, this article answered very well; but a visit of Jack Frost would make it hard as a hippopotamus-hide, while heat caused it to be far too elastic.

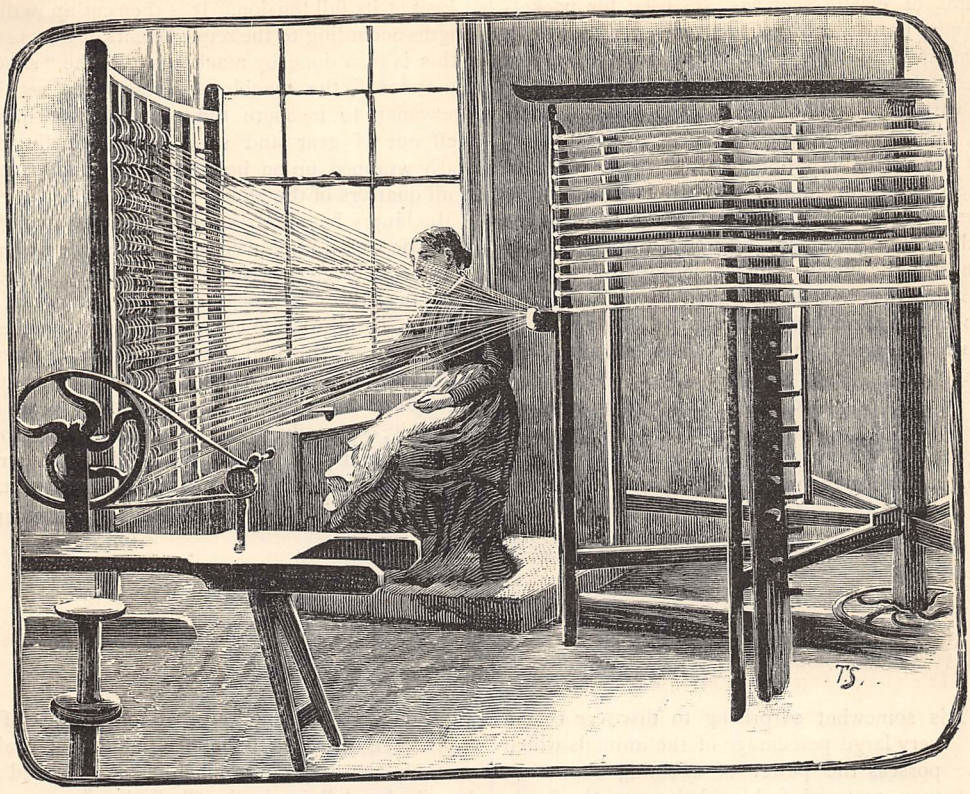
The question was, how to make it insensible to changes of temperature. This secret was discovered by accident. It had been the custom to apply French chalk to the strands of rubber to prevent them sticking together. One day, this material not being at hand, some powdered sulphur was tried as a substitute, and it was afterwards found that the rubber thus treated was less susceptible to changes of temperature, being hardly affected at all by cold. This discovery was followed up, and vulcanised rubber was thus invented. In addition to being rendered insensitive to moderate heat or cold, its elasticity was considerably increased.

It was not, however, till the year 1850 that elastic web was first introduced into gentlemen's boots. It was first used by ladies in the form of a thin strip called a sandal, which coming across the ancle held the shoe on the foot. Very soon afterwards it was introduced into ladies' and gentlemen's boots as side-springs, and quickly became fashionable.

An elastic mill is anything but a picture of idleness—everything and every being are in movement, from the ponderous wheel of the steam-engine to the delicate portions of the weaving looms, and from the muscular arms of the men to the small fingers of the girls manipulating delicate threads of silk. The mill I visited is the largest and oldest in Leicester, and employs several hundred hands. There is great disinclination on the part of the owners of these mills to allow any stranger further than the office door, but, as I was armed with a good letter of introduction to the "powers that be," the open sesame was readily granted me. I inspected first of all the warehouse in which the caoutchouc or india-rubber was stored. This is, of course, the staple article employed in the manufacture of elastic of every kind. Previous to its reception into the mill, the rubber is cut into threads of different sizes, varying from what is termed 8's (eights) to 50's, each thread being perfectly square; the 8's being $\frac{1}{8}$ inch square, and the 50's $\frac{1}{50}$ inch square. The rubber is then wound on bobbins and powdered with either black-lead or French chalk in order to keep it from chafing during the process of weaving, &c. The hands and faces of the little fellows who do this being covered with black-lead imparts to them anything but an angelic appearance. Leaving



WEAVING.



WARPING.

the "rubber room," I come to another portion of the mill where silk is stored. Silk is used for "boot webs" of a superior quality. I must now tell the reader that each thread of rubber has by means of weaving to be carefully covered with silk, cotton, wool, or some other material. Before me, stored away on shelves, were so many hundred pounds' weight of silk that I could not help thinking what an enormous quantity of tiny worms it must have taken to supply that quantity. The silk was in the rough, just as it was received from Italy and China, the two chief silk-producing countries of the world. It would be stored in the mill till required for use, when it would be first sent to be dyed, either to the North of England or to France or Germany, according to the colour required. These dye-works are generally situated (if in the North of England) in some country glade through which a rivulet runs pure and clear till it comes to the dye-works, when it carries away the refuse of that place, and emits, as Shakespeare hath it, the "rankest compound of most villainous smell that ever offended nostril."

After the silk is received again, the second time, into the mill, it is made up into skeins measuring a thousand yards in length. (I should not like to hold a tangled skein of that length for my grandmother to unwind, much as I respect the old lady.) These skeins have their strength tested by what is called a "dramming" machine, and they are then given out to operatives who are known as "winders" and "warpers." The winder places the skeins on spindles, from whence they are easily and quickly wound on to bobbins. This operation is very similar to that of a lady filling a bobbin for a sewing machine, only the bobbin is more like a rolling-pin, and the sewing machine a piece of mechanism of much larger size. The winders next take the silk back to the stock-room, where it is weighed, and if there is any discrepancy, after allowing a certain percentage for unavoidable loss of weight, they are held responsible for it. The silk on the bobbins is now ready for the "warper," who winds all the threads from a number of these bobbins on to a large frame about eight yards in circumference. The "warper" has to take great care that the threads do not get mixed or cross each other in any way, and it requires considerable practice to perform this part of the operation. An inexperienced hand would soon find every thread before her a mass of entanglement, a thousand times more difficult to unravel than any knotty skein of wool held on impatient boyish fingers. From this frame this silk is transferred to the "weaving beam," where it is carefully woven round the threads of caoutchouc till they are quite covered. Plain or fancy elastic webs are produced in this way, according to the arrangements of the warp and weft employed.

The kinds of elastic such as are used for pocket-book bands, braces, and garters, are produced in a very similar way to boot web, which I have just described; fancy-coloured patterns are made by putting various-coloured silks or cottons, as the case may be, on to the different bobbins. Braided cords, such as are used for hat-guards, are made by what are called "dolly machines." When inspecting one of these machines I noticed a clever contrivance invented by Mr. Jefferson, whereby it was brought to a standstill the instant any single thread out of the great number that was being woven became accidentally broken. Surgical elastic webs are made also in a similar manner, only the materials have to be of the first quality.

After the web is woven it is taken into the warehouse, where it goes through a process of stretching and "gassing" to make it shrink into its normal condition, as during the process of weaving the rubber is kept at its full tension. It is then cut up in different lengths according to the requirements of the customers—this is also done by machines. In the "sandalling department," the machine, having been set by the forewoman to measure the required length, throws itself out of gear and stops. The elastic is then neatly wrapped up on boards, boxed, and packed off to all quarters of the globe.

Machinery has been employed in the manufacture of elastic web a little over thirty years, the first power-loom being erected in the mill of Henry Turner and Sons in 1848. Previously all kinds of webs, being made by hand, were of course expensive luxuries.

Ere leaving the mill, I watched for a few moments the busy scene. The rapid revolutions of the spindles, the quick movements of the looms, went on so smoothly, so easily, that I could not help thinking that they had just discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and were bent on making the most of it.

CHARLES BUCKINGHAM.

THE WORM'S PLACE IN NATURE.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., ETC.

IT is somewhat surprising to discover that a very large percentage of the animals which possess the power of affecting the earth in a material fashion belong to the lower groups of the animal world. The higher tribes of animals do not materially affect the earth, and do not certainly contribute much, or anything, to its substance. The quadruped or bird, for example, draws its food from the earth, and during its life is returning waste products to the atmosphere, whilst when it dies the matter of its frame passes back to become amalgamated with the earth's substance. Its flesh and soft parts are dissipated into "thin air;" its bones crumble down into lime-dust, and may in turn form the food of plants; so that the once living matter appears before us simply in the light of a loan, which life negotiates for a time with the dead matter around.

Thus, true is it that there exists an unending interchange between the inorganic universe around us and the world of life. But whilst these facts hold true of every animal and of every plant, certain animals become conspicuous by reason of their powers of adding matter, in one sense at least, to the world. The chalk animalcules, which live in all our oceans, and which are named *Foraminifera* by the zoologist, illustrate the contention that even life in its humblest grades may materially alter the earth's crust. These animalcules, each of which, as a rule, is a mere speck of "protoplasm," or living matter, exist in myriads in the ocean of to-day. When they die their limy shells fall to the ocean-bed, and there accumulate, within certain depths at least, to form an ever-increasing layer of chalky ooze. If the bed of an existing ocean were therefore upheaved, and its deposits consolidated, we should be presented with a new series of chalk rocks. In the sense that the formation of chalk is a veritable fact of our own epoch, we may indeed still be described as "living in the Chalk Age."

So too with the corals, which, as most readers are aware, belong to the comparatively low class of the sea-anemones and their kind. These animals erect reefs often of considerable extent, through their power of taking lime from the sea-water and of building that material, either inside or outside their bodies, to form the familiar "corals."

Some of the coral reefs of existing seas assume huge, or even stupendous, proportions. Many of the Fiji reefs are more than 2,000 feet thick; and one reef—the Great Barrier Reef, on the north-east coast of Australia—is 1,250 miles in length, by 10 to 90 miles in width. The power of numbers, strengthened and aided by the element of time—that is, uniformity of action, persisting through long periods of years—is thus seen to accomplish works and measures of a literally immense nature, and which probably could be effected by no other method.

It seems that the humble earth-worm has now to be added to the list of animal agencies that affect the earth's surface, and that play a part in terrestrial affairs none the less powerful because it has been hitherto comparatively unnoticed. The late Mr. Darwin has given us an account of the labours of these humble organisms, and, with his accustomed skill, compiled a literal treasure-house of interesting details concerning their habits and life. The common earth-worm possesses a far higher organisation than popular natural history may credit. It is a member of a very large family circle, or class, known to zoologists as the *Annelida*, and which includes

all ranks and degrees of the worm type, from the little red worm that inhabits our rain-water tanks and brooks, to the giant sea-worms that measure their length in feet. In a big earth-worm the joints or rings of the body may number from 100 to 200. These rings are provided with very minute bristles; but it may be remarked that the development of these latter appendages is by no means a characteristic feature of the earth-worm tribe. In the sea-worms, on the contrary, the bristles are extremely well developed, and constitute important aids in the locomotion of these animals.

The digestive system of the earth-worm is of simple, but complete, character; and, as we shall presently note, the animal's place and power in nature are found to be largely due to the action of this portion of its anatomy. The mouth is provided with a little "lip," which can be protruded and unfolded at will, and thus becomes useful for grasping food-particles. The mouth itself leads into a highly muscular part of the digestive tube, which receives the name of *pharynx* —this term being applied to the hinder part of the mouth in ourselves. The worm's "pharynx" is "pushed forwards when the animal eats;" and Darwin, whose words I have just quoted, adds that the earth-worm's "pharynx" probably represents the "proboscis" which in other worms, and especially in the sea-worms, is capable of being protruded from the mouth in the act of seizing the food. Like a bird, the earth-worm boasts of a "crop" and a "gizzard;" and from the gizzard, the intestine, forming the hinder part of the digestive tube, is given off. A curious set of "glands," which manufacture chalk or carbonate of lime, is developed in the worm's gullet. Speaking of these lime-glands, Darwin remarks that from the large supply of blood they receive, they must be of great importance in worm history. Physiologically, we may estimate the importance of any structure in an animal by the amount of its blood supply: those parts being most active in functions which receive the largest supply of the nutrient fluid. The use of the lime-glands has been debated by naturalists. Darwin gives it as his opinion that whilst they serve as agents of "excretion"—that is, like our own skin and lungs, getting rid of waste products—they also possess an influence on the worm's digestion. As worms feed largely upon leaves, and as leaves are charged with lime, it is at least conceivable that the surplus lime or excess of lime may be got rid of by these glands. Again, it is possible that the lime may serve to neutralise the acids which are generated in the worm's digestive system during the process of assimilating the food. The "gizzard" of the worm, like that of the bird, acts as a kind of crushing mill, whereby the food is triturated and bruised; and it becomes most interesting to note that, like birds, the earth-worms apparently swallow stones of small size, and which aid in the work of grinding the food when the gizzard is moved by the action of its strong muscles.

The earth-worm can hardly be said to possess a distinct heart, although a system of vessels serves as a kind of venous apparatus. The true blood of the worm circulates through the spaces in the interior of its body; and this fluid, formed from the food, is colourless. But the fluid which is circulated in the vessels of the body is of red colour, and through this system it is propelled by the action of six or eight pairs of pulsating cavities, erroneously called "hearts." It is probable that this system of vessels and its contained fluid correspond most nearly with our veins, and that it serves to convey from the body of the animal certain waste products. There are no special breathing-organs found in the worm. The skin discharges, as in ourselves, at least part of the function of breathing. There also exists in the worm a curious set of organs, resembling twisted tubes, and which open by pores on the sides of the body-joints.

If, however, the heart and breathing system of the worm are by no means well developed, the animal may at least boast of a distinct nervous apparatus. In the head-extremity we discover a couple of nervous masses which do duty for a brain, and a long chain of such masses lies along the floor of the body, and supplies each segment with the appropriate nerve force. The worm's nervous system is, in fact, identical in type and position with that of all other "articulated" animals. Thus the insect, lobster, spider, and centipede, representing the chief groups of the class just named, possess each a nervous system lying on the floor of the body; this system consisting essentially of a double chain of nerve-masses.

The means whereby the higher animal is brought into accurate relation with the world in which it lives constitute the "organs of sense." Our earth-worm, however, is destitute of such belongings. It has no eyes, ears, organ of smell, or of taste—so far as we know, at least—but the sense of touch is, of course, represented by the general sensitiveness that exists over the body-surface. Darwin has placed on record, however, certain very interesting facts regarding the intelligence of the worms, and also concerning the exercise of what may be termed their general sensibility. For example, they are decidedly "timid animals;" and although they were rarely startled by the light of a lantern when watched at night, Hoffmann regards the worms as extremely sensitive to light. In order to test the correctness of Hoffmann's statement, Darwin caused light from a bull's-eye lantern to fall on worms kept in pots. When the light passed through red and blue glass, the worms were not in the least affected by it; this result being due probably to the small amount of light which reached the animals. White light of a concentrated kind, as when passed through a lens, caused the worms to retreat when the rays fell on their head-extremities. The duration of the light was really the chief condition affecting the animals: the longer their exposure to light, the more sensitive apparently did they become. No sense of hearing appears to be developed in the earth-worms, for they are not affected by a shrill whistle; but they are affected by the vibrations of solid bodies, as when the pot in which they were kept was placed on a piano, or when it was

accidentally struck. These animals, again, can discover the whereabouts of such substances as pieces of leaves, even when these are buried in the soil.

The power of the worms to affect our earth, and their importance as geological agents, depend upon their habit of burrowing, and also upon the results of their vegetable-feeding habits. Although worms are omnivorous, they exhibit a preference for decaying leaves and like substances, and vast quantities of decaying vegetable matter are thus removed from the earth's surface by these humble organisms. But it is their burrowing habits that possess for both naturalist and geologist the highest possible interest. Worms exhibit two processes in this work. They either push away the earth and bore through it, using the head-extremity as a kind of wedge, and exerting a relatively great muscular force in the act; or they swallow the earth, extract from it any digestible matter it may contain, and then reject the indigestible matter, which thus forms the well-known "worm-castings."

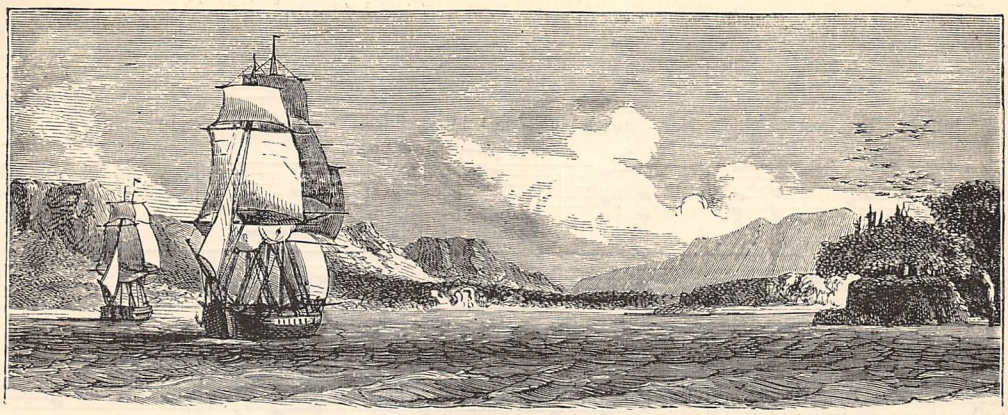
The "sand-worms" familiar to every seaside visitor are similarly formed of the matter which has passed through the digestive tube, and which the worm has excavated out of its burrow as it bored its way downwards into the sand. Now, not merely do worm-castings assume large actual proportions, but the amount of earth which is thus "turned over" by these underground agriculturists is almost beyond computation; whilst the result of the earth's treatment by the worms is unquestionably to render it more fertile than it would otherwise be. Darwin remarked that the amount of earth turned over and manipulated by the worm can be estimated in two ways: namely, by noting at what rate objects are covered by it, and by weighing the quantity brought up in a given period. The examples given of both of these methods are highly instructive. Thus great stones are known to sink through the action of worms. The worms burrow beneath the stone, and remove the earth in that process, a subsidence of the stone being the natural result of their operations.

If the number of worms existing in any given space be estimated, a clearer nature of the power of these animals may be obtained. One estimate gives the number at 53,767 in an acre, and the weight of these animals at 356 lbs. The weight of earth ejected from these burrows assumes proportions of considerable extent. "Tower-like" castings are figured in Darwin's book, from Nice and India, the average weight of five or six of these castings found on a square foot being 7½ oz., making a weight of 4 lbs. 3½ oz. of worm-treated earth to the square yard. In one instance Darwin calculates that the worms would eject in a year 83·87 lbs. per square yard, or nearly nineteen tons of earth per acre. A natural inference from these considerations deals with the effects of worm-castings in burying ancient buildings, and in hiding from observation the structures which interest the antiquary. The relics of a battle-field, in the shape of swords and other implements of war, have thus been hidden as much by the action of the earth-worms as by any other agency; and it is absolutely certain that the floors and pavements of old buildings have sunk through the undermining action of the worms. The more purely geological phases of this action find a vent in the single term "denudation," which, as applied in ordinary geological science, means the laying bare of the land surface, and the disintegration of rock-masses by such agencies as frost, rivers, the atmosphere, and the sea. These agencies are, in fact, the fingers on the "hand of Time," wherewith this old world of ours is perpetually sculptured, carved, and hewn. In the case of the worms, "the trituration of small particles of stone in their gizzards," says Darwin, "is of more importance under a geological point of view than may at first appear to be the case." If, therefore, worms are continually grinding down the earth-particles which pass through their digestive systems, and if we reflect on the powerful results which accrue when the elements of time and numbers enter into our calculations, we find that in a period of a million years "320 million million tons of earth" will have been treated and triturated by these apparently insignificant creatures.

Thus the soil is continually undergoing a process of disintegration and re-arrangement at the hands of our subterranean farmers; and the importance of their action can only be estimated and appreciated when exact scientific investigation steps in to acquaint us with the *rationale* of their life and habits.

These details regarding what may well be named the romance of earth-worm life may be brought to a close by a reference to the intelligence they display in the plugging of their burrows. This habit is "one of their strongest instincts," according to Mr. Darwin. The purposes served by leaves being drawn into their burrows are those of a food-supply, of protection, especially in winter, and also for lining the mouths of their residences. It becomes extremely interesting, as proving the existence of a high intelligence on the part of these animals, to find that the worms adapt the leaves in a singularly skilful manner to the especial details of their work. Some leaves are drawn into the burrows by their pointed ends, and others by their broad ends, whilst other substances, again, are manipulated in a fashion that seems to leave no room for doubt that some degree of "intelligence" guides their acts.

These researches may thus be said to show us the literal wealth of information and interest which may be discovered in the habits and life of even the most common of the creatures that surround us. Such studies also show how much remains to be known respecting almost every detail of ordinary animal and plant life; and they, best of all, serve as a corrective to that all too common idea, that science can only deal with the mysterious and the intricate. On the contrary, the highest triumphs of patient industry are to be found in those studies, which show us that every-day life is surrounded by a literal treasure-house of knowledge, that waits only the seeking eye and the understanding mind.



My Son at Sea.

Words by CHARLES JOHNS. *Music by* CHARLES W. PEARCE, Mus.B. Cantab., L.Mus. T.C.L.

VOICE. PIANO

a tempo. *p* The

Allegretto. *p* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *pp*

moon is bright, the stars to - night Shine in a cloud - less sky; The moon - lit sea sleeps

p *cres.* *cres - - - - cen - - - - do.* *dim.* *p*

tran - quil - ly,..... And on its gen - tly heav - ing breast The tired wind slum - bers,

dim. *cres - - - - cen - - - - do.* *dim - - - - -*

sf *cres - - - - cen - - - - do.* *dim - - - - -*

in - - - - - *u* - - - - *en* - - - - *do.* *pp ritard.* *p*

lulled to rest by Na - ture's lul - la - by, lul - - la - by..... Shine

colla voce.

in - - - - *u* - - - - *en* - - - - *do.*

a tempo. *cres.* *dim.*

on, O moon! Stars, clear - ly shine! May..... the calm un - bro - ken

a tempo. *cres.* *dim.*

p *cres* - - *cen* - - *do.* *f* *dim.*

be!..... God guard all souls who sail..... the brine! God bless my

p *cres* - - *cen* - - *do.* *f*

ad lib. *a tempo.*

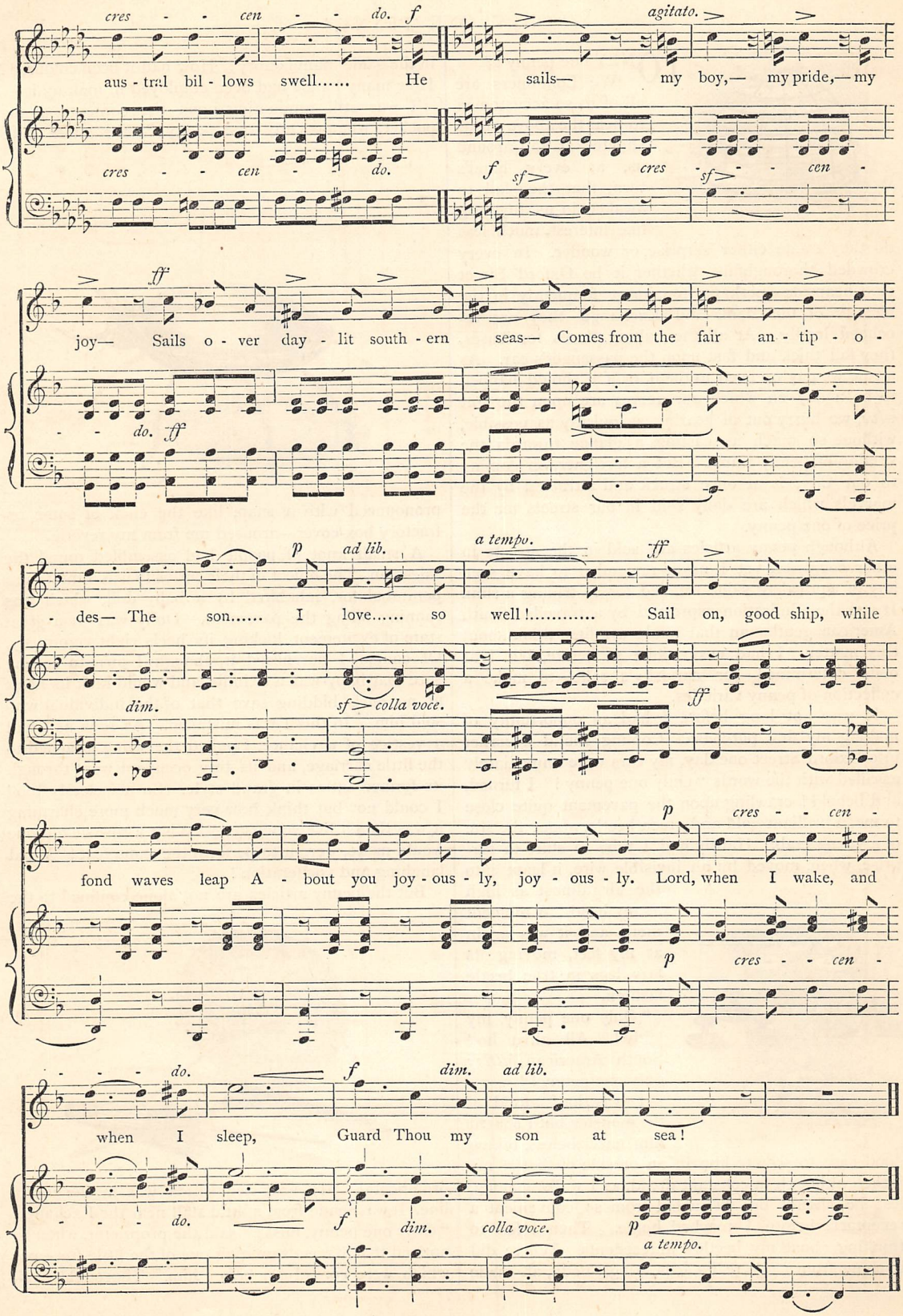
son..... at sea!.....

colla voce. *a tempo.*

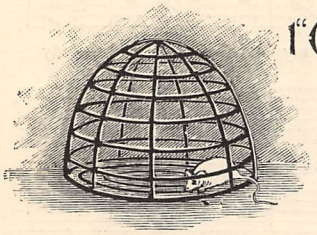
pp

Far, far a - way,..... where night is day,..... And

pp


cres - - cen - - do. f
agitato.
aus - tral bil - lows swell..... He sails— my boy,— my pride,— my
cres - - cen - do.
f sf cres sf - - cen -
ff
joy— Sails o - ver day - lit south - ern seas— Comes from the fair an - tip - o -
- - do. ff
p ad lib. a tempo. ff
- des— The son..... I love..... so well!..... Sail on, good ship, while
dim. sf colla voce. ff
p cres - - cen -
fond waves leap A - bout you joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly. Lord, when I wake, and
p cres - - cen -
- - - do. f dim. ad lib.
when I sleep, Guard Thou my son at sea!
- - - do. f dim. colla voce. p
a tempo.

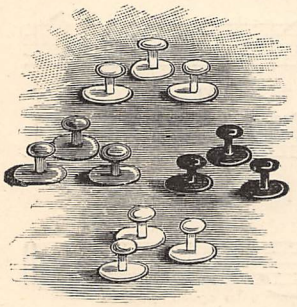
"ONLY ONE PENNY."



"ONLY one penny!" We Londoners are all of us so accustomed to hear the above words shouted at and around us, at every hand's turn, that they fail to awaken in us anything like interest, much less do they excite either surprise or wonder. In every crowded thoroughfare, whether it be Oxford Street or Cheapside—perhaps, too, most frequently in the vicinity of the Bank and Exchange—they are re-echoed lustily. At all the halting-places for 'buses, they fall thick and fast upon the passenger's ear. As a rule we pay no heed to them, or if it should happen to be a day on which our nerves are upon the *qui vive*, we hurry out of hearing as quickly as possible, without so much as casting a glance towards the vendor of penny wares. But a foreigner, on coming to our City, is at once struck and attracted by the marvels which are daily sold in our streets for the price of one penny.

Although penny articles are sold in the streets in other countries, yet I never remember to have seen any of equivalent value retailed for so trifling a sum. It was the admiration expressed by a travelled South American gentleman that made me first think about this matter. I had never done so before, but I at once determined—for curiosity's sake—to make a collection of penny varieties.

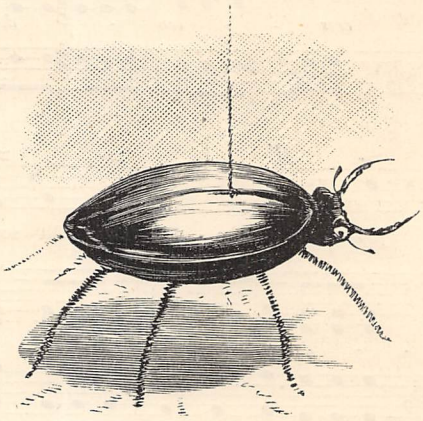
It was not long before I had an opportunity of making my first purchase. Coming round a corner into Oxford Street one day, my ears were immediately assailed with the words "Only one penny!" I turned, and behold! crawling upon the pavement quite close to me, a brilliant gold and green beetle, about the size of a young crab. Hardly had I time to start in surprise, when, moved by an invisible wire, it leapt into the air almost as high as my head. A moment more, and it was again at my feet, moving its lazy legs in true beetle fashion.



"Only one penny, my laidy! All alive ho! South American *bittle;* only one penny!"

I was half afraid of the monster, but I bought him nevertheless, taking good care to secrete him in an outside pocket of my jacket, although in constant dread, as I walked along, lest he should be abstracted from so convenient a receptacle before I reached home. Then I fell to thinking about my beetle's antecedents. Where did it come from? Were its legs, wings, body, all made in the same manufactory? How had it been coloured? How many hands had been employed in making it?

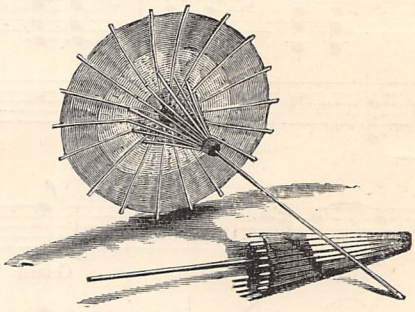
I was still ruminating upon the contents of my pocket, when "Only one penny!"—the latter word



pronounced with a snap, like the click of some refractory box-cover—aroused me from my reverie.

A small knot of people had assembled round the salesman. The object of their curiosity was a miniature perambulator, inhabited by a baby doll, which was running along the pavement. Dolly was in a great state of excitement, kicking its heels right vigorously. Of course I purchased it, though I own to feeling sure that baby was a swindle, and would kick its heels at no one's bidding save that of the individual who sold him. In this I was mistaken. As soon as I had a vestige of a chance, I pulled the string attached to the little carriage, and its tiny occupant went through its former antics in grand style. So noiselessly too! I could not but think how very much more charming it was than a live youngster! What a row such a one would make, were it to perform the same feat! What laughing and vociferation!

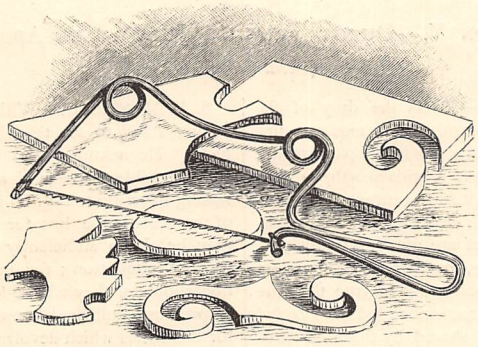
But the penny articles are not alone confined to the



ornamental. My next acquisition was in the useful line. It was made from a little stall near the Exchange. "Only one penny, miss!" said the proprietor, when he noticed that I was examining one of the little fret-saws which were spread out before him. Thoroughly well

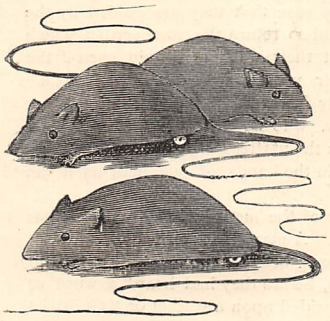
finished they were, identically the same as those for which I had paid sixpence in the shops. I did not fret myself to consider whether this was a swindle, but tried its edge upon the edge of the vendor's stall.

These penny wares have their season of fashion as well as other luxuries. Beetles and flying butterflies, chains, boys' whips with gilt handles, knitted dollies, Jacks-in-the-box, and the like, are all out of date. We want something with more life in it, in these go-ahead times. Next upon my list came a mouse in a cage—the most dainty little thing imaginable—very diminutive. "Only one penny, miss; live mouse in a cage, only one penny!" There were brown ones and white ones. Very natural they looked, speeding round their cages with remarkable velocity, their little tails protruding from it as they wheeled about.



Much might be said about the cleverness of these penny merchants. The one to whom I allude had a mouse in each hand—one white, the other brown. He held them up in the air, and whilst extolling their merits, in order to attract customers he made them run round and round with the most astonishing rapidity. Who could withstand such tempting little animals? I bought them both, but my efforts to make them *go* were for some time unsuccessful. They twisted their tails and jerked uneasily from side to side, but it required long practice on my part to make them run swiftly, like real *mouseys*.

"Could not these people employ their skill in some better way," I often ask myself, "and is it possible to gain a livelihood by the profit made upon the sale of articles at 'only one penny'?" Apparently it must be so, for the sellers of them are, generally speaking, able-bodied men, who are doubtless capable of earning their living in some different way.



Just recently might be seen daily in Regent Street a bright little fellow, jauntily dressed in white and red, who insisted upon turning head over heels the very moment he touched the pavement. I felt doubtful about buying him, fearing he might refuse to perform a summersault at my command, but I could not resist the temptation to try him. To my great delight he turned out to be a *bonâ fide* turn-head-over-heels youngster. Indeed, so anxious was he to perform before my very eyes, that I had scarcely time to place him on the ground when over he went flop, as neatly as any ragged urchin might have done to earn a penny.

Were I to describe one half of the purchases I made, I might fill a small volume: fans, photographs of our Prime Minister and other celebrated men, Chinese mysteries, packets of stationery, squeaking birds (by the way, some of them don't really squeak—the man squeaks for them, as he sells them, I am sorry to say), Christmas cards, boxes of dominoes, note-books, velvet frames, valentines, American puzzles, lovers' links, toasting-forks, &c. Amongst the latest novelties, however, let me mention "Punch and his baby." "Only one penny, my laidy, Punch and his baby. All of 'em china. Only one penny!"

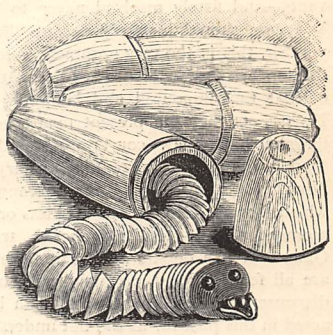
"Are you quite sure they are all china?" I asked very gravely, as I took up one of the little figures.

"Yes, my laidy, every bit on 'em. Only one penny!"

"String and all?" I questioned, looking the youngster full in the face.

He was just ready to repeat, "Every bit on 'em," when his mind all at once grasped the fact that I was inclined to turn him into ridicule, and an expression of dire contempt shot across the weather-beaten little countenance, as he turned away from me, and began to shout, even more loudly than before, "Punch and his baby. All of 'em china. Only one penny!" I laid my penny in his basket, and pocketed Punch and his baby.

Noteworthy in these men and youngsters is the *nonchalance* with which they receive the money offered them in payment, scarcely deigning to look at it. And yet how hardly do they earn it, exposed as they are to heat and cold, sunshine or wet, as it may suit our capricious climate! Assuredly there must be something of the philosopher in them!



But I am evidently not alone in being an admirer of the variety and ingenuity displayed in these cheap little articles, since an International Exhibition of penny wares was not long ago opened at the Alexandra Palace. There we may be able to judge as to which country is likely to carry off the palm, but I cannot help thinking it will be awarded to England, and I sincerely trust it may be the case.

M. A.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in the December or January Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

QUESTION V.—OUGHT TRIAL BY JURY TO BE ABOLISHED?

(*Debate concluded.*)

J. J. COCKSHOTT:—Mr. Speaker,—It was the duty of the Opener of this debate either to prove that the modern jury system is inferior to that which he admits was in the past worthy of lavish praise, or else to show that even a praiseworthy system is unsuited to the exigencies of the nineteenth century. I submit that he has entirely failed to establish either of these propositions. He does not suggest that jurors are now less intelligent or impartial than they formerly were, or that the system has become more cumbersome and expensive. It is true that the two committees named by him have recommended its *partial* abolition, but how far is their opinion shared by the legal profession generally? Since 1875 trial by jury has in civil causes been permissive only, and not compulsory; but, although solicitors have been enabled to give notice of trial *without a jury*, they have very rarely done so. I infer from this that trial by judges alone is not popular amongst lawyers. The Opener of this debate seems to be unaware that suitors choose whether their causes shall be tried by special or common juries. If nine-tenths of the causes entered for trial be disposed of by common juries, it is because litigants and their advisers are satisfied that the average common juryman is "fairly intelligent." A new trial may be obtained where the verdict can be shown to be contrary to the evidence, or the sum awarded by the jury proved to be excessive. Few verdicts are, however, appealed against, and fewer still are set aside; and I submit that this fact in favour of the contention that juries are, on the whole, intelligent and impartial, is of immeasurably greater value than the "revelations" and "amusing stories" relied upon by the Opener.

J. EATON FEARN:—Mr. Speaker,—Supposing, Sir, that a gentleman advertised for a servant of some description—say a coachman—and supposing the man he hired turned out to be idle, stupid, negligent, and everything that was bad, what should we think, however, of this gentleman, if he not only turned the man away, but declared that *all* coachmen were idle, stupid, negligent, and so on—that they *all* were a useless class of servants—and firmly resolved never to have another coachman? Why, we should instantly declare the man was *insane*. And yet, Sir, this is the very argument, and the only argument, that the Opener of this debate has brought forward for the abolition of that time-honoured and laudatory custom of trial by jury. He asserts that the present men who occupy the position of jurymen in our law courts are stupid, devoid of brains, and, therefore, the system of trial by jury ought to be abolished. Now, Sir, supposing all these strange assertions were true—which, however, no man of business or the world would for one moment admit—must we abolish trial by jury because the Opener of this debate asserts that the present class of jurymen are all fools? Most certainly not; no more than we should dispense with the office of coachman because the last man who acted in this post for us did not understand his work.

Most certainly, men of good common sense and experience of daily life are required in order to answer the ends of justice, and I think there are a sufficient number of intelligent tradesmen in every town who are not only willing to act in this important capacity, but who possess every qualification for the work, and I certainly think their decisions in the past are a sufficient reason for us to retain the system.

S. P. MITCHELL:—With regard to the incapacity of common jurors, I fail to see the slightest force in his (Opener's) argument. He acknowledges that they are principally constituted of respectable tradesmen, and is evidently of opinion that they belong to an ignorant and illiterate class. I am entirely ignorant of the reasons he has for such an opinion, but whatever they may be, I am sufficiently daring to say that they are entirely without foundation; for, taking the generality of tradesmen and householders, they will be found, although not highly educated, to possess a sufficient knowledge to fit them, in every particular, for the duties which devolve upon a juror.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

The interest, Sir, which this debate has excited makes it very evident that the question is one which has largely exercised the public mind; but previous speakers have so dealt with the various aspects of the subject, that it seems hardly necessary for me to say much in reply. One thing, however, I think I may assert: that my opponent and those who followed him on the same side have based their case mainly upon sentiment, while strong arguments, deducible from facts, have been brought against their views. The question resolves itself indeed into one of expediency *versus* antiquity; and it seems probable that ere long expediency will gain the day.

One speaker asks me to imagine myself in the prisoner's dock, with only a judge to try me, and with my fate lying in the hands of that one man, and he wishes to know how I should feel then. Well, Sir, if I should ever be unfortunate enough to find myself in such a trying position, I trust I should be innocent of the offence imputed to me, and in such a case I would infinitely prefer to be in the hands of a trained and competent judge, rather than be left to the mercy of a common jury. I fear it is the *guilty* who, defended by an eloquent counsel, often escape scot-free at the hands of a jury, and *not* the innocent.

But even if the jury be in no way influenced by the counsel on either side, is it not often the case that they are guided by the summing-up of the judge, and so return the same verdict which he would have given without their aid? Or, again, even if the jury retire to consider their verdict with perfectly "open" minds, do they not frequently follow the lead of the foreman or some other of their number, who shows that he is quite decided and has no doubts in the matter? In all of these cases the prisoner is just as much in the hands of one man as if the jury system were abolished.

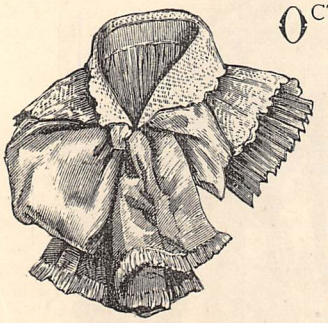
Only recently another case of the incompetency of jurors has appeared in the public press. A man was tried for some crime, but the jury could not agree; brought up for trial a second time, the jury actually stated, before they had heard a word of the defence, that they had decided upon a verdict of "Guilty"! And in the result, when they had been compelled to listen to the defence, they found the man guilty of a lesser offence than that with which he had been charged!

Surely the days of trial by jury are numbered!

The next subject of debate will be, "CAN FICTION BE MADE A POWER FOR GOOD?"

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



OCTOBER and pheasants are so intimately associated, that anything like a separation would be unpleasant to most of us. Hence it is, perhaps, that ladies' thoughts, as a matter of course it would seem, turn to shooting costumes this month. I cannot help inquiring when we are to wear them. French women—celebrated and well-known French women—do, we know, array themselves in garments wonderfully made for *la chasse*, as they call it, and do emerge from the country châteaux with guns, but I never see such garments preparing for England, or being despatched thither, and from all I can learn, Lady Florence Dixie has few rivals in manly sports on your side of the Channel. But however this may be, the tailors come to the fore, and are preparing garments for Englishwomen which they are pleased to call "shooting dresses:" good serviceable autumn dresses they are, just such as are wanted in the country, shooting or no shooting. Some of the skirts are made of a bright-coloured woollen corduroy with broad stripes, the bodice and tunic of a rough, serviceable, woollen stuff, which has some indication of the colour of the petticoat running through it. I have been duly inspecting the newest materials for all such garments, and I find that perhaps the most marked feature in the novelties is the striped and shot cloths combined, hair stripes with a pervading shot, and shot cloths without stripes; they have a sort of pepper-and-salt mixture appearance, red and blue, green and brown, brown dark and light, black and blue, and similar mixtures finding favour. Indian cloths, too, are very fashionable, especially the Rampoors; they have substance and yet drape well. There is a decided sameness in the style of making. The skirts have the long flounce arranged in box-plaits almost from the knee, the bodices are pointed, and to the sides of the bodices the tunics are gathered, and drawn back window-curtain fashion, *en panier*. Another style is some three box-plaited flounces reaching to the waist, or meeting a scarf tunic, and over this a habit bodice with a decided habit basque, and in this basque a pocket, from which it is the correct thing to see a dainty handkerchief protruding, instead of the masculine bandana which formerly was used by the sterner sex. If women are bent on aping manly modes, this, perhaps, is not such a bad one, for many a pretty figure has been spoilt by too large a handkerchief thrust into the front of the bodice. Some women tacked just a corner cut off into the bodice in front, but then it was purely ornamental, and pockets being in impossible places, it invoked the usual struggle when a handkerchief happened to be required. No wonder women now have taken to hide them up their sleeve.

Gold and silver braid is being prepared that will stand the sea, and a very fashionable trimming it is. Dark green cloth dresses and dark brown are fashionably trimmed with close-set rows of gold braid, a waistcoat, about five inches wide, composed entirely of close-set rows of braid, appearing on the front of the bodice. Silver braid is applied to the fashionable blue-greys in cloth and cashmere, and to the electric blues, as also to the grey and pepper-and-salt beiges. If any of you are in doubt about a becoming, useful, and dressy autumn gown, let me advise you to choose a grey beige. Have a habit bodice bordered with close-set rows of silver braid, and a waistcoat of silver braid; arrange the skirt with wide box-plaiting, having seven rows of the braid an inch from the edge, and draperies above bordered in the same way. You will then have a gown that will stand any amount of wear and tear, that will wash like a piece of calico, and cannot fail to be ladylike and in good style.

Many of the autumn dresses are double-breasted, and fasten on one side; others, again, have the Norfolk or Argyle bodice, the two closely allied, both having box-plaits, and a belt round the waist. Velveteen made with flounces and puffings, but only with an admixture of other material, is still well worn; it is never made up alone, except when it is fondly hoped it will be mistaken for velvet. There is an improvement in its manufacture, and especially in browns and blues it is very excellent wear.

Even with tailor-made gowns, there is no head-gear so fashionable in England as a sailor's hat, both black and white, and trimmed either with flowers, or a band of velvet or striped ribbon. They are more becoming if they are lined with velvet; but I cannot say that I think the sailor shapes covered with material like the dress are calculated to show off either the heads or faces of the English belles. They remind one of the hats the beefeaters wear, and I catch myself looking out for the red, blue, and white satin ribbons which surround those worn by these worthies. The capote has been enlarged, that is, lengthened, and the trimings heightened over the face, and made without any stiffening, so that it can be folded up and put in the pocket, and is comfortable wear, and not unbecoming. Most of the cloth dresses are accompanied by one of these.

The Newmarket coat has not been superseded, only widened in the basque; but the Newmarket jacket, with its ugly horizontal seam in front, is giving place to a similar jacket, quite as close-fitting, but much neater, with basque and bodice cut in one. People are beginning to recognise that though an ulster may be the very best thing for wet weather, if it is put

WHAT TO WEAR IN OCTOBER.

on to start with, and with only a plain dress or petticoat beneath, it is by no means the sort of garment to slip on over a much-trimmed dress if it rains; and for purposes of this kind some capital loose cloaks have been brought out, covering the whole costume, having short loose sleeves, which are formed from the cape. Yet these garments are not ordained to disguise the figure, but are drawn in well to it at the back.

A *sine quâ non* in dresses now is that they should fit glove-tight, and to effect this, and begin at the beginning, the stays must be good. White, except for evening wear, is almost superseded in favour of black or stone-colour, the latter jean, sewn with coloured silk and trimmed with lace, the former satin or Italian cloth. Few people wear petticoat bodices now, and white stays worn next the dress would soon become soiled, hence the new and not over-cleanly plan.

The last notion for suppressing embonpoint is to wear sewn inside the lower portion of the stay a semi-circular nickel plate, which is supposed to compress backwards, and not downwards, and therefore is less hurtful. If women persist in the present system of tight-lacing, very serious results will most certainly ensue as regards the health of the nation. The desire for slimness prevents the wearing of a sufficiency of clothing, and every contrivance of fashion is brought to bear to reduce bulk. Many French women are content with one petticoat only, a flannel made full, and either covered with cashmere and lace at the lower portion, or having elaborately trimmed skirts buttoned on. I have seen white and coloured brocade silk and satin applied in this way. Before, however, I dismiss the subject of stays, I must tell you of the newest riding-stay, which has one hip cut away, in order to free the pommel leg more completely.

Flannel is a material for dresses now much affected, and many such gowns have trimmings of the material, with open-work embroidery. The polonaise in a variety of forms is the most prominent feature of fashion, and a convenient one to boot. Convenient, but not graceful, are the exceedingly short skirts which are now being made; they are the length which a child might have, and show ankles as well as boots.

The mantles worn last winter were so exceedingly long, that it is perhaps a matter of course that this winter we are likely to fly in the opposite extreme. All that I have seen prepared for autumn wear are quite short, just falling below the waist; and the scarf mantelette is a good model. Besides the Newmarket and short plain jackets, others are being worn with the braidings as like military uniforms as possible, especially the Hussar; and very smart they look. Epaulettes—that is, large bows of ribbon on the shoulders—are a novelty; and I notice that huge pompons of ribbon or silk are being placed round the edge of skirts, to loop up tunics, on the shoulders, and on the side of the bodices. Buttons, too, are a prominent feature of dress. Many of those used on Newmarkets are as large as half-a-crown. Those who can afford them have the monogram inlaid on their buttons, others fall back on silver, and large, flat, shiny gold buttons.

The old spencer has come back in name, but not in reality. A spencer of to-day is merely a pointed bodice, different from the skirt, laced at the back. Black velvet spencers with lace skirts are much worn, and look pretty; so do dark claret velvet with light blue, and so on.

The newest riding-habits are cut open at the neck *en cœur*, in order to show a man-like scarf, fastened with a masculine pin. Many summer dresses were cut away greatly at the neck, and even open *en cœur* in front, a vagary which for day wear, happily, our seasons make an impossibility in the winter.

Children are appearing in very fanciful costumes. Many boys at the seaside have been wearing striped jerseys and drawers all day long, though they look like bathing dresses, and are completed by a fisherman's cap. Other small boys have corduroy suits, jackets and knee-breeches worn over thick knitted stockings.

For lawn tennis, gentlemen adopt striped flannel suits with alarming mixtures of colour, and the soft felt hats embroidered with sunflowers or any other floral emblem they may prefer. These can be pushed down over the eyes, and afford a really good shade.

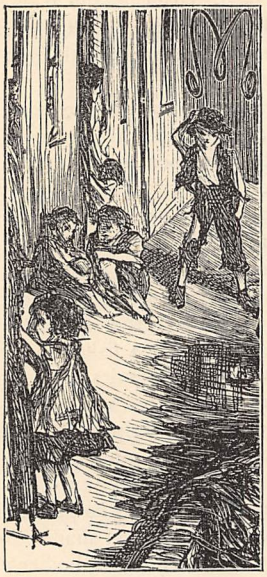
Black lace dresses with velvet or satin bodices threaten to be as much worn in the forthcoming winter in the daytime as they have been during the summer. A favourite mode of making is with a coloured plaiting of satin at the edges, rows of lace flounces to the waist, and large pompons of colour at the side.

A glance at the illustrations will show current styles for the intermediate season. The most popular jacket is the "Austrian," with its military braiding by way of ornamentation. It is made in cloth, velvet, and serge, and the braid may be silk or mohair, and whichever is selected is not worked directly on the material after the usual manner, but is formed into the trefoil scrolls, and these are sewn across the front, from neck to waist, on the cuffs of the sleeves, and lastly on the back of the basque. By the way, braided costumes are once again "well worn," and there is no trimming more suitable for woollen materials. Among the out-door dresses here illustrated, an idea is given how best to arrange the braiding. The dress is made with a waistcoat, and the jacket is fastened at the waist only. The braiding is designed to follow the contour of the jacket and to form panels on the skirt.

One of the new demi-saison bonnets is also represented. Its brim is dark straw, and the crown is covered smoothly with velvet to match the straw; the curtain below this velvet crown is straw, an inch wide. In Paris this style of bonnet is worn in dark green, bronze, and sapphire-blue; the strings are velvet with satin back. We are to have a velvet season even in our millinery.

The fichu at the commencement of this chapter is made of satin and the new Pompadour lace, which is most decorative for this and similar purposes. It is a darned lace with a purled edge, and its novelty consists in each scallop having a raised figure made of appliqué muslin. Flowers are imitated in this manner with marvellous precision, the drooping ones, such as fuchsias and lilies, lending themselves most happily to this new style of lace.

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBOURS' CHILDREN.



MUCH of late years has been done to ameliorate the condition of children amongst our poor. That there is yet ample scope for judicious action is only too apparent to such as know the lives led by the children of our lowest classes. Those laws, for example, which should insure each receiving some education are often systematically evaded by parents, or by those standing *in loco parentis*. In many other ways are the objects of benevolent legislation frustrated.

The life of a child born of vagrant parents in the purlieus of Spitalfields, Wapping, and like places, is in most cases a very sad one to portray. Often enough the child is unloved at its birth and unregretted at its early death. Over the grave of many might truthfully be set up a similar epitaph to that at St. Ives, in Cornwall :—

> "Here lies Sir John Guise :
> Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
> Where he's gone, and how he fares,
> Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

Yet it would be wrong to say that love for their offspring is infrequent amongst this class. A woman has been known to peril her own life by resolutely walking to the funeral of her fortnight-old infant. More passionate grief the writer never saw than was shown by the mother of a young burglar at his open grave. True, he had always been a trouble to her. Whilst a mere lad he had been arrested as one of a notorious gang of young roughs in South London ; but none the less he continued to be "her darling boy."

But all the children do not die young. Of a fine summer's evening the courts and narrow streets swarm with them. Yet, living where they do, their earliest experiences are degrading. The baby-in-arms must needs be much in its mother's company. So with her it goes to the gin-shop, and there the glass is held to its lips. It will sleep very soundly after that—the drunkard's sleep before it can talk! Amongst a small crowd who issued from the doors of a London "public" a little while ago, a bystander counted five women, each carrying an infant.

With increasing intelligence the children become of some use. There are cases in which a family of four or five cadaverous little ones forms, in a way, the stock-in-trade of their parents. For eight or ten hours a day they parade the quiet streets, singing some mournful ditty, or perhaps a popular hymn, instruction in which has cost some few pence. When the time for work is over, the kitchen of a common lodging-house awaits the children. The weary parents, after a hearty meal, retire to the "Seven Stars" or the "Frying-pan," to recruit themselves after the labours of the day. These families are sometimes of a very composite character. The woman, it may be, has no "marriage-lines." One or two of the children may be her own ; others she may be "taking care of" for their parents ; some, it may even be, have been kidnapped. Let none think that child-stealing is a very infrequent crime. The careful reader of police reports must remember several recent cases. One lies before me now. The prisoner was found by the police "sitting on a doorstep at one o'clock in the morning," the little boy of four beside her. When families are thus remarkably constituted, it is not surprising that the children are regarded very much as goods and chattels. Hence it is that, when times are bad with them, one sees the parents strip the shoes and stockings or the dress from a child at the pawnbroker's door, pledge them at once, and then enter the adjoining public-house with the proceeds.

The value of children for begging purposes is but too well understood. For this reason widowers and widows will often stoutly resist any effort to get one of their children away from their influence. The prospect in life which the change would place before them may be most promising ; the propriety of the step may be beyond all dispute. But, no. They love their children too well, they will tell you, to let one go out of their power.

Take a case in point. An ill-conditioned woman, accompanied by two sickly girls, aged about nine and eleven respectively, went to a parish clergyman, and asked for assistance. He declined to give her anything as the case stood, but offered to do something for the children if she would give up the custody of them. This offer she indignantly declined, and roundly abused the proposer of it. Day after day she was met in the streets, a child in each hand, begging when opportunity offered. At last the agent of a London society was moved to give her substantial aid. In her gratitude, she allowed him to take the younger child into his house. He took off its rags, and procured some decent clothing. Night came—a wet, windy, miserable night. The child was placed in a clean warm bed, a comfort long unknown. All in the house had long retired, when, about midnight, there was a furious ringing at the bell. This went on for some time. Then the agent went down-stairs, and incautiously opened the door. In stumbled the girl's mother—drunk. "I want my child ! I won't go till I have my child!" was her cry. Persuasion and all expedients failed. There was nothing for it but to take the child from her comfortable bed, put on the filthy old rags, and send her out into the wind and rain with the creature she called mother.

Sometimes one meets with cases in which the children are the bread-winners of the family, the

parents remaining at home in dignified idleness. Here is a case, the correctness of which is vouched for by the secretary to a ragged school. A child of six was daily sent out by his parents to sell matches. Unless he brought back at least eightpence by 10 p.m., he was severely beaten for his presumed laziness, and then turned out to spend the night in the streets. The child was twice taken up by the police, and sent to Homerton Union. But on each occasion he was at once claimed by his anxious relatives, who had no wish to lose their son and slave. Is this a solitary instance? Far from it; it is only one of many, and very far from the most brutal or revolting.

Children are often tutored to assist the imposture of their parents. A notable instance of this may, perhaps, be familiar to some; but it will bear repetition. A lady, well known in London for her interest in the poor, had been helping a family, the husband of which was ill. One morning the little girl came with the message—

"Please, ma'am, mother says father's dead; and would you please come and see her?"

Although a little surprised at the unlooked-for end of the sickness, the lady speedily set out for the house of mourning. Toiling up-stairs to the room, she found the man laid out as dead, and the mother in tears with the family around her. She sat down, and ministered consolation to the widow. Finally, she laid down two sovereigns as a contribution towards the funeral expenses, and then retired. At the bottom of the stairs, the visitor remembered that she had left her umbrella above. She quickly ran up again, and entered the room without knocking. Imagine her surprise at beholding the *pseudo*-dead man sitting up in bed, and tossing the sovereigns through the air from one hand to another with the dexterity of a juggler! Now, in this little comedy the children had a not unimportant part to play; and they seem to have filled it with success. If they, in future life, turn out accomplished rogues, can we marvel thereat? What wonder if the children who are early brought up to lie and steal for others, early learn to lie and steal for themselves? And what wonder if their mature years fulfil the evil promise of their childhood?

Is there any remedy for this? There is, perhaps, a partial remedy in our hands. Let us beware of indiscriminate charity. To give money to men and women who drag a group of half-starved children through the streets is putting a premium on vice, subsidising hypocrisy, and depriving the honest poor of their due. Experience tells the householder that food offered to such is sometimes rejected, sometimes taken and then thrown away. Money is what they want—money to provide a juicy steak for the evening meal, money to procure a night's carouse afterwards. To obtain that, they care little if the children perish body and soul. Children are cheap enough, although this is England. A penny for the poor man out of work, and for his starving family! Happy, thrice happy, in comparison with their victims, are those children whose early misdeeds or misfortunes have brought them to an industrial school or a similar institution. Bright futures are in most cases before them, whilst thousands of children, whose misfortune it is to escape the hand of the law, linger on in hopeless poverty and woe.

A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

THE GATHERER.

A Locomotive Gas-Engine.

A locomotive emitting neither smoke, sparks, nor cinders, was recently tried on the Erie Railway in the United States. The power was derived from the ignition of hydrogen gas, after the manner of a gas-engine; and the hydrogen was produced by the chemical decomposition of water by means of burning naphtha. In this way a very high speed was maintained throughout the trip, at a cost of one-third that of coal burned in an ordinary locomotive. The advantage of such an engine in city railways is obvious.

New Life-saving Sea-Anchor.

This most important invention was exhibited at the late exhibition of life-saving appliances at the Alexandra Palace. It is intended to enable disabled vessels to ride out heavy gales and storms, and for other similar purposes. It will be seen from Fig. 1 to consist of an oblong raft, which may be made either of well-seasoned wood carefully caulked, or of iron or steel possessing sufficient buoyancy to enable it to support the stout steel-wire towing hawser in front, and the series of chain-connected canvas bags or "drogues" behind. The front of the raft carries, in addition to eye-bolts for the secure attachment of the towing hawser, a strongly-hinged flap, which, when the

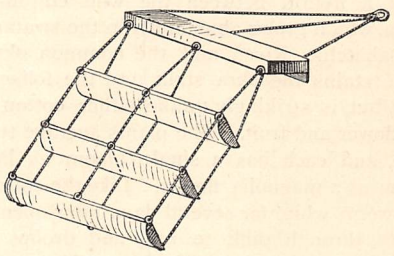


FIG. 1.

anchor is in use, drops perpendicularly into the water, thus giving an increased resisting force in dragging. The bags are made of stout canvas of the same length and breadth as the raft, and are kept extended by a bar-iron rim at the mouth of each bag, and are further

stiffened by a cross-bar of iron at the centre of each. These bars are connected with one another by short steel-iron pendants and shackles, and finally the bags are secured by means of shackles and steel-wire pendants to eye-bolts fixed at the back of the raft. Fig. 2 shows the sea-anchor in use. Of course by varying the size of the raft and bags different degrees of resisting force can be obtained, and thus the requirements of any sized vessels may be very easily met. When not in use the bags can be lashed to the raft, and as then the whole apparatus takes up but very little room, it can be secured to the bulwarks outside the bow of the vessel, and therefore ready for immediate use. The resistance offered by the raft and bags is, as a rule, kept as nearly as possible in equal ratio to the resistance offered by the vessel to which it is supplied by being towed at varying speeds. By this means a disabled vessel in a heavy gale is enabled to "lay out ahead" a sea-anchor, that exercises the same power in holding her head to sea as a powerful tug would do.

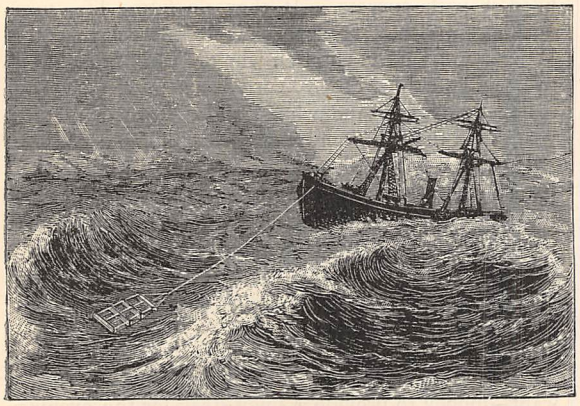


FIG. 2.

A New Cotton-Plant.

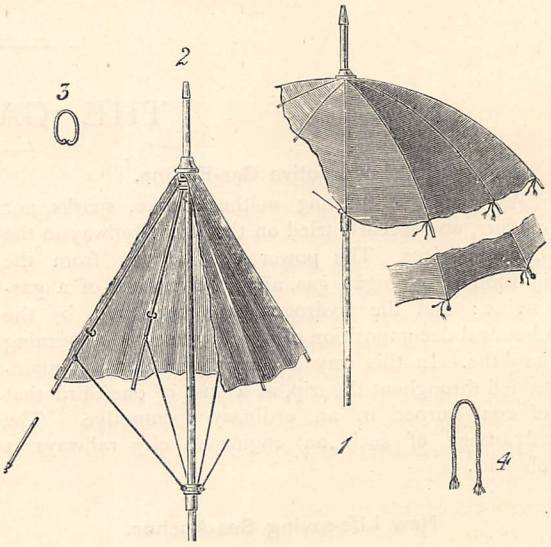
A new kind of cotton-plant is now attracting much attention in Georgia, and bids fair to prove of great value. It is the result of a long series of experiments, and is a hybrid between the wild cotton-plant of Florida, which grows abundantly in the swamps of the Caloosahatchie River, and the common okra. The hybrid retains the okra stalk and the foliage of the cotton, but is strikingly unlike either cotton or okra in its flower and fruit. The plants average two feet in height, and each has a single bloom as large and fragrant as a magnolia flower. Like the cotton bloom the flower is white for several days after opening, then changes through pink to red, and droops off, disclosing a large boll resembling that of the cotton-plant. For ten days the boll keeps about the same size, and then suddenly swells, as if by magic, until it reaches the size of a cocoanut. The fluff then begins to appear and burst from the boll. One experienced picker is said to gather as much as 800 pounds per day, and fast hands a good deal more.

Preventing Scurvy.

From a recent report of the Board of Trade it appears that sea scurvy has been on the increase in the British Navy since 1873, and it is therefore of great importance to find a remedy for the disease. Lime-juice of itself does not seem to prevent it, and the report states that too much reliance is at present placed upon it. Indeed the dietary scale of ships ought to include a fair proportion of fresh and preserved meats as distinguished from salt meats : and more fresh vegetables, especially potatoes, should be carried by ships. The excellent health of Mr. Leigh Smith's men during their winter at Cape Horn, after the wreck of the *Eira*, is attributed by the doctor of the expedition to their having lived on the food of the country, namely seal, bear, and birds shot by the guns of the party, and he recommends future Arctic explorers to rely rather upon this and potted vegetables than on lime-juice.

Detachable Umbrella and Parasol Covers.

This is a neat and useful invention, permitting of an easily effected change of the cover of an umbrella or parasol, so that with a single frame a variety of colours may be used, thus enabling not only worn-out covers to be readily replaced, but also offering this special advantage of enabling ladies to provide themselves with parasol covers corresponding with each change of dress. The interchangeable covers are made to slip over the top of the stick of the frame, the

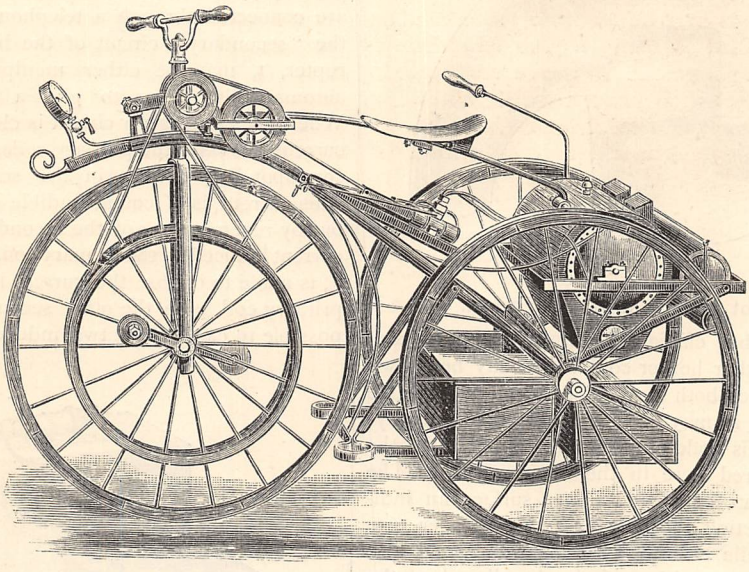


margins of the aperture in the cover being strengthened by a ring of leather. This ring fits down upon the notch-plate, and is held down by a rubber ring, which is sprung into place, and further secured by a metallic collar, carried by the umbrella-stick, as is shown in the illustration at Fig. 2. The ring of the cover is kept from turning upon the handle by means of short

shank points projecting from the runner. The cover is secured to the ribs either by means of strings or split rings (Figs. 3 and 4) sewed to its under-side, and made to pass through eyes or loops in the ribs, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

A Steam-Tricycle.

This novel vehicle is the invention of Mons. L. G. Perreaux, and consists of an ordinary tricycle combined with a small steam-engine and fuel chambers. The engine and accessories are supported mainly by the two hind wheels, as seen in the illustration; and the front wheel is used for a driving and guiding wheel. The steam is produced by the burning vapours of alcohol heating the boilers. The alcohol is warmed to give off its vapour better by means of a little spirit-lamp, whose power can be regulated by hand, so as to increase or diminish the production of heat under the boilers. The steam produced in the boilers is repassed through the spirit-flames in copper tubes, so as to superheat it before it passes into the cylinder of the motor. This adds to the economy of the machine, and there is little or no danger of explosion, as the pressure never exceeds four atmospheres, as can always be seen by referring to the manometer placed in front of the person riding. The motor is a little single-cylinder steam-engine, and its power is communicated to the front wheel by cords and pulleys. Steam is let off under the seat, and water is fed to the boiler by means of a little pump from a reservoir capable of keeping up a three hours' supply before being replenished. The rider has all the stopcocks and apparatus necessary for working the tricycle under his immediate command, and in this way he can traverse the country at a rate of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, with little or no expenditure of his own energy.



A STEAM-TRICYCLE.

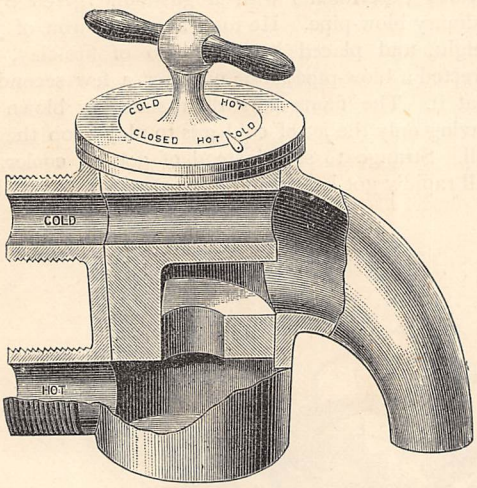
Flameless Combustion.

At a recent soirée of the Society of Chemical Industry at Owens College, Mr. Fletcher exhibited some curious experiments with a gas-flame given by an ordinary blow-pipe. He took a ball of iron of 3 lbs. weight, and placed it on a slab of fire-clay, then directed a blow-pipe flame on it for a few seconds to heat it. The flame was then suddenly blown out, leaving only the jet of cold gas to play upon the iron ball. Strange to say, instead of getting cooler, the ball rapidly got hotter, until it actually fused and ran in drops of molten metal, although no flame could be detected even in the dark. Again: a fire-clay crucible, such as is used for melting metal, was subjected to the jet of gas, and softened into a doughy mass. The supply of coal-gas was obtained from a quarter-inch gas-pipe, and was assisted by the ordinary air-blast from a bellows. The temperatures which can be obtained in this way are very high, and the plan is likely to be useful in chemical analyses, if not in metal-working.

An Electric Hammer.

An ingenious automatic hammer has been invented by M. Marcel Deprez, the well-known French electrician. It consists of two sets of coils of wire, or solenoids, an upper and a lower set. A soft iron rod works up and down in the hollow of the coils, and has a hammer-head attached to it. When an electric current is sent through the upper solenoids, the iron rod is pulled up and the hammer lifted; when the current is sent through the lower solenoids, the rod is pulled down and the hammer falls. By means of a self-acting current changer, or commutator, the current from a battery or a dynamo-electric machine is

shifted from one to the other set of solenoids alternately, and the hammer is thus worked up and down very rapidly.



New Hot and Cold Water Faucet.

This simple but efficient water faucet is so constructed that either hot or cold water may be drawn separately, or even both may be turned on at the same time. The plug, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration, is sealed in the tapering barrel of the faucet, and secured there in the ordinary way. The plug carries on its outer and upper surface an indication dial directing the user as to the proper turn to give the handle according to his wants, and also showing the exact position of the handle when the faucet is completely closed. The barrel is provided at one side with an inlet opening for hot and cold water, and at the opposite with a general delivery passage to the inner end of the discharge nozzle. The plug is made with a transverse connecting passage between the cold water inlet and nozzle, and it has also a passage having three terminal openings corresponding with the marks on the dial for the hot water.

An Electric Submarine Detector.

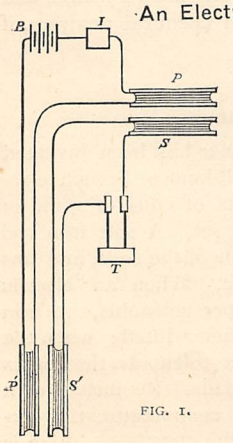


FIG. 1.

Captain McEvoy has devised an ingenious apparatus for detecting the presence of metal-cased torpedoes, sunken iron hulls of ships, lost telegraphic cables, anchors, chains, or other metal objects on the bottom of the sea or moored under water. The apparatus is an application of the induction balance of Professor Hughes, F.R.S., which we have already described in the GATHERER. The first suggestion of the practical use of the balance for detecting metal masses appears to have been made by Mr. J. Munro, who in 1880 described an arrangement adapted to find out metal veins in the ground. This arrangement, indeed, is substantially the same as that employed last year by Professor Bell to locate the lost bullet in President Garfield, and by Captain McEvoy in his detector. It will be readily understood from Fig. 1, where P S and P′ S′ are the four coils of wire of the induction balance arranged in pairs, separated from each other, and connected by insulated wires. The coils P and P′ are joined together through a battery, B, and a key or interrupter, I, thus constituting the primary circuit of the balance. The coils S and S′ are connected through a telephone, T, and constitute the "secondary" circuit of the balance. The interrupter, I, may be either manipulated by hand or automatically, so as to give a continuous action. Whenever the primary circuit is closed by its means a current traverses the primary coils, P P′, and induces a corresponding current in the secondary coils, S S′. This current is of course audible in the telephone, T; but by reversing one of the secondary coils, say S′, the current induced by the primary coil, P′, in the secondary, S′, is made to oppose the current induced by the other primary coil, P, in the other secondary, S, so that it is possible to cause these two induced currents to annul

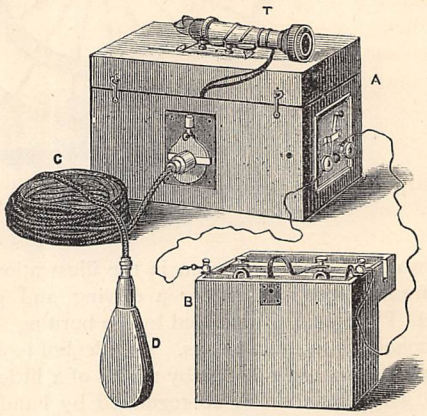


FIG. 2.

one another and produce silence in the telephone. In other words, it is possible to effect a practically perfect balance between the two induced currents. This is done by making the two primaries and the two secondaries alike in all respects, and placing the secondary, S, at the same distance from P that S′ is from P′. Fig. 2 represents the actual apparatus employed by Captain McEvoy. One pair of coils, P S, are contained in the box, A, together with a vibrating interrupter which makes and breaks the current from the battery, B, in the circuit of the two primary coils. The other pair of coils, P′ S′, are contained in a flat wooden flask or case, D, which is let down into the water to search for the hidden metal. The two primaries, P and P′, are connected by wires in circuit with the battery and interrupter; while the two

secondaries, S S′, are connected in circuit with the telephone, T. A flexible cable, C, carries the connecting wires inside it. The battery and box together with the telephone are of course carried in the explorer's boat, and the case is trailed behind in the water as the boat moves. Whenever the case comes against the sunken metal object, the person listening in the telephone hears a loud humming sound where all was silence or nearly silence just before, and knows that the case has touched a metal so as to upset the electric balance on the instrument. Captain McEvoy's apparatus is very sensitive, and it is to be tried at Chatham for finding torpedoes.

Tracing on Cloth.

Engineers and surveyors are frequently troubled with the excessive glaze on tracing cloth preventing the ink of their drawing pens from running. Pure ox-gall is sometimes used to mix with the ink to overcome the difficulty, but the following flux is preferred :—Filtered ox-gall, boiled and strained to keep back the scum, is heated over a fire, and powdered chalk added. When the effervescence ceases the mixture is again filtered, and a bright, colourless liquid is obtained. A drop or two of this added to the Indian ink makes it run on tracing cloth, and will also efface lead-pencil marks. When the tracings are to be heliographed, raw sienna is added to the ink, as this colour unites with it most intimately and intercepts the greatest quantity of light.

Soap Sheets.

Travellers, especially travellers on the Continent, are aware that the "Soap question" has often given rise to a good deal of annoyance. With a view to obviate such unpleasantness, an ingenious inventor has devised a very handy method of carrying soap. A little book—two and a half inches wide, by three and a half deep—that can be kept in the waistcoat pocket, contains forty glossy leaves, not unlike tracing paper. These leaves are coated with saponaceous matter, and each of them forms in itself enough soap for one ablution. When a "wash-up" is desired, all that is needed is to detach a leaf from the book, to wet it well, and then to rub it between the hands after the ordinary fashion.

A Rapid-view Instrument for Momentary Attitudes.

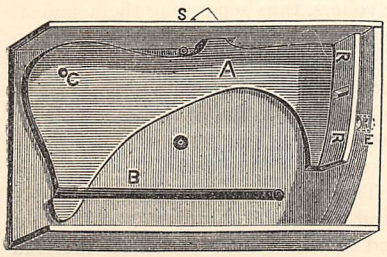


FIG. 1.

A highly novel and ingenious contrivance has lately been constructed by Mr. Francis Galton, by which, with the otherwise unassisted eye, brief glimpses of such rapidly-moving bodies as the wheel of a bicycle at full speed may be caught and impressed on the retina as a well-defined and apparently stationary object. The details of its construction may be

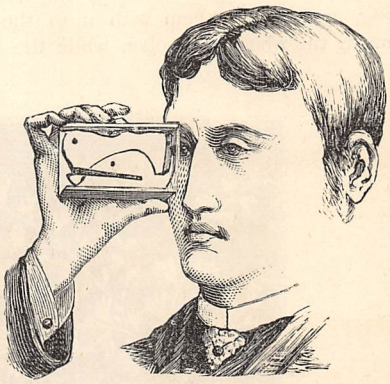


FIG. 2.

learned by reference to Fig. 1, where A is an arm that turns through a small angle round C, its motion being limited by two pins. Its free end carries a vertical screen, R R, which is a cylindrical (or better, a conical) sheet, described round an axis passing through C perpendicular to the arm. As the arm travels to and fro this screen passes closely in front of the end of the box, which is cut into a hollow cylinder (or cone) to correspond. There is a slit in the middle of the screen, and an eyehole in the centre of the end of the box. When the slit passes in front of the eyehole, and the instrument is held as in Fig. 2, a view is obtained. A stud, S (Fig. 1), projects upwards from the arm, and an india-rubber band B passing round a fixed pin, and a descending spoke of the arm, acts as a spring in causing the stud, S, to rise through a hole in the side of the box where the finger can press it. In using the instrument it is held in the hand, as in Fig. 2, with the eyehole in front of the eye. Nothing is then visible, but on pressing or tapping the stud the slit passes rapidly in front of the eyehole, and the view is obtained. After this the stud is released, and the arm springs backwards, when a second view can be obtained, or the eye may be purposely closed for the moment. The instrument may be covered with a sliding lid and carried in the pocket. Mr. Galton estimates that the practical duration of the exposure is about $\frac{1}{500}$th of a second, and it is rather less when the finger acts with a sharp tap in opposition to the spring.

A New Steam-Engine.

Professor Wellner, of Brunn, has invented a new steam-motor of a kind hitherto unknown, which has just been patented in Austria. It has been called a "steam-wheel," and the principle of its working consists in the difference in specific gravity between water and steam. The wheel itself is very similar to an ordinary mill-wheel, such as is worked by water-power, the floats being made with concave in place of

flat surfaces. This wheel is immersed in a vessel of hot water, into the lower part of which steam is admitted from a separate boiler, or it may be there generated by the direct application of heat beneath. As the steam is admitted, or generated, it fills the concave or cup-like under-surface of the floats while ascending, and carries them with it to the surface, thus causing the wheel to revolve, while the descending floats on the opposite side present only their convex surfaces to the ascending vapour, thus offering but little resistance to its ascent. As the cells rise the steam is discharged at the surface of the water, and may be led either into the air, or into an appropriate condenser. The simplicity of this "steam-wheel" is its principal recommendation, although it is said that a wheel of moderate size is capable of developing considerable power. For small wheels, for light work, the waste steam from any ordinary steam-engine or other source may be utilised, the rapidity with which the wheel revolves being of course in proportion to the volume of steam admitted, though the number of revolutions per minute may be increased by the addition of a band or multiplying cog-wheels, just as is done in the case of ordinary stream water-wheels.

A Travelling Plant.

A plant which has the curious habit of wandering from place to place, or rather propagating itself by bending its branches to the ground and taking root in a fresh place, is reported from Kashmir by M. Ermens, Director of Agriculture to the Maharajah of that province. It is the *Adiantum Edwarthi*, and it grows abundantly at Jummoo, sixty miles from Sealkote, in the Punjab. It affects moist parts, and flourishes best in the rainy season. A good idea of this vegetable curiosity is given in the engraving.

A TRAVELLING PLANT.

A Train Telegraph.

We have the electric light in running trains now; and quite recently a successful attempt was made in America to send and receive telegraph messages on a train in motion. This was done by means of a telegraph line laid along the track, but interrupted at every forty feet, and the ends of the break brought to blocks mounted on the middle of a sleeper. These blocks carried two metal rollers, to which the ends of the wire were connected, and when these rollers were depressed, they came apart and interrupted the line. When, on the other hand, they were in their normal position, they kept in contact, and the circuit through the line was unbroken. The depression of the rollers was effected by two metal strips or bars projecting from the bottom of the telegraph car attached to the train, and these bars were connected by wire to the telegraph apparatus inside the car. As the car passed over a pair of rollers, the bars below it pressed down the rollers, thus separating them and at the same time inserting the telegraph instruments on board in the circuit of the line. The clerk in the car could thus send or receive a message on the line, and as the next pair of rollers was always in contact with the bars before they had left the last pair, the circuit of the line and telegraph instruments was never entirely broken. The trial was made over 200 yards of the Charlotte and Atlanta Railway at a speed of 25 miles per hour, and messages were sent and received by the passengers in the train.

NO PROOF.

By the Author of "Horace McLean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

LADY FINCHINBRAY AT HOME.

THE Earl and Countess of Finchinbray remained abroad on their wedding tour between nine and ten months. Early in May of the year succeeding their marriage they returned to England: not, however, to Finchinbray Court, but to their house in London. One evening, a week or so after her arrival there, Cecilia, Lady Finchinbray, was seated alone in her elegant little boudoir. A bright fire and a softly-shaded lamp lit up the room and its costly appointments. The atmosphere was redolent of attar of roses (Cecilia had always affected perfumes), and her ladyship, attired in a tasteful *robe-de-chambre* of Madame Elise's best device, leaned back in the easiest of easy-chairs.

Yet, notwithstanding all the luxury of her surroundings, Cecilia did not look happy. On the contrary, a discontented frown disfigured her brow, and the corners of her pretty mouth were drawn down in a melancholy fashion. Presently a heavy sigh escaped her, which seemed to disturb the current of her unpleasant meditations, and drawing forth a little bijou of a watch she wore, she consulted it for a moment. Then rising, she began to pace the room to and fro, pausing continually to listen to the rumbling of carriages below the windows. "Ah! there she is, I believe," she murmured, as the sound of arrested wheels caught her strained attention. "Will she find me much altered, I wonder?" And placing herself before a long narrow mirror, let in as a panel between the two windows, Cecilia surveyed herself therein. "I look years older," was her unspoken comment, "and dreadfully fallen off."

"Miss Rossiter, my lady," announced a servant, ushering in a small figure, clad in a seal-skin jacket and grey hat, with long drooping feather. There was a very sweet face under the hat, and in another moment Lady Finchinbray was clasping its owner to her breast, and pressing kisses upon the smooth young cheek. "Oh, Bee! you dear little mousie, how glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed between the caresses.

It was the old term of endearment, the old demonstrativeness of affection, but Beatrice was sensible of more warmth than of yore in her sister's embrace, more truth and feeling in her tone.

"Now take off your hat, darling. How nice you look!" pursued Lady Finchinbray. "And come to the fire. Bee, will you forgive me for not going to the station to meet you? I quite intended to do so, but I was prevented. I'll explain how directly. And you have had to travel all this way alone, poor child! What a shame!"

"No; I brought a maid with me, of course, as was befitting on coming to visit a countess," laughed Beatrice. "But we have travelled alone before now, both you and I, Cissy."

"Hush, hush, my dear child! Please don't resuscitate that wretched past," expostulated Cecilia—"How is dear papa?"

"He gets no better, I am grieved to say. Indeed, he has given up all hope now of ever being able to walk again. And he is so hurt, dear, that you have not yet been down to see him. But you will return with me, will you not, when I go back? And that must be within a week, because, as I told you in my last letter, Aunt Ettrick cannot remain longer. However, we can talk about that another time. Now tell me, dear, are you happy? Your letters for some time past have made me feel very uneasy."

"Have they, mousie? Why, I am sure I have made no complaints!" rejoined her sister, with a bitter little laugh. "What could I have to complain of, indeed, with everything that heart could wish—rank and fortune, and *such* a good husband? Don't I look happy? How do you think my travels have agreed with me?"

"You look much thinner and paler," replied Beatrice anxiously. "Oh! I *hope* you are not unhappy!"

Cecilia's face flushed. She regarded her sister with a momentary hesitation, and then abruptly changed the conversation.

"Do you know, Bee, that I am to be presented at the next Drawing-room? The dowager, my amiable mother-in-law, has kindly consented to present me to Her Majesty. Think of that, Bee!"

"Is Lady Finchinbray here, then?" questioned Beatrice in alarm. "You did not mention her being with you."

"Oh, she is not staying in the house. She is at the Langham Hotel, with some foreign friends of hers. It looks rather strange, doesn't it? But she and I are very good friends, I assure you, *on the outside*. The dear old lady comes here every day from three to five, to keep me in countenance whilst I receive my callers. And some of the best people in society have already

called on me, Bee," continued Cecilia, her satirical tone changing to one of triumph. "You don't care to go to your room just yet, do you, dear? We have an hour and a half before dinner."

"Oh, no! I have so much to say to you; but I want to hear all about yourself first, Cissy. What a long tour you have had! I thought you were never coming home."

"So did I. Yes, it has been terribly long—miserably long!"

"Cecilia!" ejaculated Beatrice, rising, and throwing her arms round her. "My poor sister! then you have *not* been happy?"

All at once Cecilia broke down. "Happy!" she repeated, a sob catching her breath. "No, I have not been happy. I have been wretched, Bee, wretched! That man leads me such a life. Do you know, I sometimes think that he is a little mad."

"Oh, Cecilia!" exclaimed Beatrice, unutterably shocked. "Do you mean Lord Finchinbray?"

"Of course I mean Lord Finchinbray," rejoined Cecilia petulantly. "Who else could I mean? He is an awful tyrant! I am so frightened of him, and I am growing to hate him. Yes, I *do* hate him!"

Beatrice drew back and gazed at her sister, too appalled for the moment to utter a word.

"My dear child, what a face of consternation!" resumed Lady Finchinbray, laughing somewhat hysterically. "There, I'll tell you all about it. He is so disgustingly and abominably jealous. I don't mean of men only, but even of women and children. He cannot endure that I should care for any society but his own. What he would like would be that I should shut myself up alone with him, that we should study music and botany together, spend our lives in a mutual admiration duet, and forget that there existed any one in the world but our two sweet selves."

"Ah! then he loves you," cried Beatrice, infinitely relieved. "How can you call that tyranny?"

"It *is* tyranny, the way he behaves," rejoined Cecilia. "And it is not love, but *selfishness*, which actuates his absurdities," continued this young woman, who was herself the incarnation of selfishness. "Do you suppose, Bee, that I married merely for the pleasure of waiting upon a husband? I want to enjoy my rank and my life whilst I am young. And I *will*, too, or the game would not be worth the candle."

Beatrice remained silent, the old sense of being altogether out of sympathy with her sister's mind returning upon her in full force.

"I will tell you how he has acted ever since we have been married," resumed Cecilia, "and then you will see that I have a right to call him a tyrant. He has just waited sufficiently long at each place we have stayed at for me to form a little circle of acquaintances, and then, just as I was beginning to enjoy myself and find some pleasure in life, his horrible jealousy has awakened, and at a moment's notice he has hurried me off elsewhere. And he will do the same here, I feel convinced. He will let me attend this Drawing-room, and he will wait until I am on the point of getting into really first-class English society. Then, Beatrice, he will order me down to Finchinbray, and try to immure me there."

"But you will be near papa, dear. And you need not be without society at Finchinbray Court."

"I should be without the London season," retorted her sister: "without what I have always coveted. But this is not the worst. I am serious, Bee, in saying that I believe Ughtred is mad, or *going* mad. He has the most dreadful temper—not violent, but thoroughly vicious. And lately I have really grown miserably afraid of him. In company he treats me with cold politeness; but when we are alone he is always now in one of two extremes—either fiercely affectionate or crushingly sarcastic and cynical about women—just as he used to be, you remember, when we first met him."

"Dear Cecilia, you ought not to speak so about your husband," remonstrated Beatrice. "And I would rather not listen to any further talk of this kind."

"Why, you insisted upon knowing whether or not I was happy, mousie. But I don't wish to talk of him any longer. I'm only too glad when I can forget his existence altogether. And you'll soon see for yourself what terms we are on at the present moment. The fact is, I did not tell him that I had asked you to visit us till just before I sent the carriage to meet you this evening. I was determined to make a strike for independence, to act for once as though I were a free agent, with a will of my own, you see. So I chose this mild form of initiating rebellion, by inviting my own sister without consulting him. But I wish now I hadn't. I never saw him before in such a white-hot rage as he flew into when I mentioned your coming. I thought, for an instant, he was going to strike me. But he only stood and looked at me, in a way that made me shudder, for five full minutes, I should think; and then he turned on his heel without a word, and marched out of the room. I hope he may have recovered himself before we meet at dinner."

"I hope so, too," returned Beatrice, drawing herself up with dignity. "Cecilia, it was very unkind to me, as well as disrespectful to your husband, to invite me without consulting him; and unless he expresses himself pleased to receive me, I shall not think it right to remain."

"You proud little goosie! Of course he will be pleased. And surely I have a right to the company of my own sister?"

"That is not the question. Cissy, I thought you had too much tact and worldly wisdom—excuse the term, dear—to offend wilfully any one you lived with."

"Oh, I am acting with a purpose. Unless I make an effort now for freedom, I shall be a slave for life. Besides, my dear husband has spoiled my temper. I am losing all my natural amiability. But come, we will not talk any longer on this disagreeable subject. Now tell me, darling, all about poor dear papa."

With this request Beatrice proceeded very sadly to comply. In her sister's absence, the poor little woman had loyally striven to forget her faults, and daily she had prayed that this marriage might turn out happily, despite the previsions which had troubled her to the

contrary. But, alas! it had turned out even worse than her worst fears. Moreover, that it had done so appeared to be in a large measure Cecilia's own fault. Distressed, disappointed, and harassed by conflicting sentiments of disapproval and sympathy, she continued the conversation with difficulty; and it was a relief when the dressing-bell rang, and this first interview with her sister after their long separation came to an end.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

TREATS OF VARIOUS MATTERS.

We must now briefly explain the allusion which has been made to the state of Dr. Rossiter's health, and with this exception there is little to be said respecting the interval we have left unaccounted for in the history of the present owners of Dunscarley Park. One morning, shortly after his daughter's marriage, the new millionnaire was amusing himself with exploring the riches of his library—wherewith he had not yet had time to make himself familiar. Mounted upon a ladder for the examination of the upper shelves, he came by-and-by upon an old pathological treatise that had gone out of print, and which, for certain reasons, he had once tried everywhere to obtain. Still standing upon the ladder, he commenced to read the book, holding it in both hands; and becoming after awhile quite absorbed in its contents, he unconsciously stepped backwards, and losing his balance, fell heavily to the ground. As a consequence of this accident, Dr. Rossiter had for some months been confined to bed. On his partial recovery, it had by degrees become plain that the evil effects were to be of a permanent nature. For, unfortunately, the poor man's spine had been so seriously hurt that paralysis of the lower limbs had resulted, hopeless of cure—a fact, however, which he himself had only very lately consented to admit.

As need scarcely be said, Beatrice had throughout his illness been her father's devoted attendant. Since his partial convalescence, too, she had never until now quitted his side for many hours at a time. Twice every day she had walked by him whilst he was wheeled about the grounds in a bath-chair; and when in the house, she had read to him and amused him with chess and draughts. In short, she had consecrated herself, in his turn, to the service of her suffering father with the same untiring patience and zealous watchfulness wherewith she had formerly cared for her invalid mother. And in some respects this casualty, seemingly so sad, had proved not unhappy in its consequents either for father or daughter. In useful occupation and unselfish thought for another, the latter had found—as every one does find who tries the panacea—the truest relief from personal distress. Her health of mind and body had returned, and the ghosts that haunted her new home had become less persistent and painful in their manifestations. As for Dr. Rossiter, whether it was that suffering had tamed his nature, or that in the close and constant companionship of his younger daughter he had imbibed something of her spirit, certain it is that he had grown gentler in temper, and actually, strange to say, more cheerful since his illness than he had been before. If in his secret heart he yet nursed resentment against the dead or the living who had so long defrauded him of his rights, he at all events, to Beatrice's intense thankfulness, now refrained from giving expression to that resentment. And yet, poor man, as a helpless cripple how little benefit could he now obtain from the tardy possession of his inheritance!

As a matter of course, any exchange of social intercourse had, under these circumstances, been out of the question; and, saving for an occasional caller, Beatrice and her father had led a very solitary life. Twice, however, kindly Mrs. Ettrick had paid them a long visit; and it was the fact of the good lady's being at present at Dunscarley Park that had enabled Beatrice to leave her father for a short time with comparative satisfaction.

As Beatrice had informed her sister, Dr. Rossiter had naturally felt deeply wounded in that Cecilia had not at once hastened to see him on her return to England. He had expected, indeed, that she would have done so at the time of his accident; but as Cecilia had represented Lord Finchinbray as preventing this, he had condoned that negligence on the part of his beloved child, whilst feeling very sore on its account against her husband. But that the continuance of this unfilial disregard lay at her sister's door, rather than at that of the earl, Beatrice had already learned in this first meeting with her; and whilst dressing for dinner she resolved that, unless Cecilia would promise to return with her at the close of the week, she would cut short her own visit, even though her brother-in-law might accord her an unexceptionable welcome.

Conscious of some nervousness *apropos* of this latter question, Beatrice descended to the drawing-room. But Lord Finchinbray was not there, and after waiting till considerably after the usual hour, the ladies proceeded to dine alone. Whilst they were at dessert a note was brought to Beatrice, which, to her surprise, she found was from the earl. In it he politely intimated his pleasure in receiving her as his guest, but apologised for an unavoidable engagement, that would detain him from home until the following evening.

There was no second note for his wife, nor any message for her in that of Beatrice.

"Now you see, Bee, what his temper is like," was Cecilia's comment upon the circumstance. "He has no engagement of any kind to keep him away. That is all planned to annoy me. But no matter, dear; we will amuse ourselves very well without him," she went on. "I have some tickets for a first-class concert this evening. Shall we go? You know I can chaperon you now I am a married woman." And brightening up in evident relief at his lordship's absence, she pressed her sister to go to the entertainment.

The post next morning brought Lady Finchinbray a couple of invitations, both from people of title and distinction. This put her into high good spirits, and the greater part of the day was spent, without reference to Beatrice's inclinations, in shopping and visiting the

fashionable dressmaker who had been entrusted with the manufacture of her ladyship's Court dress. Then, at the proper hour in the afternoon, the carriage was ordered, and the two ladies went for the orthodox drive in the park. Faultlessly attired, and with her superb beauty heightened by a touch of rouge, Cecilia leaned back in a graceful attitude, conscious that she was the cynosure of the crowd's admiring gaze, and enjoying to the full this tribute of observation which was always accorded to her appearance.

"After all, mousie," she observed to the small, child-like personage by her side—"After all, what a lucky individual I am!"

To this remark, which was made during their last round, and just as the carriage was about to leave the park, Beatrice returned no answer. In fact, she did not hear it. Her heart was beating wildly, and she was leaning forward to gaze at two figures, whom she had that moment descried, standing beneath a tree a little way in front of them. Could she be mistaken? No; it was, indeed, Cousin Frank—Cousin Frank and Martin Callender! As the carriage rolled slowly past, both young men lifted their hats, and for one long, long minute, Frank and Beatrice looked straight into one another's eyes. It was a minute of elysium for both. Everything was forgotten in the sudden transport of this unexpected meeting. Bare-headed, and with one foot advanced, young Rossiter devoured that beloved countenance with the avidity of a fasting man seizing on the food which has long been denied him. Electric currents of love passed to and fro from the organs of vision straight to the yearning hearts of their mutual recipients. But, alas! the brief bliss was speedily over. The carriage passed on. Still trembling and fluttering with pleasure, Beatrice averted her blushing face from her sister, who, she was glad to perceive, had not seen the young men.

Then, all too soon, reason and reflection united to expel that transitory rapture. She felt, it was true, poor child, that Frank's glance had been all for her, and that there had been love in it. But she refused to deceive herself, as she imagined she had done before, by reading between the lines what did not exist there. That love, she told herself, was simply the affectionate regard of a cousin or a brother. It was nothing else; how *could* it be? But she was glad to see that he liked her still, as he had always seemed to do. And how well-dressed he looked! How handsome and healthy! How unchanged, save perhaps for a little increase of gravity in his general aspect! There was no evidence of poverty or suffering in his appearance. For all this, how thankful she felt! And yet, poor little woman, how her heart ached! She dared not analyse her sentiments, but it was as though the sun had broken upon her for a moment in glorious effulgence of light and heat, to disappear and leave her in the darkness of a wintry night.

In vain she strove to shake off the effects, so painful and yet so sweet, of this adventure, regarding which she breathed no whisper to her companion. All the way home, and afterwards, whilst listening to Cecilia's Vanity-Fair talk as she sat with her in her boudoir, Beatrice kept recalling Frank's face, his bright and eager gaze.

How fervently she wished that she had been able to exchange with him a word: to ask after the fortunes of himself and his family, respecting which she had heard nothing since the hopeful letter which Christine had written in answer to her own. For since that one letter, which she had felt compelled to write, Beatrice had not ventured again to address any of the family—feeling that, intimately connected as she was with the occasion of their troubles, it was a kind of impertinence to intrude herself upon them.

On descending this second evening, at the sound of the gong which announced that dinner was served, Beatrice found that Lord Finchinbray had returned home. Apologising again for his absence, but offering no further explanation of it, he greeted both her and his wife, who entered a few seconds later, with well-bred courtesy. Conversing on indifferent topics, he likewise made himself sufficiently agreeable during dinner. But he did not rejoin the ladies, after they had left him, until late in the evening. When he did so at length, Cecilia showed him the cards of invitation which she had received that morning—of course, for him as well as herself—and intimated that she had already written to accept them, but that she had not yet despatched the notes. "Ah, that is well!" he returned. "Do not trouble yourself to despatch them, my dear. We shall decline the invitations."

"Oh, Ughtred! Why?" ejaculated Cecilia in dismay.

"Because, my dear, we are going down to Finchinbray immediately. I think you said, Miss Rossiter, that you would not be able to give us the pleasure of your company for more than a few days?"

"I should like to return home on Thursday," said Beatrice.

"Then we will arrange to accompany you on that day, if you will allow us," rejoined the earl, with a polite bow.

"And how soon shall we come back to London, Ughtred?" demanded Lady Finchinbray in a faint voice.

"I do not propose to come back at all, my dear Cecilia."

"But I *must* attend the Drawing-room. What can you mean? I *will* attend the Drawing-room! My Court dress is ordered!" cried poor Cecilia in desperation.

"Never mind, my love; you shall wear it for my private delectation," responded her husband, with an aggravating smile.

"Oh, how cruel you are! Ughtred, you are truly a *bear*, as Christine Rossiter used to call you! But I will *not* leave London on Thursday."

"My sweet wife, we will reserve our mutual endearments for our privacy, shall we?" rejoined the earl, in an even voice, but with a vicious pull at his moustache. "And I think, my darling, that when we have talked the matter over together you will find yourself consenting to travel northwards next Thursday."

Beatrice thought so too as she rose hastily, and bade the ill-starred couple good night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITANT.

It was a long time after she had laid her head upon her dainty lace-bordered pillows before Beatrice could sleep. Troublous thoughts concerning her sister—uneasy fears for the present, and still more for the future of Cecilia's married life tormented her; whilst breaking in upon these distressful reflections came flashes of recollection of young Rossiter's bright and eager face as he had stood, bare-headed, gazing at her in the park—a picture which seemed to have stereotyped itself upon her mental vision. Altogether, she felt so restless and excited that at length she made up her mind that she must lie awake all night. But at nineteen it takes a good deal to rob one of a night's sleep, and scarcely had Beatrice come to this conclusion ere unconsciousness began to steal over her. Her slumbers, however, were dreamy and fitful, and they had lasted but a very short time when she suddenly started up wide awake, and sensible of some unusual commotion in the house. Yes, it was no fancy. Listening, she heard footsteps hurrying to and fro, agitated voices in the distance, and presently the clanging of the hall door. Filled with vague alarm, she sprang from bed, and, hastily donning some clothing, was in the act of throwing over it her dressing-

"THE CARRIAGE PASSED ON" (*p.* 708).

gown when there came a rap at her door, followed instantly by an attempt to open it. Demanding who was there, Beatrice was answered by two voices at once—those of her own maid and Lady Finchinbray's housekeeper.

"Oh, Mrs. Wallace! what is the matter?" she inquired of the latter, when she had admitted the two women, and along with them a flood of light from the corridor upon which her chamber opened. "Is the house on fire? I don't smell burning."

"No, madam, no," stammered the respectable elderly housekeeper." It is—— Oh, my dear young lady! a dreadful calamity has befallen this house."

"Don't tell her all at once, Mrs. Wallace," interposed the maid, unconsciously encircling Beatrice with her arm. "Oh, my dear Miss Rossiter, I'm so sorry! It will be such a dreadful shock to you!"

"What is it?" exclaimed Beatrice, shaking herself free in impatient anxiety. "Mrs. Wallace—Caroline—speak this instant! What can have happened?"

"It is my lady, madam," rejoined the housekeeper, her teeth chattering as she spoke, and her frame trembling as with the ague. "She has been taken ill—awfully ill. My lord is almost wild. He has sent for the doctor. But, oh! my dear, no doctor can do her any good, because—because she is *dead!*"

A horrified cry broke from Beatrice's lips, but the next moment she recovered herself. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "It is impossible! It is utterly impossible! I left her quite well only a few hours ago. Where is she? Where is Lord Finchinbray?"

And without waiting for a reply to her questions, she rushed off towards her sister's chamber, which was on the storey below her own. At the foot of the broad flight of stairs which she had to descend she found a group of agitated servants, one of whom informed her in a tragic whisper that his master had just ejected them all from the apartment and locked the door, but suggested that she could enter through his lordship's dressing-room.

Silently obeying this proposal, Beatrice passed into her sister's room, but paused transfixed upon the threshold. In a low chair by the fire-place, where a few dull red embers still glowed, appeared Cecilia, half-supported in the arms of her husband, who knelt by her side. The poor girl's head was thrown back against the chair, the eyes were half-closed, the complexion was of a grey cadaverous hue. Sick and appalled, Beatrice knew that she was gazing on the face of a corpse.

Upon her entrance Lord Finchinbray had uttered an angry exclamation; but on perceiving who was the intruder, he had interrupted himself. His voice now broke the spell of her dismay.

"Beatrice, come here! Look—tell me—do you think she is really, *really* dead?" he asked, in hoarse, hollow tones, unrecognisable as his own.

"Oh, Lord Finchinbray! how did this happen? Oh, my poor sister! my poor, darling sister!" And, all her faults and follies forgotten, Beatrice sank on her knees, and covered the poor dead hand, still glistening with rings, with passionate kisses. As yet, however, her tears refused to flow, and the following instant they were frozen at their source by a strange chill dread, inspired by Lord Finchinbray's next words—

"*I* didn't do it. I *know* I didn't do it," he muttered. "How *could* I have done it when I was down-stairs? Look here—that could not kill her, could it?" He pushed up the sleeve of Cecilia's dress (both she and the earl were attired as Beatrice had left them in the evening), and exhibited a dark bruise on her right arm, just below the elbow.

With an involuntary shudder and half-articulate ejaculation, Beatrice drew away, and for the first time looked into her brother-in-law's face. It was pale as that of his dead wife. Great drops of clammy perspiration stood on his brow, and his dark eyes, opened to their widest stretch, were full of horror and a wild anxiety.

"Listen," he went on; "I want to tell you all about it. I must explain whilst I can remember. My head is swimming round, and my brain seems on fire." (He raised his hand, and laid it on the top of his head.) "I am afraid my mind is giving way. I keep fancying that I did it, yet I know I did not. Are all those gaping idiots gone? Is the door shut? Now attend, Beatrice. After you had gone last night—this evening, I mean—we had a dreadful quarrel, she and I. She enraged me, and I took her by the arm and shook her. My fingers made those marks. Then she grew terrified, and begged me not to kill her. But the frightened look in her eyes made me feel like a wild animal. A savage impulse seized me to take her by the throat, and I was so afraid of doing it that I had to run away. And just as I was leaving the room I heard her call my name in a strange gurgling tone. But I wouldn't look back. I ran down-stairs, and shut myself up in the library, and got a book and tried to read. But after awhile I seemed to hear her voice again, calling 'Ughtred! Ughtred!' close to my ear. I knew it was fancy, but I couldn't read for it. It wouldn't stop. So at last I threw down my book and came up-stairs, and I found her like this. Oh, my beautiful wife! I did love her! She knows I loved her! I *couldn't* have done it, could I?"

"Dr. Broadbent, my lord," said a servant, introducing at this juncture the physician who had been sent for, and taking care, as he retired, to leave the dressing-room door ajar.

Lord Finchinbray rose to his feet, and bowed to the doctor. Beatrice, struggling to keep herself from swooning, clung to the back of the chair in which lay her dead sister, and turned on him a mute appealing gaze.

"Doctor," said the earl, "that is my wife, Lady Finchinbray. They tell me she is dead."

"I am afraid, your lordship, that is only too true," rejoined the physician, stooping to feel the poor silent heart and to touch the already stiffening hands. "Dear me! she must have been dead quite a couple of hours. My dear sir, I deeply regret——"

"What! you don't think it looks suspicious, do

you? You don't suppose any one did it? *I* didn't. I was down-stairs when it occurred," broke forth the earl, in a whisper that made his companions' blood curdle.

"Ha!" interjected the doctor, with a perceptible start. Then, with a quick movement, he uncovered the smooth round throat, applied his nose to the mouth, peered beneath the half-closed eyelids—which he pushed up with his finger—and, reassured by the rapid examination, turned a serious face upon the earl.

"My good friend," he said gently, "let me persuade you to leave the room. This shock has been too much for you. You must go and lie down, or you will be ill. Pray persuade him to leave the room," he urged, addressing Beatrice.

The poor girl strove to comply, but before she could get out a syllable Lord Finchinbray resumed—

"I was *tempted* to do it, but I *know* I didn't. I never touched her throat. I ran away. There are no marks of strangulation, you see?"

"Certainly not. Dear me! dear me! you must not talk like this, Lord Finchinbray. It won't do. The servants are listening. Here, my good fellows, help your master to bed," he continued, beckoning two of the advanced eavesdroppers forward. "He has been quite unnerved by this dreadful occurrence, and doesn't know what he is saying. This poor lady has died of heart disease."

"Ah! my *mother* died of heart disease," put in Beatrice, with a gasp of relief from the horror which had hitherto palsied her tongue.

"Your mother?" echoed the physician inquiringly. "May I ask if you are a relative of— of——"

"She was my sister—my own sister," faltered Beatrice in a broken voice, the tears welling at length to her eyes as she turned them piteously on the doctor, who was an old grey-headed man with a very benevolent, as well as intelligent, expression.

"My poor child!" he murmured, laying his hand in a fatherly manner upon her shoulder. "But do not cry; do not give way just now. I want you to tell me what is to be done with the poor husband. This blow has evidently touched his head. He will have brain fever, if nothing worse. Come, we must get him out of the room, and the last offices must be performed here without a moment's further delay."

A couple of hours later Lord Finchinbray lay in bed, suffering from the incipient stage of the brain fever which the doctor had prognosticated, and which had been brought on in part by a prior indulgence in fierce temper, but principally by the shock of his wife's sudden death. By his bedside sat his mother, the Dowager Countess of Finchinbray, whom, at the housekeeper's suggestion, Beatrice had sent to summon from her hotel. The house had grown quiet now. The servants, gathered below, were breakfasting together by gas-light. The natural dismay which had been awakened in their bosoms by the awful and unlooked-for occurrence of the night had begun in some measure to subside; and as they sipped their coffee they discussed in low tones, and with an excitement not altogether devoid of ghastly enjoyment, the grim details of the affair, speculating as to the form and manner of the dread visitant's advent. Then some one ventured to allude to the strange words which Lord Finchinbray had been overheard to utter, and by degrees the current of the excitement changed its course. Voices sank to whispers, and portentous shakes of the head accompanied half-spoken hints, which grew bolder as they met with a more and more encouraging reception. Certainly there was no lack of toothsome gossip to flavour that early morning meal.

Meanwhile, poor Beatrice had stolen back alone into her sister's room, which had been speedily transformed from its habitable aspect into the chilly neatness and still awesomeness of the death-chamber. There, kneeling by the white-shrouded figure on the bed, she tried, with a sick heart, to realise the fact that Cecilia was really gone—Cecilia, whom only a few hours ago she had parted from for the last time in life with sorrowful disapprobation and coldness—Cecilia, who only last morning had tried on with so much pride the Court dress which she would never wear; who had been anticipating with so much joyous worldliness the London season, wherein she was to take no part—Cecilia, who, driving for her last drive (ah! little she dreamt it) in the park, had sunned herself with such intense satisfaction in the admiration her appearance had excited. And this was the end of it all—the end of her loveliness, of her powers of fascination, of her talents—the end of her lately-attained wealth and her satisfied ambition! Despite her "propitious fortune," poor Cecilia's short life had proved, after all, a dismal failure. The agony of painful and regretful thoughts which crowded into Beatrice's mind were more than she could bear, and she slipped fainting to the floor by the death-couch, where she was presently found, and carried to her own chamber.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

"IT WILL BE THE DEATH OF HIM."

It had been Monday when Beatrice had left home, happy in the anticipation of meeting her sister in London; it was only Wednesday when she went back to Dunscarley, to carry to her father the sad news of Cecilia's sudden death. In the brief interview they had held together before her departure, the dowager countess had been very kind to Beatrice. Naturally much shocked by the death of her daughter-in-law, she was becoming also greatly alarmed on account of the earl, whose illness in the course of a few hours had made serious advance. But Lady Finchinbray was a woman of business capacity, and one who never lost her head. As she explained to Beatrice, she had already sent off a telegram to her younger son, Clarence Romanes, who was at present in Paris, urging him to come to her without delay; for unless the earl should recover in time, which was hardly possible, Clarence would be obliged to act as his representative at the funeral. The "dear departed," her ladyship pursued, would, of course, be

taken down to Finchinbray Court, and interred in the family vault at Finchinbray Church, and all arrangements as to the ceremonies should be communicated to Dr. Rossiter. Moreover, she would herself, she promised, communicate to Dr. Rossiter and Beatrice the result of the post-mortem examination which Dr. Broadbent had informed her he should be compelled to demand. That this examination, however, would confirm the opinion he had already given as to the cause of death, the physician had expressed himself assured. And to remove any doubt or suspicion of foul play—if such has been created in the reader's mind by the report of Lord Finchinbray's half-delirious utterances—we may here state at once that there was no mystery about poor Cecilia's death. Proximately, no doubt, it had been occasioned by the fact that she had been frightened by her husband's unaccustomed violence and strangeness of manner; but otherwise, Lord Finchinbray was innocent. As the issue proved, the young countess, unsuspected by herself or any one connected with her, had inherited the heart disease from which her mother had suffered.

On arriving at home, where her appearance was not at all expected, Beatrice inquired for Mrs. Ettrick, and in the arms of that kind-hearted lady first repeated the sorrowful tale she had to tell. "Oh, aunt! how are we to break it to him gently enough?" she asked, alluding to her crippled father.

"My dear, however you break it to him," sobbed Mrs. Ettrick in reply, "it will be the death of him! Yes," she reiterated, in the tone of a solemn prophecy, "it will be the death of him!"

In the beginning, howbeit, this prophecy seemed likely to turn out a false one. Dr. Rossiter bore the terrible tidings with more fortitude than might have been anticipated. He even attended the funeral, being wheeled to Finchinbray Court, and thence to the church, in his bath-chair.

But, alas! on the very day after the funeral the unfortunate invalid chanced to overhear a conversation which produced upon him a most disastrous effect. He had fallen asleep in the afternoon on a sofa in the inner of two small drawing-rooms, ordinarily occupied by the family, when the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment awoke him. The voices belonged to two housemaids, who, in ignorance of his presence there, had come in to dust, and the first words he heard them speak riveted his attention. They were expressing their mutual conviction, based upon the mischievous statements of Beatrice's maid (who, on her return from London, had entertained her fellow-servants with exaggerated accounts of all that had occurred during her short visit), that, had Lord Finchinbray been a poor man, he would have been brought up and tried for murder. Justice, the maids opined, was one thing for the rich and another for the poor; and matters had been hushed up "because he was an earl, and not a baker or a bricklayer."

Already deeply prejudiced against his son-in-law, as the result of many little unpleasantnesses that had occurred in their intercourse, the frightful notion suggested by the housemaids' conversation took fatal hold of the poor man's mind—a hold all the more fatal inasmuch as that he would not allow himself to refer to the falsehood in the hearing of those who could have contradicted it.

That evening Dr. Rossiter had a fit. The following day, having only partially recovered from its effects, he sent for his legal adviser, and, by a codicil which he caused to be added to his will, instituted Beatrice the sole and irresponsible heiress of his huge fortune, to the extinction of any claims which Lord Finchinbray might have put forward as the husband of his elder daughter. A second fit succeeded the first; then, after a short interval, a third and a fourth; and within a fortnight from the day when that wretched ill-founded suspicion had stricken root within him, poor Dr. Rossiter followed his best-beloved child to the grave.

For some days previously his mind had been constantly wandering; but just before his death it became perfectly lucid, and, turning to the affectionate little nurse, who had almost worn herself out with care and watching, he said, pausing for breath between each word—

"Ah, Tiny! our riches have not done us much good, have they? I am afraid I was too hard on poor Philip's family. If you *can* set things right with them, do, my child. Poor Frank! he is a fine fellow! Don't forget that he saved my life. Pay him that debt if it is ever in your power."

* * * * *

One morning, some two months subsequently to Dr. Rossiter's demise, and just about a year since last we heard of them, the inmates of that pretty cottage *orné* in Highgate were thrown into much excitement by the contents of a letter received at breakfast-time. This letter, though directed outside to Mrs. Rossiter, was addressed within to each of the family by name; and all the family, including Frank, were present to read it.

The letter was from Beatrice Rossiter, and it was dated from Mrs. Ettrick's house in Headport.

It began with a slight but touching allusion to the heavy bereavements which the writer had lately been called upon to sustain, and then went on to state that the whole of the vast income derivable from the Dunscarley estates had been left "for the present" under her control. After that, the letter, which had cost the little woman much labour and thought to indite, proceeded to declare that, "in the interests of right and justice," she earnestly desired that the following disposal should be made of this property—first, that it should be made chargeable with a proper and suitable maintenance for Mrs. Rossiter's lifetime; and thereafter, that it should be divided into four equal portions, whereof Frank, Euphemia, Christine, and herself were to be the participants. She had already, Beatrice continued, put the matter into the hands of her lawyers, and instructed them to make this equitable arrangement. It might have been completed, indeed, without troubling her relatives, but for the necessity she was under of consulting them as to whether they would choose to return to Dun-

scarley Park. For herself, she declared she could never again endure it as a residence; and if, as she fancied, they too would find its associations too painful, the place had perhaps better be sold. Would they kindly let her know their decision on this point?

The proposal contained in the letter was thus treated as a mere ordinary business transaction, to which no possible objection could be raised.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

AN INTERVIEW IN MRS. ETTRICK'S BAY-WINDOW.

UPON the afternoon of the day when her letter had been received in London, Beatrice had taken a stroll in a favourite direction of hers—the green and shady lane where she had first met "Cousin Frank." Since her father's death she had been living entirely at Headport with her aunt, Mrs. Ettrick; and to-day, as it happened, that good lady had left her for the first time in solitude. She had gone off by rail in the morning, to visit a sick friend some ten miles distant, and she was not expected home until late in the evening. To Beatrice the day's quietude was very welcome.

Returning from her walk, she approached Mrs. Ettrick's house by the path called the "Rock Walk," and entered the terraced garden at the back. For a few moments she lingered, leaning over the low wall that overlooked the sea, in almost the same spot where she had stood that moonlight night on her return from the yachting party, when the soft radiance that transfigured the outer world had seemed typical of a new and joyous future that appeared to be opening itself out before her. That evening had, indeed, heralded in a new era of her life, but it had been one wherein joy had had but small part. Since that night little more than two years had elapsed, yet how stupendous had been the changes they had wrought in her position and fortune! *Then* she had been a child at home, with a father, mother, and sister. *Now* she was an orphan, alone in the world—a woman, with a woman's secrets and experiences, enormously rich, and wholly independent of control. And yet she would not be twenty for another month.

Turning from the wall with a deep sigh, Beatrice began slowly to ascend the steep garden path towards the French window which gave admittance to Mrs. Ettrick's drawing-room. As she opened it, a gentleman rose from the further side of the apartment, and advanced to meet her with both hands extended.

"Cousin Frank!" she ejaculated. "Oh, is it you?"

"I believe it is," he replied, leading the blushing girl to a seat within the bay-window, whence he had been watching her since her entrance to the garden. "Yes, Beatrice, I have come to answer your letter in person—at least, my share of it."

"I am so glad—so very glad to see you," she protested. "I was not sure that *you* would be at Highgate. I had some difficulty in learning Mrs. Rossiter's address. I hope, Cousin Frank, they are all well?"

"Thank you, they are," he replied, in a voice that was quiet and low from intense excitement; "and I have brought you a little note from each of them. I could not give them time to write much, for I came away almost immediately we had read your letter—your dear, foolish, noble, characteristic letter. But I shall not give you the notes just yet. I want to explain something first."

"Oh, Cousin Frank! I *hope* you are not going to refuse my proposal? Surely none of you would treat me so cruelly as that!"

Young Rossiter's eyes glistened as he regarded the sweet pale face before him, and he had some difficulty in restraining himself from dropping on his knees before its owner. "If we could treat you cruelly," he answered, "we should indeed be monsters. Dear Beatrice, you will see what my mother and sisters say in their notes. But may I be egotistical, and speak of myself first?"

Beatrice bowed. Might he speak of himself, forsooth? As though any subject in the wide world could interest her more!

"Beatrice, dear little cousin, from the bottom of my heart I thank you for your generous, Quixotic offer to bestow a fourth part of your fortune upon me. But I hope you will not be sorry to hear that I stand in no need of such a fairy-godmother's gift. My circumstances are in a most flourishing condition. I have just been appointed factor to a Scottish earl, and the post is one of high trust and very large pay. Lord Laurence St. Claire is a young man of weak intellect, and I am to take the sole responsible management of his immense estates, which lie in the north of Scotland. The salary will be larger than I shall know what to do with. So you see that I do not require to be enriched at your expense."

"But it is a question of *right*, Cousin Frank, not of anything else. Your branch of the family is the elder one, and therefore you have, legitimately, the greater title to be Uncle Philip's heirs; though I think morally we have a right to be joint heirs. The matter is not one of generosity on my part or of choice on yours; it is simply one of right or wrong. Oh! I do hope you will not oppose this arrangement, which ought to be made, and which will make me so happy. Have you really accepted that post, Cousin Frank?"

"Certainly I have. And I expected you to congratulate me upon it."

"So I will—I do. But will you—will you have to live in Scotland?"

"Yes. I must leave for Sunderland in three days."

"Oh!" Beatrice hardly knew what expression she put into the monosyllable.

"Beatrice, may I write to you whilst I am away?"

Beatrice's face brightened. "Oh! will you?" she exclaimed. "Then I shall feel as if I had a brother. And I am so lonely, so——But," she interrupted herself, "I shall not look upon you as a good brother if you intend to refuse what I have asked."

"I don't wish you to look upon me as a brother, Beatrice. I hope, indeed, you don't!" he cried.

Beatrice looked up in startled surprise. Then, noting the strong emotion which glowed in Frank's handsome, manly countenance, her own eyes fell, and she began to tremble and blush.

"Beatrice, it was on that day when I saw you in the park that I first heard of this appointment," he resumed. "And since it has been finally settled, I have been distracted by a conflict that has been going on in my heart betwixt love and pride. Had you been a penniless girl, I should have flown to you on the instant to say what I am going to say now. But your miserable wealth kept me back. Oh, my darling! my darling! you know, you *must* know, that I do not covet your wealth. Would it were at the bottom of the sea! But I love you, Beatrice, more than words can tell. And when I read your letter this morning, I resolved that no false sentiment—no fear of what the world might say or think—should prevent me any longer from telling you so. I resolved that I would not sacrifice the happiness of—of my whole life to a scruple." (Frank had been on the point of saying "both our lives," for it was the belief that her happiness was involved, as well as his own, which had urged him to his present decision.) "Beatrice, my own love, my only real love, will you take me, not for a brother, but for a lover—a husband?"

There was no blushing now on the little woman's part: the crisis was too solemn and wonderful for that. But an inexpressible loveliness seemed to her companion to pass into her face as she raised it, transfigured with a new and trembling delight.

"Oh, Cousin Frank! is it true?" she asked, scarcely above her breath.

"True that I love you? Ah, Beaty, it is true that I never loved any one else but you! The other was a brief madness—a delusion. I was carried off my feet——But I am not going to say a word against her—against Cecilia. It is myself I blame for the mistake. I was unfaithful to my best self, to my true love; for in my inmost heart I loved *you* all the time. Beatrice, can you forgive me? And will you now accept my heart, my devotion?"

Beatrice's answer was almost inaudible, but perfectly satisfactory.

"My darling!" ejaculated Frank, drawing her to his breast, and kissing reverently her brow and lips. "Mine now for ever! My own love! my own wife!" he whispered.

Then, silent in the intensity of their happiness, the two stood looking forth from Mrs. Ettrick's bay-window down upon the broad smooth waters which it seemed to overhang. The day had been warm and bright, and soft green and purple shadows rested here and there on the placid blue expanse, whilst a mellow amber light appeared to transfuse the rarefied atmosphere with the promise of a glorious, though yet distant, sunset. The bright and peaceful scene was well in accord with the feelings of the young lovers who gazed upon it, their bosoms swelling with rapturous contentment in the present and blissful hope for the future. With Frank's arm round her waist, Beatrice could have stood thus for hours, silent and motionless. At last her heart was at rest—at rest from all the trials and miseries of the last two years. What did they signify now? What did anything—past, present, or to come—signify now? He whom she loved was her own; she was no longer "alone in the world!" It was the young man who at length broke the silence, impatient for a further assurance of her love—impatient for the luxury of telling over and over again the story of his own love—that old but ever-new story.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION.

"FRANK," said Beatrice, interrupting at length this delicious dialogue, "I am sorry to recur to such a sordid topic, but I want it settled what is to be done with the family millions. Under present circumstances I won't insist upon your taking your share, if you would rather not, because all that I have will some day be yours; but——"

"I beg your pardon, my darling. Every shilling must be settled on yourself," interposed the young man, with quiet positiveness. "That is a question which will admit of no debate. And, dearest, you will find from their notes, which I may as well deliver to you now, that Effie and Christine both decline to listen to your proposal, though they love you for making it. As for my mother, I don't quite know what she has said. But as I was travelling down here, Beaty, I came to the conclusion that, under any circumstances—whether you promised to become my wife or not—I would ask you to make over to my mother the £500 a year which Dr. Rossiter himself offered her. From him she could not accept it, but from you I am sure she would. And I think it is right, also, that she should; for, however wrongly my poor father may have acted, *she* was entirely innocent of any fraud in the enjoyment of her wealth, and to be shorn of it at a blow was, of course, a dreadful experience for her. You shall do this much, my Beatrice, if you will. And oh! for the rest, would that you had not a farthing!"

"Frank, that is very ugly and very foolish pride!" expostulated Beatrice. "If we love each other truly, how can it matter which of us has the money? But if you feel so, I wish indeed I had not a farthing."

"Dearest, you are more noble than I! No, it does not—it shall not matter. And you shall do this for my mother, not because it is in the least necessary, but because I know it will make you happier to do it. And now, Beaty, that we have settled our own affairs, like two selfish, egotistical young people, let me give you some news that I am sure will interest you. Both my sisters are engaged."

"To be married? Oh, Frank, I am so glad! Tell me all about it."

The "all about it" which, in willing obedience, the young man proceeded to explain in many words, we may repeat in a few.

Upon her brother's obtaining the lucrative post which the Marquis of Southdip had been instrumental (at Sir Wilfred Carradus's instance) in procuring for him, the young baronet had again pressed his suit with Christine. But even then the high-spirited girl had refused to listen to him, and had only done so eventually within the last fortnight, since her sister Euphemia had become engaged. How happy she was in thus being able at length to reward Sir Wilfred's faithful devotion, and at the same time to indulge her own affection, there is little need to declare. But to whom had Miss Effie promised her hand? The history of this *affaire de cœur* was rather a romantic one.

It will be remembered that during her visit to Childersthorpe, Effie had entered into a friendship (rather sudden, perhaps, in its nature, but none the less strong) with Mrs. Ingram, wife of the new rector of Lowry's Dale, and that she had accepted an invitation to go and stay with this lady directly she became settled at the Rectory. The promised visit was very shortly claimed.

But scarcely had Effie been a week in her house before Mrs. Ingram was taken ill. The illness turned out to be a serious one, and Effie remained to exercise her lately-found vocation in nursing her friend. At the end of three months—throughout which time Miss Rossiter's kindness and devotion had been unparalleled—Mrs. Ingram died.

On her death-bed she committed to Effie's maternal care her little girl, to whom the former had grown passionately attached. Moreover, she separately expressed, both to her husband and to her friend—whom she had learned to regard with an affection surpassing that of a sister—an earnest desire that they should love and marry one another. To this singular request neither of them had promised acquiescence; but after his wife's death, the rector had allowed himself to think a great deal of Effie, and with each passing month the idea which the dying lady had suggested had grown pleasanter to his mind.

Upon her return to London, Effie, with Mr. Ingram's consent, had carried away with her his little three-year-old girl, and the child had continued to reside with her ever since the mother's death. As a matter of course, the rector had paid frequent visits to his child and his child's guardian. But when, a fortnight ago, he had presented himself at Highgate, it had been without any present intention of proposing to Miss Rossiter. The temptation, however, of finding Effie alone, the influence of her fair, golden-haired beauty, and the sight of his child's attachment to her, had altogether been too much for him, and he had been carried away to make her an unpremeditated offer of his heart and home; which offer Effie had accepted.

"And very happy the arrangement seems to have made them both," observed Frank, when he had finished recounting this little story to Beatrice. "Ingram is a man of good family and fortune, and one of the nicest fellows I know. And Effie, who is much changed since you saw her, will make a capital clergyman's wife. They will not, however, be married for some time—at least six months. I shouldn't wonder, do you know, if they made a double wedding of it—Christine and she. In fact, Christine hinted something of the sort, and warned me that I should have to get leave of absence, and come home to be present at the all-important ceremony."

"But, Frank, will you go *now* to Scotland? *Must* you go?"

"My darling, I must," he replied. "It will be hard for me to leave you, but I have made the engagement, and I am bound to keep it. Besides, I should not like to throw it up. Having once tasted the pleasure of working for my own living, little girl, I don't intend ever again to lead an idle or aimless life."

"Little girl, indeed! How dare you address a woman who is engaged to be married in such a style, sir?" demanded Beatrice, laughing. "But, dear Frank, you are right," she added. "I should not like you to be idle. I think every man ought to work. But you will come back to live in England, and you will get into Parliament some day, Frank. Oh! I shall be so ambitious for you, when you are my—my husband."

As the little woman pronounced the last word with a pretty hesitating shyness, Frank again clasped her to his breast.

"Oh, Beatrice, I am too happy!" he said. "I can hardly believe yet that this great bliss is real. I almost want to go away now, and think about it alone. And, dearest, I must be back in London this evening. I shall have to leave you soon. But to-morrow, or the day after, I will see you again. Meanwhile, then, it is settled that I go to Scotland. I should like to keep my post there for a year. But, Beaty, need it be so long before we are married? A factor, you know, is allowed the luxury of a wife. If I return in six months for my sisters' weddings, would you—will you promise to go back with me?"

"No, no! Oh, Frank! it is only two months yet since poor papa died. I could not think of marrying for more than a year to come."

"More than a year!" he repeated. "But no matter, dearest; I will not tease you to decide that question just at present. Now tell me, Beatrice, where in the meantime will you live? Not at Dunscarley Park?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed; "my associations with that house are all too sad. I could not bear to live there again. We will have a new home, Frank, you and I—a bright new home somewhere, and leave that to the ghosts of old days."

"Yes," assented Frank, his open face reflecting the joy in hers; "but till that home is found, will you go and live with my mother, Beaty, at Highgate?"

"Ah! if I might. Oh, yes, that would make me so happy!"

"Then it shall be so. I will bring you the invitation when I come again. Now, love, let me look at the railway-guide."

"Not until you have eaten something, Frank. I had quite forgotten that there were such base considerations as luncheon or dinner. Aunt Ettrick would

be shocked at my inhospitality. And before you go, there is some one—something—that you must see. Polyphemus is here, Frank, in the stable. Dear old Phemus! you must take him with you to Scotland."

the good lady recovered, in a great measure, the bright spirits and sunny temper which had formerly characterised her, so that there was nothing to mar the happiness of the household. At the end of six

"THE LITTLE WOMAN WHISPERED A SECRET IN HER HUSBAND'S EAR" (*p.* 717).

Little more remains to be told. For six peaceful months Beatrice lived with her "aunt" (as she began to call Mrs. Rossiter) and her cousins, in their pretty Highgate house. Contented with the future prospects of all her children, made comfortable for the present with a carriage, and a supply of more money than could possibly be spent in this comparatively small abode, and especially delighted with certain plans over which she and Beatrice frequently ruminated together,

months Frank took a brief holiday from his onerous duties, and returned home to give away his two sisters to their respective husbands.

Then, when he had gone back to Sunderland, Beatrice and Mrs. Rossiter set to work in the carrying out of their private projects.

A second six months passed like a dream. Once more young Rossiter returned to England, this time to find his promised bride and his mother in the habita-

tion of a fine old mansion in Hampshire, which had once belonged to the family of a nobleman. The house was situated amidst very beautiful scenery, to which hill, wood, and water lent their varied charms, and it was not more than ten miles distant from Childersthorpe. Thither had been removed the costly furniture, the plate, the horses and carriages, from Dunscarley Park—now let to a tenant of high rank; and there Mrs. Rossiter had her own *suite* of rooms, which Beatrice declared must always belong to her.

The wedding, which after Frank's return was not long delayed, took place from the house of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Carradus. At Beatrice's urgent request, it was a very quiet affair. Martin Callender acted as best man, and the Rev. Charles Ingram, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, performed the ceremony. Before the marriage, Frank had insisted upon having every shilling of the great Dunscarley property secured to its rightful inheritrix, and deeds to that effect had been drawn up. A week after the wedding, however, as the young husband and wife stood hand-in-hand gazing from a quiet spot near Interlaken at the great white dome of the Jungfrau—sensible of that deep, indescribable emotion which steals over one in presence of the brooding majesty of a great mountain—that strange sense of rest and peace, as though all the chafings and worries of life were hushed to sleep in view of the still serenity of those changeless and unchangeable heights—there the little woman whispered a secret in her husband's ear.

"Don't be angry with me, Frank. I could not be happy else. The night before our marriage I burned that settlement deed which you would have drawn up. I could not endure that my husband should ever feel like a pensioner on my bounty. And you cannot help it now, Frank; the property is all yours."

In presence of the great mountain, Frank took the announcement more calmly than Beatrice had expected. "My sweet wife, I cannot scold you," he protested, "though I am sorry. The action was like my Beatrice, and if I could love you the better for it I would. But to love you better would be impossible!"

Martin Callender became ere long a Royal Academician, and to the end of their lives we may be sure he will remain the dearest friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rossiter. Lord Finchinbray recovered from the illness which the shock of his wife's sudden death had occasioned, to become a more confirmed misoginist than ever. The Honourable Clarence, reduced to a state of impecuniosity through his own follies, hangs on the skirts of his brother's unwilling bounty, and waits for the death of the elder man, who in all probability will outlive him.

THE END.

TO NOVEMBER.

DULL drear November once again,
With wind and fog and drenching rain,
Is here; but we will not complain,
The past hath been so kind.
Spring came with blossoms in her hair,
And Summer brought us posies rare,
And Autumn set right goodly fare
For gentle and for hind.

Spring as a simple little child,
With looks which every heart beguiled,
And rosy lips that always smiled,
Told a right pleasant tale;
She said, the snowdrop on her breast
Sprang ever from its wintry rest
When from the far-off balmy west
Stole the first kindly gale.

And Summer as a blushing maid,
In all her virgin best arrayed,
Came full of song by hill and glade—
Joy, her attendant page.
Where fell the light of her blue eyes,
There bud and blossom would arise
Till earth became a Paradise,
And ours a golden age.

As brown as any gipsy queen,
Wearing a robe of faded green,
Was Autumn's stately figure seen
Slow moving through the land.
At castle gate and cottage door
She ever paused awhile to pour
Some goodly gifts from out her store,
And with a lavish hand.

Well then, though Spring may pass away,
And Summer blossoms all decay,
And Autumn make so short a stay,
Their missions are not vain.
Spring's offerings charm both heart and eye,
And Summer breathes a prophecy
Autumn fulfils when she heaps high
Our floors with fruit and grain.

Then do your worst, November! rail
And buffet us with wind and hail,
However fierce you may assail,
You are not here for long;
As past experience reveals,
Before we ring our Christmas peals,
Time will have laid you by the heels,
And sung your funeral song.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

THE COMMON DEFORMITIES OF CHILDREN:

THEIR CAUSES AND TREATMENT. BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MANY children are afflicted by chronic ailments and deformities, which require the most constant attention, if the sufferer would have any chance of being restored to health or the perfection of bodily strength. Some of these are congenital, or date from the time of birth, others are the result of accident, or exhibit themselves by degrees while the child is still young. Some of them can be cured, some are incurable, but nearly all can be in some way ameliorated.

Now, as in all cases of chronic disease in children, whether of the bones, or muscles, or internal organs, the greatest care should be taken that the condition of the little patient is kept up to, or as near to health mark as possible.

Particular care should be taken with regard to diet. This ought to be suitable for the age of the child, and the meals should be given with the greatest regularity. Children should never be permitted to fast too long, nor should they be allowed to eat too much at a time. They ought to be taught at a very early age the benefits of eating slowly and masticating well. The clothing should be light, but warm, comfortable, and moderately loose. Flannel, the softest that can be procured and well shrunk, should be worn next the skin, and there ought to be no tightness of the dress anywhere, neither in feet, legs, waist, arms, nor neck. Garters and corsets are injurious to the health. An over-amount of coddling is most injudicious. Plenty of exercise in the open air is imperative if health is to be maintained. Many a poor child is positively starved for want of fresh air. Close stuffy nurseries and badly ventilated bed-rooms have to account for a deal of infantile mortality, and a vast deal of the unhealthiness that renders life to many at best but a burden and a weariness.

The value of personal cleanliness in childen cannot be over-rated. I know there are many people who think it is quite enough if the little ones are "bath"ed once a week. This is a great mistake ; face and hands and feet should be kept constantly clean, and the bath, cold or tepid, used *every* night at bed-time. This, if the supper has not been a late one, will conduce to sound sleep, without which a child can never be well. Seven o' clock should be bed-time with young children ; the bed itself should be a moderately hard mattress, never feathers or down, and the bed-clothes ought to be light, for perspiration is most weakening, especially if the child be at all delicate.

Rickets is a disease of children, which is unfortunately too well known to need a very minute description, and one which is accountable for not a few of the non-congenital deformities of childhood. It usually attacks children of a scrofulous tendency in preference to others. There may be said to be three distinct stages of this terrible disorder. The first is called by M.Guérin the stage of incubation, the second the stage of deformity, and the third that of transition of the organs to a healthy condition. Of 346 cases described by this gentleman, three had arisen before birth, ninety-eight in the first year, one hundred and seventy-six in the second, thirty-five in the third, and thirty-four between the ages of three and six.

Although almost any one can tell a rickety child at a glance, it is well to be able to descry the very earliest symptoms of the disease, so as to be able to combat them in time.

The child then, to begin with, is a weakly one, and probably the parents are not over-strong. The former is languid and sickly-looking, peevish, sad, and tender about the body and limbs, which at first may be normal enough, though slight and soft. Gradually, however, comes on debility and wasting, occasional attacks of diarrhœa, and perhaps some swelling of the joints. The progress of dentition is not satisfactory, the head not shapely—it may be large and protruding as to brow.

With the appearance of the bones in the more advanced stage of rickets all are familiar ; the bending of the thigh-bones outwards, to which the name *bow-legs* is given ; the inbending of the knees, called *knock-knees ;* and the deformity of the chest. This last is often very marked ; the chest is wide at the lower part and narrow at the shoulders, and the stomach is generally much tumified. This state is, expressively enough, called *pigeon-breast.* Along with these visible symptoms are general ill-health and dyspepsia. The appetite is variable ; there are attacks of feverishness ; the face is sallow, and the muscles soft and flabby. There are many secondary symptoms, which I need not call attention to, further than to say that a rickety child is more liable to be attacked by ordinary infantile troubles than any other, not to mention several special complaints. And indeed it is these last which increase the dangers of the disease, and so often carry the patient off. Now, as the disorder is due to an impoverished condition of the blood, which causes a deficiency in the earthy matter of the bones, it is plain that all treatment must be directed to improving the child's health and constitution.

Rickets in children ought to be anticipated, and during the first year of its life, if an infant be puny, puling, and weakly, the greatest care ought to be taken of it. If the mother is apparently not strong enough to nurse the child well, a healthy young nurse should be procured, and in addition to the milk

a little farinaceous food should be given as early as the eighth month, and gradually stronger food, such as egg-yolk, broth, beef-tea, very tender meat minced, &c.

The room in which the patient sleeps should be warm, but at the same time most judiciously ventilated, and the clothing he wears by day should be soft and warm.

Complications should be watched for, and the assistance of a medical man procured at once if anything like a bad cold should come, or diarrhœa, or child-crowing. If aperient medicine should be required, it must be of the mildest kind, such as a little castor-oil, a tea-spoonful or two of senna syrup, or rhubarb. Parrish's chemical food—dose according to age—does a deal of good in cases of rickets, especially when taken in conjunction with cod-liver oil.

The patient should not be taught the use of his legs too soon, and if there be signs of malformation coming on, properly adjusted splints should be worn for a few hours every day.

Sea-air and sea-bathing are of much service in this complaint, and so is goat's milk, when it can be taken. Sometimes a course of quinine and iron tonics does good, but this must be at the bidding of a medical man only.

It will be seen that, to give a child suffering from rickets a chance of recovery, *great* care and *constant* attention are needed, and continued obedience to the orders of the physican who has been called in to see the case. Any neglect may be fatal to life, or at all events to the future well-being of the little patient.

There are a variety of deformities of the feet, usually classed under the generic name of *club-foot*. Some of these are the result of malformation before birth, but in a large number of cases, weakness in the bones, muscles, or ligaments that bind the joints is the cause. All cases of club-foot require surgical treatment, and the sooner this is had recourse to the better it will be for the child himself, and for all interested in him.

Weakness of the ankle-joint in children is very common, and may ultimately lead to distressing deformity. The child is observed to have a tendency to turn the foot either out or in at the ankle-joint, which appears somewhat swollen and deformed. The heels of the boots are not worn on an even keel, and the very wearing of boots or shoes down at the heel at either side tends to increase the deformity. This should therefore be guarded against; they ought to be protected with steel at the sides where they are most worn. Meanwhile, attention to the general health is imperative. Iron tonics should be given, with cod-liver oil, and the syrup of the phosphates. Further than the wearing of an elastic bandage and boots that fit pretty tightly, and daily salt water douching to strengthen the ligaments, no other local treatment will be needed.

Children that are in the slightest degree weakly, flabby in muscle, pale-faced, and small in bone, should never be permitted to walk too much, nor to learn to walk too soon.

There is an affection of the hip-joint usually called *hip disease*, which takes a variety of forms, and can only be conducted to a successful termination by a skilful surgeon or physician. It comes on slowly and insidiously; some pain about the knee may perhaps be complained about, a slight degree of limping is observed, and the patient while in bed prefers lying on the opposite side. When anything of the kind is noticed, aid should be procured immediately; all a parent can do is to obey the orders of the family physician, see that no undue strain is ever put on the painful limb, and attend to the general health of the child.

The diet should be most nutritious, but at the same time capable of easy digestion, and the state of the bowels regulated. The use of a tepid bath with sea-salt in it does much good if taken regularly, and supplemented by rubbing of the skin with the rough towel or flesh-brush. Tonics will be needed also, and cod-liver oil. During the progress of the case feverishness may often supervene, when a medical man must be called in. Change of air and residence at the sea-side are very beneficial during the stage of convalescence.

Curvature of the spine is a very distressing affection. Too much stooping, whether in school or at work, may give rise to it. But whatever be the cause, or at whatever age the disease—for disease it is—comes on, medical aid should be resorted to. In young children it is important that the spine should have complete rest. For this purpose the little patient is placed upon cushions, or has a couch especially adapted for his complaint, while everything possible must be done to strengthen his constitution, and much can be accomplished in this way by nutritious diet, tonics, pure air, well-ventilated sleeping apartments, the gentlest carriage exercise, and sea-air. If there be any strumous or scrofulous taint, cod-liver oil and Parrish's chemical food will do good, and counter-irritation along the side of the spine may be required. Older children must be kept reclining; walking or anything to cause a strain on the spinal column must be forbidden.

Some children are very subject to *swellings about the throat and neck*, and these cases are too often treated at home, to the child's detriment. At all events, a medical man's advice should be taken; the home treatment will then consist in strict obedience to his orders, and in being careful to feed and treat the child according to the principles of hygiene.

What are commonly called *ruptures* are very common among children. They must be seen to by a surgeon, and if he advises it, a properly adjusted truss must be worn.

Most cases of *hare-lip* can now be remedied by proper surgical treatment. They ought, however, to be seen to in time.

What is called *tongue-tying* I merely mention in order to warn the reader against allowing a non-professional person to interfere in the slightest with it.

Let me also in conclusion warn my readers never to be led away by the pretensions of unqualified quacks, or mischief may result that never can be remedied.

A Wind came down from the Stars.

A WOMAN'S SONG.*

Words by ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK, Mus.B.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegretto. *Sempre Ped.* *p* *Sempre legato.*

1. A wind came down from the stars And lov - ing - ly did knell..... A - mid these trem - bling, trem - bling bars, As a bee in the heart of a bell, As a
af - ter the wind was a - sleep, For a mo - ment the harp made moan..... With a sound like the far - off, far - off deep In its sob - bing un - der - tone, In its
hand that could sweep the strings, And make rich roun - de - lays..... Out of its se - cret, se - cret things, As prayer can be made in - to praise! As

* The music being in the key of G minor, the leading note (F sharp) has been placed as part of the key-signature—to which it properly belongs—instead of being used where required as an accidental.

bee in the heart of a bell Mur - m'reth, mur - m'reth af - ter its
surg - ing un - der - tone, Or rain in the mirk wood -
prayer can be made in - to praise! Ah! There were the coun - ter -

quest— As a bee in the heart, in the heart of a bell Mur -
- land— In its surg - ing, surg - ing un - der - tone, Wea -
- part! As prayer can be made, can be made in - to praise! Ah!

- - mur - eth af - ter its quest— Mur - m'reth, mur - m'reth af - ter its
- - ri - ly mak - ing de - mand, mak - ing, mak - ing de -
There were the coun - ter - part! There..... were the coun - ter -

rall. *colla voce.*

pp

quest— As a child,..... at the mo - ther's breast, In the
- mand, Me - thought, me-thought, for "a hand, a hand," Me -
- part! And that..... were the mas - ter - art To

pp

place that it lov - eth, lov - eth best Sigh - eth it - self to
- thought, for "a hand that could un - der-stand!" "a hand that could un - der -
bid *my* song, *my* song up - start— For mine's an Æ - o - lian

dolce.

rest,..... Sigh - eth it - self to rest;..... As a
- stand!"..... "a hand that could un - der - stand!"..... Me -
Heart,..... For mine's an Æ - o - lian Heart;..... To

rall.

child, at the mo - ther's breast,..... Sigh - eth it - self to
- thought, for "a hand, a hand, a hand that could un - der -
bid *my*..... song up - start— For mine's an Æ - o - lian

rall colla voce.

1st and 2nd times. *Last time.*

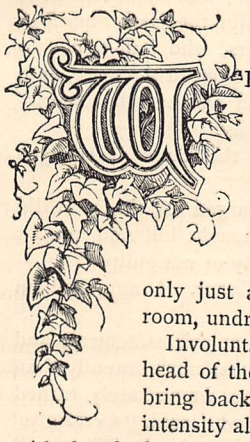
rest.
- stand!"
Heart!

2. Yet
3. A

pp *morendo.*

HIS OWN SHADOW.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



WHEN I came to myself I was in a room at the back of the courts, while an old woman was doing her best to set me right. She was so far successful as to enable me to return to the hotel in a cab. Arrived there I was only just able to crawl up-stairs to my room, undress, and prepare for bed.

Involuntarily I cast my eyes on the head of the sofa, and it was sufficient to bring back to me with renewed force and intensity all the circumstances connected with the shadow on the wall. What was it to me if a thousand burglaries had been committed, and why should I dread the evidence of old Tom or Hunter or any one else? Nonsense! madness! I would banish these absurd hallucinations. I would laugh at my visionary troubles. With such hideous fancies rushing through my brain, I fell back on my pillow in a sleep which resembled stupefaction.

How long my stupor lasted I know not, but it must have been some hours, for when I awoke it was dark and the streets were silent.

For some time I heard nothing except a clock in a neighbouring tower chiming the quarter, but presently I could distinctly hear voices in the house, which seemed to come nearer and nearer until they eventually remained stationary outside my door. Then one voice, which I recognised, said—

"You are quite certain about it?"

"Quite."

"Very well, remain here until I call.

"Now, Summers—" then came a loud knock at the door.

"Who is there?" I cried, jumping from the bed; when, before I could reach the foot of it, the door opened and Sergeant Jobson, from our village, and a stranger entered the room.

Jobson, advancing, laid a hand on my shoulder and said, "*John Carter*, I arrest you on the charge of, on the ——— day of ———, feloniously breaking and entering the house of Sir Thomas Grateman; and I further charge you with wilfully and of malice aforethought killing and murdering William Harris!"

"*What!*" I screamed at the top of my voice. "Man, are you mad? Don't you see to whom you are speaking? Jobson, do you not recognise me? Give me the candle. Here, place it close to my face. Now, now you can see that *I am* the William Harris who you say is dead!"

"Very clever, Carter, and would do very well for a play hactor, but it ain't no good. Put on your clothes and come along, unless you wants me to take you as you stands."

"But, Jobson——"

"Now drop it," shouted he. "Dress yourself and put up your things, for I mean to catch the midnight train. Don't you hear?"

Stunned and bewildered, I obeyed him mechanically, and soon passed out of my door, down the stairs, through the hall, and out of the house, where there was a cab waiting into which the three of us got; the door was closed, we were driven off to Euston, and in a few minutes were journeying towards Liverpool.

I pass over that tedious night, which for me had nothing but suffering both mental and bodily. I need only say that before dawn broke I was driven up to the entrance of the Liverpool Bridewell or lock-up, and, being admitted, was passed quickly through to a cell, in which I was securely locked.

Harassed and enduring such agony of mind as I was, the fatigue of the journey was so great that I threw myself on the small pallet and immediately fell asleep.

At length I was touched on the arm, and mechanically I followed a warder up a long stone staircase, and emerging through a doorway, found myself in the dock of a police-court.

What took place I cannot relate. I was conscious only that the court was crowded, and that every face seemed to turn upon me.

After remaining in the dock for some time a warder grasped my shoulder. I turned towards him and saw his lips move, but hearing nothing I gave no reply. He then shouted in my ear, "Do you wish to say anything? You are not compelled to make any statement, but anything you may say now will be taken down, and used in evidence against you on your trial."

My tongue was loosed, and turning to the magistrate I exclaimed, "I wish to know why I am here? I want no dumb show, no hollow mockery. In the name of all that is just I claim——"

I was stopped by the warder, and was quickly removed down the stairs, back through the gloomy corridors, back to my cell, back to my solitary despair, and to an almost chaotic darkness.

Hours must have passed away, when a warder opened the door of my cell, and standing in the passage without, beckoned me to go with him. This I did, and was conducted to a prison van, standing in a courtyard, into which I got with a number of other prisoners, and I knew that I was being driven off to the prison where I was to await my trial.

And now commenced the most intolerable period of my life. Not that I had aught to complain of in the way I was treated; for, despite the crime with which I was charged, I experienced much kindness, mingled though it was with discipline. I remember faintly that, after I had been in the prison for some time, a woman was one day brought to the pallet on which I lay. I could see her approach, and then suddenly

start back with a cry of horror, while she screamed, "No, no! Take me away! I don't know him! There is blood upon his hands!"

It was my wife, and she fled from me as a loathsome thing! but I was too weak to utter a sound.

So, too, my old master came, and with a grave face stood over me as I lay, saying after some hesitation, "The resemblance is there, but it is not poor Harris." Without another word he was gone.

Time, which usually is said to fly, dragged its weary length along inside the prison walls, until I was at last informed that my trial would take place on the following day.

Instead of this being to me a cause of much anxiety and trepidation, I hailed it with joy, for although I had been renounced by some, there yet remained others who, I was more than confident, would by their testimony release me from my impending doom, and once more set me free.

I gave little thought to my defence, for I felt unlimited confidence in my ultimate acquittal, but I certainly realised the peril of my position in that I had no friend who would assist me by instructing counsel on my behalf. Strangely enough the near approach of the trial had one beneficial effect, namely, I enjoyed a night of unbroken slumber, and in the morning was not so distressingly weak and unrefreshed as I had been on every other morning since that dreadful night when my shadow was cast upon the wall, and from which my troubles seemed to have taken their origin. Of one thing I felt confident, that the unfortunate resemblance between the real culprit of the burglary and myself would certainly be the key-note of the prosecution.

To pass on with my record. I was at some pains about my personal appearance on the morning of my trial, and so made considerable use of the mirror which was allowed me. Therein I saw that my appearance had completely changed since my incarceration. My cheeks, which formerly had been round and of a florid complexion, were hollow, gaunt, and wasted away, and drawn in tightly to my jaws; my eyes seemed to protrude, and were bloodshot almost to unsightliness; while the dark lines underneath them denoted either ravaging disease or consuming torment of mind. My nose seemed pinched and sharp, while my hair, which I remembered only as of a dark brown, was streaked with grey, "but not with years."

Instantly my nerve was gone, and in the hour of my utmost need I was once more stricken down into a feeble and drivelling wretch.

For the second time I was placed in the dock, surrounded by men, some whose hearts were so hardened or become callous by a long association with similar scenes as to be rendered insensible to sorrow such as mine, and others in whom there could yet be awakened that chord of sympathy which by "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

For some minutes I was unconscious of what was going on, so confused had I become at the moment of entering the dock after traversing the dimly-lighted passages below, and the sudden scene which the densely-crowded court presented completely unnerved me. I could hear the murmur of many voices as I came in sight, I could see the judge opposite to me with a sad grave face, the chaplain, the High Sheriff in glittering uniform, the barristers, who half-turned to look at me as I came to the front of the dock, and, for the rest, crowds of men and women, whose curiosity was greater than their charity.

I was not kept long before the Clerk of Arraigns addressed me as follows:—

"John Carter, you stand charged for that you did wilfully and of malice aforethought kill and murder William Harris. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"My name is not John Carter. I am William Harris."

There was much confusion at this statement, and every eye was fixed upon me even more intently than before. The Clerk of Arraigns immediately turned round and spoke to the judge, who said, "Certainly," in an undertone, and then added aloud, "That will be recorded as a plea of not guilty."

After this he asked if "the prisoner was represented by counsel," and being informed to the contrary, he requested one gentleman to act for me. A minute afterwards and the leading counsel for the prosecution rose to make his opening statement.

I will not follow him *verbatim*, but state shortly the facts which he laid before the jury.

It seems that the man who committed the burglary had, by extraordinary ingenuity on his part and gross stupidity on that of the police, escaped from confinement. A clue was, however, quickly discovered, and by following this up with all haste the culprit was traced to London. And now comes the marvellous part of the evidence which connected me with, and subsequently placed me in the dock as, John Carter.

It appeared that, in my then unhappy state of mind, I had addressed the telegram giving my address to names which, while they bore some resemblance to my firm, yet were so mis-spelled as to confuse the officials in the telegraph office in Liverpool; and it was not until, being anxious to hear from me, the firm had sent a clerk to inquire at the office, that it was discovered for whom the message was intended. Then, again, I had not put my own address, but had merely said, "All safe; letter follows." And on their despatching a telegram to the London agents, a reply was returned that I had not been seen or heard of.

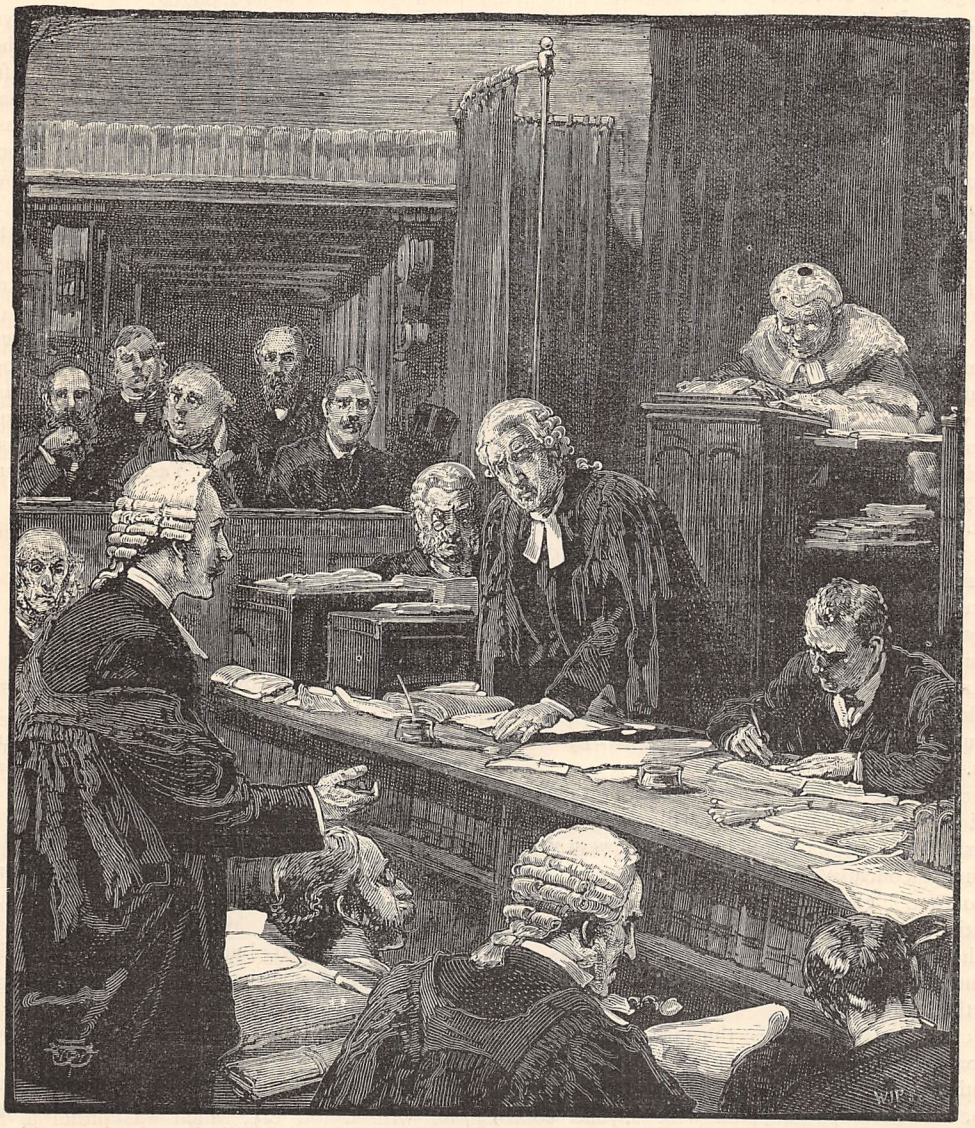
The statement of counsel went on to relate how my firm had communicated with the police, and how it so happened that the two detective officers who respectively had charge of the case of burglary and my mysterious disappearance, acting on their dogmatic rule of putting two and two together, had come to the conclusion that by pursuing their inquiries together they would the more readily gain information certainly on one, if not on both of the cases in hand. They proceeded to Westminster, and discovered that I had been present at a conference (?) with Sir Jasper. There they had lost all trace of me.

The next link in the chain of evidence was the discovery of the body of a man who had been brutally

murdered. The features were mutilated in a shocking and revolting manner, so as to render recognition a matter of some difficulty, especially as there was no paper or document on his person whereby he could be identified. The principals of my firm were communicated with, and after much deliberation the body was pronounced to be that of myself, William Harris.

This having been done, it remained to find out the perpetrator of the crime, and with this object the police redoubled their efforts. Up to this point they had in no way connected Carter with the murder, and they were considerably at fault in their pursuit of the murderer, for at the discovery of the body of the murdered man, the evidence for the time being stopped short. There was an inquest, with the usual verdict against some person or persons unknown.

Precaution was then taken to obtain a photograph of the murdered man's face, which was done immediately. The only position which could be adopted with any degree of resemblance was in profile, and this was accordingly carried out. The detectives obtained copies of this photograph, and the search was renewed. It so happened that one of them purposely entered into conversation with a cabman at Palace Yard, Westminster, and easily led up to the murder, which at that time was a common topic of conversation. The



"'YOUR LORDSHIP WILL ALLOW ME TO WITHDRAW FROM THE CASE——'" (p. 726).

cabman made a remark that he would have liked to have seen "the poor devil as was murdered." The detective, knowing his man, showed the photograph, whereupon the cabman immediately said that he recognised in it the face of the man he had driven from Westminster Hall to the ——— Hotel (where I was stopping). This evidence was valuable, but a discovery, equally important, had been made almost simultaneously in another quarter, to the effect that two men of very similar appearance had been observed together not far from the scene of the murder.

Here then the case stood. The murdered man had been (wrongly) identified as William Harris, and the cabman had driven to the ——— Hotel another man who so closely resembled the victim that he, the cabman, asserted it was one and the same person, and finally it was known that my profile resembled that of the burglar. No time was lost in communicating with Jobson, who was in London, and my arrest, which I have before described, took place.

Counsel, after dwelling on the above facts, proceeded to enlarge on the fact that, whereas the bag of papers, which were of no value to a thief, were missing, yet in possession of the prisoner (myself) were found all the valuables which had belonged to, or were in the custody of, as he said, "the unfortunate William Harris."

He then went on to state how he would call witnesses to show that the prisoner (myself again) had been in the company of the murdered man in the very locality where the murder had been committed, how William Harris (myself) had never after been seen alive, and how the murderer had gone, with the bravado of a practised assassin, to the hotel, and had taken up the quarters previously occupied by William Harris.

The evidence for the prosecution was then proceeded with, but into its details I will not conduct my readers. The facts, as stated by counsel, were proved in the most conclusive and damning manner. From time to time I glanced at the jury, but met with no sympathetic look in return; I turned to the witnesses, and the gaze of horror which met me was supplemented with a look of non-recognition which chilled me to the heart.

My counsel rose to address the jury, and before he had proceeded far it was easy to understand that he was indeed going to adopt the plea of insanity. My shame, indignation, and pain were beyond control, and I burst forth—

"My lord, I cannot allow my defence to be conducted by that gentleman, now that I see a plea will be urged which has no foundation of truth in it, and I claim the right of conducting my own case."

"If your lordship will allow me to withdraw from the case——" said my counsel.

"Mr. ——," said the judge, "if you prefer to do so, I cannot prevent you."

"If your lordship pleases," and he sat down without further remark.

"You are now at liberty to proceed," said the judge addressing me.

"My lord, I wish to summon some of those before you, who will, I doubt not, speak the truth concerning me."

"Whom do you wish to call?"

"Thomas Humbleton."

Old Tom was present, and soon stood in the box, fixing upon me a hard, piercing look.

"Tom," I exclaimed, "you know me, don't you?"

He did not speak for some moments, and then said slowly, "Ay, I know you; I saw you comin' from the Hall after you committed the burglary. I saw your long shadow against the moon as plainly as I see you now. Yes! I know *you*, and I knew poor Will. But when I look at *your* face I see—not Will—not Will."

He could get no further, but tottered from the box, sobbing like a child.

The effect of old Tom's evidence upon me was indescribable, and on being asked if I was desirous of calling any one else I only gasped, "Hunter," who almost immediately appeared. To him I appealed in the same strain. He answered my appeal thus:—

"Remember you? Yes, among ten thousand I would swear to the features which cast the shadow in the pantry at the Hall. Yes, I know you, well! Would that I did not!"

I was mute and stood clutching the rail in front of me with the energy of desperation.

"Is there any one else you desire to call?"

"Yes—my wife."

"Whom do you mean?"

"My wife—the wife of William Harris!"

She was called, and horror-stricken I saw her attired in the deepest mourning ascend the steps of the witness-box. After the oath was administered nobody spoke for a few moments. I could not find utterance, and stood motionless.

"What do you wish to ask this lady?"

"My wife!" I ejaculated at last, in a voice faint and hoarse, "I am standing, an innocent man, at the foot of the scaffold; my persecutors surround and would condemn me. My face, my form, nay, my very voice has changed, but surely there is yet left that which must tell you that your husband speaks——"

She stopped me by a gesture, and holding up her hand, said, "Man, blacken not your soul with yet another sin. I know you not!"

"Hear me, hear me!" I cried, but it was too late, for with a low cry, which was pitiful to hear and harder to bear than all the relentless evidence that had been given against me, she fell fainting into the arms of old Tom Humbleton, who helped to lead her from the court, and with the departure of my swooning wife all hope forsook me.

"Have you any one else to call, or do you wish to say anything?"

I opened my lips, I stretched out my hand, but my tongue refused to move, and my throat was so parched and dry that, save a groan, no sound escaped me.

The scene goes on. Voices continue. The jury retire. They return, and dead silence ensues. Again a voice, and another saying, "GUILTY." Then the

murmur of many voices, the court seems darkened, and once more silence as of death. Now a calm, grave voice is addressing me, not in harrowing terms for past sins, but in earnest exhortation for my eternal welfare.

The voice continues, "You have been found guilty, and the law says that you must die." Here there is a pause, the speaker apparently overcome with emotion, while sobs of women are audible.

"You will be taken from this court . . ." A wild despairing cry, and I fall back insensible.

* * * * *

"Where am I? Who are you? What do you want with me? Ah! Yes, yes, I remember! Well, I am quite ready, only help me off this bed, and then——"

"Hush, my darling. 'Tis I, your own loving wife! You are quite safe. There, rest your head on my shoulder—so. You have been very ill, dear, but you will soon be well."

"Why are you here?" I ask as I gaze up into her eyes. "Why do you come to me when you deny——"

"You must not talk, darling. You have been ill for a long time, and have fancied such dreadful things, but it is all over now, thank God!"

My senses gradually return, and as I realise that I am clasped safely in the arms of my loving wife, I burst into a passionate fit of tears, which, gradually ceasing, leaves me in a deep slumber.

* * * * *

Six weeks have passed. I stand by the side of my wife on the deck of a steamer gliding smoothly along the shores of the Mediterranean, and she is recounting the things I uttered in my delirium. It will have been understood now that my fevered body gave way on my return from Westminster Hall after having lost my papers, and that the subsequent events recorded were merely the imaginations of a disordered brain.

My employers had been more than kind, and I suffered no pecuniary loss from my illness. In addition to this, the voyage I am now enjoying has been undertaken at their request, and also at their expense.

My wife and I remain side by side far into the evening, we watch the setting sun dip down silently into the sea, but we still gaze at the glorious colours which seem to sweep the sky from the west to the zenith, and while my heart is too full to speak, I hear a sweet, low voice murmur, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

WALTER WIMPOLE.

GARDENING IN NOVEMBER.

IN the ordinary course of nature, we are bidding farewell by this time to the vast majority of our flowers, but yet there are necessarily a few upon which we are still bestowing particular attention, and upon which, therefore, something must be said before we turn off to our general routine-work. And there is one flower, at all events, this month which even those of us who are gasping under the ochre canopy that overshadows us in the metropolis nevertheless make a point of visiting in the Temple Gardens, and that is the chrysanthemum. A few words may be said about it here. We are too often very rough with our chrysanthemums. The very fact of their being so tractable, and obedient, and so hardy, occasionally disposes us, in vulgar phraseology, to "sit upon them" altogether. "Ah," we say, "those chrysanthemums—set them out anywhere." And, hardy though they undoubtedly are, a little more pains bestowed upon them will amply reward us, and give us a handsome flower-show which, coming at this dead time of the year, is really a very great help towards enlivening the early winter months. If, then, first, our object is to obtain *large* flowers, we must grow as luxuriantly as we can from the early suckers or cuttings. These young cuttings should be taken in July, grown in small pots, and placed in the open garden. When you find your pot is quite full of roots, shift into a larger one, and if you have a frame they had better be got in there by Michaelmas, while finally your chrysanthemums must all find their way into the green-house, the genial warmth of which will add to the size and expanse of your flowers. They like a little liquid manure during the process of their growth. The merits of a prize chrysanthemum of this class depend upon the actual size of the flower, but it is still a feature of this flower that its colours can never be said to be actually brilliant.

But there are other varieties of the chrysanthemum: if you want to have a shrubby and bushy plant, with plenty of flowers upon it, have your struck cutting attended to in the spring of the year, and pinch off the top of it within some two or three eyes of the base of your young plant. Should the pot in which your plant is, soon become full of roots, shift as soon as possible into one that is two sizes larger, set it then away in a cold frame, and at all events protect it from the sun. Very soon it will begin to send out other shoots, and, as in the cultivation indeed of all bushy plants, if you find one shoot disposed to grow more than the others, take off its head. In the early summer let your chrysanthemum pots be stood on a plank out in the open air, but they want still to be protected from the heat of the sun, at all events during most of the middle of the day. We recommend their being placed on a plank or board, in case their roots should strike through into the earth. As your plant continues growing, give systematic and careful watering, and pinch or take off all too luxuriant shoots, with the

object of allowing your plant to become uniformly shrubby, and when it has become so let it grow on until September, when it can go into your frame, and finally into your green-house. Just, however, before it goes back to the frame, examine the roots, and if necessary shift into a larger-sized pot, as it will never answer to have your flowers at all cramped for room. As your plant is coming into bloom, give once or twice a little diluted liquid manure. Enough, then, we think has been said now on the subject of chrysanthemums.

In our rose-garden, we may safely this month begin forming any new plantation of roses, or we may remove our old ones to any new locality. If you are buying any new roses, see carefully to the point of union between the rose and the stock, and, as a rule, avoid all those that seem slightly connected, and choose those that have strong and clean wood, and that are well grown. This month, however, and in the next, is a

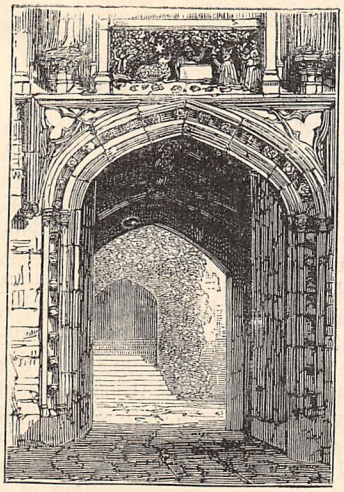
grand time, and in fact the best time, for going yourself to the woods and cutting or getting up your own stocks. This is, though, certainly very rough and fatiguing work, and would hardly be undertaken by most of us; yet if you notice along country high-roads, you will see at times some tired-looking labouring man returning in the evening with his long row of fresh-acquired stocks over his shoulder. These he plants out, and in the following July he will bud them himself. You will see that he puts them all in rows, and some three or four feet apart from each other; and he will either put them so as they can be supported by a rail, or else—which is more often the case, as a rail is seldom handy for use—he will, midway between each stock, drive a good stake well in, and then with a strong cord all along, he will secure the stocks firmly to the stakes, so as to prevent them from being injured by the violent gales, which might otherwise destroy them. There is much work of a heavy character which is not only *suitable* to this month, or to December in the absence of frost, but which positively *cannot* be done at any other time of the year, as much earlier than November the sap is not down, while in the frosts of January we are afraid to move our trees. Hence, we still, and as early in the month as may be, continue putting in our bulbs, or finish any alterations that we began to make last month in the shrubbery; while any changes in turf-laying, or variety in the shape of our beds, must also be finished this month.

The changes among the good old perennials should also be finished off now, and all the beds and borders got into winter order. By the middle of the month all the leaves will be down, and you will therefore, after a good heavy gale, be able to look for final order in your garden. Under no circumstances, however, pull off leaves from, for example, any of your fruit-trees; although it may be safe to carry your broom quite lightly over them for the purpose of facilitating the removal of the foliage; but where you find any decided resistance, and that the leaves still remain on, desist at once from your experiment.

Speaking of fruit-trees, see that all the young and strong-bearing wood is well nailed in its place, and remove all those shoots that you see intend to grow directly perpendicularly from the wall. Indeed, it may well answer your purpose this month to unnail any branches of your wall-fruit that seem disposed to get in one another's way; while old wood that is destitute of any lateral branches may be cut out altogether, when you see at the same time that you have some young branches to supply its place.

The raspberry-canes must be thinned so as to leave some few of the strongest, while the rest should be cut down, the old shoots removed, and the ground dug and manured. And in the kitchen garden have some heavy trenching done, so as to be ready to let your soil gain all the benefit of the frost. A row of peas may be got in, but be careful to choose a favourable aspect. Of course you cannot guarantee their success, but in a mild winter—such as last was—or with some pains taken to protect them from frost, you may succeed in obtaining an early crop in the following season. As for the winter spinach, keep it clear of weeds, and only gather outside leaves. And very soon the real winter will set in, and, perhaps, drive you for a day's work under your glass. Indeed, though we are fond of speaking of the "old" garden, there is always something new to be done in it—some new experiment to make, some new flower to rear and watch—so that "the daily task, the common round" of our craft is not only an unfailing source of pleasure, but, with management, can be made one of domestic economy as well.

COLLEGE CLUBS.



THE Long Vacation is over at length. The swallows have sped their graceful flight to the sunny South, the lawyers have returned to their dusty chambers, and the light-hearted undergraduate tribe is once more thronging its accustomed haunts by the swift-flowing stream of Isis, or the muddy banks of Cam. Very pleasant are the classic shades of our ancient University towns in the long days of the summer holiday. As you wander along the banks of the river, you find that every sheltered spot has its occupant. Reclining on the bank in luxurious ease, the heated "undergrad" relieves the sultriness of the afternoon in the pleasant company of a trusty pipe and the latest novel; and, later in the day, you know that he will probably explain to a chosen few what desperate work the day has brought, while the company makes the most of one of those cheering late teas that are an institution among the few residents during the Long Vacation.

But, somehow, "the Long" is not like term time. It has its advantages certainly; the evenings are longer, the number of men in residence is fewer, and social intercourse cosier than in term. But one misses the familiar sight of troops of men in cap and gown, and altogether there is more or less an air of dulness in the place. But the Long is over in October,

A CLUB MEETING.

and Oxford and Cambridge will have resumed their normal state by the middle of the month. A busy time is the October term, busier in some respects than either of the others. Every college has sustained an invasion of "freshmen," and there is much curiosity evinced as to their merits and capabilities. Moreover, in the October term, all college societies and clubs are in full swing, and there is plenty to do in every department of life.

Clubs and societies are, indeed, an important feature of English University life. Every college has its clubs, their name is legion, and their occupations multifarious—sometimes indescribable. There are the recognised clubs that all colleges possess: boating clubs, debating clubs, football clubs, athletic clubs. And besides all these there are clubs of a more exclusive character: glee clubs, dining clubs, social clubs of every kind and description. For, given a number of undergraduates who fall more or less into each other's tastes and modes of living, you may be certain that a club of some kind will sooner or later be evolved. To the new-comer, if he be not a public school man, the experience will probably be so novel as to be fascinating, and he is liable to hasten to join as many clubs as he can. But this is a mistake. Clubs mean meetings, meetings mean time, and to a University man very often time means Honours. But a moderate indulgence in such pastimes is beneficial to most men. Some prodigies, indeed, seem to be quite independent of any such common-place assistance to success as time. Indeed, there is one well-known instance on record in which a sometime Fellow of a

"A SIMPLE FACE,
UNNOTICED BY THE CROWD, ADMIRED BY FEW,
AND YET WITHAL SO FAIR, AND PURE, AND TRUE."

"A STUDY OF A HEAD" (*p.* 731).

Cambridge college was first-boat captain, football captain, and cricket captain, as well as chairman of the College Debating Society and Musical Society, in the same year that he took his degree among the first four men in the Classical Tripos. But, without possessing the genius that enables a man to take the lead in everything, and win the highest honours as well, college clubs may afford many a pleasant and useful hour of relaxation to the average man.

There are many peculiarities that strike the uninitiated freshman as being remarkable in the conduct of such clubs. The earnestness and zeal with which their members enter into the objects for which the society exists are quite extraordinary. And the formalities with which all matters of club etiquette are observed is not less noticeable. Debating societies, for instance, are at once striking and somewhat amusing in these respects. At the first meeting in the term important business will have to be transacted. The "House" (usually a large lecture-room) will be crowded before the time of meeting arrives. Punctually to the hour the chairman—an undergraduate elected for the term—enters, followed by the secretary. These magnates have no sooner put in an appearance than every cap is removed from the head that appertains to it, and cries of "Order" are raised. Silence follows, and the chairman calls on the secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting. These are duly confirmed. The next business is the election of new members, who are proposed by the chairman, seconded by the secretary, and usually elected *nem. con.* Then comes the debate of the evening, carried on according to the prescribed rules. The opener and opposer will each be allowed to occupy about a quarter of an hour, and other speakers will be restricted to half that time. All the proceedings are conducted on the model of the House of Commons, and if the decisions are not of equal weight, they are as interesting to those immediately concerned in them. Sometimes, indeed, the usual decorum may be disturbed. There may be a "boat supper" in prospect, and then the audience is apt to be less appreciative. It even happens occasionally that general disorder follows the rising of a particular speaker who is known to hold pronounced views on the subject of debate, but this is an unusual occurrence, and the eager rhetoric of the speakers generally receives its due meed of praise or censure at the hands of the critical audience. Such exercises are splendid training for future practice in a wider sphere. Many a statesman has first learned to tolerate the sound of his own voice in the college debating club, and, on the other hand, many a man has learnt in the same school that public speaking is not his forte. However, a failure is taken in good part, and it is something, at any rate, to have discovered a weak point.

But debates are not the only meetings that have to be attended. There is the boat club with all its absorbing interest for the aspiring oarsman, or the football club for him who is swift of foot and strong of limb. In these there is not so much opportunity for the display of oratory, but it is at the terminal meetings that the office-bearers in the various clubs are elected.

Offices in athletic clubs are naturally objects of the greatest desirability from the point of view of the athletic man, and the competition for them is sometimes considerable. All elections are conducted by a primitive kind of ballot. A number of names are proposed and seconded, the list when complete is read out, and each voter writes the name of the candidate whose cause he espouses on a slip of paper. The slips are then collected and the votes counted, the candidate who gains the highest number of votes being, of course, elected. Although offices are keenly desired they are by no means sinecures. In fact, in some clubs the strain on the time and physical strength of the officers is very considerable. But the honour of the post compensates for that, and indeed it is not small; for before a man can gain office he must be popular, and a man is seldom popular in such assemblies without deserving more or less to be so.

But, after all, the publicity of the large college clubs does not compare with the jollity of the smaller societies. It may not be so much the ostensible object of meeting that attracts, but somehow the compact party round the glowing fire, the merry sparkle of wit and joke, and above all the unconventionality of the whole, certainly go far to make up some of the pleasantest episodes in University life.

A STUDY OF A HEAD.

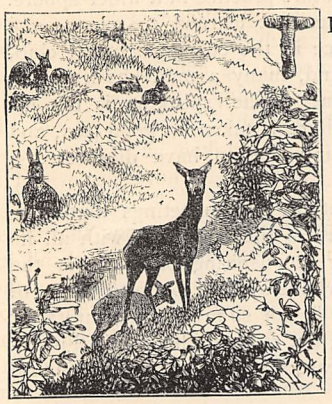
A SONNET.

A STUDY of a head!—a simple face,
Unnoticed by the crowd, admired by few,
And yet withal so fair, and pure, and true,
And to your mind endued with such strange grace—
Some subtle power you seek in vain to trace—
That you perforce must gaze, and gaze anew,
Until the sweet eyes thrill you through and through,
And you go seeking them in every place.

Years pass, and then, by what men call strange chance,
You see a fair young face so pure and bright
That you are stricken dumb at her first glance,
And wondering friends cry, "Love, this, at first sight!"
But you yourself are wiser, for you know
This is your ideal love of long ago.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE CLASSICAL QUANTOCKS.



THE Quantocks are not in Greece, but in Somersetshire. Few visit this short range of hills, and fewer still know how strong is their claim to be called classical. We call them classical for the same reason that we should designate Stratford-on-Avon or the Lake District as classical, viz., that with them are associated names of some of England's classic writers. The region of the Quantocks is not only almost the last home of the wild red-deer in England, but has been the haunt of some of the most brilliant of our nation's poets. Two wanderers at least will approach them with somewhat of reverence.

At Bridgewater we left the train and made our way through the bricky town, peeping at the spire which Monmouth used when seeking to ascertain the disposition of the royal forces, and into the church where is preserved over the altar a large painting, by some master-hand, of original design, of the dead Christ.

Out into the country, along roads of little interest to Spaxton and to Prince's "Abode of Love." Four or five miles further, and we find ourselves in a sweet valley, through which a small stream is making music as it flows. Here rabbits dart across the roadway, and a pheasant with her young brood hastens away from the intruders. A stiff pull, and we are strolling in the Seven Wells Wood, with a wealth of ferns and rhododendrons in bloom on every hand, and beech-trees of mighty growth giving delightful shade. On the mossy bank we several times rested in our long ascent, gaining strength and looking into the bluish depth of valley, then up the lofty hillside clad with trees to the summit. Just beyond is "Will's-neck," the highest point in Somerset.

Here we come to a cottage in a lonely coomb. A glass of milk helps us over our further trudge. Five miles more over these hills we go, keeping the ridge and making for St. Audrie's or West Quantock head. What views we get of lovely dells, the richly cultivated lowlands as far as Weston on the one side and Minehead on the other! And, oh, what soft tints of foliage, freshened by recent rains! As we look round into the romantic coombs that run off in every direction and out to the yellowish sea, we are not surprised that Southey said, "Devonshire falls flat after Somerset." Perhaps his admiration of the Quantocks led him to indulge in a little exaggeration, and he was forgetting the matchless glen of the Lyn, the district of Lorna Doone, and the Tors of Ilfracombe.

How we rejoice in our sense of freedom among the hills! What a joy is existence! And we are out of the beaten tourist track. Here we are evidently out of any track, for after descending through a long stretch of ferns and gorse we come to lofty, strong iron railings, six feet high. It is a park fence, meant to keep in the deer. We clamber over it. What if we get shot for our temerity by some keeper, and thrown in the coomb to the right, called, gloomily, "Dead Woman's Ditch"! We go on, up to our knees in ferns, startling rabbits and foxes. Two foxes, with their long brushes sweeping after them, dashed by to their holes. The ground all seems hollow and honey-combed here with their burrowing. And now the descent is so steep that we are almost tempted to sit down and slide to the bottom among the luxuriant ferns. Steadying ourselves by clutching at the trunks of beeches and firs, we drop right upon the very garden of the rector of St. Audrie's, the well-known author of the "Harvest of a Quiet Eye," from whom we receive a very cordial welcome.

What a paradise is this St. Audrie's! It is just the spot for a man with a poet's mind and eye, like the rector. It is called St. Audrie's from Elfrida the virgin queen.

Sir Alexander Hood, a descendant of the great Admiral Hood, lives here in a large Tudor-like mansion, surrounded by a well-wooded park, where swarms of deer roam at their sweet will. We were taken over the hall, and shown the various points of interest.

On the following day we visited Alfoxdon, the place where Wordsworth lived for a time, and where he wrote that exquisite bit, "We are Seven," and a number of other ballads and sonnets. It seems strange that at that early period of his poetical career he should have been able to occupy so large a house; but possibly, as it had been shut up, he obtained it for a merely nominal sum. The agent who let it to him would not, however, renew the lease, for he became afraid of the poet, suspecting him to be connected either with smuggling or with some of the dangerous revolutionists of France just then making so much ado, and striking terror into every loyal heart. The agent's suspicions and alarm were very possibly fostered by the knowledge of Wordsworth's lonely walks and solitary musings; or, possibly, by the *outré* appearance of Coleridge, his companion, who came and lived at Nether Stowey, close by. These two, with Southey, were, of course, men of tastes and habits such as a Somersetshire agent of that day was not expected to understand. He thought he would be on the safe side, and help to rid the country of such dangerous characters. Nevertheless, the three literary men lived in this district long enough to make this ground classic. Here, "Christabel" was written, and one may find in the lyrical ballads of Wordsworth various references to the Quantocks. Scott, even, speaking of Words-

THE CLASSICAL QUANTOCKS.

worth's withdrawal from publishing for a time, inquired—

"Why is the harp of Quantock silent?"

The "Ancient Mariner" was planned by Coleridge during a walk over these hills to Watchet; and "Kubla Khan" was written in a lonely farmhouse beyond Minehead.

There is near Alfoxdon a charming spot called Holdford Glen, through which rushes, over tumbled boulders, a small torrent, of which the poet said—

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears."

This was a favourite haunt of Wordsworth. Here he wrote the touching lines—

"I heard a thousand blended notes
While in the grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

In this neighbourhood grow some of the rarest—well, I will not say what, but simply call them botanical specimens—to be found in England. Our clerical guide said, "I will show you their habitat, if you promise not to tell." As we easily understood his desire to preserve them from extinction by ruthless searchers, we readily gave the promise, and were rewarded by being taken to places where a few of the rare "botanical specimens" still remain. We were allowed to take away "just very small" specimens.

As we went back to St. Audrie's we hunted on the great beech-trees for the letters W. W. which Wordsworth is said to have carved with his knife on one of them. Our careful search was unavailing, and we came to the conclusion that time had spread them in undecipherable gashes over the bark. How the rector, my friend, and myself enjoyed our visit! We talked theology on our outward journey and drifted down to politics on our return. Then we spoke of how the three poets had strolled here, or lounged on these heathery "cushions of the Quantock." We imagined we could hear the energetic talk of Coleridge and Southey, and see the meditative attention of Wordsworth. They had looked at these hills and these interlacing dells at all seasons, when the myriad fronds of the young fern gave a delicate green tinge to them, or later, when the golden hue of autumn and the yellow of decay mingled with the purple heather, or with the bright vermilion of the luscious whortleberry, or the turquoise bloom of the forget-me-not.

Wordsworth said that he remembered Coleridge once saying to Thelwell, when visiting the dell of which we have spoken, "This is the place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world." Thelwell replied, "Nay, to make one forget them altogether." This would apply to the whole district which we venture to term the Classical Quantocks.

F. HASTINGS.

HOSTESS AND GUESTS.

(A HAPPY HOME WELL ORDERED.) BY ARDERN HOLT.

WISE hospitality is one of the duties of our lives, and yet in how few houses are stray comers invited to join the family meals! Entertaining most generally means parties. A hearty welcome comes well from the house-mother, and a man appreciates the fact greatly that he may whenever he pleases take a friend home unexpectedly, without being put to the blush by the deficiencies of his domestic arrangements, or being received with black looks. To bring this about, the table should be always laid as neatly and well as though visitors were expected, and a centre flower or pretty ornament not omitted. With a press the table-cloth, even at the end of a week, may still present a respectable appearance; but the press must be well screwed down, and the cloth previously damped. It is best to keep distinct cloths for breakfast and dinner. It is no economy not to have a sufficient stock of table-linen; what a sufficiency is, depends on the size and requirements of the family, and valuable practical hints on these points may be found in almost any manual of domestic economy.

On the question of stores the most experienced housekeepers differ. On the one hand, it is said that only a sufficient quantity of the several articles required, had in weekly, prevents waste; on the other hand, that a shortness of supply is apt to lead to domestic discomfort. Things cannot be properly cooked without the necessary materials, and the science of housekeeping is to know what the *necessary* materials are. According to my own personal experience of some years, the best plan is for the mistress to keep a moderate store of such things as are known to be required, and to give them out herself in the quantities needed, but only at stated times, or she will find that servants will be coming to her at all hours.

Tinned soups and meat, and some preserved fruits, which will make an appetising sweet in a few minutes, should have their place in every store-room where unexpected demands on the resources of the establishment are likely to occur. Variety in food, and such food served in appetising fashion, are essential points in domestic management; and in domestic economy, good carving. Meat goes much further if it is well cut; the mistress should see that down-stairs this is properly done, but she will be able to do so with double force if a good example is set in the dining-room.

I will just give a few practical details as to the best methods of cleaning glass, &c., for on these things much of the necessary dainty appearance of the table

depends. To begin with the glasses, these should be washed in soap and water, and when discoloured a flannel with powdered blue dabbed about it will do much good. They should then be rubbed with a fine cloth or a silk handkerchief. A wash-leather should be kept to rub up decanters before placing on the table. Dish-covers should be cleaned with oil and whiting put on with a flannel, then rubbed with dry whiting and soft dusters, and polished with a leather. Port wine is apt to stain decanters. To remove it, fill the bottle with cold water and let it stand all night, then add a few dice-shaped pieces of bread after the water is out. Shake it up, rinse again and turn the decanter bottom upwards.

Plate is best washed at once in hot water and soda, and cleaned with rouge rubbed off with the hand, and polished with a leather; it should also be rubbed up with a leather whenever it is put on the table.

The first point to consider in entertaining is what your means are; do not attempt too much; but what you do, do well. Be given to what hospitality you can really afford; a warm welcome goes a great way towards making guests happy. In selecting people to meet each other, consider how they will assimilate and bring brightness and interest to bear yourself. Humdrum *tête-à-têtes*, constant discussions about domestic worries, do not add to the enjoyment of life or promote any of the pleasure mutual society ought to give. Morning visitors to a busy housekeeper are most likely to waste time, but visitors to the house in the afternoon should be encouraged; they bring a fresh atmosphere and fresh current of thoughts.

The pleasantest houses are those where the mistress is forgetful of herself; neither affected nor self-conscious, and warm in her welcome.

If you have guests in your house, or are inviting them for any parties, bear in mind that though a word from you may bring them together and add to their pleasure, they must be left to enjoy themselves the way they themselves like best. An over-fussiness of entertaining is a fatal mistake.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;" provide every little comfort in their rooms; train the servants to bring up the trunks quickly; remove straps and cords; offer tea, and be generally on the alert to minister to their wants. But do not consider it necessary to lay plans for every hour, or never to leave your visitors a moment to themselves.

There is one apparently trivial matter which yet peculiarly indicates a well-ordered house—namely, answering the door to visitors. There should be no delay. The knock or ring should be promptly attended to, and by a neat and clean domestic. In large establishments this is easy enough, not so where the number of servants is limited. Where a housemaid, parlourmaid, and cook are kept, the parlourmaid ought to be ready morning and afternoon; but where there are but two, the duty falls upon the cook in the morning and the housemaid in the afternoon; and it should be a rule, to which no exception is made, that the housemaid changes her dress by midday dinner. She should be duly instructed whether her mistress be at home to visitors, and should be taught exactly how to announce them, and to be on the alert to open the door to them when they go out. They should also learn that on no account should they close the hall door until the visitors have quite departed, or the carriages have driven away.

There can be, in the present day, a great deal of pleasant society and enjoyable intercourse with one's neighbours without a heavy outlay in entertaining. People who care to keep a circle of friends about them in London, and other towns, set aside one afternoon weekly on which they announce they are always at home, and acquaintances drop in, and tea is served in the drawing-room, the tea equipage being brought into the room and laid on a special table. It is usually poured out by the hostess or one of her daughters.

Sometimes a five o'clock tea party is by special invitation, viz., by a visiting card with "At home" under the name, and "Four to seven o'clock" in one corner. If many are invited, tea is served down-stairs, and some amusement in the way of music or recitation may or may not be produced. In London, each season there is generally some one special attraction which goes the round—performing birds, Tyrolese singers, a Hungarian band, or whatever it may be.

Where there are young people, and expense is an object, afternoon dances give pleasure at little cost; the routine is much the same as any afternoon party, except, of course, one or more musicians are required, a floor-cloth laid down, and, if hot weather, ices, claret-cup, negus, and other light drinkables provided.

Well-served but inexpensive dinners are a sure proof of a good housekeeper. A round table and eight congenial people will help to make it pleasant. Just now flowers only appear on many tables, and where these can be had easily they are an economy, as but little dessert is required. Strips of embroidery, or red toile, or orange plush, or any other suitable material bordered with ivy, and a few well-arranged vases on this, set a table off at once. Ice is not an expensive luxury, but in summer adds much to the refinement of the table.

We are all like sheep at a gap, and so completely follow our neighbours, that the *menus* of half the dinners given to the same number of people in as many houses are almost identical; so that it is a positive kindness to your guests not only to diversify your dinner, but the serving of it. Happily in our day pretty things are to be had by poor folk—the poorest of all poor folk, poor gentlepeople with heaps of wants and aspirations beyond their purses. Look about for, and pick up if you can, a few old Flemish or Venetian glasses, an odd bit of china or so, good in form if not of the rarest clay; introduce a little artistic colouring to please the eye. "Some folks have brains and some have money," you know, and it is astonishing what a little trouble will do. I was admiring a couple of beaten brass sconces set against the wall of a friend's room the other day. "Pretty, are they not? I picked them off a heap of old rubbish in the Old Cut one day, and they cost me a shilling apiece. I had them put together for another

couple of shillings, and would not take a pound for them now."

It is a good plan, even for daily use, to have a washable dinner *menu* on the table; china is the best, and one is enough at home. The master of the house likes to know what he is going to eat, if no one else does; and when friends are dining there should always be *menus*. If any member of the family is artistic, painted cards with the list arranged to slip in and out daily, will form a very small item as far as cost is concerned. One other little matter: if you wish your table to look well, be sure and have baize under the table-cloth, or it will have a mean appearance, and on no account have table-napkins starched.

A great deal of sociable society may be kept together by the tea-pot. If people are pretty sure to find you in, glad to see them, and with plenty to say, some new light to throw on some one thing, or a general knowledge and appreciation of current topics, not forgetting a warm quick sympathy in what interests them, you will find your tea-table rarely a solitary one. A good cup of tea is a desideratum, and I think this can only be insured by having the kettle or urn and making it yourself. Nice well-cut bread and butter, or a reputation for some one special cake, is not a bad thing. If you care for good coffee, be careful in the making; roast the berries and grind them at home from day to day, and it will be twice as palatable.

It is so great a desideratum that young people should love their homes, that anything which tends to promote enjoyment and cheerfulness in the domestic circle should be encouraged. On this score charades, tableaux, round games, &c., though they may turn a house upside down, are not to be tabooed. Many holidays have been made red-letter periods of delight by the preparations they entail on young people home from the monotony of school.

Charitable cooking is a duty. There is scarcely a household in which many pints of strengthening soup cannot be given away to the poor weekly, with hardly the outlay of a shilling a month. The best plan is to throw all bones from plates, broken bread, broken meat, scraps of vegetables, indeed any odds and ends of food, into a large pot by the fire and to simmer them with a sufficiency of water. Here, however, the mistress' supervision is necessary. She must see that bones available for gravies and stock do not find their way thither too soon, and that the charity pot is not made an excuse for waste. Soup-meat thrown in, however, will be of service after it has served its purpose.

HOW MANY SENSES HAVE ANIMALS?

HUMAN beings have five senses:* in other words, external objects affect a man's consciousness, and furnish elements of knowledge, in five different ways—by sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, but the exceptions are all on one side. No one has *more* than these five senses; but there are, unhappily, instances of defect, persons of whom, whether dating from birth or later, Milton's pathetic description of his own case is true—"Knowledge at one entrance quite shut out."

Again, men, and races of men, are not all upon the same level in regard to the degree of perfection in which they possess these faculties. Nor, indeed, is that degree constant throughout the life of an individual. Perhaps no two persons see precisely alike, and every one knows what changes the faculty of vision undergoes as life advances. The cultivation, too, of any faculty makes a vast difference. What education of touch, for instance, is required in the accomplished pianist! The faculty of hearing is capable of remarkable rapidity of operation. It is stated on good authority that the ear, in a high state of cultivation, can distinguish sixteen sounds in one second.

When we turn from man to the rest of the animal world, we find not only individual variation as to the degree of perfection of the faculties, but differences also between species as to the attainable degrees of perfection. We find, too, in regard to each sense considered by itself the human faculty is often far inferior to the corresponding faculty in other orders of creation, though these may be in the scale of being very far below man. We find, moreover, species in which one or more of the senses are totally absent. Do we, on the other hand, find any indications of another sense, or other senses, over and above those which we ourselves enjoy?

Let us notice some illustrations of the statements just made before proceeding to answer this question.

We find, then, that the endowments of each species are adapted to its mode of existence. Those faculties are bestowed upon the living being which are necessary and useful to it. No others are given. This is a very important remark, for we see the evidence of creative purpose not only in the bestowal of faculties, but also in the withholding of them. A useless faculty, that is one which could not be used, would not only be an encumbrance, it would be a source of positive misery. Suppose, for example (and if chance ruled the world, such cases might well exist), that a creature

* We leave out of view the so-called "muscular sense."

like the brown fresh-water polype (or *Hydra fusca*), which passes its life attached to a piece of stick or other object, were possessed of eyes. Since it does not possess the power of moving from the spot, they would be of no service to it in the search for food, while they would render its want of locomotion a source of distress, whether it desired to draw near to an observed *bon morceau*, or to escape from a supposed danger.

A conspicuous example of the combination of far-reaching vision with the power of rapid locomotion is furnished by birds. The vulture is said in poetry to "scent the battle from afar," and "wheresoever the carcase is, there," we read, "will the eagles be gathered together." But it is not by the sense of smell that the flight of birds of prey is directed. It is by a piercing sight which, if we did not see proofs of its existence, would appear incredible.

It is this power of far-reaching vision that explains the sudden appearance of gulls in the track of the fisherman's boat after he has thrown overboard the portions of captured fish which cannot serve to bait his lobster-pots.

A more agreeable picture and pleasanter thoughts are suggested in connection with the same subject, the distant vision of many birds, when we hear the lark's song high in the heavens, so high that we strain our eyes in vain to find his whereabouts, and he is, so far as our powers are concerned, only an "unbodied joy."

That little invisible songster, while he is flooding the heaven and the earth with his joyous strain, is probably watching the home of his affections below, and his heart is brimming over with grateful exultation so long as the foot of no spoiler or destroyer wanders near it.

The extraordinary power of smell possessed by dogs is so well known that little needs to be said about it here. Perhaps the most remarkable exercise of it is seen when a dog comes suddenly *across* a line of scent, and after a little investigation backwards and forwards, is able to determine in which direction the unseen animal has gone. This judgment can only be based upon the fact that in one direction he finds the scent grow weaker the farther he proceeds, while in the other direction it grows stronger. But that there should be any appreciable difference is almost inconceivable, when we consider how short the interval of time must have been in which the scent was laid along the whole line investigated by the dog, in proportion to the length of time, perhaps several hours, which may have since elapsed.

The dog is not the only animal that excels us in regard to this faculty. Even the horse satisfies himself by means of it as to the wholesomeness or toothsomeness of the food placed before him. This is his motive for that preliminary movement which he makes before beginning to feed, burying his nose in the hay or grain, and stirring it up from the bottom. And if he has more than will satisfy his immediate wants, he will show a certain daintiness of appetite. Guided by the scent, he will choose one kind of herb and reject another. Houzeau* tells us that he left a rick of hay for the use of his horses during a short absence, and on his return found great holes in it, where the horses had thrust in their heads to get at their favourite herbage.

Nor is it only among creatures that walk the ground that we find remarkable power of scent. The lobster is guided by it under water for a distance of a hundred yards, while the scent-laden zephyr breathing from a group of newly-opened flowers will draw the bee for a distance considerably exceeding a mile.

Certainly the sense of touch neither in the human hand, nor in the more finely endowed human tongue, which, as we all know, immediately detects a minute foreign body in our food, is comparable to that of the insect's proboscis, or of the antennæ, whether of insects or of the lobster tribe. The antenna is indeed a magnificent instrument of touch. The miller's thumb is famous for its power of examining the fineness of the products of his mill, but where is the human member that can enable its owner to distinguish between one leaf or petal and others that nearly resemble them? The insect uses its antennæ to acquire the same sort of information about objects that we acquire by *feeling* them with our fingers.

While, however, in regard to the senses of touch, of smell, and of the minute vision of near objects, the insect tribe presents instances of marked superiority, it is to be noted that some of these tribes, as well as many tenants of the water, are devoid of hearing. In higher orders of life, amongst birds and quadrupeds, to say nothing of fishes, a faculty of hearing is often found surpassing our own in regard both to range or distance, and to compass, or the capacity to receive impressions from sounds too shrill for human perception. Here, however, we are on ground so familiar that we may pass on without further comment.

Many feats of so extraordinary a nature have been and are continually performed by animals, that the question has been seriously debated whether the performers had not some faculty totally different in kind from any that we possess. On this question, and the most probable answer to it, we can here make but a few brief remarks.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race attracts many thousands to the banks of the Thames, and that contest of strength, skill, and endurance is deservedly interesting. Almost immediately after it is known whether the dark or the light blue has won, there is a flight of carrier-pigeons like rockets up into the air, which, after tracing one or two circles at a great elevation, dash right away to their respective destinations, sometimes many miles distant. Many of us remember the services rendered by the pigeon-post in the last sad siege of Paris—how these trusty messengers formed the regular means of communication from Tours, from Bordeaux, from Lyons, to the beleaguered city. How could they find their way? They could not know the ground. They did not return to Paris on the same line as they had travelled from it, in a balloon it might

* The present writer desires to express his acknowledgment of the help derived from this French *savant's* work.

be, without any opportunity of taking notes of the country traversed.

More extraordinary instances are on record. Thus it is matter of history that a falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France, having made its escape from Fontainebleau, arrived the following day in Malta at the very spot where it had been reared.

Perhaps the half-yearly flight of the migrant birds is even more wonderful. How do they find their way from Africa, say, to the particular spot in England where their home has been in the year preceding?

Now there used to be a short and simple answer to these and many similar questions, which is no longer satisfactory. Instinct was supposed to account for everything that every animal did. But after all instinct is not irrational, however destitute of reason in the general sense an animal may be. Consequently attempts have been made to give a less vague and more rational answer to the questions. A particular use of faculties may be instinctive, but we want to know *what* faculties are exercised.

Two answers have been proposed. One is that there is some mysterious faculty of which we have not even the rudiments, and by means of which birds, dogs, and other beings find their way over unknown ground, by means of which some animals seem prescient of earthquakes, or of changes in the weather. If this supposition were accepted as true, we should be really no further forward than when everything was referred to instinct. It would be merely a confession that no explanation of the facts is possible at all.

But we are not reduced to this alternative. It is quite conceivable, and it seems most probable, that these wonderful performances are achieved by the mere use of the known five senses singly or in combination, these being of such acuteness as to take cognisance of indications which would be unperceived by us. We cannot now state all the reasons for this conclusion. It must suffice to recall to mind the fact that for men living a free open-air life, as the American Indians do, the contrast between the human and the animal faculties is not nearly so great as for us whose senses, in regard to the matters under consideration, have been dulled by our in-door life, who find our way about along well-defined directions—*i.e.*, by roads, lanes, or streets—and who in consequence have no occasion to employ and develop extraordinary sensitiveness as to the very faint atmospheric and other indications which guide the bird over the pathless deep, and through the trackless sky, and by means of which the savage passes with unerring directness from one camp to another, many miles away, through vast forests or over bare mountains, where no sign-posts are provided.

W. HARRIS, M.A.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE winter passed slowly away, and the first spring days came, and found Agnes still at her father's house. It was three months now since she had left Stanwick, and during that time she had not seen George or received more than two or three unsatisfactory letters from him. Their engagement was not broken off; his diamond ring was still on her finger; but she doubted now if they would ever be married, and often thought it would be better to write to him, and put an end to it at once.

When he had received her letter telling him that her father was dangerously ill, and that she had gone to him, he had felt selfish and unreasonable anger.

What a nuisance it all was! Ten to one they had made by half too much of the old man's illness, and there was no real reason for sending for Agnes; and, at any rate, she might have shown some regret at going exactly contrary to his wishes, and breaking her promise to him, instead of being absorbed in sorrow for her father, who had seemed willing enough to leave her to herself while it suited his convenience.

Influenced by these thoughts, he had written her a letter which vexed and grieved her. He had never for a moment let her feel that he was conscious of a difference in their positions; he had left it to her to choose between him and her own family, and as she had chosen him, he had believed that for the future he should be all the world to her, and he felt now as if she had deceived him. He was not hard-hearted, he would not willingly have given pain to those who had a natural claim upon her, but that claim he felt they had forfeited by their neglect, and henceforward he ought to have been of the first importance to her.

Agnes thought he was unreasonable, and wrote back an answer which offended him, but he loved her too much to have any thought of letting this difficulty come permanently between them; and when he heard that Mr. Baring's immediate danger was past, and that though he could never recover, he might live for some time, he wrote again, and asked Agnes to return

to Stanwick and to him. His claims were undeniable, and as her father had a wife and other daughters to nurse him, she could be no longer necessary.

But Mr. Baring's health was still critical, and Agnes's gentle nursing had become so necessary to him that the doctor gave it as his decided opinion that her absence might cost him his life. Her somewhat rough and loud-voiced stepmother and sisters were incapable of supplying her place, and she felt that it must be her duty to nurse and comfort him for the short time he had to live, even at the cost of being separated from George for awhile, for she did not at first think it possible that he could make it a real cause of quarrel.

When Claudia's wedding was near at hand she wrote pressingly to Agnes to fulfil her promise of being bridesmaid, telling her that she thought she was bound to do so for George's sake; and though she admitted that Agnes's first duty was to her father, she thought she ought in every way that was possible to meet George's wishes.

Agnes, after a hard struggle against what she thought was selfishness, wrote back to say that her father's health was so variable, and he was so dependent upon her, that she could make no promise. It would be a terrible disappointment to her if she could not come, and she grieved over her forced disregard of George's wishes, but it was so unlikely that her father could spare her, that she had better at once give up her place as bridesmaid, and could only hope that when the time came he might be able to spare her for a day or two, just to be present at the wedding, if Claudia would have her on those terms.

George had looked forward to the time of Claudia's wedding for putting an end to his quarrel with Agnes. Here was an opportunity which could never come again for showing the world how kindly his future wife was welcomed by his family. If she was still infatuated about her duty, she need not leave her father for many days, and he had believed she would not hesitate; but when Claudia, hoping to do good, had shown him Agnes's letter, he chose to be further offended. He would not ask her to do what she should have done unasked, and a letter which he had written, telling her of his joy at the prospect of seeing her again, was put in the fire, and she never knew of its existence.

Two days before the wedding Mr. Baring became so much worse that there could be no thought of Agnes leaving him, and he died a few days later. Of course she wrote at once to tell George, but he had joined a friend in Paris for a fortnight, and through the carelessness of a servant the letter never reached him. He heard through Mrs. Leighton of Mr. Baring's death, and, not without reason, was angry at hearing nothing from Agnes herself, and determined that he would neither hurry home nor write to her until she had written to him.

Lord and Lady Edenbridge were in Italy; Mrs. Leighton was staying with friends, and seldom found time for writing; and Agnes felt as if every one had forgotten her. How intensely she missed the beauty and luxury of Stanwick, or how vulgar and commonplace her home and relations seemed to her, she would have been ashamed to confess. The curiosity her stepmother and the children had shown at first about her engagement, and their anxiety to discover whether her grand marriage would do them any good, had given place to anger and ill-feeling when they found that she intended to separate herself from them. They were in no need of help, for Mr. Baring had always been a careful man, and the farm, which the eldest son was old enough to manage, would provide comfortably for them all; but the girls had had pleasant visions of visits to London and other delights, and when they found that Agnes had no intention of bestowing them, they did not attempt to conceal their jealousy and resentment, and plainly showed her that her presence was unwelcome.

Agnes's position had now become very difficult. If she could have stayed at home she would gladly have done so, little as it suited her, until her future was settled, for she did not know where else to go; but while she was made to feel herself an intruder it was almost unendurable. While she was still engaged to George, she felt bound as far as possible to respect his opinions, but as their marriage was now doubtful, and it had become necessary that she should leave home, she decided that she must write at once, and say good-bye to him, telling him that his neglect had shown her that he had already repented; and then she would take the first place she could find as governess or companion, and for the future depend upon herself alone. Amongst her old neighbours there was no one with whom she could stay even for a few weeks. Mrs. Tiverton's house was broken up, and she was already established at the Homestead, by Frank's desire, that she might get everything in readiness for its mistress; and Rose had gone back to her father's house, from whence in a few weeks she was to be married.

No one rejoiced more heartily than Agnes in Rose's happiness. The two girls were still fond of each other, though there was not the same intimacy between them as before. Agnes knew that if she married George she must give up her old friends; and if she did not, that she could never be a welcome visitor at a house of which Frank was the master.

On the few occasions on which he and she had met they had felt a mutual wonder at their former engagement—she, that, even before she had known better things, she could for a moment have endured it; and he, that he could have dared to think of such a dignified lady except with distant respect; and he thought with pleasure of the difference in his pleasant, homely little Rose, which made her a hundred times better fitted to be his wife, and mistress of the Homestead.

The Barings' farm was a long distance from the village, and sending and receiving letters was a matter of some difficulty. Mrs. Baring and her children were not much given to letter-writing, and were indifferent about the post, and so great was the jealousy and ill-feeling between them and Agnes that she could not venture to send one of the farm boys to inquire for her letters, so when the weather was too

bad to allow of going herself, she had to endure many hours of suspense; though when at last she did get to the post-office through the rain and mud, and found that her trouble had been for nothing, that none of her friends had remembered her, she doubted whether uncertainty, which had in it a touch of hope, was not better than the blank of disappointment. After these dreary, fruitless walks had been many times repeated, she made up her mind to write to George, and say a final good-bye—good-bye to the bright prospects, the happy life, and the only man she had ever loved. It was a sad letter she wrote—she could not help that—but it was just and reasonable. She blamed him for not having considered everything more carefully before he spoke to her, for persuading her that his love was stronger than it really was, but most of all for trying to make her give up her duty for his sake. Perhaps she had been dazzled by the idea of a position so much above her: she did not know. Anyhow, it was evident that they had both been mistaken, and it was well for her that she had found it out. No doubt she could find a home and occupation through the kindness of her friends (where those friends were she scarcely knew at that moment), and she hoped that by-and-by they would both forget the foolish dream which had for a time deceived them.

The words came fluently as she wrote. She had thought over it all too carefully to hesitate; her conviction of the necessity for this final step was too strong to allow of half-and-half measures. This was a real good-bye for life, without a suggestion of the possibility of future reconciliation.

The sky was overcast and the rain falling steadily when Agnes set out to post her letter, but there was not a day to be lost; she must be at liberty, and when she had only herself to consider she would have less difficulty in deciding for the future.

"A letter for you, miss," said the post-mistress as Agnes entered her little shop. "What a time you have waited for it, to be sure! Dear, dear! where can the keys have got to?"

Agnes waited with her letter to George in her hand while the woman hunted for the keys of the post-box, but they were not to be found in a hurry, and there were a few minutes for consideration. Should she be influenced by this long-delayed letter, whatever it might contain? Could she forget his coldness and neglect, and take him back into that place in her heart which felt so empty now? She scarcely believed it possible, and yet——But here her thoughts were interrupted by the post-mistress, who thrust into her hand, not the letter she had expected, but a scented envelope, with a gilt monogram and a femininely illegible address, in which she recognised Lady Carey's writing.

"AGNES WAITED WITH HER LETTER TO GEORGE IN HER HAND."

She posted her letter, and walked a long way towards home before she opened the unexpected but welcome one which she had received. It was kind and cordial, and contained an invitation from Lady Carey to come at once, and stay with her as long as it suited her convenience. She had heard, she said, that the marriage was put off for a time, and as, of course, the death of her father would prevent Agnes from going into society, and there was little of that at Careysford, she thought it might suit her, and she could not say how delighted she would be to have

her; she must fix on the earliest possible day for coming, and stay until some one came to fetch her.

Agnes thought she had never felt so glad as when she read this kind letter. Careysford seemed a Paradise. Here she might rest a little before she went out into the world to work her own way, and here was immediate relief from the discomforts of home.

"Well, I think if you are too fine a lady to keep in the house, you might stay at home and do a bit of needlework, instead of running after letters from your grand friends, who seem to have forgotten all about you," was the greeting she received from her stepmother when she went in.

"My friends have remembered me at last," she said, giving Lady Carey's letter to Mrs. Baring, who read it with respect for the smooth paper and gold monogram.

"Well, I think it's time they should," she said, as she let her daughters seize the letter and read it, with jealousy at Agnes's good fortune.

"Yes," answered Agnes quietly and sadly. "I think so too; and as it is not likely that I shall ever come back again, let us forget our quarrels, and for father's sake say good-bye kindly to each other."

Though this visit to Careysford did away with the immediate necessity for her letter to George, Agnes was glad that it had been written, and thought that Lady Carey would scarcely be angry with her, although she was going on false pretences. George would know nothing of her movements for some time. She had told him that it would be useless to write to her, as she was leaving home immediately, and did not know where she would be; but she felt that this was probably unnecessary, and that he would be too deeply offended to wish to write. She was glad that the struggle was over, and could not blame herself for the part she had taken.

Saying good-bye to her old home took but a little while, and in a few days she set out for Careysford, feeling sadly that she left no one behind to whom her absence would cause even passing regret.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

LADY EDENBRIDGE'S pleasant London drawing-room was a favourite resort for her cousin, George Leighton. He came nearly every day to talk to her of his grievances, and took up more of her time than she could well spare; but he was unhappy, and thought himself ill-used, and needed sympathy, which she readily gave him, although not without a mixture of advice and blame. For a long time she had refused to believe that matters could not be set right between him and Agnes, but now at last she was obliged to doubt.

George had just begun to feel uncomfortable and self-reproachful, to wish that he had not so easily taken offence, and to think tenderly of Agnes again, when her letter reached him expressing her wish to break off the engagement, and it was doubtful whether his anger or sorrow for the time was strongest. He denounced Agnes as a cold-hearted flirt one moment, and the next allowed that it only served him right for being an unreasonable fool; but in neither mood was he inclined to answer her letter or attempt to make up the quarrel.

It was nearly Easter now. Fred Carey was going home for a fortnight, and expected to find Agnes there, and he and Claudia were anxious that one more effort should be made towards reconciliation. Disappointment was having the worst effect on George. He seemed reckless and unsettled, seldom went into society, cut most of his friends, and when he did make up his mind to talk it was in such a cynical and disagreeable manner that he constantly gave offence. At first he had refused to allow his name to be mentioned to Agnes. She had thrown him over, and must abide by her act; it was evident she had never cared for him, and he would not move a finger to get her back again. But when alone with Claudia, his tone changed, and he confessed how weary and desolate his life had become, and that unless Agnes shared it with him it could never seem worth living.

Claudia's chief sympathies were with him. She loved Agnes and appreciated her, but she could not forgive her for first winning George's love, and then setting so little value on it. But though she sympathised with him, she was just enough to see that he had been wrong and Agnes right; and though she doubted whether interference would be of any use, she thought it would be worth trying, and Fred was the very man to put things straight if it could be done.

But often George was angry and bitter. It was not his place to press himself on a woman who evidently had never cared for him: it would be a mistake and an impertinence, and he wondered that Claudia could try to persuade him to it; but his tone changed presently, and she saw that, though he would not allow it, and tried to deceive himself and her, yet his whole life was centred in Agnes, and depended on what his friends could do for him. So Fred resolved to do the best he could, and wondered how it was that he who had been so unsuccessful for himself should so often be called upon to help other people.

Agnes had now been two months at Careysford, and there was no time mentioned for her leaving. She was a comfort to Lady Carey, who would gladly have kept her there altogether; but the connection with the Leightons, and a fear that she might some day meet them there or force them to stay away, made it impossible for her to make Careysford her home, although she knew that she could be of infinite help to the nominal master and mistress in carrying out schemes which Fred was too busy to do more than suggest.

When Fred got home he was surprised to see how regular and well-conducted the household had become since Agnes had taken the trouble of it off Lady Carey's hands; and when he saw the confidence that was placed in her, and her unassuming influence, he thought how fortunate it was that it was used for good instead of self-interest, and what a terrible loss George would have if she kept to her purpose of being nothing to him for the future.

It was some days before he found an opportunity for talking to her alone. He fancied she avoided him, and he scarcely wondered; but one day, as they were both going out, they met in the hall, and he asked to be allowed to join her in her walk.

He was uncertain in what spirit she would take interference, but he had promised to do his best, and things were already so bad that they could not well be made worse, so with an apology, which was both kindly and respectful, he began at once on the important subject. He spoke first of George's character and the circumstances of his life, of his disadvantage in having no necessity for exertion, and of the difficulty for a man in such a position to escape being selfish and exacting. Then he described the power and good influence a wife might have over him: how these faults, which were only surface blots on a noble character, might by love and patience be wiped away; and he represented it as her duty to the man who loved her to forgive his pride and selfishness, and to accept the reconciliation for which he was really anxious.

"He would have nothing to say to me when I was doing my duty at home amongst my own people," said Agnes, "and you must tell him that I cannot now believe in his love. It was only a passing fancy. Do you think that if I went away from here, and worked for my own living, that he would ever come near me again or wish to marry me? I would believe in him if he did, but I am quite sure he never would."

"It is not for me to say. Try him. But if he thought you still cared for him, I believe he would go to you anywhere," answered Fred. "Whether you would be wise in putting him to such a severe test you must judge; but, for my own part, I believe that anything would be better than this present estrangement."

They walked on for a long way in silence, then Agnes spoke again. "Mr. Carey, I have made up my mind. George, perhaps, thinks that he wishes to marry me now, but I am Lady Carey's guest, and that makes a difference. I will go away from here as soon as I can, back into my old position, and work for myself. If after that he comes and asks me to marry him, I shall believe in him with all my heart; but if not, I shall try to forget that I have ever seen him."

"I think you are right, though George would never forgive me for telling you so. I know that he has not earned your confidence; but for you, I do not see what you can do."

"I think I already know where I can go. I did not intend to trespass on Lady Carey's kindness altogether. And I am sure I am right in doing this, though I believe I shall never see him again."

And Fred, in spite of George's and Claudia's probable anger, made no effort to dissuade her.

In one of the local papers Agnes had seen an advertisement for an assistant mistress at a girl's school about twenty miles from Careysford. This she had answered, thinking it probable that Fred's visit would make a difference, and that she would find that she had stayed long enough. Of course his relations would sometimes come to visit him, and when they came she must go, and the longer she put it off the harder it would be. She had received a tolerably satisfactory account of the duties which would be required of her. The work was hard, and the pay small, but she had something of her own which would make it sufficient; and after her talk with Fred, she wrote and accepted it at once. She had been happy at Careysford, but she could never learn there to forget the past, and the drudgery of teaching, to which she must give her whole attention, would be the best thing for her. If she found it too hard, she could easily change; and if—but this she would not allow herself to think possible—George's love should prove strong enough to bring him back to her, then work and loneliness and discomfort would all be forgotten, or would only serve to make her happiness seem the greater.

Before Fred went back to London again she had begun her new duties. She was anxious that it should be so, and that George should hear of it; and though Lady Carey was inconsolable, she was not to be turned from her purpose.

The day after Fred's return the cousins met in Claudia's drawing-room. George made an effort to appear unconcerned, but his voice and hand trembled as he gave a quick glance at Fred, and tried to learn his fate.

Fred told the story carefully, softening it as much as possible, but it was to no purpose. George was deeply offended, and even Claudia's persuasions had no effect.

"It is not your fault that you have failed," he said, turning to Fred. "Miss Baring must know that I could not let any woman trifle with me like this. I am convinced now that she does not love me, and that makes my loss the less. I must thank you both: you have done all that you could for me; and now you will be showing kindness by never mentioning her name again."

So, sorely against their will, they were obliged to believe that it was all over. George and Agnes must go their different ways; and though from one point of view Agnes, the least to blame, received the hardest punishment, yet no one could notice his careworn face and listless manner without feeling that the good of life, as he knew it, had gone from him, and that his time was spent in useless striving to forget the happiness which he persuaded himself was now beyond his reach.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

AGNES had imagined beforehand that she would find herself indifferent to the discomforts and drudgery of her new position, that her trouble and anxiety were too great to allow external matters to affect her, or that if they did, it would only be a welcome relief from her own sad thoughts; but she found she had been mistaken.

The school was well managed, and the girls well taught, but the strictest economy was practised in everything, and the ugly bare rooms, coarse food, and want of beauty and refinement, contrasted painfully

with all she had left behind at Careysford; and though she had little leisure for thinking over her troubles, they were ever present with her, and it was often a painful effort to give attention to her pupils, and fulfil her various duties.

A few days after Fred's return to London, Claudia wrote a long kind letter to Agnes, saying how glad she would be to do anything to help her, and offering to find amongst her friends some occupation better suited to her than the hard work of a school. If Agnes had felt any doubt before of all being over between her and George, this letter would have put an end to it. Claudia, who knew him so well, seemed to recognise no possibility of a reconciliation. His love would not stand the test to which she had put it, and it was evident that he intended neither to see her nor write to her again.

After some delay, she answered Claudia's letter. She thanked her gratefully for her kindness, but said that she would rather depend upon herself alone. She would more easily forget the past if all connection between her and her kind friends was over, and she had nothing to remind her of the happy year she had spent with them. She begged Claudia not to write to her again, and promised that if she really needed help she would ask for it.

"This is good-bye for life!" she thought. "Well, life is not very long, after all: it ought to be easy enough to bear. I wonder if it seems too short to people who get what they wish?"

Rose Ellison was married now, and settled at the Homestead, and she seemed so happy, so forgetful of her old love and sorrow, that when Agnes got a letter from her now and then it set her wondering whether any joy or grief was deep enough to last, or was worth a hundredth part of the care and thought daily bestowed upon it.

Two or three weeks before the midsummer holidays came, Agnes found, to her dismay, that the work, which was harder than any she had been accustomed to, was getting too much for her health, and she was doubtful how much longer she would be able to continue it. She got up in the morning tired and listless, scarcely able to begin the duties of the day; and when night came, and she went at last to her bare, ugly little room, she was often too tired to do anything but fling herself on the bed, and sink into a heavy sleep of exhaustion until the cold of early morning awoke her. Even in her dreams she was tormented by visions—sometimes happy, sometimes painful—which were so vivid that in the morning she scarcely knew whether her sleeping or waking life was the most real.

Often she found it impossible to give her attention to what was going on, and her pupils, presuming on her absence of mind, brought her careless, ill-learnt lessons; then she would awaken to a sense of the dishonesty of shirking what she had undertaken, and work beyond her strength to make up for past negligence.

The thick smoky air of the town stifled her, the contrast between the close confinement which school rules and her own duties made necessary seemed like imprisonment, after the free country life to which she had been accustomed, and she made up her mind as soon as the holidays came to look out for other employment, where she could get fresh air and some degree of liberty.

One hot June morning Agnes sat at a long table in the school-room, giving a lesson in dictation. Her head ached, and the sound of her own voice was painful to her; a small pupil, who was having a music lesson in the next room, and came down heavily on the wrong notes, nearly maddened her; and when any of the girls asked for a missing word she could have cried out from the pain of their sharp voices. She had felt for several days past that she must break down, and the fear of what would become of her—ill and alone amongst strangers—haunted her, and drove away her sleep at night. Perhaps she should die in that dirty smoky town, and no one would even hear that she had been ill until long afterwards; then, wondering at herself for being weak enough to think such foolish thoughts, she took up her book to continue the lesson, although her heavy eyes could scarcely see the words.

"A gentleman wants to see Miss Baring, please," interrupted a servant, as Agnes was vainly trying to remember where she had left off. She looked up quickly.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"He didn't give his name, miss. He's waiting in mistress's parlour."

Fortunately, it was but a few yards from one room to the other. She went slowly along the passage, and opened the door, and saw George standing waiting for her; she fancied she heard him speak, then everything seemed turning round and round, and she fainted.

The rest of the day passed like a dream. She knew that George was sitting beside her, but she was too tired to speak. By-and-by she found Lady Carey's kind face bending over her, but she felt no wonder at seeing her there. Then, with a sort of anger, she felt that they moved and roused her, and when she rested again it was on the soft cushions of a carriage, in which she passed quickly through the cool evening air. After that she knew nothing more until she woke, and found herself in the pleasant little room she was accustomed to occupy at Careysford.

"Over-work, nothing but over-work, my dear sir. Fortunately it was taken in time, or we should have had brain fever to deal with," said the doctor, in answer to George's anxious inquiries. "No, not the least danger: nothing to be alarmed at; but she will be some time getting up her strength."

The doctor wondered how it came to pass that the future Mrs. George Leighton should have worked so hard as to make herself ill, but he got no explanation; the school was kept in the background for George's sake, who regretted his own conduct to Agnes even more than the humble place she had taken.

Getting well was a pleasant business. The fresh air, the flowers and fruits and luxuries of Careysford, gave Agnes new life, and with George to read or talk to her, and Lady Carey to pet and take care of her,

each day was so happy that she was afraid she should awake and find it all a dream.

How George's repentance had come about she was anxious to learn, but he himself could scarcely tell her. He had gone one morning to say good-bye to Claudia before going abroad for several months. "When I come back again, I hope you and I and every one will have forgotten this foolish business," he said, when she made some allusion to the reason of his going. Then he went home, found his luggage ready, a cab at the door to take him to the station, and his servant waiting for orders; then suddenly he changed his mind.

"Don't start until you hear from me; I shall be back in a day or two," he said to the astonished man; and without further explanation he started—not for Paris, but for Careysford. Why he took this sudden resolution he could not tell; he only knew that his pride and anger seemed to melt away in a moment in an overwhelming longing to see Agnes again.

Lady Carey's delight at hearing what he had come for was very great. With unusual discretion, she asked no inconvenient questions, but told him all she knew, and gladly started with him the next morning for the town where Agnes was living, hoping that they would all return in the evening together. She proved the kindest nurse in Agnes's illness; and when she saw the happiness of the lovers, her only regret was that while every one else was getting married, "dear Fred should have no wife to bring home to Careysford."

A short time before Agnes had believed that she had not a friend in the world, but now she found every one anxious to show her kindness. Mrs. Leighton had had her full share of suffering from George's troubles. He had not scrupled to accuse her of being the chief cause of them by her want of sympathy and cordiality, and when she saw that the only effect of her opposition had been to estrange her nephew from her, she would gladly have done anything in her power to set matters straight again.

When she heard of Agnes's illness, she hurried to Careysford, and found them both too happy to feel resentment; but they could not agree to her wish that the wedding should take place at Stanwick, for Claudia had already decided that it was to be at Edenbridge, as at first proposed, from whence the bride and bridegroom were to start for Italy for the winter.

Parliament sat late that summer, and Lord Edenbridge was detained in London until the middle of July, and though Claudia wanted to be at home to make preparations for Agnes's wedding, she would not consent to leave him; nor could he well have spared her help in the numerous schemes of charity and usefulness in which her interest was equal to his own.

Late one afternoon, when Claudia came in from her drive, she found Fred Carey waiting for her with a grave face.

"Here is a tiresome business, Claudia," he said. "I think Edenbridge told you that he was going to see about some one who had sent him a begging letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems that when he got to the man's house he found him very ill, and sent for a doctor, and it turns out to be a case of scarlet fever. So, as Edenbridge had been in the room, and no one knows about infection, he thinks it safer not to see you for a few days. He has put himself in the doctor's hands, and most likely will be all right, but it is better to be on the safe side."

Claudia had too much good sense to make a useless fuss about it, but she was very anxious. Her husband was delicate, and she feared illness for him, and the mere name of scarlet fever was alarming.

"Of course, if he is ill I shall go to him, Fred: I shall trust to you for that," she said; and Fred promised that it should be so.

A few days of anxiety passed, then one morning Fred came to take Claudia to her husband. They hoped at first that he had taken the fever mildly, but he was neither young nor strong, and could not stand against it. Claudia nursed him with devotion, and Fred insisted on sharing her danger, but their care was of no avail, and in a few days all was over. Fred escaped entirely, and Claudia with a slight illness, and on her recovery Mrs. Leighton took her down to Stanwick, that she might find rest and quiet in her old home.

George and Agnes decided that their marriage must be put off, but at Claudia's earnest request, backed by persuasions from other friends, it was only for a few weeks. Then the wedding, which was to have been so gay and grand, took place quietly at Careysford. No breakfast, no bridesmaids, only Mrs. Leighton and the Careys; but to Agnes their kindness far more than atoned for the want of grandeur and importance which in her secret heart she had always dreaded.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

TWO years had passed since Lord Edenbridge's death. Claudia had put off her deepest mourning, and gone back with interest to many of her former duties and occupations; but she often felt lonely, and sadly missed the never-failing sympathy which her husband had shown in her pursuits.

The Edenbridge estates were entailed, and had passed into the hands of a distant cousin, but a large sum of money had been left to Claudia—so large that it seemed to her that the new heir would scarcely have sufficient means for carrying out the many and necessary improvements which she and her husband had hoped to make, and she wished to give up part of her fortune to the new master, that he might carry on the work which was now out of her power.

She had consulted her friends, and though they considered such a step unnecessary and quixotic, she was not to be turned from her purpose, but made her own arrangements, reserving for herself a sufficient income, added to her own, to enable her to carry out many private schemes of usefulness.

The only friend who approved and encouraged her was Fred Carey, who was untiring in his help, and had managed everything for her since her husband's death.

"'WHO IS IT?'" (*p.* 743).

He upheld her in the belief that she was doing right; he silenced the remonstrances of other advisers, and cleared away difficulties; and—hardest task of all—he persuaded the new Lord Edenbridge to agree to her wishes.

"Well," said Claudia one day, when she and Fred were together, "yesterday I was rich, to-day I am comparatively poor. I am told that now I shall begin to repent. When that time comes, Fred, I shall have the comfort of being able to blame you for your advice and encouragement."

"You may blame me for this: that my advice has been selfish," he answered, "as you will hear if you have time to listen to a story that I have to tell you."

"A story! Oh, yes. Who is it about?"

"Myself. Have you never wondered why I did not marry, Claudia?"

"Yes, often; and I have wished to ask you, but I fancied there was some reason which you did not care to talk about."

"You were right; but I do want to talk about it to-day. I want to tell you my story. Will you listen?"

"Willingly, if it will not pain you."

"It will not hurt me to-day, and you shall judge if it may ever be spoken of again. Don't interrupt me, Claudia. Let me tell it to the end before you speak. Ten years ago, when I had just left Oxford, I went to stay at a country house with an old friend of my father's. My host had one daughter, who had only just left school to become mistress of his house. (Claudia gave a quick glance at him, but did not interrupt.) She was handsome, bright, and clever, and I thought what a grand woman she would be with better training than school or fashionable life could give her. I was young and enthusiastic, and I thought no lot could be more enviable than to take this beautiful girl into my own care, to influence the noble mind, and develop the powers and energy which would lie wasted and sleeping through years of idleness and luxury which, as beauty and heiress, were before her; and with all my heart I longed that this task might be given to me, though I had no hope that it could be so. I was poor, I had nothing to recommend me; and, though from the first she treated me with kindness and confidence, I should have been a fool to have mistaken her feeling, and I never did. Besides, I had been warned.

"There was some one else, nearer her own age, who possessed all the advantages in which I was wanting. 'My son and daughter some day, if the wish of my heart is fulfilled,' her father had said to me; and no one could deny how well they seemed suited. After that, came a time of trial for her, from which she came out nobly. Her father died (Fred took Claudia's hand, and held it), and, stirred to the depths of her nature by the loss, she withdrew from society, and found rest and consolation in things she had before neglected, and devoted herself to the training and education which were the only things needed to make her all that a woman should be. I was more privileged than her other friends, for I watched her growth, and from time to time could give her a little help, and received in return her friendship and confidence. Then, when she went into the world again, and met the man whom her father had chosen, I watched the growth of their love for each other with deepest interest, and looked jealously for any sign of unworthiness in him; but even I for a time was obliged to be satisfied. But by-and-by a cloud arose, which grew and grew until it threatened to shipwreck their happiness. He could have been almost worthy of my queen of women, but he would not, and to me she came for help in her troubles. I gladly gave it, although I was terribly afraid that selfishness would creep in. I believe I did advise her rightly; and when she decided to put an end to her engagement, I could honestly hope that though this disappointment had come upon her in her first love, she might, after awhile, find some one really worthy of her. Then, after a long time, came a change in my fortunes, and my first thought was of her. I had now something to offer her: she was still disengaged; might there not be hope for me now? So one night I wrote her a letter—I have that letter still, Claudia—telling her of my love and asking for hers. I should have sent it the next day, but the morning brought me a letter which has darkened my life ever since. She wrote to ask my advice about marrying some one else!"

"Oh, Fred!" said Claudia softly.

"Her unconsciousness was a convincing proof of her indifference to me. There was no need to tell me that she came to me as to a brother for advice, and from that day I have tried to fill the place she gave me. But things have changed. Now she is free again, and alone. Claudia, tell me, is there any hope for me?"

"I never guessed it, or thought of your caring for me, Fred. It is new and startling. Can I ever forgive myself for the pain I have given you?"

"Make up for it now. I only love you better for the long waiting. Come to me at last, Claudia."

"Oh, Fred! if I can but make you happy after all!"

THE END.

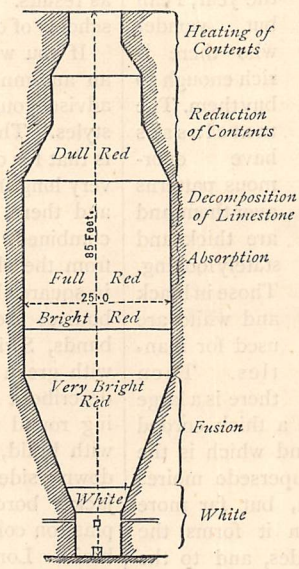
SOMETHING ABOUT CLEVELAND "PIGS."

NOT so many years ago Cleveland was almost entirely agricultural, and its production was literally to some extent of a porcine nature; but now Cleveland "pigs" are of another kind, though their title to the name is as unquestionable, and perhaps about as widely known. To make no mystery of it, one of the chief productions of Cleveland and of the district bordering is that class of iron in the crude state which is called "pig" iron. The great district which is called the Cleveland Ironmasters' District produces considerable quantities of what is technically called "finished" iron—iron in the shape of rails, plates, bars, or other forms—and in the last few years large quantities of one or two kinds of steel; but whilst a portion of its crude iron is used for the production of these, it smelts iron for its own use and for the use of many of its neighbours, as well as for distant iron-workers. The business, then, of the production of "pigs" has become in Cleveland the greatest of its industries, and that upon which, in a measure, all the others depend. In that district—which is wider and longer than the geographical boundaries of Cleveland, and yet appropriately named by that name, inasmuch as

its furnaces are fed with Cleveland ironstone—in that district of Cleveland there are over 160 blast furnaces, all the erection of the last thirty years, and in which vast piles of masonry and iron-work not less than £3,500,000 are invested. Two arms of hills, with the intervening valleys, supply these with the ironstone, the adjacent county of Durham supplies fuel and flux, and thus except for the richest quality of iron the district is—what few of our iron districts are—self-contained, and capable of supplying all its own needs. It employs an army of workmen: some three or four thousand at those of the furnaces now in operation—for a proportion is necessarily idle for repairs and other causes—some eight or nine thousand in and about the iron-mines, and large numbers in the coal-mines, and limestone quarries, and in the needful task of conveying or in other methods treating the raw materials. At the present time about 220,000 tons of these "pigs" are made in the Cleveland District every month—by far the greater part from the local ores, and only a smaller proportion from those richer ores of which we have spoken. To produce these, there needs to be conveyed to the smelting furnaces over 6,000,000 tons of ironstone, about 3,000,000 tons of coke, and possibly half as much limestone—the latter used as a flux in the reduction of the iron. But there is another element employed, as we shall see.

By miles of trains these raw materials are carried away to the smelting centres on Tees-side or in Durham. There the ironstone is roasted—"calcined," to speak technically—in kilns near the blast furnaces, and thus superfluous moisture is taken out of it, and it is fit for use in the smelting furnaces near. Conveyed in iron barrows up the "lifts," which by hydraulic power usually raise it to the top of the furnace, a height varying from 70 to 100 feet, it is there emptied into the yawning mouth of the furnace, in which day and night for years a fierce flame and an intense heat is kept up, fed by continual supplies of coke, and aided in its work of reduction by that other element we have spoken of—air heated in magnificently designed stoves. It has been calculated some time ago that 7,000,000 tons of atmospheric air are annually driven into one blast furnace, so that the use of that element in the 110 furnaces usually at work in Cleveland is enormous. The ancient stoves for heating the air were very small, but the latest present some 150,000 feet of heating surface; and whilst the air used to be heated to a temperature of about 300°, it may now be heated to 1,300°. It is by this superheating of the air, by the use of gases that were wasted, and by the better proportions of the furnaces, that the larger average production of iron has been obtained, and that the large consumption of coke in the process of iron-smelting has been reduced nearly fifty per cent.

And now, having seen the coal, iron, and lime brought to the furnaces and emptied into the latter, and having noticed how the air is heated to aid the fuel in the work of smelting, it may be of interest to learn the changes that transpire in the blast furnace. Below, we give an engraving of the shape of one of the typical furnaces of Cleveland—85 feet high, and 25 feet in diameter at the "bosh." Into this great hollow tower—possibly of 20,000 cubic feet capacity—the iron, coke, and lime are teamed, and into it the heated air is driven. As they are subject to the fierce heat, changes occur, the colour brightening, the lime being decomposed, the oxide of iron being reduced, and as the mass travels downwards it grows dull red, red, bright red, and finally white-hot as it reaches the bottom in the shape of molten pig iron, with the molten cinder or slag floating on it. From a diagram by one of the most eminent iron-masters, Mr. Lowthian Bell, an approximate outline of the change is given at the side of the engraving. The melting of the iron being duly effected, the furnace is "tapped"—a plug communicating from the outer to the inner part of the hearth of the furnace is struck out, and the liquid metal flows through it—the "slag" having been allowed to escape through an upper opening above that for the heavier metal. In the front of the furnace the sandy earth is moulded to allow the molten metal to run into it. Main furrows or ways right from the orifice at the hearth or foot of the furnace lead to short branches four or five feet long placed at right angles. The two or three main furrows are called "sows," the numerous beds or hollows are the "pigs," and hence the name of "pig iron." When the furnace is tapped the fluid metal issues white-hot, runs along the sow, hissing and sparkling as it goes, fills each of the pigs as it rushes along; and there as the minutes pass its colour changes, and as it passes from a white heat to bright red, and so on to dull grey, it solidifies and is ready for removal, to allow the earth to be again moulded.



And this, week in and week out, is the process of manufacture of pig iron; and with the increase of the size of the furnaces and of the temperature of the blast, there are enlarged quantities made by each furnace, until 400 tons a week is no uncommon quantity. A portion—and an increasing one—does not pass through that process of running and cooling in the sows and pigs. Instead of issuing along the sandy furrows, it is received into huge ladles and is carried to converters, to be made directly into steel. But

with this process we have nothing here to do. It is that Cleveland "pig" of dull grey that we have endeavoured to sketch the production of, and it is for its production that the miners and the quarrymen are employed, and that the blast furnace, with its wonderful machinery of "lift" and engine, of heating blast and gas utiliser, and its elaborate arrangement of hearth and "bosh," of throat and tuyere, of "bell" and cone, were upreared in such numbers on Tees-side.

J. W. STEEL.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AS I examine the new silks of the year, I can but wonder who there is rich enough to buy them. The matelassés have enormous patterns over them, and are thick and stately looking. Those in black and white are used for mantles. Then there is a large range of Ottoman silks, which have a thick corded ground; it is this thick repped ground which is the novelty of the season, and is to supersede moires and watered silks. It is made plain, but far more frequently with huge checks. Then it forms the groundwork to large-patterned brocades, and to the brocades on velvet or satin grounds. Black and colours are both employed in brocades, and this year manufacturers have brought out one of solid tone on a contrasting ground. I should only weary you if I went through a long technical list of brocatelle, epinglé, cotelé, &c. I think you will best understand what is worn by bearing in mind that the brocades are of every variety, and chiefly of very large patterns, in self-colours, and of two shades blended, one for ground and one for pattern. They have not brought out any special colours, but, as the mercers say, "there is a feeling" for brown. The newest tones are terra-cottas, electric blue, and a vivid serpent-green; and green and terra-cotta blended together.

Silk, with a good thick cord, mixed with checks, brocades, and satin and velvet, are to be in fashion, and plain velvet more worn than brocaded, so it is said, but it is difficult to believe when you see the piles of magnificent brocaded velvets and brocaded plushes. These are among the most beautiful things of the day, soft and lovely, the pattern in a light shade on a dark ground. Then there are the plushes cut in vandykes, and those with the pattern of a scallop upon them; ordinary plush has had its day, but these richer kinds have few rivals. French designers are bringing a wonderful amount of artistic skill to bear, and are rewarded by beautiful patterns as results. We have much to thank our own English schools of design for in this respect.

If you were to ask me for a simple style of making an autumn or winter dress, I should be puzzled to advise you. I never remember such a diversity of styles. The only point about which there is no doubt, is that for day wear gowns are short, for dinner long, very long indeed. Skirts are wide and well distended, and there are generally two, if not three, materials combined. Jackets of a plain, solid colour, distinct from the skirt, are worn, and many of these are cut in square short tabs round the basque. Still pointed bodices are worn, jacket basques only at the back, bands, Swiss belts, indeed almost anything. Brown with green is a new and favourite mixture. I will describe a cashmere and velvet of this. A kilt-plaiting round the skirt, then points of velvet bordered with braid, the front a plain piece of velvet buttoned down; side and back draperies of cashmere; a long jacket bordered with velvet; velvet revers, and a plastron convered with close-set perpendicular rows of braid. Long plain redingotes with revers at the neck, puffs at the back, and bordered with fur, are worn over plain skirts. Plain skirts, with a heavy ruche at the edge, and panier draperies are in vogue. Many of the draperies are caught up with gimp ornaments and with cord and tassels; occasionally the silk trimmings are united across the front in the same way.

Panels of velvet on skirts of plain materials are worn, and then there are plastrons on the bodice. Nearly all the sleeves are high and fulled on the shoulder. Large pompon fringes border tunics and bodices, also tabs of contrasting materials matching the sleeves, and not the bodices. Some of the skirts have waterfall draperies at the back. It seems to be the fashion to have skirts full in front, and occasionally these are caught up across the front with bows and bias bands, so that there is an enormous puff in front of the waist, more curious than pretty, and the full front breadth is often caught up here and there carelessly. Waistcoats are worn, and as much braiding as you can well apply. Many box-plaitings have braiding down the centre of each fold. Ball fringes are applied between the square battlements edging tunics and bodices; and curious heavy pleats descend from the waist to the hem of the skirt.

WHAT TO WEAR IN NOVEMBER

Bodices gathered at neck and waist, and bodices of distinct colour from the dress, are fashionable. Sleeves are always narrow, and very little trimmed at the wrist.

To buy mantles always appears to me one of the most difficult tasks in dress. They last so long and are so costly, and this season's are certainly no exception to the latter rule. I have just been looking over a goodly array of some of the best Paris models of the handsomest kind, and there is but little variety in the shape, though much in the material and trimming. They are not so long as last year, but large and ample, with sleeves forming part and parcel of the cloak.

The materials employed are the new Ottoman repped silk, brocaded plush, velvet, or satin, and velvet both plain and coloured. It seems necessary that the stuff should attract the eye by its richness, and furthermore be enhanced by equally splendid trimmings, either fur, bands of marabout, or chenille fringe, or rather half a dozen fringes rolled into one. The huge pompons of soft chenille, which are quite new, are sure to appear in these fringes, and besides all this, there will be appliqués of beaded or unbeaded passementerie, the newest mode of cord, as is some of the new lace on mantles, viz., the cord lace. Matelassé is perhaps the most favourite material, and certainly looks well. The coloured linings rival the plumage of a macaw.

There are simpler cloaks, of thick cloth, loose in shape, bordered with fur; and close-fitting cloth pelisses, braided; but the Hungarian jackets are the prettiest for young girls, made in green or some dark cloth, covered with braiding, short in the basque, and close-fitting, with cord and brandenbourgs across the front.

Travelling-cloaks of some heather mixture tweed are now made of flowing, comfortable shapes, so that they are fastened on in a minute, and are far more desirable for the purpose than Newmarket ulsters, which really form a costume in themselves, and should be put on carefully, and not slipped on as a wrap.

You will be wanting to know all about the new winter woollen goods, and there is but little to point out as really novel. Tweeds, vicunas, Chuddah cloths, all are worn; and there are several varieties of soft, repped cloths, and a new and thicker make of nun's cloth, with all its soft perfection of draping. Plain habit-cloths are worn in more decided colourings than the rest—light electric blues, vivid greens, reds, and red-browns. In the other woollen stuffs any bright colourings employed are thrown on neutral tones; checks, large decided checks, and fancy tartans are distinguishing features in many stuffs, of which heather mixtures are in the ascendant. I do not think that English people ever care much for checks and tartans. French women do: and certainly many of them are sent over to England and are made in England. Large checks are made up with plain material exactly matching the groundwork.

You never follow French fashions in millinery, and I expect throughout the winter you will in England be wearing close little shaped bonnets, all feathers, or block straw, or maybe velvet. But in Paris large and important bonnets, either felt with velvet crowns, or velvet or plush, are worn, with the repped ribbon strings, a huge check on them, and lined. They display leather-lace, viz., appliqué of leather on the ordinary net ground, chenille, embroidered and painted lace, and besides plenty of chenille drops, and artificial flowers made with an admixture of chenille. They also have metallic pins stuck all about them, buckles, and curious buttons. Sailor hats are likely to continue to be worn in England, rather than the large velvet and be-feathered hats which find favour across the Channel.

Children are wearing a quantity of plush, much braiding, large poke hats and bonnets, the daintiest muffs in the world; but there is little new in their garments save that some of the muffs form part and parcel of the tippet, while a new peaked cap fastened to a jacket serves for a cap, or as a hood at the back.

The ordinary winter petticoats I have seen show bright, very bright stripes, red, blue, green, and straw alternately on broad dark grey and brown lines, but with short dresses they are never visible.

Suggestions for making various styles of costumes will be found illustrated here; for never was there a season when individual taste was more readily accepted, and indeed admired, than at present. Let us take the figures in succession. The lady seated and listening to her companions is attired in dark green broché surah, the plastron is cream Mauresque embroidery, the sash knotted at the side is of soft Indian silk, likewise dark green. Note the cluster of ribbon loops on the left shoulder and Mauresque lace on the elbow-sleeves.

The second figure (standing) wears a most useful toilette, capable of much variation. The skirt is black satin and has an important ruche above its border of kilting; the jacket bodice is black velvet, the waistcoat is peach satin, so are the collar, revers, and sleeve-bands; jetted passementerie brandebourgs cross the front of the bodice, an ornament to match draping the tunic at the side and back; crimson, pink, terra-cotta, pale blue, or crevette satin can be substituted for the peach-colour if more becoming to the wearer.

On the third figure we have the popular Hungarian jacket, first affected in Paris last spring, when it was introduced in electric blue cloth, and black braid; its admirable form and the novel combination very soon rendering it a favourite. Here we have it in black cashmere, and the passementerie ornaments are ready-made ones; there is a double row of quaint tiny silver buttons down the front; the tunic of the same material, although narrow, is draped with much importance at the back, and the skirt consists of a series of narrow frills of checked silk mounted on a silk foundation. The economically inclined use alpaca and sateen in the place of silk, both good strong substitutes, but not equalling the original.

A combination of broché satin and nun's veiling is

used for the novel demi-toilette worn by the fourth figure. The form of the bodice is full like a chemisette at the top, and plain like a waistcoat below. This arrangement, as well as the tablier, tunic, and underskirt, are of the plain material, the straps confining the bodice being satin to match the broché flowers. This toilette is carried out in browns and ficelle or twine-colour, but old green with dull red is the most fashionable combination in Paris for evening dresses. The leading dressmakers have copied old portraits in French galleries, and the result is, many quaint costumes in tapestry silks of dull faded tints, with dull green and red hues prevailing. They have always a high collar, and sleeves that stand upright above the armholes.

The mantles that follow show little that is novel since last winter; they are large enough to conceal all the dress beneath, save the trimming round the edge of the skirt. They are usually cut open from the waist downwards in the centre of the back, so as to make room for the misnamed "dress improver," otherwise they are clinging, so as to produce the slender effect still aimed at in a fashionable figure. Of the beauty and richness of the materials of which mantles are now made, too much cannot be said. The heavily-corded ground of the new Ottoman silks and brochés is the new feature; but the large-patterned velvet brocades, and the fanciful plushes, and the damask satins are all as handsome as possible. And the ornamentation is not wanting either in quantity or quality; braiding takes the lead, both in soutache or fine silk braid, and in the heavier makes of mohair braid called "Hercules," and this is supplemented with jetted laces, bands of fur and feathers, passementerie heavily beaded, chenille, plush, cords, tassels, ribbons, all of the richest description. Even the linings are well catered for; they are gay and bright with stripes of colour, and are usually of plush or twilled satin. Light cloths of the leather and twine shades were used in the early autumn for jackets and pelisses, but these are now giving place to more sombre hues, such as dark blue, green, brown, and black. The pelisses are braided down the centre seam of the back, and also in front, but not across the foot. Feathers are worn on the bonnets and hats in preference to flowers, and to supply them there has been a world-wide slaughter of birds, not only in Australia and South America, but the shaded grey swallows of the Mediterranean, and the blue-tipped wings of English jays, have been put into requisition by our milliners, whose show-rooms now bear evidence that the feathers of the commonest domestic fowls can be made to look ornamental on hats and bonnets.

A word, before closing, as to the small damsel who forms the initial to this chapter. She wears a bright overall, sufficiently dainty to banish the word "pinafore" from our thoughts. It is made of Turkey twill, having a satiny sheen on its surface. The trimming is black torchon edging of a strong description; a jaunty bow is perched on the left shoulder. This overall attests to the fact that even a pinafore may be made as ornamental as it is useful, and that bright colours have superseded white in other things besides stockings.

"ONLY A MINER."

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

TREGOZE is a pleasant little Cornish village overlooking the "Western Sea." Everything there is rough and stony, and even the inhabitants are to all appearance as rough and stony as their native rocks. But underneath those slaty fields lies the rich vein of metal, and in those rough Cornish hearts is a vein of human feeling and Christian charity, far, far purer than much that passes as such in the fashionable world, where tinkling bells daily summon rich dowagers to church in their gorgeous chariots.

The children of Tregoze were tripping lightly to school after their holidays, along the hard slaty paths. It was, indeed, with no "creeping like snail unwillingly to school" kind of motion on this occasion, as all were full of expectation, almost of joy, for they were to have that day a new mistress, one whom they all knew, and who had, in fact, been one of themselves.

Margaret Powhele had been born in Tregoze, where she had attended the school, first as pupil, and then as pupil-teacher. Thence she had gone to the college in London, and a vacancy having occurred, she had been appointed mistress down there in her own native village. Her father had worked there, man and boy, in the Tregoze mines for upwards of forty years, and he still continued to follow this same occupation. The children, therefore, all knew Margaret. Their memories of her were pleasant, and hence they tripped joyously to school, where they admired their new mistress, who, in their eyes, was certainly as learned as the curate, and almost as wise as the vicar, besides being as pretty as a princess. When they, therefore, returned home at mid-day, many were the exclamations of "Isn't she pretty!" "Isn't she nice!" and so on, among the youngsters; which exclamations generally called forth from the old people the remark, "I hope thee wool get vorrard i' thy larning, 'cause times be very hard for us poor volks."

Many others besides the school-children were in love with Margaret; for she had budded into woman-

hood since she had left Tregoze, and now her beauty had taken the young men by surprise. For some time Margaret found it far from agreeable to have so many admirers, but by dint of good management, by the falling off of those who felt they had "no chance," and through other circumstances her circle of avowed adorers became reduced to two—Joseph Tregear and Tom Polglaze.

Both of these young men were receiving good wages in the mines, and had opportunities of rising to higher positions as inspectors, and so forth; both, too, were steady, and had saved a little money. It was long, however, before Margaret herself made it known which of them she preferred; in fact, so far as that goes, neither could for a long time boast of the smallest favour. Other girls called Margaret a flirt, but in this they wronged her. The simple fact was that Margaret, not yet tired of being her own mistress, endeavoured so to order her ways that neither Joseph Tregear, Tom Polglaze, nor any other suitor might have the slightest reason to be jealous of a rival.

Tregear, however, had the good sense to see that neither he nor Polglaze was nearly so well educated as Margaret, and he well understood that it is a bad omen when the husband has to look up to the wife in the matter of learning. He accordingly bought books and became an earnest midnight student. In fact, he tried in every way to render himself Margaret Powhele's equal.

Tom Polglaze, however, loved the fair teacher not a whit less than his rival, but he was formed in a rougher mould. He scarcely noticed the change in Tregear; but, if he did not, Margaret Powhele did, and she was highly gratified by it.

"Joseph," said she to him one evening when he came to ask her to take a walk, "you seem much changed lately; you are as little like a native of Tregoze as myself."

"In what way, Margaret?"

"You have lost that twang, and you seem to know something about the great world. Do you study?"

"Yes; I sit up every night to read, or to work mathematics."

"Why? What do you want to be? A clerk?"

"Margaret, I study only to be more like you; I love you——will you——"

"There! Joseph Tregear! you study to be like me? I am sure I never set you the example of talking such rubbish! Ah, ah! Good-bye!"

So saying, off she tripped into the house, to his intense discomfiture.

But was Margaret any the more happy than the lover she had left so disconsolate in the street? That evening her parents noticed a great change in her, but could not discover the cause. She did not talk, nor take any food, but soon retired to her own little room, complaining of a headache.

"Do I love him?" she muttered when alone. "Poor fellow! he studies hard for my sake—to be more worthy of me, I suppose he calls it. Ah, Joseph! why did I leave you so abruptly? What a giddy worthless thing I am!" That night she could not sleep until she had decided upon a future course of action.

The next day, being Saturday, Margaret spent at home in household cares, which she shared with her mother, but she scarcely spoke a word all day. In the evening she went to the draper's and bought a few ribbons and other little articles, for there was some object now in being pretty.

On Sunday she appeared in church dressed with more than her usual care, and she may be forgiven if she was not quite so attentive to the sermon as she should have been, for there at a distance sat Joseph Tregear, looking at her with his great blue eyes, making her blush, and inspiring her with the desire of sinking through the floor.

On leaving the porch, after dismissing her flock, Margaret found Joseph Tregear and Tom Polglaze pretending to read the inscriptions on the tombs. At the sound of her step Tom raised his head and advanced with a friendly nod, whilst Joseph remained still, but fixed those great blue eyes on her.

"Good morning, Tom," said she indifferently; "how are you?"

Polglaze was replying as they neared Tregear, when Margaret stopped. Tregear still held back, trembling in his heart and apprehensive of his rival. Margaret, however, was so apparently calm that he was beginning to think her heart as hard as her native rocks, when, nodding an adieu to Polglaze, she very naturally and very quietly put her hand on Tregear's arm and said—

"I am very sorry I kept you waiting; I can now only spare you half an hour for a walk."

It was the first time she had ever shown a preference, and Polglaze now knew that he too was "out of the race." His face changed to an ashen hue, and he tottered off with dejected looks, but with clenched fists.

Tregear squeezed the small hand that had been so unexpectedly put on his arm, and led Margaret away for the promised walk, which, it need scarcely be said, was unconsciously lengthened into an hour. When Margaret once more arrived under her parents' roof it was not alone that she came. Henceforth, another had also a right to join her there.

Tregear knew the price that must be paid for Margaret's love. He knew that Polglaze would not give her up without a contest. Nor was it long before the battle was commenced, for that very evening, as Tregear was leaving the house of the Powheles, he was attacked by his rival. With him it was but a word and a blow.

"Joe Tregear, you've crossed my steps and now I'll be revenged on you!"

So saying, Polglaze struck a blow which would have felled an ordinary man. But Tregear was quite a match for him, and the two fought long and desperately, until separated by the rural policeman, who threatened them with legal proceedings.

Of course Margaret was one of the first to hear of the battle. Distressed beyond measure she went to her lover's parents, where she found him in a most

unpresentable condition. A few words soon explained the position of affairs, when Margaret burst into tears and blamed herself for showing her preference so stupidly.

"Margaret," replied her lover, "do not take it to heart. I'd rather be fighting him again than see your tears."

"Leave me alone a minute. Let me overcome this."

"Yes, dear heart!" said Mrs. Tregear, "don't ye take on in this way. These tinmen are regular vighters; but this Tom Polglaze is the mortaciousest fighter that ever I zee."

"Yes, Margaret, that's true. I knew that the day I gained your love I should find an enemy. But cheer up, cheer up! I fancy he will not attack me again in a hurry, for I know he does not at this moment look a bit handsomer than I do."

And so saying, he laughed the matter lightly away, until Margaret too began to smile through her tears.

On the following day, when the two rivals went to the mine, their appearance caused many jeering and contemptuous remarks, for the tinmen were in hopes of goading them on to renew the battle. Polglaze had, however, found an adversary worthy of his strong arm, and was not so ready to strike the first blow as he had been the night before. He contented himself, therefore, with doubling his fists and saying that the time of vengeance would come.

Months passed away, however, Tregoze recovered from its unwonted excitement, and matters took their usual course. The mines were worked, old seams were used up, and new veins opened out; but, though the battle had not been renewed, Joseph Tregear and Tom Polglaze had not yet shaken hands. This caused Margaret no small anxiety, for down there in the bowels of the earth an unseen blow with a pick might destroy the happiness of her life. She often begged Tregear to leave the mines, but he said he had good prospects of being appointed engineer's assistant, and as for Tom Polglaze's threat—why, he had not the slightest anxiety on account of that.

At length a new shaft was to be opened, and the two young men, being the steadiest hands in the mine, were selected for the operation. There they toiled together for a few weeks without exchanging a word, and there they were alone, far from any other

"'I AM SURE I NEVER SET YOU THE EXAMPLE OF TALKING SUCH RUBBISH'" (*p.* 752).

workman. Margaret was wretched, but to all her supplications Tregear still said that he had no fear. In her distress she spoke to Polglaze and asked him to shake hands with Tregear. He refused, but he pressed his rough hands to his temples and said, "I loved you then, I love you now, as much or more than Joe Tregear."

A day or two after that both men were again at work together, and silent as death in their solitary shaft. They were suddenly startled by a falling stone. A few lumps of earth then came tumbling down, and the whole shaft seemed to tremble.

The works were giving way. The two men looked at one another, for a moment, with blanched faces. It was the first time they had looked into one another's eyes since that fatal day, except to dart glances of scorn and hate. They ran to the kebble and gave the signal to be drawn up. They were touching one another now, their hands almost clasped together on the rope. Their very breath seemed to intermingle. It was terrible after such a course of hate to be brought together under these circumstances. As they were both shouting to be drawn up, the rope tightened and strained, but the kebble would not move. More earth now fell, but still the kebble remained at the bottom of the shaft. Whilst shouting louder and louder for help, the terrible truth flashed through their minds that there was only one man at the windlass, and that he alone was unable to raise them both, and all this time the shaft was trembling and earth and stones falling.

As they stood there in the kebble, their bodies and hands touching, and glancing into one another's eyes, the awful thought came to them both in an instant that one of them must die—must die to save the other—his enemy!

One of them must die—but who should it be?

They again looked at one another, and there was an eternity in the glance. Then one of them let go the rope and dropped out of the kebble, which immediately began to rise. Who was it? The willing martyr was Tom Polglaze.

"Tell Marg'et," he shouted, as the kebble rose above his head, "tell Marg'et I did it to save her pain—to save you whom she loves! I forgive you! but be sure and be good to——"

The shaft gave way, and nothing presented itself to Tregear's gaze but a mass of slate and rubbish. Tom Polglaze was in eternity, as noble a soul as ever died for any cause that is dear to man; as devoted as any martyr, as generous-souled as any patriot—though only a poor miner.

It was long before Joseph Tregear and Margaret Powhele recovered from that shock. They mourned the brave dead as a brother, and a neat little stone, overlooking the village churchyard, long afterwards reminded the tinmen of Tregoze of the noble deed of self-sacrifice of a hero who was one of themselves.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 756. *The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

CAN FICTION BE MADE A POWER FOR GOOD?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I suppose, Sir, that there are few subjects more provocative of discussion in the family circle than that of Fiction—whether it be a power for good or for evil. This is undoubtedly a very broad question, and if the whole body of English fiction be considered, probably all candid readers will admit that there is much to be said on both sides. I, for one, will not attempt to deny that the majority of the novels and stories which are issued annually by thousands from the English and American presses are comparatively useless—nay, I am quite ready to go farther than this, and acknowledge that much, very much, of our fiction is absolutely harmful; but having done this, I unhesitatingly assert that fiction often is, and can always be made, a mighty power for good. This is the proposition which I wish to bring under the consideration of the Family Parliament, and which I am now prepared to defend.

It will at once be seen, Sir, that the second part of my proposition is but a corollary dependent upon the first; for if it can be proved that fiction often *is* a power for good, it will then be easy to trace what kinds of fiction exert this beneficent influence, and to show that all fiction might be made to possess the desired characteristics. I may, therefore, best start the subject by the assertion that much of the fiction which we possess is a threefold power for good: it is a moral force; it is an educative influence; it is a healthful means of amusement.

Good fiction—as distinct from the admittedly bad, which it is not my desire to defend in any way—exerts a strong moral influence, inculcating lessons of truth and purity, honour and courage, unselfishness and thrift, and, in fact, every other virtue. This it does unobtru-

sively, not by showing that "honesty is the best policy," and that the best men and women are the most fortunate in all their worldly concerns, but by evidencing that the highest happiness to be found on earth results from doing right under all circumstances, howsoever strong and howsoever plausible may be the temptation in an opposite direction. Hundreds of instances from modern fiction will occur to all readers thereof, in which the heroes and heroines are good, true, loving men and women, erring at times, as humanity ever must, but whom it were wise to emulate in our own daily lives, and whose conduct under varying circumstances may often serve as a guide to ourselves in somewhat similar positions. I might well occupy an hour or two, Sir, in relating true anecdotes in proof of the position I have taken up, but two instances will be sufficient for my purpose; and I select them because they both relate to works which can scarcely be classed among those written with a distinctly moral and religious purpose, and my case, as I venture to think, is thereby strengthened. The first story was vouched for by the present Lord Lytton, who stated at a public meeting some time ago that he once chanced to meet an eminent and opulent Parisian tradesman, who said that he owed all his success in life to the writer of "Night and Morning." "An absolute pauper, and forced to endure severe privations, he was yet possessed with an ardent love for what was of material and social benefit;" and Lord Lytton's description in "Night and Morning" of a lad in a similar position rescued him from despair, put new life into him, and caused him to climb the first rung of the ladder which led to his ultimate success. The second instance will perhaps be best told by reading an extract from a letter written from America to Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." The correspondent wrote:—"At the time I had the pleasure of reading 'Ten Thousand a Year' misfortune had laid her heavy hand upon me, and sometimes, when those who instead of aiding rather assisted in oppressing me, my heart would fail me. But when I thought of Charles Aubrey, so finely portrayed by you, who, though born to affluence and reared in luxury, how he bore his misfortunes, I felt ashamed that I, but a mechanic, one of the toiling millions to whom God had given health and strength, should so far forget His goodness as to despair. So I put my shoulder to the wheel right manfully, and turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, and with a firm reliance on His providence determined to extricate myself from the pecuniary embarrassments I was surrounded with, and have succeeded. As to glorious Kate, I cannot tell you how I appreciate her character more than by saying that I hope the little stranger born to me some few nights ago, whom I have taken the liberty of naming Kate Aubrey, will take her namesake as a pattern of excellence, and follow it." Cases like these surely speak eloquently in favour of fiction. And if any further testimony were needed, I have only to refer with all reverence to the wondrous parables told by our Lord, who deigned to enforce His teaching in this very way.

Again, Sir, I maintain that sound fiction is a great educative power. To sum up this view of the question in a few words, I would say that historical tales clothe the dry bones of the past with veritable flesh and blood, and teach history in just the way in which it is likely to be remembered; while the stories of every-day life convey a knowledge of manners and customs, and afford an insight into varied types of character, such as most of their readers would not readily acquire by other means, but which may be of incalculable advantage to them in their after-careers.

Lastly, fiction is a healthful means of amusement. Many people assert that the chief or only object of fiction is to amuse, but while I strenuously deny this, I maintain that healthy fiction *is* a healthful and innocent delight. When wearied with work, or saddened by trouble, or helpless through sickness, fiction is an undoubted boon, affording changeful relief to the mind, and a pleasant source of recreation.

And now, Sir, if there be any truth in my case at all, if existing fiction *is* very often a power for good in one direction or another, surely *all* fiction might well be made such a power. The responsibility undoubtedly lies with the authors and publishers. If writers would but consider what may be the result of their work—its influence for good or for evil—if publishers rigidly declined to issue any novel or story unless it was not only harmless, but actually contained the seeds of good, the question as to the value of fiction would soon cease to be a debatable one. And it is because that in respectable and well-conducted magazines—whether distinctly religious or otherwise—the fiction is carefully selected and jealously watched, so that no sentence, or even word, may offend or harm, that I would speak my last word in favour of the serial stories which appear in the best popular periodicals.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I cannot help remarking, Sir, that the honourable member who has opened this subject has undoubtedly tried to take the wind out of everybody's sails, and to leave them no argument wherewith to withstand his strong gale of assumption and assertion. He is wise enough not to attempt to defend fiction as a whole; he does not even claim that fiction generally is a power for good, but only that all fiction may be made such a power; and he thinks he has proved his proposition when he asserts that some existing fiction is already a power for good, and that all fiction might be made like thereunto. Such being the case, I think, Sir, I may well feel a little aggrieved. I am quite prepared to prove that fiction as it exists does an incalculable amount of harm, but as the question has been put, this would be of no use; my opponent would at once retort that he had only argued in favour of pure and healthy fiction. I am therefore compelled to accept the challenge as it has been thrown down, and join issue with him on the very limited ground which

he has selected—namely, that good fiction is a power for good. This, however, I am quite willing to do; and I trust I shall be able to convince the Family Parliament that fiction even of the best type generally does more harm than good: that it is, in fact, a potent source of evil.

To simplify the matter, I may at once admit that good fiction—historical or other—may possess a small educative influence, but it surely cannot be argued that it is one-tenth so valuable as history or biography; and if this be admitted, to read fiction for the sake of the education it may possibly afford cannot but be considered a grievous waste of time. Furthermore, it cannot be denied that most modern fiction is anything but a safe guide in construction and grammar, and my opponent can scarcely claim that it is educative in this respect.

Fiction regarded as a moral force and as a means of amusement may well be considered together, for it is beyond dispute that the chief object of writers of even the highest type of fiction is to amuse, and that novels and stories are read not for the sake of the moral lessons they may indirectly inculcate, but for the amusement and recreation which they afford. Novels *do* amuse—this cannot be denied; but herein lies an insidious source of danger, especially to the young. The charm which fiction exercises over some minds is so great that in its favour the duties of life are neglected, study is set aside, needful and healthful exercise is forgotten. Boys and girls, young men and women, ay, even fathers and mothers of families, oftentimes yield themselves so readily to the absorbing influence of fiction, that it grows to the dimensions of a baneful giant, overshadowing them wheresoever they go, wasting precious hours, and influencing for evil their whole career in life.

Again, can it be denied that novels, however pure and true in tone, are calculated to unsettle the minds of their readers, especially if they be of an impressionable age? Boys' minds are naturally too full of the love of change and of the spirit of discontent; girls' minds are too prone to high-flown fancies and romantic thoughts, to need the unnatural stimulant in the same direction provided by fiction. I firmly believe that if we could only see one tithe of the actual and positive harm, the sin and misery, which has resulted from the spirit of unrest caused by excessive novel-reading, we should be appalled.

The honourable member who opened this debate gave two instances of careers influenced for good by characters in works of fiction. Such cases may at times occur; but is it not evident that if people choose models from the novels they read, they are just as likely to select the bad as the good? If a story is true to life, as the best fiction ought to be, evil must often be triumphant, and right must often be humbled before wrong; the spoils of this world—its money, its pleasures, its luxuries—will often fall to the wrong-doer, and it is more than probable that readers of fiction may be led away to emulate the evil characters, and prefer happiness for a season, even at the sacrifice of what they know to be right and true. If we only consider for one moment how much easier it is to do wrong than to do right, to follow an evil example rather than one which is noble and true, we can scarcely arrive at any other conclusion than that, from a moral point of view, fiction, even if it be written from the highest motives, must do more harm than good. A special and perhaps unusual instance of this was afforded only a year ago in the French courts, when a murderer asserted as the only reason for his crime that he wanted to enact a scene he had been reading about in a novel!

And if it be the case that the best types of fiction as it exists are endowed with a strange mixture of good and evil influences—the evil, as I maintain, largely preponderating—how can we hope that the general mass of fiction can ever be made a power for good: that is, of course, for good alone, or for good to the comparative exclusion of evil? Is it in any way possible or practicable? I fear not. True it is that in some of the high-class popular magazines, the fiction may be judiciously selected and carefully edited—nay, in this respect I am ready to go farther than my opponent, and say that if the only fiction in the world were of the kind provided in such a magazine as ours which has originated the Family Parliament, we should have much cause to be grateful, and both my fears and convictions would soon disappear. But a few isolated instances are but the proverbial exceptions which prove the rule. Authors *will* continue to write of good and evil, as they may choose; and the flood of irresponsible and harmful fiction will of necessity always continue to issue from the press, to the exclusion of higher and better work. After all, the question we have to consider is a very broad one—not whether some hundredth or thousandth part of fiction may be made a power for good, but whether all fiction can by any possibility be forced to surrender its evil influence. Can we make fiction as a whole pure and healthy? and even if this be possible, can we guard against its taking an undue position in our daily lives? Sir, I feel assured we cannot, and I confidently leave this question to the decision of the Family Parliament.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate is as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed are selected by the Editor. Readers of the* MAGAZINE *are then invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The Opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply.*]

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the January Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than November 10.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech on either side of the Question;* no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

On the Bridge where the Rivers meet.

YEARS ago, when the wind was low,
And the east was dim and grey,
And the west was red with the sunset-glow,
And the daylight ebbed away,
And never a sound came through the night
Save the rush of waters fleet,
I stood where I stand in the waning light,
On the bridge where the rivers meet.

To the north the tall tors kissed the sky,
To the south was the restful sea,
To the right and left green hills rose high,
And a high hill fronted me;
And down twin valleys on either hand
Raced the streams to meet and greet,
As I stood in the dusk where now I stand,
On the bridge where the rivers meet,

Over the river from left to right
Spread a mist across the vale,
Like a still sea, spectral, filmy, and white;
And the crescent moon rose pale,
And the stars looked down on the streams that sped
Through the arches 'neath my feet,
As I stood where I stand, with drooping head,
On the bridge where the rivers meet.

The years have come, and the years have gone,
And have left their marks on me;
But the river unchanged speeds gaily on
To the ever-changing sea;
The hills are unaltered far and near,
And the still scene is complete:
I alone seem changed who linger here
On the bridge where the rivers meet.

CHARLES JOHNS.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

WHAT a beautiful thing girlhood is, and what a pity that it should so quickly pass away! Yet of all delights it is one of the most evanescent.

"Youth and the opening rose
Look like things too glorious for decay,"

the poet said; but they do decay for all that, and so quickly! Before we fully realise their glory it has faded. We, however, have now to do with spring-time, when rosebuds enchant us and girlhood still is ours. We want to know how we should make the most of the present, and so prepare for doing the best in the future. How shall we set about that?

First of all, girls, whatever else you do, cultivate in yourselves a love of reading good books. You can form no idea of the difference this will make in your lives. Good books can lift you up when you are depressed, comfort you when you are in sorrow, cheer you when you are sad, be companions when you are lonely.

Understand, however, you need to cultivate this love for reading, just as much as you need to "learn how" before you can play the piano, or draw from the life. You have not got the power to read as a matter of course. It is my belief that if you do not acquire it now (while you are girls, before you are women) you will never have it at all. There are thousands and thousands of women in England who consider themselves well educated, yet who have no more idea of the delights of literature than they have of the daily life of the women of Timbuctoo.

I should think I scarcely need to explain that I do not call "trashy" novels good books. I should no more say that a woman who liked to read works of this kind all day long loved reading, than I should say that a woman who had toffee to breakfast, toffee to dinner, and toffee to tea was well fed.

The toffee literature is one of the great evils of the present day, for it not only gives those who indulge in it false ideas of life, and wastes their time, but it takes away their power of reading good books. You cannot love and enter into the spirit of good books and take them turn for turn with trashy novels. One of the two must be given up. If you allow yourselves to drift into the habit of reading weak, silly books, the good books will be as much out of your reach as if they were put away in a strong box of which the key was lost.

When, however, I say avoid trashy novels, I by no means wish to be understood to mean, do not read fiction at all; neither do I mean, read only books that are ponderous and heavy and dull. That would not make you love reading. Many of the story-books of the present day are excellent; we ought to be very thankful for them, and (if we have the opportunity of getting them, as most people have, through libraries, if in no other way) we should be very much ashamed of ourselves if we do not know them well. So also with biographies, books of travel, discussions of various kinds, and humorous writings. None of these ought to be neglected by us, though, on the other hand, they should not absorb us entirely. We may read them in moderation, but we should read other books of more permanent value as well.

Now I will tell you why I have laid so much stress on your making the right beginning in reading books. It is partly because your inclinations are not yet formed, and you can cultivate a taste for good books just as easily as you can drift into acquiring a liking for bad books, and the good books will lift up your lives while the bad books will keep you down; and partly also because you will be likely to think, talk, and act after the manner of the books you enjoy the most.

If you have the sense to read good books, it is not likely that you will talk foolishly, as I am sorry to say many young ladies do now-a-days. If young ladies could but know how quickly their conversation reveals what they are, they would be careful to avoid foolish chatter. As a rule, ten minutes' talk is quite sufficient to show the sort of material with which a girl's mind is stored, and from indications of this kind a girl is judged, not by gentlemen only, but by ladies also. I am convinced that a great many girls do themselves injustice in this direction; they talk for the sake of talking, when they would do far better to remain silent if they have nothing to say.

A short time ago I was sitting reading in the drawing-room of an hotel, and two young ladies came in and sat near me. In a minute they began to talk together rather loudly, so that I could not help hearing what they said. This was their conversation as nearly as I can recollect it:—

A.—"I am sure he admired you, dear."

B.—"Oh! no, dear, he admired you."

A.—"It was you, I know."

B.—"And I know it was you."

Contradiction repeated six times on each side.

A.—"But then you were so prettily dressed, dear."

B.—"Oh, not nearly so prettily as you, dear."

A.—"Your dress was much prettier than mine."

B.—"Indeed it was not; your dress was prettier than mine."

Contradiction again repeated four times.

A.—"I do love going to dances; I adore dances."

B.—"So do I. But I always feel a little afraid at first."

A.—"Oh, I never feel afraid, I don't care what I do."

B.—"Well, I don't feel afraid in one way, but then, you know, in another I do."

At this point the old lady in the corner left the room; she had had enough of it. She wondered, however, whether it was with conversation of this kind that these young ladies enlivened the family circle, and whether the family circle enjoyed it. These girls were not by any means unattractive in appearance; they were prettily and becomingly dressed, and evidently were in very comfortable circumstances. If I had judged them by their looks and manners alone, I should have said they were modest, sensible girls. Unfortunately, however, they allowed themselves to chatter like magpies when they had nothing to say. I am very much afraid their conversation was a type of that which is frequently carried on by girls of the period like themselves. What sensible person would wish to have anything to do with them who heard them talking thus?

The fact is, if a woman is to have any individuality at all, she must open the way for it when she is a girl. The girl who, on leaving school, determines not to sink into frivolity, but to carry into practice the lessons she has learnt, who chooses a part in life and tries to perform it faithfully, who forms an idea of right and tries to live up to it, refusing to follow the multitude who act foolishly, is by these means preparing herself for whatever the future may have in store for her. And if, as time rolls on, Providence should ordain that she should marry, and have a home of her own, she will be, not less, but more likely to adorn the new sphere because she has done her best in the old one.

There is one very plain duty waiting for girls who are approaching womanhood, which is, I fear, too frequently forgotten. It is that of sympathising with, and sharing, the burdens and anxieties of the mother of the family. Mothers have a hard time when children are young; when daughters grow up, mother's holiday should begin. Yet how seldom daughters think of this! They will allow mother to care, contrive, and sacrifice herself for them, and accept everything as if they had a right to it. If money is not plentiful, for instance, "the girls must have pretty new bonnets; mother will not mind wearing her old one another season. She will put a little piece of new ribbon in the front, and it will be quite smart." If an excursion into the country is talked of, "of course the girls must go; mother will keep house." If there is any disagreeable, difficult task to be done, it is quietly left to mother.

Mother, meanwhile, is entirely content with this state of things. She looks at the pretty new bonnets, and admires the faces inside more than any lover will ever admire. She stays at home, and is quite jubilant in imagining how the girls are enjoying themselves. She goes through the irksome task, and till it is done never says anything about the backache or the headache, which the girls ought to discover for themselves. Shame on the girls who selfishly seek their own pleasure, and do not think of the mother who has given the best part of her life to them!

And what about the lover of whom I spoke a minute ago? Is a girl to give no thought to him? I am not in the least inclined to advise this, and if I did, the advice would be disregarded. The girl who is fast becoming a woman *must* give an occasional thought to love and marriage; "it is her nature to." She cannot help wondering about and picturing to herself the hero who will perhaps come and take her life, intertwine it with his own, and then soar away with her into regions of joy and love.

I do not object to these imaginings, for I know they are part of the established condition of things. But I do protest, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, against a girl leaving the passive state of dreaming about a lover, and taking up the active work of hunting him up and trying to attract him. In the name of all that is womanly, let her scorn to act thus.

Girls and boys grow up, they become young men and young women, and the majority marry. It always has been so, and always will be. If we old folks look back upon the friends of our youth, we only find an exceptional one here and there who has remained single. As I think of the companions of my girlhood, I recall whole families of girls: where are they now? For the most part married. I honestly believe that there is scarcely a woman living (of ordinary attractions, I mean; of course I except those who have exceptional or extraordinary deformities or deficiencies) who has not at least once in her life had an opportunity of marrying.

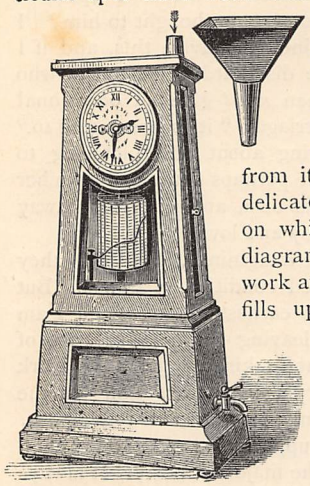
In thinking about what people have done with their lives, there is, however, a more important question than "Did they marry?" It is "How did they marry? Whom did they marry?" People nearly always marry those who are like unto themselves, not socially, but intellectually and morally. The silly people marry silly people; the worldly people marry worldly people; the thoughtful people, who have an earnest purpose in life, attract those who are in sympathy with them. So it will always be. Let the girl, therefore, who in the pauses of a busy life gives a thought now and then to the ideal lover who may come, try to make herself worthy of her ideal. Let her read good books, that she may understand his thoughts; acquire skill in all womanly accomplishments, that she may be his helpmeet; take an intelligent interest in the questions of the day, that she may be his companion; and cultivate in herself everything that is pure, lovely, and of good report, that she may be an elevating, sanctifying influence in his life, leading him away from all that is mean and debasing to seek that which is exalted and true.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

THE GATHERER.

An Indicating Rain-Gauge.

Self-registering gauges of the rainfall at a particular spot have been often invented, but that of Mr. W. Gadd, C.E., appears to be all that is desired. It consists of a cylindrical vessel in which is a float having a vertical stem rising from it, which terminates in a delicate spring pencil. A drum, on which is fixed a prepared diagram, is rotated by a clock-work attached, and as the water fills up the vessel, the float rises and actuates the pencil, which draws a line on the diagram indicating the water-level. As the instrument is kept under cover, the water may be led to the vessel by a pipe from the exposed rain-gauge shown in the right upper corner of the figure. The area of collection can be so proportioned, if required, that an inch of rainfall may be represented on the diagram by four or more inches of space. This large allowance gives great accuracy to the readings.

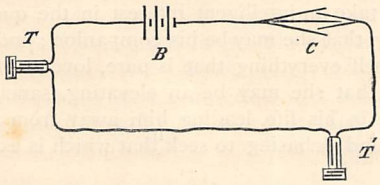


Crayons for Glass-Painting.

M. Lacroix, a Parisian chemist, has introduced a species of crayon which is like an ordinary lead-pencil in appearance, but is made of a colour which can be vitrified by heat. It is intended for drawing designs on glass or other baked ware. The designs are executed on a slightly roughened glass surface, and the vessel is then subjected to the heat of a muffle furnace, which fixes the tints like a painting upon glass.

A New Telephone Transmitter.

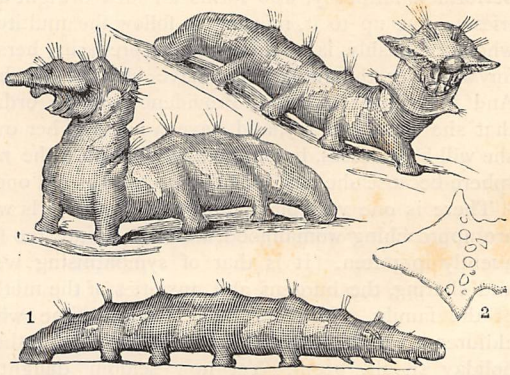
In a recent GATHERER we described the use of an electrical "condenser" as a receiver of telephonic sounds sent by a microphone transmitter. We have now to chronicle the success of the condenser as a transmitter of speech in lieu of the microphone. M.



J. W. Giltay, of Delft, has connected up an ordinary electrical condenser, C, with a battery, B, of thirty Faure "accumulators" and two telephones, T T', as shown in the figure. Then on speaking into the condenser, C, the sounds are heard in the telephones. If a musical box is placed on the wooden base of an ordinary induction coil, and the condenser of the coil is connected up in the manner shown with thirty Faure elements charged with electricity, the music will be heard in the telephones. This result is interesting as a scientific fact, especially as showing that the effects of nature are generally reversible, and the instrument which operates as receiving telephone will also operate as a transmitter. But it is of little practical value, at least in its present state.

Blasting Iron with Dynamite.

An interesting application of dynamite to the breaking up of castings too massive for the hammer was recently made at Chicago. A mass of iron weighing about twenty tons was placed in a ditch, and a charge of dynamite lodged in a hole pierced into the metal. Several pieces of iron weighing a few tons were afterwards laid over the ditch so as to prevent the projection of fragments. The charge was fired by an electric battery some forty yards from the ditch. The explosion blew the casting into pieces.



A Mimicking Caterpillar.

A curious instance of animal mimicry comes to us from Assam, where Mr. S. E. Peal has discovered a caterpillar which when surprised assumes the attitude of a shrew, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch. Mr. Peal was passing through a dense forest when he saw it fronting him on a stout creeper and mistook it for a shrew. When moving quietly along it is prone as in Fig. 1, but when disturbed suddenly takes the pose shown in the upper part of the sketch. Fig. 2 is a plan of the head. The usual colour is neutral to brownish-grey with greenish-yellow spots. Instances are common enough in which

insects mimic each other and different kinds of seeds, leaves, flowers, stones, &c.: the eye and nose of a crocodile are like lumps of dirty foam on the water; the tiger has a hunting call very similar to the cry of the Samber deer; but this of the caterpillar is perhaps the most singular and amusing instance of mimicry on record.

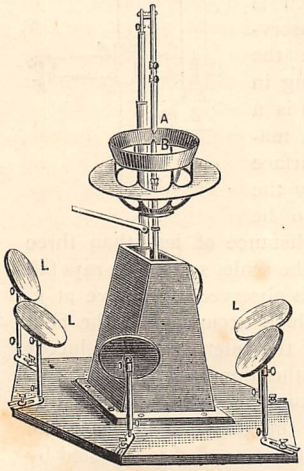


FIG. 1.

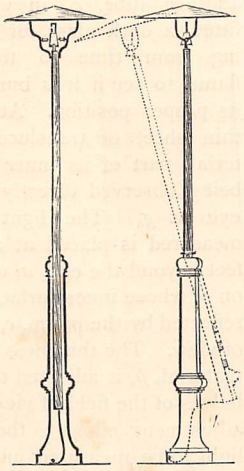


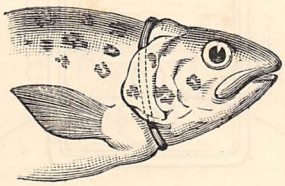
FIG. 2.

Diffusing the Electric Light.

MM. Jaspar and Dumont, two French electricians, have devised a useful mode of diffusing the electric light and fitting it for small rooms. Fig. 1 represents one of their electric lamps, in which A B are the two glowing carbon points, and L L L are a system of lenses or mirrors so placed and mounted that they can direct beams of light in different directions, so as to light up dark corners or recesses opening from the room. The same inventors have also designed the lamp-post or candelabra, shown in Fig. 2, for use in public places. As will be seen from the woodcut, it is capable of being bent down so as to enable the attendant to trim the lamp and add fresh carbons.

A Muzzled Fish.

An india-rubber band round the gills of a fish would seem to be enough to strangle it. Nevertheless Mr. Charles Clarke, of Plymouth, recently caught a trout in the Plym which had a round india-rubber band slipped over its head as shown in the sketch. The band had compressed the gills, and deeply indented the horny part of the lower jaw. How the band got there is a mystery; whether it had been by the wanton mischief of some person or the efforts of the trout to take a bait, we may never know; but that the creature continued to live is very remarkable.

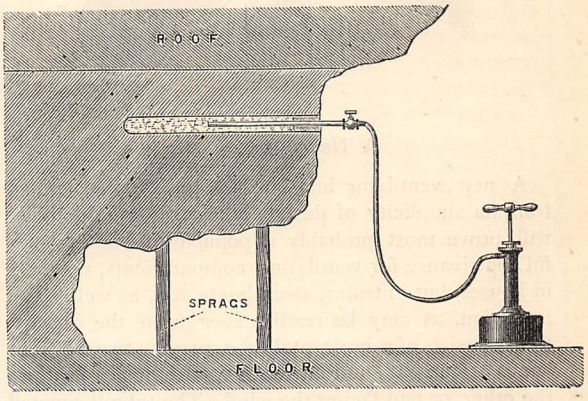


Boring the Channel Tunnel.

The perforator designed by Colonel Beaumont to pierce the grey chalk under the English Channel and tunnel between England and France is a novel piece of mechanism. It consists of a strong horizontal shaft directed to the rock, and carrying a cross-head studded with chisels or cutters, which, when the cross-head revolves with the shaft, breaks down the rock, that is caught in little buckets forming an endless train, which delivers the fragments into a waggon behind the perforator. Thus at a single revolution of the shaft a circular hole six feet in diameter and about half an inch deep is carved out of the rock. The regular advance is at the rate of a yard per hour, and the power being derived from compressed air, the healthy nature of the operation is assured.

Water from Wood.

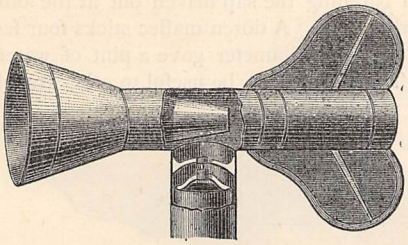
An Australian explorer recently saved himself from dying of thirst in a waterless desert by thrusting the ends of green scrub-wood—"mallec scrub"—into the fire and catching the sap driven out at the other end in a bark trough. A dozen mallec sticks four feet long by two inches in diameter gave a pint of water in an hour. This device may be useful to other travellers in an arid region.



Blasting with Quicklime.

An important discovery has just been made with respect to the use of quicklime as a substitute for blasting-powder in coal-mines, which, speaking from the satisfactory results arising from a series of recent experiments, will, if introduced, tend in all probability to lessen to a great extent many of the dangers arising from the present system. The lime, which must be freshly burnt, is ground to a powder, and then consolidated by pressure into rods 2½ inches in diameter, and with a groove running along each side. These are packed in air-tight boxes to preserve their caustic character. In blasting, the shot-holes are drilled in the block of coal, and an iron tube half an inch in diameter, and having a small external channel or groove on the upper side, and provided also with perforations, is

inserted along its whole length. The tube is enclosed in a bag of calico which covers the perforations, and its distal end, while the other end is furnished with a tap. The lime cartridges are next inserted and lightly rammed so as to insure their fitting the bore-hole. After the cartridges have been enclosed, and by tamping in the same way as with gunpowder, a small force-pump is connected with the tap at the end of the tube by means of a short flexible pipe, and water is then forced in. The water being driven to the far end of the shot-hole through the tube, escapes along the groove and through the perforations and the calico, reaches the lime, and completely saturates the whole charge, driving out the air before it at the same time. The tap is then closed, preventing escape of steam, and the flexible tubing attached to the pipe is disconnected. The action of course is twofold; first the steam, and then the expansive force of the wetted quicklime tends to rupture the block of coal, and in ten or fifteen minutes, when the sprags are removed, the coal falls clean from the roof in large masses remarkably free from dust, and in sizes ready for loading.

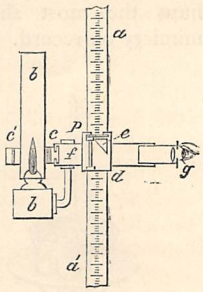


A New Ventilator.

A new ventilator has lately been invented, which from its simplicity of design, efficiency, and durability will prove most probably a popular and highly useful contrivance for ventilating compartments, not only in houses, but in trains, steamboats, &c., as well. The invention, as may be readily seen from the illustration, consists of a horizontal tube carrying two wings or vanes at one end, and having a funnel projecting into the other, or end facing the wind. The tube is pivoted to, and freely revolves on, a vertical pipe, the upper end of which opens into the chamber of the tube immediately below the enclosed tapering end of the funnel. When the wind blows, a partial vacuum is formed of course at the end of the perpendicular pipe, thus producing a good upward draught, but the end being also provided with a valve, the possibility of a downward draught is entirely prevented.

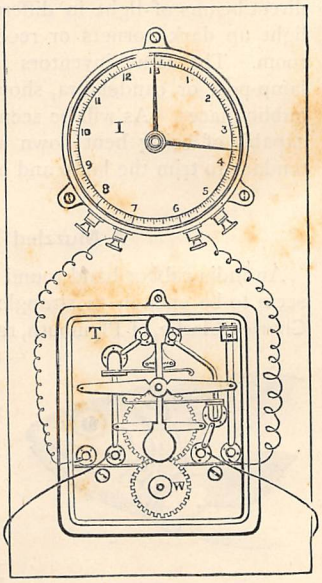
A New Light-Meter.

The photometer recently invented by Mr. R. Sabine, C.E., is based on the principle of quenching the light by passing it through translucent materials. It consists, as shown in the figure, of a square brass box, *d*, on one side of which is a draw-tube and eye-piece with lens, *g*; and on the other side a tube, *f*, carrying a collar by which the paraffine lamp, *b b*, is supported and may be kept in a vertical position at whatever angle the scale is directed. The chimney of the lamp is of copper, and opposite to the bright part of the flame it is provided with a tube, *c*, in which are a thin pane of glass and two diaphragms, and at the back another tube, *c'*, in which is fitted a dark glass for observing from time to time the flame, to see if it is burning in its proper position. At *p* is a thin sheet of translucent material, part of its inner surface being observed directly by the eye at *g*. The light to be measured is placed at a distance of less than three feet beyond the end, *a*, of the scale, so that its rays fall on *p*, whose inner surface is observed by the eye at *g*, reflected by the prism, *e*, which occupies half the field of view. The thickness of the interposed translucent material, *p*, is adjusted till the illuminations of the two halves of the field of view are as nearly equal as this adjustment allows; then the distance between the light to be measured and the face of *p* is adjusted by causing the photometer, which is mounted on rollers, to travel on the scale until the two halves of the field are equally illuminated.



A Water-Level Indicator.

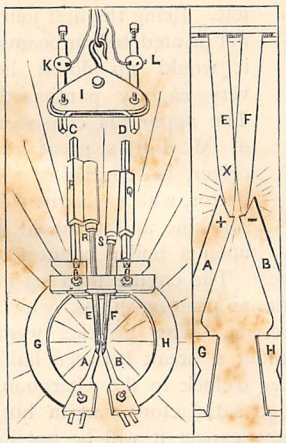
The figure illustrates an electrical apparatus of a new kind, devised by Mr. H. R. Kempe, for indicating the level of water in a reservoir, boiler, or river, at a distant place by means of the electric current. This current is only sent in momentary pulses to work the indicator, because if a continuous current were sent the battery would soon become exhausted. The apparatus consists of a transmitter, T, seen in the lower part of the figure, and a receiver or indicating dial, I, seen in the upper part. The bottom toothed wheel, W, of the transmitter is fixed on the spindle of a drum, around which are wound two metallic cords, one being attached to a float buoyed on the surface of the water, and the other to a counterweight. The movement of the toothed wheel causes a lever unequally weighted at its two ends to turn round until its



heavier end passes just beyond the vertical position, when it topples over, and in so doing makes a momentary contact. The right or left hand movement of the toothed wheel causes this momentary current to be in one direction or the other according to the direction in which the wheel turns, or in other words, according as the float rises or sinks with the water-level. The indicator has its hand fixed to a toothed wheel, which can be actuated in one direction or the other by two ratchets. One of the ratchets is worked when pulses of positive current are sent to the line, and the other when pulses of negative current are sent. They are worked by two electro-magnets having a polarised tongue or armature between the poles, which is free to move to right or left according to the direction of the current through the coils of the magnet. The ratchets working the toothed wheel move the hand of the indicator to right or left round the dial, thus marking the level of the water in feet and inches. The second hand on the dial shows the reading of the instrument at any particular time, so that the rise or fall of water which has taken place since that time can be seen at a glance. At Nottingham the entire water service is fitted with these instruments, one indicator dial being seven miles from the transmitter. Besides the dials at the pumping station there is a row of them in the office of the engineer in town.

Another New Electric Light.

Between the powerful electric arc lamp and the small and comparatively feeble "incandescent" lamp, in which a filament of carbon is kept glowing inside a vacuous glass bulb, there is an intermediate type of electric lamp which has been termed the "semi-incandescent." In this type a pointed pencil of carbon rests on a metal butt, and the electric current, traversing the carbon point to the metal, heats up the point to a brilliant whiteness. The power of such a light is intermediate between the arc and incandescent lamps, while the light is as steady as that of the glowing filament *in vacuo*. Taking advantage of this principle of a heated joint of carbon, M. Emile Reynier, who is a pioneer in this direction, has constructed an incandescent lamp in which the carbon filament glowing in a vacuum is replaced by a pile of carbon buttons contained between two metal pieces, above and below. The current passing through the series of buttons, enclosed in a vacuum, heats them up white-hot. M. Reynier has also constructed a semi-incandescent lamp with multiple points, in which there are three carbon pencils touching one another side by side, and comprised between two metal butts, or electrodes. The current, passing between the metal pieces, traverses the joints between the carbon pencils, and heats their points up to whiteness. Still another, and at present a more practical lamp, has been invented by the same electrician. This is illustrated in the figure, where E and F are carbon pencils resting on copper butts, A B, which are carried by arcs of bronze, G H. The carbons are held by tubes, R S, affixed to weights, P Q, which glide upon two metal guides, C and D. These weights press the carbon downwards, in proportion as they are burnt away at the points resting on the butts. This portion of the lamp is connected to the portion I above, which carries the terminal screws, K L, by which the current enters the system. M. Reynier's lamp is a very good one of its kind, but it is believed by many electricians that the half-and-half semi-incandescent lamps will disappear before the pure arc and incandescent lamps.

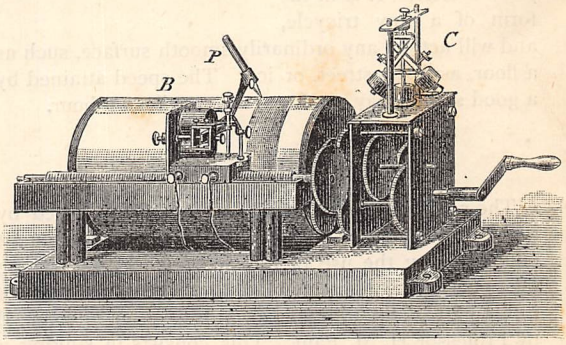


A Lawn-Edge Cutter.

A useful little hand-machine for cutting the edges of lawns and grass-plots has been brought out by Mr. Alfred Ridgway, of Macclesfield. It consists of a circular saw or cutting edge, each tooth of which operates as a knife, cutting down into the turf as the box or roller carrying the shaft and gearing of the cutter is drawn along the edge of the plot.

Plumbago as a Lubricator.

A recent trial with a heavy fly-wheel shaft demonstrates that ordinary black-lead mixed with tallow is an excellent lubricator. Various oils, tallow mixed with sulphur, and gunpowder were tried with poor success, and the engine could only be run for a very short time with these before undue heating of the axle began. But with the plumbago and grease it could be run all day long. The plumbago should, however, be pure.



A Pen-and-Ink Chronograph.

Our illustration is taken from the excellent chronograph now used in the Washburn Observatory, Wisconsin Co., U.S. The barrel, B, is covered with

paper and rotated at a uniform rate by the clockwork, C. The pen, P, is carried by an electro-magnetic arrangement which, when an indicating current is sent at a particular moment, brings the pen-point down on the paper and makes a dot. The ink used in the pen is worthy of note as it does not freeze in winter. It consists of water, four fluid ounces; alcohol, two fluid ounces; concentrated glycerine, one fluid drachm; crystallised aniline blue, forty grains. This mixture is slowly filtered and then stored for use. Such an ink would be very suitable for a pocket stylographic pen.

Painting on Silk.

Some years ago an artist of Florence painted silk in such a way that the surface could be folded up without damaging the picture. Ordinary wear and crumpling did not efface the colours, thanks to the peculiar medium which he employed. The secret of this medium is still guarded, but it is now made and sold to amateurs. A specimen of white satin painted with a cluster of flowers by this Adolfi process has been subjected to hard rubbing without injury to the painting. We may also add that several Italian artists have tried the medium for oil-painting on canvas.

A Tricycle Skate.

The accompanying figure illustrates a novel skate invented by Mr. J. F. Walter. It is in the form of a tiny tricycle, and will act on any ordinarily smooth surface, such as a floor, asphalte street, or ice. The speed attained by a good skater may reach to twenty miles an hour.

A TRICYCLE SKATE.

How to Detect Earth-Tremors.

The sensibility of the earth to vibrations caused by a passing vehicle or other pressure has been brought out of late by the use of the microphone in watching for earthquake disturbances. Another method of investigating the phenomenon has been introduced by Professor H. M. Paul. This consists in sinking a stout post some four and a half feet into the ground, and supporting upon it a dish containing an amalgam of mercury and tin. The brilliant surface of the mercury acts as a reflector, and an image of a suitable object is mirrored in it. When the ground is quite still the image is clear and well defined, but the least tremor of the earth blurs the reflection. In this way an express train passing at a distance of one-third of a mile disturbs the mercury for two or three minutes, and a one-horse vehicle passing 500 feet away affected the mercury each time a wheel mounted over a stone.

The Sun as a Printer.

Apollo was anciently esteemed the god of light, and the words take a new meaning when we find the solar rays actuating a printing press, and furnishing printed copies of a Parisian newspaper. From time to time we have chronicled in the GATHERER the interesting experiments of M. Mouchot in turning the solar heat to mechanical work and pumping water, cooking, and distilling with it. The Mouchot apparatus has recently been improved by M. Abel Pifre, a French engineer, and at the recent fête of *L'Union Française de la Jeunesse*, held in the garden of the Tuileries, his arrangement was employed to print copies of the *Soleil Journal*, an organ of the fête. Being the first journal printed by sunbeams, it would no doubt be very eagerly purchased. The apparatus consisted of M. Pifre's great receiver, a parabolic reflector, which caught the sunshine and focussed it upon a boiler connected with a small steam-engine. The engine thus set in motion actuated a Marinoni printing press, which was attended by one person. The printing went on, we are informed, without a break between half-past one and half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and the experiment was so satisfactory that in hot, cloudless countries we may expect it will be put in regular use.

Silk-Felt.

The waste silk from wild cocoons gathered in the forests of China, Japan, and Australia is now manufactured into a felt which is made into hats. The inventor of the process is M. Villedieu, and the silk is sometimes mixed with hair, wool, or cotton. The hats are light and soft and present the lustrous appearance of silk.